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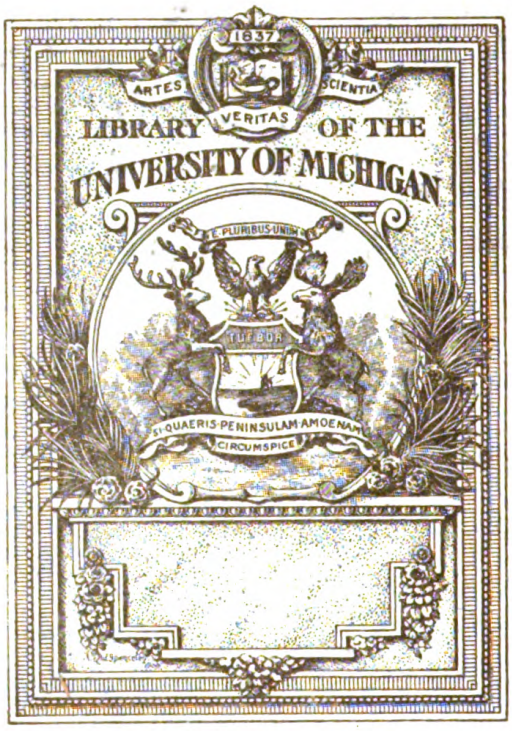
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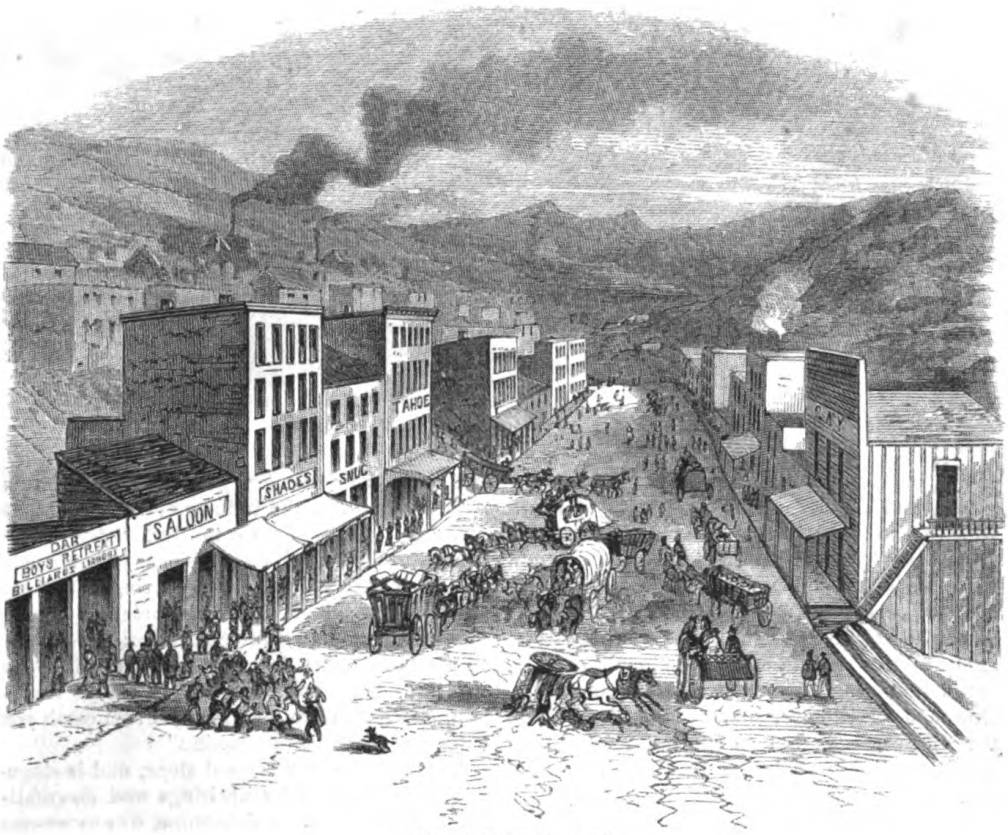
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HARPER'S
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No. CLXXXI.—JUNE, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.

WASHOE REVISITED.

[Second Paper.]



SCENE IN VIRGINIA CITY.

I WAS prepared to find great changes on the route from Carson to Virginia City. At Empire City—which was nothing but a sage-desert inhabited by Dutch Nick on the occasion of my early explorations—I was quite bewildered with the busy scenes of life and industry. Quartz-mills and saw-mills had completely usurped the valley along the head of the Carson River; and now the hammering of stamps, the hissing of steam, the whirling clouds of smoke from tall chimneys, and the confused clamor of voices from a busy multitude, reminded one of a manufacturing city. Here, indeed, was progress of a substantial kind.

Further beyond, at Silver City, there were similar evidences of prosperity. From the descent into the cañon through the Devil's Gate, and up the grade to Gold Hill, it is almost a continuous line of quartz-mills, tunnels, dumps, sluices, water-wheels, frame shanties, and grog-shops.

Gold Hill itself has swelled into the proportions of a city. It is now practically a continuation of Virginia. Here the evidences of busy enterprise are peculiarly striking. The whole hill is riddled and honey-combed with shafts and tunnels. Engine-houses for hoisting are perched on points apparently inaccessible; quartz-mills of various capacities line the sides of the cañon; the main street is well flanked by brick stores,

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HAULING ORE TO THE MILLS.

hotels, express-offices, saloons, restaurants, groggeries, and all those attractive places of resort which go to make up a flourishing mining town. Even a newspaper is printed here, which I know to be a spirited and popular institution, having been viciously assailed by the same. A runaway team of horses, charging full tilt down the street, greeted our arrival in a lively and characteristic manner, and came very near capsizing our stage. One man was run over some distance below, and partially crushed; but as somebody was killed nearly every day, such a meagre result afforded no general satisfaction.

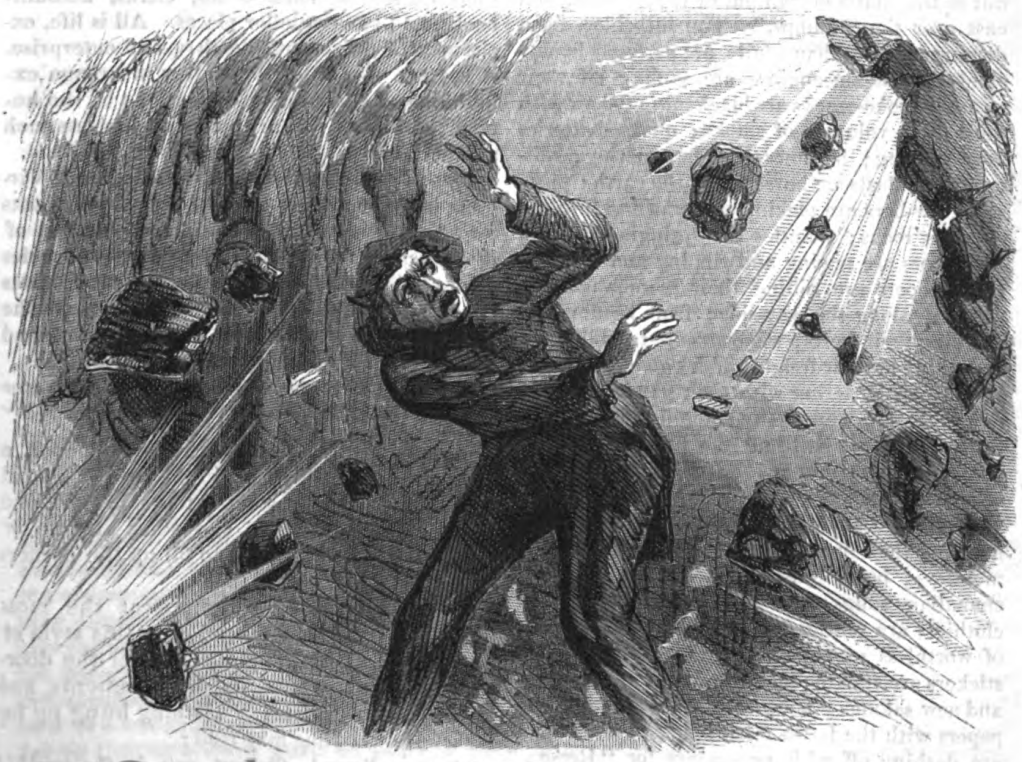
Descending the slope of the ridge that divides Gold Hill from Virginia City a strange scene attracts the eye. He who gazes upon it for the first time is apt to doubt if it be real. Perhaps there is not another spot upon the face of the globe that presents a scene so weird and desolate in its natural aspect, yet so replete with busy life, so animate with human interest. It is as if a wondrous battle raged, in which the combatants were man and earth. Myriads of swarthy, bearded, dust-covered men are piercing into the grim old mountains, ripping them open, thrusting murderous holes through their naked bodies; piling up engines to cut out their vital arteries; stamping and crushing up with infernal machines their disemboweled fragments, and holding fiendish revels amidst the chaos of destruction; while the mighty earth, blasted, barren, and scarred by the tempests of ages, fiercely affronts the foe—smiting him with disease and death; scoffing at his puny assaults with a grim scorn; ever grand in his desolation, ever dominant in the infinity of his endurance. "Come!" he seems to mutter, "dig, delve, pierce, and bore, with your picks, your shovels, and your infernal machines; wring out of my veins a few globules of the precious blood; hoard it, spend it, gamble for it, bring perdition to your souls with it—do what you will, puny insects! Sooner or later the death-blow smites you, and Earth swallows you! From earth you came—to earth you go again!"

The city lies on a rugged slope, and is singularly diversified in its uprisings and downfallings. It is difficult to determine, by any system of observation or measurement, upon what principle it was laid out. My impression is that it was never laid out at all, but followed the dips, spurs, and angles of the immortal Comstock. Some of the streets run straight enough; others seem to dodge about at acute angles in search of an open space, as miners explore the subterranean regions in search of a lead. The cross-streets must have been forgotten in the original plan—if ever there was a plan about this eccentric city. Sometimes they happen accidentally at the most unexpected points; and sometimes they don't happen at all where you are sure to require them. A man in a hurry to get from the upper slope of the town to any opposite point below must try it under-ground or over the roofs of the houses, or take the customary circuit of half a mile. Every body seems to have built wherever he could secure a lot. The two main streets, it must be admitted, are so far

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regular as to follow pretty nearly the direction of the Comstock lead. On the lower slope, or plateau, the town, as viewed from any neighboring eminence, presents much the appearance of a vast number of shingle-roofs shaken down at random, like a jumbled pack of cards. All the streets are narrow, except where there are but few houses, and there they are wide enough at present. The business part of the town has been built up with astonishing rapidity. In the spring of 1860 there was nothing of it save a few frame shanties and canvas tents, and one or two rough stone cabins. It now presents some of the distinguishing features of a metropolitan city. Large and substantial brick houses, three or four stories high, with ornamental fronts, have filled up most of the gaps, and many more are still in progress of erection. The oddity of the plan, and variety of its architecture—combining most of the styles known to the ancients, and some but little known to the moderns—give this famous city a grotesque, if not picturesque, appearance, which is rather increased upon a close inspection.

Immense freight-wagons, with ponderous wheels and axles, heavily laboring under prodigious loads of ore for the mills, or groaning with piles of merchandise in boxes, bales, bags, and crates, block the narrow streets. Powerful teams of horses, mules, or oxen, numbering from eight to sixteen animals to each wagon, make frantic efforts to drag these land schooners over the ruts, and up the sudden rises, or through the sinks of this rut-smitten, ever-rising, ever-sinking city. A pitiable sight it is to see them! Smoking hot, reeking with sweat, dripping with liquefied dust, they pull, jerk, groan, fall back, and dash forward, tumble down, kick, plunge, and bite; then buckle to it again, under the galling lash; and so live and so struggle these poor beasts, for their pittance of barley and hay, till they drop down dead. How they would welcome death if they had souls! Yet men have souls, and work hard too for their miserable pittance of food. How many of the countless millions of the earth yearn for death or welcome its coming? Even the teamsters that drive these struggling labor-worn brutes seem so fond of life that they scorn eternity. Brawny, bearded fellows they are; their faces so ingrained with the dust and grit of earth, and tanned to such an uncertain hue by the scorching suns and dry winds of the road, that for the matter of identity they might as well be Hindoos or Beloochees. With what malignant zeal they crack their leather-thonged whips, and with what ferocious vigor they rend the air with their imprecations! O Plutus! such swearing—a sliding scale of oaths to which swearing in all other parts of the world is as the murmuring of a gentle brook to the volume and rush and thunder of a cataract. The fertility of resource displayed by these reckless men; their ready command of metaphor; their marvelous genius for strange, startling, and graphic combination of slang and profanity; their grotesque originality of inflexion and climax; their infatuated credulity in the understanding of dumb animals; would in the pursuit of any nobler art elevate them to a niche in the temple of fame. Surely if murder be deemed



A BLASTED SCRAPE.

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THE HURDY-GURDY GIRLS.

one of the Fine Arts in Virginia City, swearing ought not to be held in such common repute.

Entering the main street you pass on the upper side huge piles of earth and ore, hoisted out of the shafts or run out of the tunnels, and cast over the "dumps." The hill-sides, for a distance of more than a mile, are perfectly honey-combed. Steam-engines are puffing off their steam; smoke-stacks are blackening the air with their thick volumes of smoke; quartz-batteries are battering; hammers are hammering; subterranean blasts are bursting up the earth; picks and crow-bars are picking and crashing into the precious rocks; shanties are springing up, and carpenters are sawing and ripping and nailing; store-keepers are rolling their merchandise in and out along the way-side; fruit vendors are peddling their fruits; wagoners are tumbling out and piling in their freights of dry goods and ore; saloons are glittering with their gaudy bars and fancy glasses, and many-colored liquors, and thirsty men are swilling the burning poison; auctioneers, surrounded by eager and gaping crowds of speculators, are shouting off the stocks of delinquent stock-holders; organ-grinders are grinding their organs and torturing consumptive monkeys; hurdy-gurdy girls are singing bacchanalian songs in bacchanalian dens; Jew clothiers are selling off prodigious assortments of worthless garments at ruinous prices; bill-stickers are sticking up bills of auctions, theatres, and new saloons; news-boys are crying the city papers with the latest telegraphic news; stages are dashing off with passengers for "Reese;" and stages are dashing in with passengers from "Frisco;" and the inevitable Wells, Fargo, and Co. are distributing letters, packages, and papers to the hungry multitude, amidst tempting piles of silver bricks and wonderful complications of scales, letter-boxes, clerks, account-books, and twenty-dollar pieces. All is life, excitement, avarice, lust, deviltry, and enterprise. A strange city truly, abounding in strange exhibitions and startling combinations of the human passions. Where upon earth is there such another place?

One of the most characteristic features of Virginia is the inordinate passion of the inhabitants for advertising. Not only are the columns of the newspapers filled with every possible species of advertisement, but the streets and hill-sides are pasted all over with flaming bills. Says the proprietor of a small shanty, in letters that send a thrill of astonishment through your brain:

"LOOK HERE! *For fifty cents* YOU CAN GET A GOOD SQUARE MEAL at the HOWLING WILDERNESS SALOON!"

A square meal is not, as may be supposed, a meal placed upon the table in the form of a solid cubic block, but a substantial repast of pork and beans, onions, cabbage, and other articles of sustenance that will serve to fill up the corners of a miner's stomach.

The Jew clothing-stores present the most marvelous fertility of invention in this style of advertising. Bills are posted all over the doorways, in the windows, on the pavements, and on the various articles of clothing hung up for sale. He who runs may read:

"NOW OR NEVER! *Cheapest coats in the world!!* PANTS GIVEN AWAY!!! WALK IN, GENTS."

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HOME FOR THE BOYS.

And so on without limit. New clothes and clothes doubtful are offered for sale at these prolific establishments, which are always selling off at cost or suicidal prices, yet never seem to be reduced in stock. I verily believe I saw hanging at the door of one of these shops the identical pair of stockings stolen from me several years ago at Strawberry.

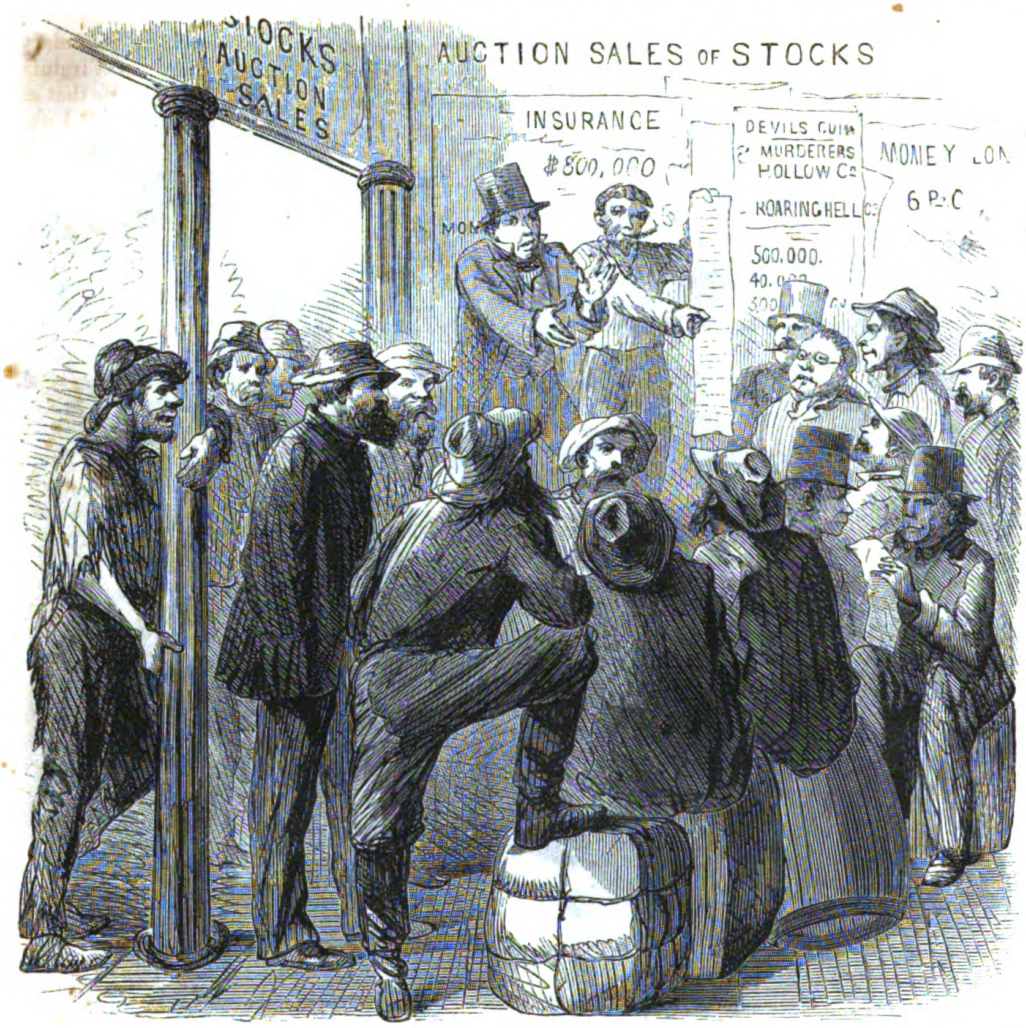
Drinking establishments being rather numerous, the competition in this line of business gives rise to a very persuasive and attractive style of advertising. The bills are usually printed in florid and elaborately gilt letters, and frequently abound in pictures of an imaginative character. "Cosy Home," "Miner's Retreat," "Social Hall," "Empire," "Indication," "Fancy-Free," "Snug," "Shades," etc., are a few of the seductive names given to these places of popular resort; and the announcements are generally followed by a list of "choice liquors" and the gorgeous attractions of the billiard department, together with a hint that Dick, Jack, Dan, or Jerry "is always on hand, and while grateful for past favors will spare no pains to merit a continuance of the same. By catering to the public taste he hopes to make his house in the future, as it has been in the past, a real HOME for the Boys!" Nice homes these, and a nice family of boys that will come out of them! Where will they live when they grow to be men? A good idea it was to build a stone penitentiary.

"*Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!*"
"AUCTION SALES EVERY DAY!"

This is another form of advertisement for a very prolific branch of trade. Day and night auctions are all the rage in Virginia as in San Francisco. Every thing that can't go any other way, and many things that can, go by auction. Stocks, horses, mules, boots, groceries, tinware, drugs and medicines, and rubbish of all kinds are put in flaming bills and auctioned off to the highest bidder for cash. "An'af! an'af! an'af! shall I have it?" is a part of the language popularly spoken on the principal streets.

A cigar store not much bigger than a dry-goods box must have its mammoth posters out over the town and hill-sides, displaying to the public eye the prodigious assortments of Regalias, Principes, Cheroots, etc., and choice brands

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AUCTION SALES EVERY DAY.

of "Yellow-leaf," "Honey-dew," Solace," and "Eureka," to be had within the limits of their cigar and tobacco emporium. If Archimedes were to rush from the solace of a bath and run naked through the streets of Virginia, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" it would merely be regarded as a dodge to dispose of an invoice of Fine-Cut.

Quack pills, sirups, tonics, and rectifiers stare you in the face from every mud-bank, rock, post, and corner, in red, black, blue, and white letters; in hieroglyphics, in cadaverous pictures of sick men, and astounding pictures of well men.

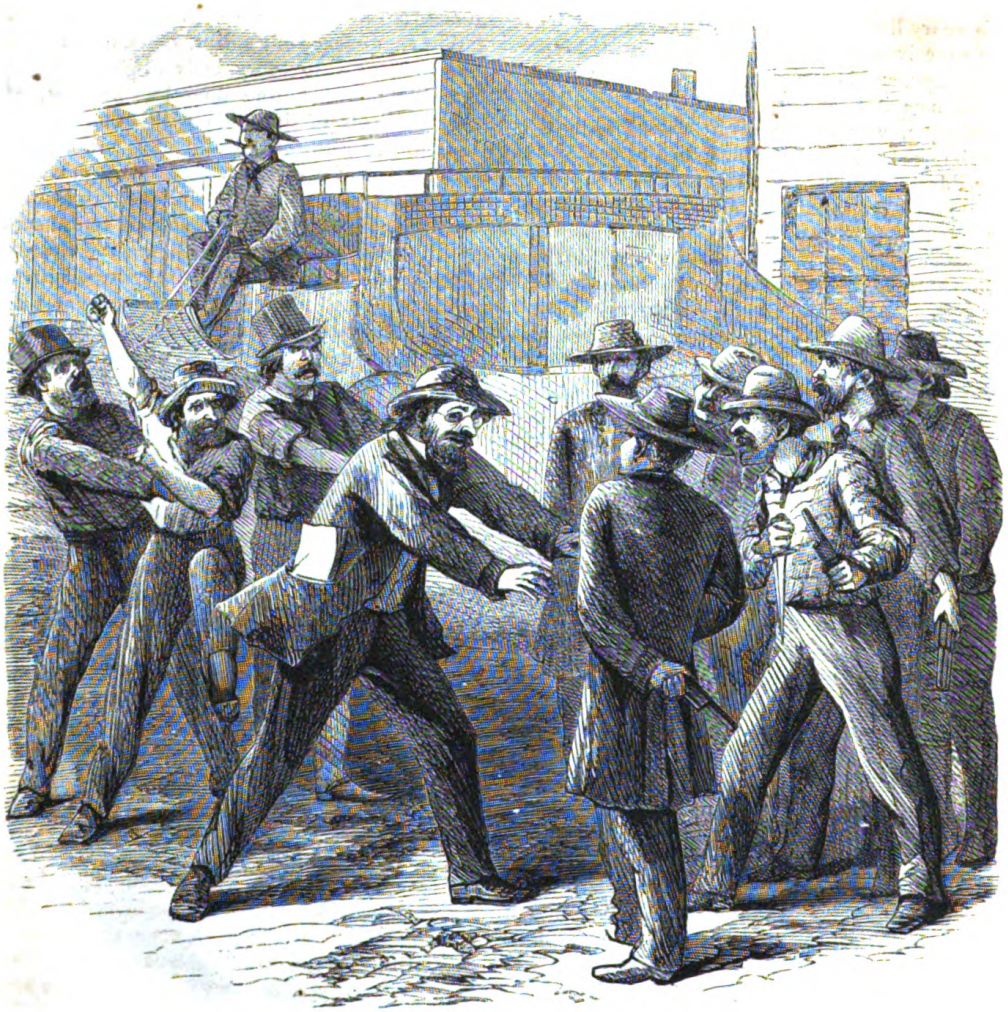
Every branch of trade, every conceivable species of amusement, is forced upon the public eye in this way. Bill-posting is one of the fine arts. Its professors are among the most notable characters in Virginia. They have a specific interest in certain corners, boards, boxes, and banks of earth and rock, which, with the brush and pot of paste, yield them a handsome revenue. To one who witnesses this bill-mania for the first time the effect is rather peculiar. He naturally imagines that the whole place is turned inside out. Every man's business fills his eye from every point of view, and he can not conceive the existence of a residence unless it be that where so much of the inside is out some portion of the outside may be in. With the exception of the silver mines this is, to a casual observer, an inverted city, and may well claim to be a city of anomalies.

I had occasion, during my stay, to avail myself of the services of a professional bill-sticker. For the sum of six dollars he agreed to make me notorious. The bills were printed in the approved form: "A Trip to Iceland," etc. Special stress was given to the word "ICELAND," and my name was printed in extravagantly conspicuous letters. In the course of a day or two I was shocked at the publicity the Professor of Bill-Posting had given me. From every rock, corner, dry-goods box, and awning post; from every screen in every drinking saloon, I was confronted and brow-beaten by my own name. I felt disposed to shrink into my boots. Had any body walked up to me and said, "Sir, you are a humbug!" it would have been an absolute relief. I would have grasped him by the hand, and an-

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swered, "I know it, my dear fellow, and honor you for your frankness!" But there was one consolation: I was suffering in company. A lady, popularly known as "The Menken," had created an immense sensation in San Francisco, and was about to favor the citizens of Virginia with a classical equestrian exhibition entitled "Mazeppa." She was represented as tied in an almost nude state to the back of a wild horse, which was running away with her at a fearful rate of speed. My friend the Professor was an artist in the line of bill-sticking, and carefully studied effects. He evidently enjoyed Mazeppa. It was a flaming and a gorgeous bill. Its colors were of the most florid character; and he posted accordingly. First came Mazeppa on the mustang horse; then came the Trip to Iceland and myself. If I remember correctly we (that is to say "The Menken" and I) were followed by "Ayer's Tonic Pills," "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and "A good Square Meal at the Howling Wilderness Saloon." Well, I suppose it was all right, though it took me rather aback at the first view. If the lady had no reason to complain, it was not for me, an old traveler, to find fault with the bill-sticker for placing me prominently before the public. Perhaps the juxtaposition was unfortunate in a pecuniary point of view; perhaps the citizens of Virginia feel no great interest in icy regions. Be that as it may, never again so long as I live will I undertake to run "Iceland" in the vicinity of a beautiful woman tied to the back of a wild horse.

But I anticipate my story. Scarcely had I descended from the stage when I was greeted by several old friends, who expressed themselves highly gratified at my arrival. Their remarks, indeed, were so complimentary that I hesitate to repeat them. Truth, however, must be regarded, even at the expense of modesty. "Your sketch of Washoe," said they, "was a capital burlesque. It was worthy of Phœnix or Artemus Ward! A great many people thought it was true! Of course we understood it, but you know one-half of mankind doesn't know a joke from a demonstration in Euclid!" Here was glory! Here was a reward for all my past sufferings! An unfortunate gentleman walks all the way over from Placerville to Washoe, with



THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION IN VIRGINIA CITY.

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DIVIDENDS.

his blankets on his back; endures the most extraordinary privations; catches the rheumatism, tic-douloureux, and dysentery; invests in the Dead Broke; fails to make an agency pay; drags his weary limbs back again, and writes out what he conceives to be a truthful account of his experiences, and is then complimented upon having made a capital hit, perpetrated a most admirable burlesque, worthy the distinguished humorists of the age! It was a sorry joke for me. I was terribly in earnest about it, at all events.

"You will admit," said these excellent friends, "that the richness of this country surpasses any thing ever known in the world before; that you were altogether mistaken about the silver leads?"

"No, gentlemen," was my answer, "I can't admit any such thing. I said the Comstock was wonderfully rich, so far as any body could judge from the specimens of ore taken out; but I thought there was considerable doubt as to where the most valuable running feet might run. That doubt is not yet removed from my mind. I advised people not to invest in the ten thousand outside leads that were then in existence. Where are your Flowery Diggings now? What is your Desert worth per running foot? How much will you give me for my Scandalous Wretch, or Bobtail Horse, or Root Hog or Die—all first-class leads in the neighborhood of the Devil's Gate? Show me a single lead that pays assessments, or pays any thing at all, or is likely ever to pay fifty cents per acre, outside of the main lead in Gold Hill and Virginia City; show me how many of your best mines pay dividends, and I will take back all I said."

At this there was a general look of blankness, as if the facts had not occurred to them before in that point of view.

"But you'll admit that a man can't see much of a mineral district in a few days. You ought to spend a week or two in each mine; then you would be prepared to say something about it."

Strange, isn't it, that people will never get over this idea! Wherever I travel I am told that nothing can be seen short of a few weeks or a few months or a few years! If I undertake to look at a potatoe-patch or a cabbage-garden, it is urgently represented that I can "form no conception how potatoes and cabbages grow in this section" without a month's careful examination of the roots or fibres. I am occasionally so bothered in this way as to feel tempted to offer rather a rude reply, viz.: that one who makes it his business to observe things around him can, with an ordinary share of penetration and some common-sense, see as much in a day as many people who live on the spot see in a lifetime. It might be effrontery to tell these Virginians, upon so brief an inspection, that I knew more of their city and its resources than they did; but I would even venture something on that point.

"You did us great injury," said they, "by so casual a glance at our mines. For example, you cast contempt upon the whole Comstock lead by representing its dips, spurs, and angles in a sort of burlesque map resembling a bunch of straw."

Alas, poor human nature! These very parties, who complained of my map because it resembled a bunch of straw—illustrating the assertion that every body's dips, spurs, and angles were running into every body else's—were, at that very moment, and doubtless are yet, at daggers' points of litigation with other parties who had run into their dips, spurs, and angles. I don't know of a mine on the Comstock which does not infringe upon the alleged rights of some other mine. The results of an actual survey are precisely the same as those produced by a bundle of straw well inked and pressed upon a sheet of paper. To call a map so accurately truthful as mine a burlesque calculated to throw contempt upon the subject, manifests a degree



ASSESSMENTS.

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of visual obliquity, if not moral assurance, absolutely refreshing.

The citizens of Virginia, like the citizens of Timbuctoo in Africa and Reykjavik in Iceland, are enthusiastic admirers of their own place of residence. Not satisfied with the praise usually bestowed upon the city by every stranger who enters it and who desires to maintain friendly relations with the inhabitants, they are exacting to a degree bordering on the despotic. A visitor is required to go into ecstasies over the climate, should there chance to occur, during his sojourn, a passably fine day. He is called upon at every turn to do homage to the wonderful progress of improvement, which they consider far ahead of any thing ever achieved by human beings constructed in the usual form. He is expected to pay the tribute of admiration to the magnificence of the buildings and the sumptuous accommodations of the hotels. If he does not boldly, firmly, and without reservation, express the opinion that the mines are richer by a thousand to one than those of Mexico or South America, he is at once set down as a man whose opinion is worth nothing. Should a stray bullet whiz by his head and kill some equally innocent party within a distance of three paces, he is gravely assured and required to believe that there is as much respect paid to life and limb in Virginia City as there is in any city in the Union. At any hour of the night, when the noise around his lodgings would shame Bedlam, his attention is exultingly directed to the elysian repose of this delectable metropolis. Passing those dens of infamy that abound on every street, he is invited, with an assurance almost incredible, to render homage to the exalted condition of public morals. In full view of the most barren, blasted, and horribly desolate country that perhaps the light of heaven ever shone upon, he is appealed to, as a lover of nature, to admire the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery. Surrounded by an enthusiastic dozen of citizens, most of whom are afflicted with sore throat, mountain fever, erysipelas, bleeding of the nose, shortness of breath, heart disease, diarrhea, and loss of appetite, he is urged to observe the remarkable salubrity of the climate, and to disabuse his



CLIMATE OF VIRGINIA CITY.

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mind of those prejudices against it arising from the misrepresentations of interested parties.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us—"

But what's the use? It would only make us miserable. We are better off as it is. Men who can see heaven in Virginia City are to be envied. Their condition is such that a change to a better world would not seem materially necessary to their exaltation; and I am sure the worst that could happen them would be borne with as much fortitude as lost sinners are permitted to exercise.



OFFICE AND DWELLING OF THE GOULD AND CURRY COMPANY.

Making due allowance for the atmosphere of exaggeration through which a visitor sees every thing in this wonderful mining metropolis, its progress has been sufficiently remarkable to palliate in some measure the extraordinary flights of fancy in which its inhabitants are prone to indulge. I was not prepared to see so great a change within the brief period of three years; for when people assure me "the world never saw any thing like it," "California is left in the shade," "San Francisco is eclipsed," "Montgomery Street is nowhere now," my incredulity is excited, and it takes some little time to judge of the true state of the case without prejudice. Speaking then strictly within bounds, the growth of this city is remarkable. When it is considered that the surrounding country affords but few facilities for the construction of houses; that lumber has to be hauled a considerable distance at great expense; that lime, bricks, iron-work, sashes, doors, etc., cost three or four times what similar articles do in San Francisco; that much indispensable material can only be had by transporting it over the mountains a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles; and that the average of mechanical labor, living, and other expenses is correspondingly higher than in California, it is really wonderful how much has been done in so short a space of time.

Yet, allowing all this, what would be the impressions of a Fejee Islander sent upon a mission of inquiry to this strange place? His earliest glimpse of the main street would reveal the curious fact that it is paved with a conglomerate of dust, mud, splintered planks, old boots, clippings of tinware, and playing-cards. It is especially prolific in the matter of cards. Mules are said to fatten on them during seasons of scarcity when the straw gives out. The next marvelous fact that would strike the observation of this wild native is that so many people live in so many saloons, and do nothing from morning till night, and from night till morning again, but drink fiery liquids and indulge in profane language. How can all these able-bodied men afford to be idle? Who pays their expenses? And why do they carry pistols, knives, and other deadly weapons, when no harm could possibly befall them if they went unarmed and devoted themselves to some useful occupation? Has the God of the white men done them such an injury in furnishing all this silver for their use that they should treat His name with contempt and disrespect? Why do they send missionaries to the Fejee Islands and leave their own country in such a dreadful state of neglect? The Fejeeans devour their enemies occasionally as a war measure; the white man swallows his enemy all the time without regard to measure. Truly the white man is a very uncertain native! Fejeeans can't rely upon him.

When I was about to start on my trip to Washoe, friends from Virginia assured me I would find hotels there almost, if not quite, equal to the best in San Francisco. There was but little difference, they said, except in the matter of extent. The Virginia hotels were quite as good, though not quite so large. Of course I believed all they told me. Now I really don't consider myself fastidious on the subject of hotels. Having traveled in many different countries I have enjoyed an extensive experience in the way of accommodations, from my mother-earth to the foretop of a whale-ship,

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from an Indian wigwam to a Parisian hotel, from an African palm-tree to an Arctic snow-bank. I have slept in the same bed with two donkeys, a camel, half a dozen Arabs, several goats, and a horse. I have slept on beds alive with snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipeds, bugs, and fleas—beds in which men stricken with the plague had died horrible deaths—beds that might reasonably be suspected of small-pox, measles, and Asiatic cholera. I have slept in beds of rivers and beds of sand, and on the bare bed rock. Standing, sitting, lying down, doubled up, and hanging over; twisted, punched, jammed, and elbowed by drunken men; snored at in the cars; sat upon and smothered by the nightmare; burnt by fires, rained upon, snowed upon, and bitten by frost—in all these positions, and subject to all these discomforts, I have slept with comparative satisfaction. There are pleasanter ways of sleeping, to be sure, but there are times when any way is a blessing. In respect to the matter of eating I am even less particular. Frogs, horse-leeches, snails, and grasshoppers are luxuries to what I have eaten. It has pleased Providence to favor me with appetites and tastes appropriate to a great variety of circumstances and many conditions of life. These facts serve to show that I am not fastidious on the subject of personal accommodations.

Perhaps my experience in Virginia was exceptional; perhaps misfortune was determined to try me to the utmost extremity. I endeavored to find accommodations at a hotel recommended as the best in the place, and was shown a room over the kitchen stove, in which the thermometer ranged at about 130 to 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. To be lodged and baked at the rate of $2 per night, cash in advance, was more than I could stand, so I asked for another room. There was but one more, and that was pre-empted by a lodger who might or might not come back and claim possession in the middle of the night. It had no window except one that opened into the passage, and the bed was so arranged that every other lodger in the house could take a passing observation of the sleeper and enjoy his style of sleeping. Nay, it was not beyond the resources of the photographic art to secure his negative and print his likeness for general distribution. It was bad enough to be smothered for want of light and air; but I had no idea of paying $2 a night for the poor privilege of showing people how I looked with my eyes shut, and possibly my mouth open. A man may have an attack of nightmare; his countenance may be distorted by horrible dreams; he may laugh immoderately at a very bad pun made in his sleep—in all which conditions of body and mind he doubtless presents an interesting spectacle to the critical eyes of a stranger, but he doesn't like to wake up suddenly and be caught in the act.

The next hotel to which I was recommended was eligibly located on a street composed principally of grog-shops and gambling-houses. I was favored with a front-room about eight feet square. The walls were constructed of boards fancifully decorated with paper, and afforded this facility to a lodger—that he could hear all that was going on in the adjacent rooms. The partitions might deceive the eye, but the ear received the full benefit of the various oaths, ejaculations, conversations, and perambulations in which his neighbors indulged. As for the bed, I don't know how long it had been in use, or what race of people had hitherto slept in it, but the sheets and blankets seemed to be sadly discolored by age—or lack of soap and water. It would be safe to say washing was not considered a paying investment by the managers of this establishment. Having been over twenty-four hours without sleep or rest I made an attempt to procure a small supply, but miserably failed in consequence of an interesting conversation carried on in the passage between the chamber-maids, waiters, and other ladies and gentlemen respecting the last free fight. From what I could gather this was considered the best neighborhood in the city for free fights. Within the past two weeks three or four men had been shot, stabbed, or maimed close by the door. "Oh, it's a lively place, you bet!" said one of the ladies (the chamber-maid, I think), "an oncommon lively place—reely hexcitin'. I look out of the winder every mornin' jist to see how many dead men are layin' around. I declare to gracious the bullets flies around here sometimes like hailstones!" "An' shure," said a voice in that rich brogue which can never be mistaken, "it's no wondher the boys shud be killin' an' murtherin' themselves forninst the door, whin they're all just like me, dyin' in love wid yer beauteeful self!" A smart slap and a general laugh followed this suggestion. "Git away wid ye, Dinnis; yer always up to yer mischief! As I was sayin', no later than this mornin', I see two men a poppin' away at each other wid six-shooters—a big man an' a little man. The big man he staggered an' fell right under the winder, wid his head on the curb-stone, an' his legs a stickin' right up in the air. He was all over blood, and when the boys picked him up he was dead as a brickbat. 'Tother chap he run into a saloon. You better b'leeve this is a lively neighborhood. I tell you hailstones is nothink to the way the bullets flies around." "That's so," chimes in another female voice; "I see myself, with my own eyes, Jack's corpse an' two more carried away in the last month. If I'd a had a six-shooter then you bet they'd a carried away the fellow that nipped Jack!"

Now taking into view the picturesque spectacle that a few dead men dabbled in blood must present to the eye on a fine morning, and the chances of a miscellaneous ball carrying away the top of one's cranium, or penetrating the thin board wall and ranging upward through his body as he lies in bed, I considered it best to seek a more secluded neighborhood, where the scenery was of a less stimulating character and the hail-storms not quite so heavy. By the kind aid of a friend I secured comparatively

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agreeable quarters in a private lodging-house kept by a widow lady. The rooms were good and the beds clean, and the price not extravagant for this locality—$12 a week without board.

So much for the famous hotels of Virginia. If there are any better, neither myself, nor some fellow-travelers who told me their experiences, succeeded in finding them. The concurrent testimony was that they are dirty, ill-kept, badly attended by rough, ill-mannered waiters—noisy to such a degree that a sober man can get but little rest, day or night, and extravagantly high in proportion to the small comfort they afford. One of the newspapers published a statement which the author probably intended for a joke, but which is doubtless founded upon fact—namely, that a certain hotel advertised for 300 chickens to serve the same number of guests. Only one chicken could be had for love or money—a very ancient rooster, which was made into soup and afterward served up in the form of a fricasee for the 300 guests. The flavor was considered extremely delicate—what there was of it; and there was plenty of it such as it was.

Still if we are to credit what the Virginia newspapers say—and it would be dangerous to intimate that they ever deal in any thing save the truth—there are other cities on the eastern slope of the Sierras which afford equally attractive accommodations. On the occasion of the recent Senatorial contest at Carson City, the prevailing rates charged for lodgings, according to the Virginia *Enterprise*, were as follows: "For a bed in a house, barn, blacksmith-shop, or hay-yard (none to be had—all having been engaged shortly before election); horse-blanket in an old sugar hogshead per night, $10; crockery-crate, with straw, $7 50; without straw, $5 75; for cellar-door, $4; for roosting on a smooth pole, $3 50; pole, common, rough, $3; plaza fence, $2 50; walking up and down the Warm Springs road — if cloudy, $1 50; if clear, $1 25. (In case the clouds are very thick and low $1 75 is generally asked.) Very good roosting in a pine-tree, back of Camp Nye, may still be had free, but we understand that a company is being formed to monopolize all the more accessible trees. We believe they propose to improve by putting two pins in the bottom of each tree, or keep a man to boost regular customers. They talk of charging six bits."

I could scarcely credit this, if it were not that a friend of mine, who visited Reese River last summer, related some experiences of a corroborative character. Unable to secure lodgings elsewhere, he undertook to find accommodations in a vacant sheep corral. The proprietor happening to come home about midnight found him spread out under the lee of the fence. "Look-a-here, stranger!" said he, gruffly, "that's all well enough, but I gen'rally collect in advance. Just fork over four bits or mizzle!" My friend indignantly mizzled. Cursing the progressive spirit of the age, he walked some distance out of town, and was about to finish the night under the lee of a big quartz boulder, when a fierce-looking speculator, with a six-shooter in his hand, suddenly appeared from a cavity in the rock, saying, "No yer don't! Take a fool's advice now, and git! When you go a prospectin' around ov nights agin, jest steer ov this boulder ef you please!" In vain my friend attempted to explain. The rising wrath of the squatter was not to be appeased by soft words, and the click of the trigger, as he raised his pistol and drew a bead, warned the trespasser that it was time to be off. He found lodgings that night on the public highway to Virginia City and San Francisco.



LADIES OF THE HOTEL.

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FROM TEHERAN TO SAMARCAND.*

ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY is a young Hungarian, lame, but a fearless traveler, and an intelligent observer. Determined, for some years, to penetrate into Central Asia, at all risks, he prepared himself for this undertaking by living several years among the Turks, in Constantinople. Frequenting Islamite schools and libraries, he trained himself until he became a very good Turk, in appearance, and knowledge of the Koran.

Thus prepared, he pushed farther Eastward, upon an adventurous exploration, which he was compelled to make as a dervish, clad in rags, without necessary food, among a people where even the slightest signs of a traveler's curiosity would have exposed him to suspicion, and suspicion to tortures and a cruel death—a people among whom "to hear is regarded as impudence, to ask as crime, and to take notes as a deadly sin;" where, in brief, ignorance is bliss, and 'tis rashness to be wise.

Mr. Vámbéry arrived at Teheran, the capital of Persia, "somewhat in the condition of a half-boiled fish," on the 13th of July, 1862. Here he was kindly received at the Turkish Embassy, where he was made at home. The traveler in those slow old Eastern countries needs, first of all, a good stock of patience. After several years spent in preparing himself to travel as an Osmanli dervish, our author was at last ready to set out; but at Teheran, at the very outset of his journey, found himself delayed for nearly nine months—months of weary waiting. Thus it was the 28th of March, 1863, when he at last set out upon the interesting adventure which he has modestly recounted in the volume whose title we have given below.

The traveling companions with whom "the dervish Reshid Effendi," as Vámbéry called himself, at length left Teheran, consisted, as its chief said, of "young and old, rich and poor, men of piety, learned men, and laity," who "live together with the greatest simplicity, since we are all from Khokand and Kashgar, and have among us no Bokhariot—no viper of that race." Twenty-four in number, they were all wild men, but honest; some so poor that they counted on begging their way through a region a large part of which is a desert; none rich enough to excite the cupidity of robbers. To persuade these honest pilgrims to take him for companion he was obliged, of course, to conceal his true motives. "The Oriental does not understand the thirst for knowledge, and does not believe much in its existence," he says. "I told them that I had long silently, but earnestly, desired to visit Turkestan (Central Asia), not merely to see the only source of Islamite virtue that still remained undefiled, but to behold the saints of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. It was this idea, I assured them, that had brought me hither out of Roum (Turkey). I had now been waiting a year in Persia, and I thanked God for having at last granted me fellow-travelers such as they were (and I here pointed to the Tartars), with whom I might proceed on my way and accomplish my wish."

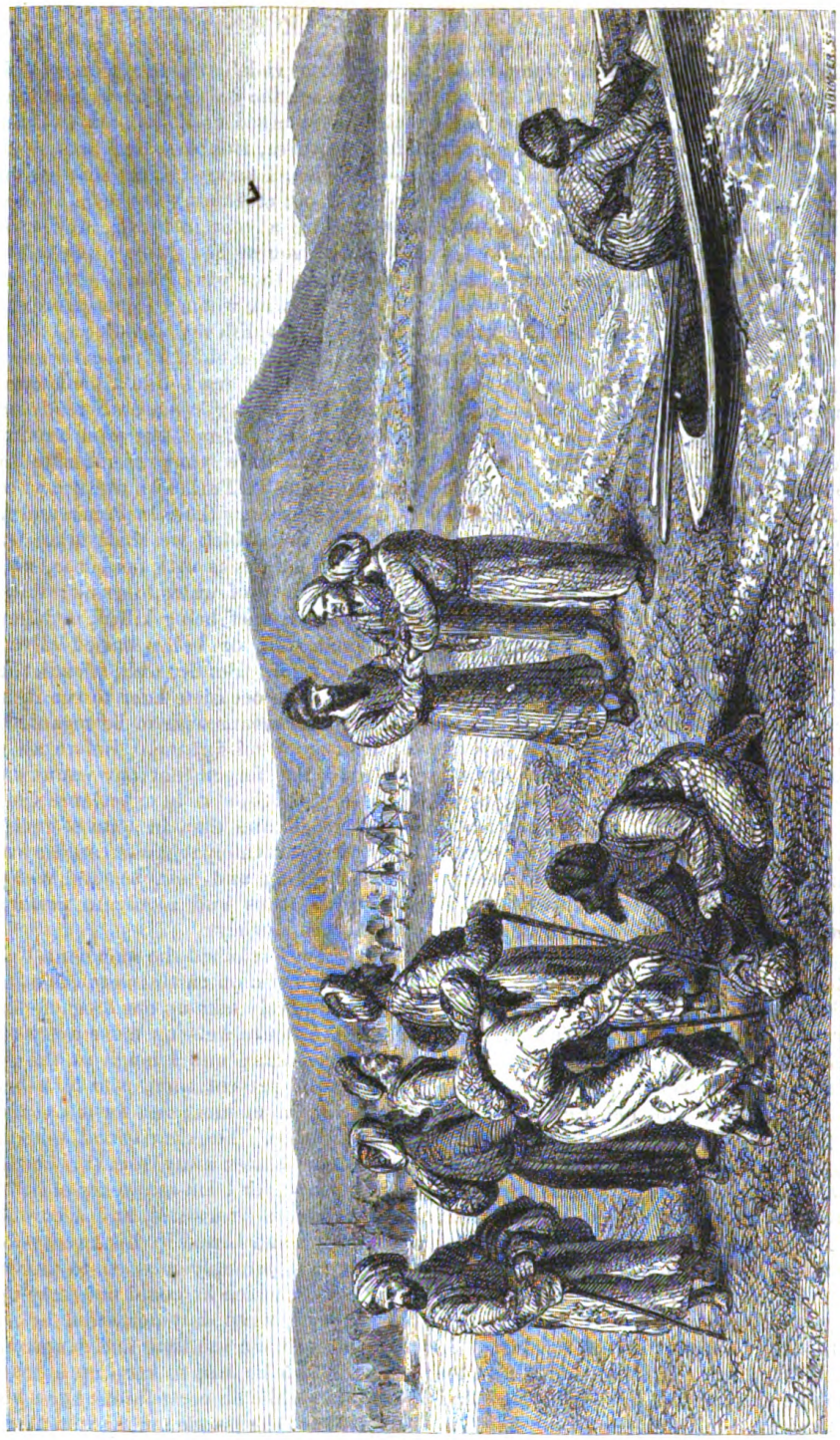
Hadji Bilal, the chief of the caravan, replied (the conversation reads like a piece out of the Arabian Nights): "We are all ready not only to become your friends, but your servants, but we must still draw your attention to the fact that the routes in Turkestan are not as commodious nor as safe as those in Persia and in Turkey. On that which we shall take, travelers meet often for weeks with no house, no bread, not even a drop of water to drink; they incur, besides, the risk of being killed, or taken prisoners and sold, or being buried alive under storms of sand. Ponder well, effendi, the step! You may have occasion later to rue it, and we would by no means wish to be regarded as the cause of your misfortune. Before all things, you must not forget that our countrymen at home are far behind us in experience and worldly knowledge, and that, in spite of their hospitality, they invariably regard strangers from afar with suspicion; and how, besides, will you be able, without us and alone, to perform that great return journey?"

"I know," rejoined the excellent Vámbéry, "that this world on earth resembles a hotel, in which we merely take up our quarters for a few days, and whence we soon move away to make room for others; and I laugh at the Mussulmans of the present time, who take heed not merely for the moment, but for ten years of onward existence. Yes, dear friend, take me with you; I must hasten away from this horrid kingdom of Error, for I am too weary of it." Such entreaties were irresistible, and accordingly he was hugged and kissed by his twenty-four fellow-pilgrims, strongly advised to leave every thing behind which he could not carry upon his person; and, when duly accoutred in orthodox rags, set out upon the long and dangerous journey, in which he had to keep up a double disguise; for, while his companions knew him only as a Turk, to the people among whom he chiefly traveled even that admission would have made him hateful, and he had to be represented as a Tartar of the Tartars.

Traveling, in the East, is the enjoyment, chiefly, of beggars; the wealthy, like "the gentlemen of England" in the old song, "stay at home at ease." It is fortunate, then, that a beggar, if he only lays claim to piety, is, among the good Mohammedans, pretty sure of a welcome; and as piety and medical skill are thought

* *Travels in Central Asia;* being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand; performed in the year 1863. By ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. Harper and Brothers.

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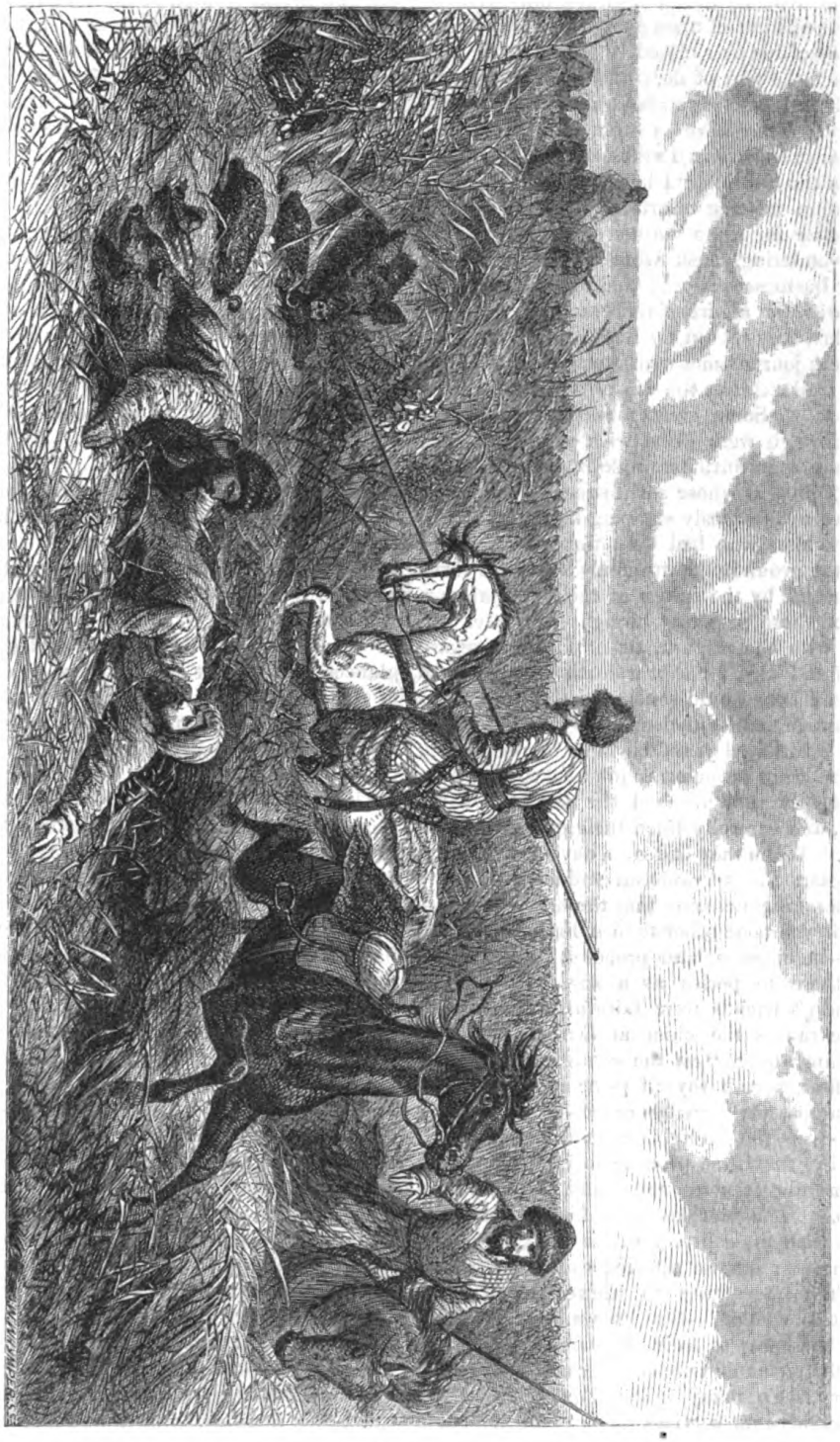


RECEPTION BY TURKOMAN CHIEF ON THE CASPIAN SHORE.

to go together, if the pilgrim prudently falls in with the prevailing belief, and freely dispenses blessings, charms, and medical advice, he is certain of his reward in the gifts of the faithful. When the caravan landed at Gömüshtepe, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, the chief of that ilk, Khandjan, received them with open arms, and kept them a month, for the mere pleasure of having visitors. Here the dervish Reshid Effendi took his first lessons in the profession he had adopted.

"Hadji Bilal," he writes, "invited me to take a short walk with him, and when we had got to a short distance from the tchatma he observed to me that it was now high time to lay aside entirely my effendi character, and become body and soul a dervish. 'You must have already remarked,' said the excellent pilgrim,

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INTRUDING UPON THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD BOAR.

'that both I and my associates bestow upon the public fatiha (blessings): this you must do also. I know that this is not the custom in Roum, but people here will expect and demand it. It will occasion great surprise if, representing yourself to be a dervish, you do not carry out the character to its full extent. You know the form of benediction; assume, therefore, a serious face, and distribute your fatiha (blessings); you can also give the nefes (holy breath) when you are summoned to the sick, only never forget to extend your hand at the same time, for it is a matter of notoriety that we dervishes subsist by such acts of piety, and they are always ready with some little present or other.' Hadji Bilal apologized for presuming to school me; still, he said that it was for my benefit, and that I must have heard the story of the traveler who,

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when he reached the land of the one-eyed nation, to put himself upon an equality with them, kept one of his eyes closed." But not only had he to act the part of dervish, he had to conceal carefully his curiosity about the people or the country. They have as strong an aversion to political preachers in Turkestan as they used to have in the South. "I had only to touch upon a question relating to ordinary life, or to show a curiosity for some matter or other, to make men wonderingly ask what a dervish, whose proper business was only God and religion, had to do with the affairs of this transitory world."

At last they set out for Khiva, and at the outset of the journey met with a curious adventure, which well exhibits the wildness of these "Elder lands." Some great marshes they had to pass through were filled with wild hogs, and our traveler incautiously rode into the nest of a litter of pigs, at whose shrill squeals the mother hog ran up, furiously showing her tusks to the two travelers who had been unhorsed and lay upon the ground. Fortunately they were saved from attack by the spears of their companions. One of these presently brought him back his horse, with the remark, that "I might regard myself as lucky, for that a death by the wound of a wild boar would send even the most pious Mussulman nedjis (unclean) into the next world, where a hundred years' burning in purgatorial fire would not purge away his uncleanness."

Presently they reached the borders of the desert, and carefully filled their goat-skins with water. When they had got a day's journey into the desert the kervanbashi suddenly came to the cheerful conclusion that the dervish Reshid Effendi was none other than a Frenghi—European—in disguise, and proposed to leave him just there to perish as a spy. Fortunately Vámbéry's friends were faithful, and on their remonstrances the chief at last consented to take him along, "on the condition that thou wilt, first, permit thyself to be searched to see if thou hast any drawings or wooden pens (lead-pencils), as the Frenghis generally have; and, secondly, that thou promise to take away with thee no secret notes respecting the hills and routes." The poor kervanbashi was much annoyed with the contrary advices he received on this matter; but he referred the whole matter elsewhere, repeating to himself continually "Khudaïm bilir!"—God knows.

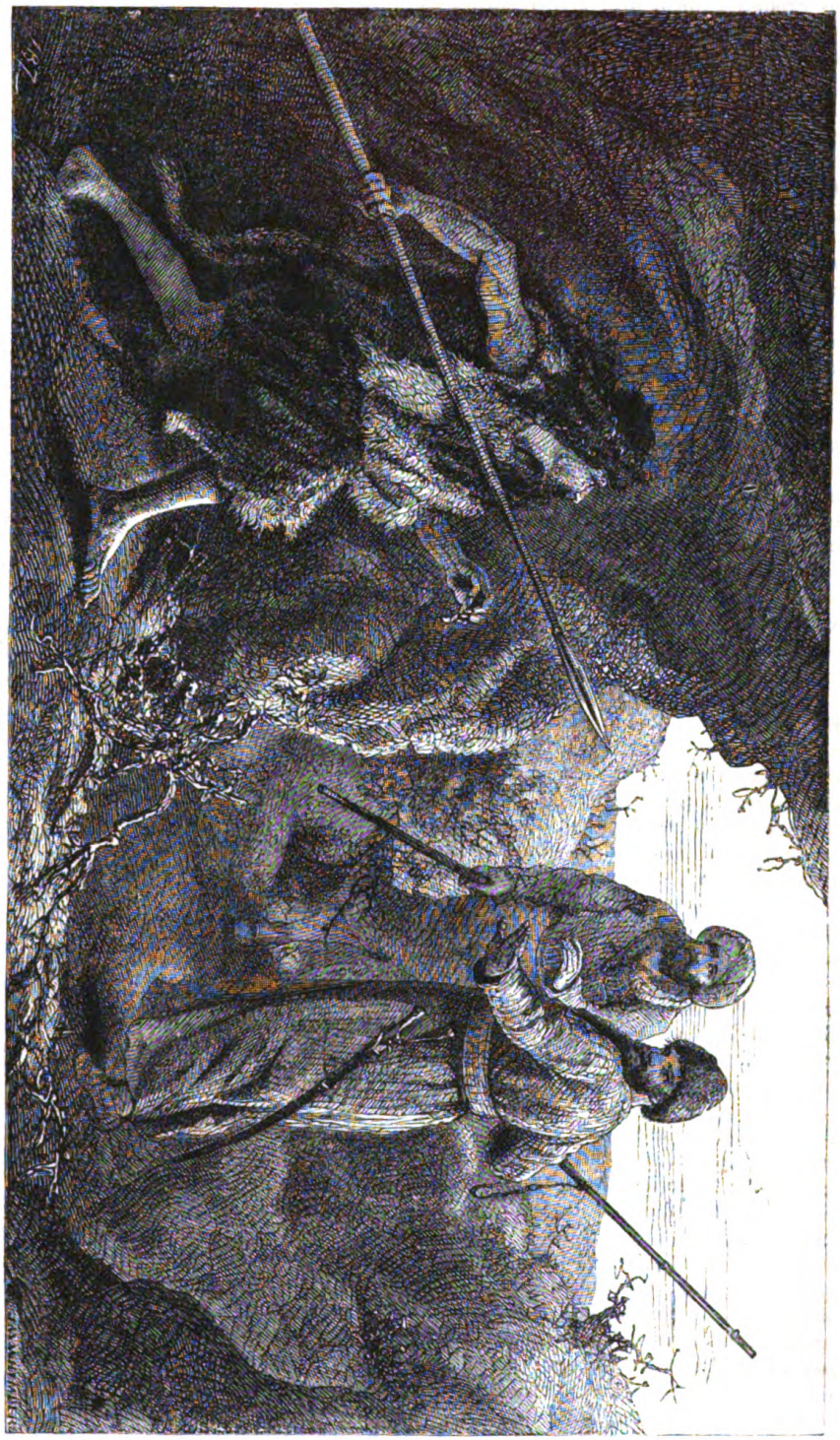
On their way to Khiva they frequently fell in with the nomadic tribes who wander over this country. To many individuals of these our traveler became serviceable because he could write; he was employed, when they halted, to draw up for them notes of indebtedness. These, he remarks, when duly signed by the debtor in the sight of the creditor, were carefully pocketed by the debtor. "When I questioned the creditor as to this remarkable manner of procedure, his answer was, 'What have I to do with the writing? The debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of his debt.'"

These Turkoman tribes are the most savage and brutal of man-stealers and slave-masters, but at the same time honest in their dealings with each other and hospitable to strangers. Some of their superstitions have the smack of extreme humanity; a basket, in the desert, must not be destroyed, because it had once formed the seat, on a camel's back, of a man, and, said these people, to destroy what had held men was regarded as a sin. But the very person who told Vámbéry this was a monster of cruelty, who denied water to a poor slave whom he had fed for two days upon salt-fish; and while a basket which has held a man is too sacred to be destroyed, the life of man is so endangered by their unbridled passions that they found a poor wretch living in a cave in the desert, like a wild beast, to escape his tribesmen, who had sworn to murder him. He had lived there solitary for many years. "Amanbol"—peace be unto thee—murmured this poor wretch, as he slunk back into his lair, when he found the travelers meant him no harm.

They fell short of water in the desert. Each watched jealously his decreasing store. It was rumored that the kervanbashi had concealed an extra supply, and while greedy and suspicious glances were cast at the leader, no doubt many of the company conceived the idea of robbing him. But no one was so foolish as to ask his neighbor for the charity of a drink. When they halted, one evening, all were in extremity. "This evening my appetite left me. I had not the slightest craving even for the smallest piece of bread: my sensations were those of extreme debility; the heat of the day was indescribable. My strength was gone, and I was lying there extended, when I perceived that all were pressing round the kervanbashi; they made a sign to me also to approach. The words 'Water, water,' gave me fresh vigor. I sprang up; how overjoyed and how surprised I was when I saw the kervanbashi dealing out to each member of the caravan about two glasses of the precious liquid! The honest Turkoman told us that for years it had been his practice in the desert to keep concealed a considerable quantity, and this he doled out when he knew that it would be most acceptable; that this would be a great sevab (act of piety), for a Turkoman proverb says that a drop of water to the man thirsty in the wilderness washes away a hundred years' sins." This was the man who intended, without hesitation or compunction, to leave our traveler to perish in the desert!

This humane monster's suspicions were allayed, but not satisfied. When they entered Khiva, all were called to an audience of the Mehrem or principal officer of the khan. To him said the kervanbashi, "We have brought to Khiva three interesting quadrupeds (buffaloes), and a no less interesting biped," pointing at the dervish Reshid Effendi. To be suspected is to die, in those countries; and our traveler, thus held up to general attention, heard the multitude about him whisper, "Spy," "Frenghi," "Urus"—Russian—any one of the three accusations fatal.

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WILD MAN IN THE DESERT.

Khiva, the capital of Kharesme, is better known to us, perhaps, as the scene of some interesting missionary operations than for any thing else. It lies near the River Oxus, in a wide plain; its people are fanatical Mohammedans, and it is a commercial centre of the wandering Turkoman tribes. Its sovereign and people keep up little connection with the outer world—they are savages, with just enough of civilization to make them narrow-minded, boastful, and vicious. Luckily for Vámbéry, there resided here one Shükrullah Bay, an officer who had in previous years lived at Constantinople. Him our traveler sought, and by his knowledge of persons in the head-quarters of Islamism, was able to establish a character as a veritable Turk, which saved his life, and made him free from suspicion.

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This ground gained, the dervish Reshid Effendi assumed a haughty air, as one who knew his value, a holy man born in the Holy Land. When he was presented to the khan it was to give a blessing to his majesty. The khan inquired about his means, but received for reply: "We dervishes do not trouble ourselves with such trifles. The holy nefes (breath) which my pir (chief of my order) had imparted to me for my journey can support me four or five days without any nourishment. My words," he writes, "seemed to have given satisfaction, for his royal highness was pleased to order that I should be presented with twenty ducats and a stout ass. I declined the ducats, with the remark that for a dervish it was a sin to keep money; thanked him, however, warmly for the second part of his most gracious favor, but begged permission to draw his attention to the holy commandment which prescribed a *white* ass for pilgrimages, and entreated him, therefore, to vouchsafe me such a one. I was on the point of withdrawing when the khan desired that, at least during my short stay in the capital, I should be his guest, and consent to take for my daily board two tenghe (about one franc and fifty centimes) from his haznadar."

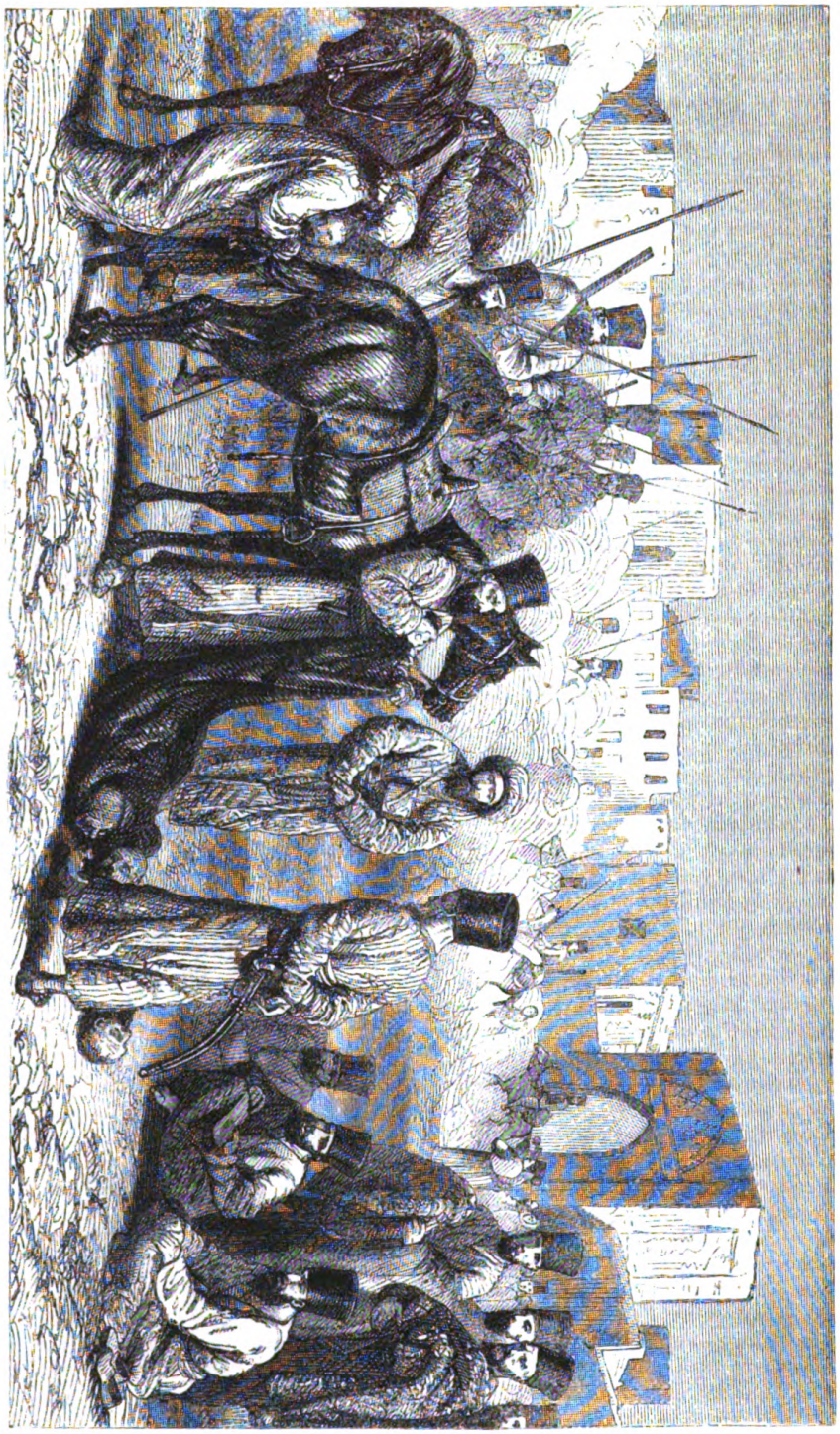
This was acting his character faithfully, and the result was a great increase in popularity and a wonderful number of invitations to feasts. "My hair stands on end at the recollection how often I was forced to seat myself, between three and four o'clock in the morning, before sunrise, opposite a colossal dish of rice swimming in the fat of the sheep-tail, which I was to assail as if my stomach was empty." These invitations were not purely hospitable, for the entertainers sought information on many important subjects from the learned dervish. "These gentlemen, who give the preference to Turkey and Constantinople beyond all other places, were desirous of receiving from me, the standard of Turkish Islamite learning, an explanation of many mesele (religious questions). Oh, how warm those thick-headed Özbegs made me, with their colossal turbans, when they opened a conversation concerning the prescriptions as to the mode of washing hands, feet, face, and occiput; and how a man should, in obedience to his holy religion, sit, walk, lie, and sleep, etc.! The Sultan (a recognized successor of Mohammed) and his grandees are accounted in Khiva the practical examples of all these important laws. His majesty the Emperor of Turkey is here designated as a Mussulman whose turban is at least fifty ells in length, whose beard extends below his breast, and his robe to his toes. A man might place his life in jeopardy who should assert the fact that the Sultan has head and beard shaved *à la* Ficsko, and clothes made for him at Paris by Dusetoye. One wanted religious instruction; another asked if the world offered elsewhere places as beautiful as Khiva; a third wished, once for all, to receive authentic information whether the great Sultan really had his each day's dinner and supper forwarded to him from Mecca, and whether they passed to his palace from the Kaaba in one minute." It may interest our fashionable readers to know that the dinner and walking dress for gentlemen in Khiva is a high, round fur hat, a thick pair of boots, a long shirt, and nothing else!

In Khiva, among other pleasant customs, they gouge out the eyes of elderly prisoners of war; and the dervish Reshid Effendi was by accident witness, with the general public, to this spectacle. I found about three hundred Tchaudors, prisoners of war, covered with rags. They were so tormented by the dread of their approaching fate, and by the hunger which they had endured several days, that they looked as if they had just risen from their graves. They were separated into two divisions, namely, such as had not yet reached their fortieth year, and were to be sold as slaves, or to be made use of as presents, and such as, from their rank or age, were regarded as aksakals (graybeards) or leaders, and who were to suffer the punishment imposed by the khan. The former, chained together by their iron collars in numbers of ten to fifteen, were led away; the latter submissively awaited the punishment awarded. They looked like lambs in the hands of their executioners. While several were led to the gallows or the block I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate. Ah, cruel spectacle! As each fearful act was completed the victim, liberated from his bonds, groping around with his hands, sought to gain his feet. Some fell against each other, head against head; others sank powerless to the earth again, uttering low groans, the memory of which will make me shudder as long as I live."

As he went one day to the treasurer to receive his daily stipend he found that worthy engaged in a singular occupation. A number of horsemen had ridden in from the camp to receive the reward of bravery. The more heads the better soldier is the rule in Khiva. In battle the trooper not only kills his enemy—he cuts off his head; and these braves were now to receive robes of honor, varying in splendor and value according to the number of heads they were able to produce to the treasurer. Some received the robe of forty heads; some the twenty-headed; others, less lucky, the four-headed robe. As each emptied his sack upon the ground an accountant took note of the number of skulls produced.

Yet it was in Khiva that Vámbéry passed the pleasantest days of his long journey. The people were full of pious charity; gifts abounded; and when he departed toward Bokhara he had a good stout donkey, money, clothing, and provisions—the gifts of the faithful. Nor was he alone; all the pilgrims were equally well fur-

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RECEIVING PAYMENT FOR HUMAN HEADS—KHIVA.

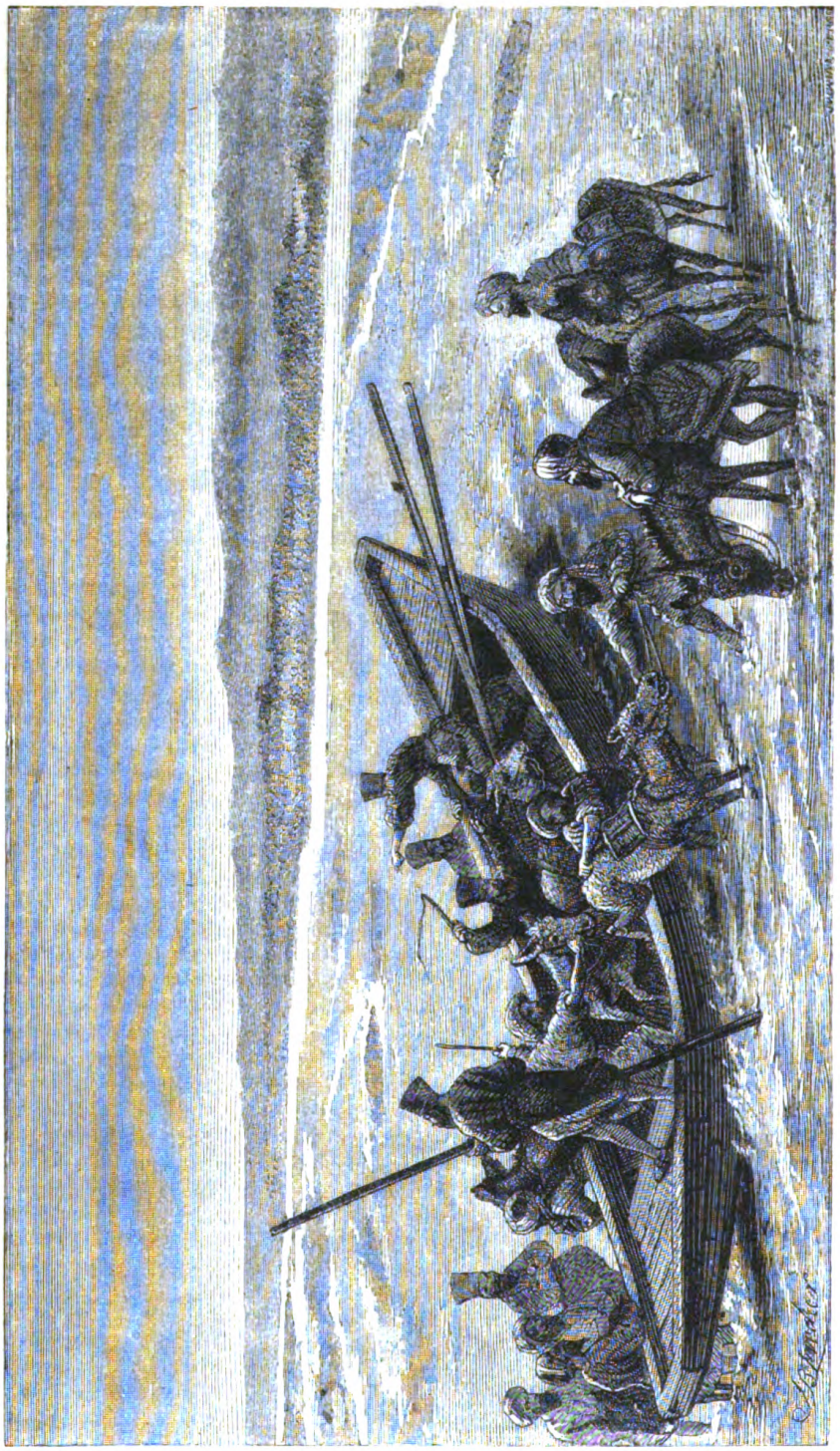
nished. They were even what a Western man would call "dead-headed" across the Oxus, the following writing having the effect of a railroad "pass" with us:

"It is notified to the watchers of the frontiers and the toll-collectors that permission has been given to the Hadji Mollah Abdur Reshid Effendi, and that no one is to trouble him."

It will be noticed that our pilgrim gathered titles as he went. It required the greater part of a day to cross the Oxus; and when they got to the other side, the donkeys, who have an aversion to water, had to be carried on shore, like so many babes in arms. Hadji Yakoub took his donkey "pickaback," the poor, frightened little brute hiding its head in the neck of its master.

Leaving the Oxus they presently came to an-

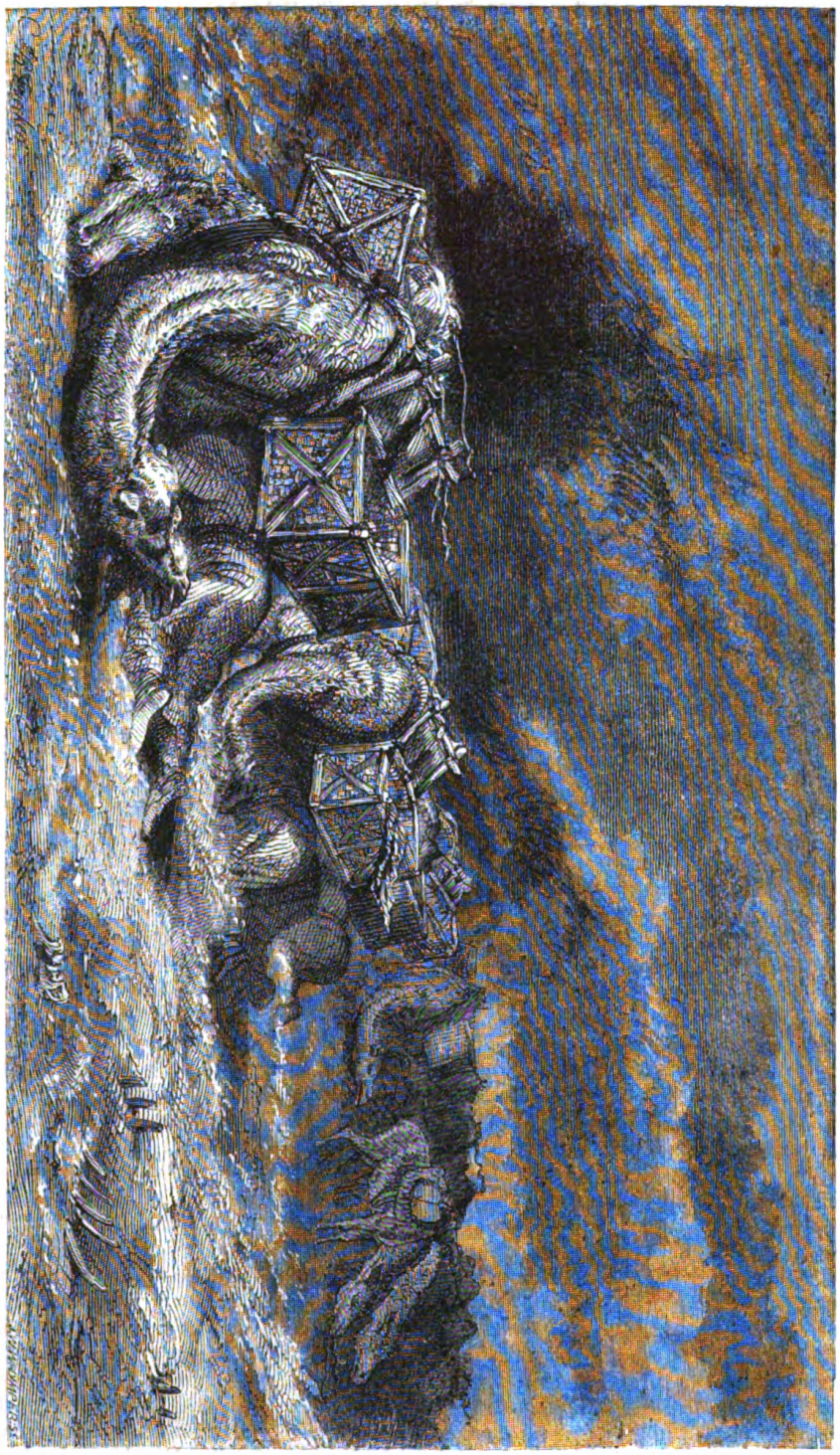
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THE FERRY ACROSS THE OXUS.

other desert, in passing which they were nearly shipwrecked, for besides horrible sufferings from thirst, they were threatened by robbers, and overwhelmed by the *tebbad*, a hot whirlwind, which fortunately overtook them only when they had reached the farther edge of the sands. "The kervanbashi and his people drew our attention to a cloud of dust that was approaching, and told us to lose no time in dismounting from the camels. These poor brutes knew well enough that it was the tebbad that was hurrying on; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. We intrenched ourselves behind them, lying there as behind a wall; and scarcely had we, in our turn, knelt under their cover, than the wind rushed over us with a dull, clattering sound, leaving us,

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TEBBAD—SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.

in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. The first particles that touched me seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Had we encountered it when we were six miles deeper in the desert, we should all have perished. I had not time to make observations upon the disposition to fever and vomiting caused by the wind itself, but the air became heavier and more oppressive than before."

The gallows may be, as a certain Englishman supposed, a sure sign of civilization, but the custom-house is quite as unfailing a token. At two leagues from Bokhara, custom-house officers met the caravan of pilgrims, and stopped them, to take an inventory of their goods. Here Vámbéry was at once recognized as a European, but he brazened it out, and when asked to exhibit his trunk and other possessions drove his

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donkey up stairs into a carpeted room, to be duly inspected. His companions also came to his rescue. "Hadji Reshid is not only a good Mussulman," they proclaimed every where, "but at the same time a learned mollah; to have any suspicion of him is a mortal sin." Nevertheless spies were set to track him in the city; and shrewd fellows sent to speak with him; but with a huge turban on his head, a copy of the Koran suspended from his neck, a wise tongue, and a pious demeanor, he eluded all traps, and presently found himself a popular man. "What extreme piety!" exclaimed the populace, "to come all the way from Constantinople to Bokhara alone, to visit our Baha-ed-din"—the great saint of this region. "They praised me," he writes, "but not a farthing did I ever get from them." He was lucky, however, to get off with his life.

The "noble Bokhara" is a delightful spot. It is not only extraordinarily hot; but one in ten of the inhabitants are affected with a singular disease, the rishte (filaria Medinensis), which, horrible as it seems to us, is thought as little of there as a cold in the head here. "One feels, at first, on the foot, or on some other part of the body, a tickling sensation, then a spot becomes visible whence issues a worm like a thread. This is often an ell long, and it ought some days after to be carefully wound off on a reel. This is the common treatment, and occasions no extraordinary pain; but if the worm is broken off an inflammation ensues, and instead of one, from six to ten make their appearance, which forces the patient to keep his bed a week, subjecting him to intense suffering. The more courageous have the rishte cut out at the very beginning. The barbers in Bokhara are tolerably expert in this operation. The part where the tickling sensation is felt is in an instant removed, the worm extracted, and the wound itself soon heals. Sometimes this malady, which is also common in Persia, recurs in the following summer, and that, too, even when the patient is in a different climate. It happened so with Dr. Wolff, the well-known traveler, who dragged with him all the way from Bokhara one of these long memorials of his journey. It did not show itself till he came to England, when it was extracted, in Eastern fashion, by the late Sir Benjamin Brodie." The only prevention is to drink constantly of warm water and tea.

Samarcand, the pride of the Turcomans, the city which is famous through the East for the beauty of its situation, for the excellence of its water, and for the tomb of the great Timour—Tamerlane as we call him, from Timurlenk, the lame—Samarcand, which, in the fond opinion of the Asiatics, "resembles Paradise," was the next step in the author's journey. He found it a dull but interesting city, mostly in ruins, and the only notable incident during his stay was the arrival and reception of the Emir Mozaffar-ed-din, who looked, with his escort of high functionaries, clad in snow-white turbans and wide silk garments, "more like the chorus of women in the opera of Nebuchadnezzar than like a troop of Tartar warriors." It is pleasant to know that the costumes worn in operatic representations resemble any thing actually used by mortal men in the nineteenth century.

The emir called Vámbéry to a special audience, in which he was submitted to a close cross-examination, but succeeded, "through the flexibility of my tongue, which is really impudent enough," says he, with some truth, in disarming suspicion. Arrived in the audience chamber, he walked, unasked, up to the emir, roughly pushed aside an astonished prime-minister, and after reciting a prayer, seated himself in that worthy's place. "The boldness of my proceeding—quite, however, in accordance with the character which I assumed—seemed not displeasing to him. I had long forgotten the art of blushing, and so was able to sustain the look which he now directed full in my face, with the intention, probably, of disconcerting me.

"'Hadji, thou comest, I hear, from Roum, to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din and the saints of Turkestan?'

"'Yes, takhsir (sire); but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty' (djemali mubarek), according to the forms of conversation usual on these occasions.

"'Strange! and thou hadst, then, no other motive in coming hither from so distant a land?'

"'No, takhsir (sire); it had always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara and the enchanting Samarcand, upon whose sacred soil, as was remarked by Sheikh Djelal, one should rather walk on one's head than on one's feet. But I have, besides, no other business in life, and have long been moving about every where as a djihangeshte' (world pilgrim).

"'What, thou, with thy lame foot, a djihangeshte! That is really astonishing.'

"'I would be thy victim' (an expression equivalent to 'pardon me'). 'Sire, thy glorious ancestor (peace be with him!) had certainly the same infirmity, and he was even djihanghir' (conqueror of the world). This reply was agreeable to the emir, who now put questions to me respecting my journey, and the impression made upon me by Bokhara and Samarcand."

From Samarcand Vámbéry was offered escort to Thibet and China—a long and unheard of journey, in which he would have been handed over from caravan to caravan, and from nation to nation, every where to excite new suspicions, and brave fresh deaths. But he had done enough for the first attempt. He remembered the Turkish proverb, "Better is an egg to-day than a fowl to-morrow." He determined to return homeward, being tired of savagery; and he had yet, at best, a long and perilous journey back to Teheran, by a new route, through Karshi, Maymene, and Herat. The reader who is anxious to learn how he fared on this homeward journey, how he nearly starved, lay for days among ruins, was refused the slightest aid, and did not cease to be suspected, though his misery was devouring him, must seek his own vivid ac-

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ENTRY OF THE EMIR INTO SAMARCAND.

count, in the book from which we have taken some of its adventures. There he will find also a curious and instructive account of the peculiar virtues and vices, habits and customs, of the Turkoman tribes—the most honorable of monsters, the most honest of man-stealers, the most pious and inhuman of mankind.

On one occasion there was in the caravan a young woman who had been treacherously sold by her own husband to an aged Tadjik for thirty tilla. It was not until she reached the desert that she became fully aware of the cruel trick to which she was victim: "The wretched creature, shrieking, and weeping, and tearing her hair, ran up to me like one distracted, and exclaimed, 'Hadjim (my hadji), thou that hast read books, tell me where it is written that a Mussulman can sell his wife who has borne him chil-

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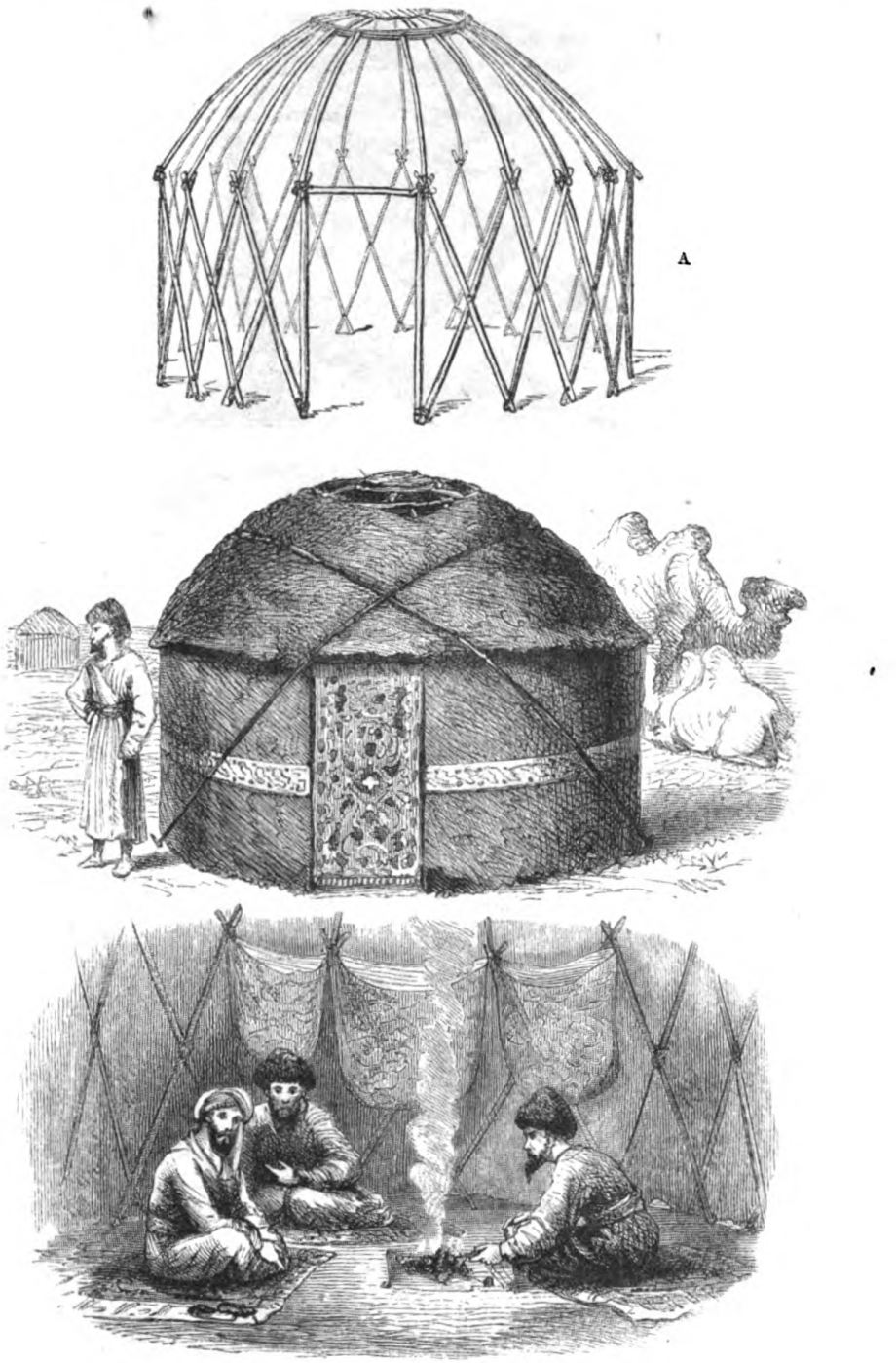
MARKET ON HORSEBACK—AMONG THE ÖZBEGS.

dren!' I affirmed it to be a sin, but the Tadjik only laughed at me, for he had, probably, already an understanding with the kazi kelan (superior judge) of Karshi, and felt sure of his purchase."

Another time Vámbéry inquired of "a robber, noted for his piety," how he could make up his mind to sell his brother religionists into slavery, when the Prophet's words were "Kulli Iszlam hurre (Every Mussulman is free)?" "Behey!" said the Turkoman, with supreme indifference; "the Koran, God's book, is certainly more precious than man, and yet it is bought or sold for a few krans. What more can you say? Yes, Joseph, the son of Jacob, was a prophet, and was himself sold. Was he, in any respect, the worse for that?"

Neither women nor their Mohammedan breth-

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TENT IN CENTRAL ASIA.
(A. Framework. B. Covered with Felt. C. Interior.)

ren are sacred from their rapacity; nor will they submit to government. The Turkoman himself is wont to say, "Biz bibash khalk bolamiz (We are a people without a head), and we will not have one. We are all equal; with us every one is king." Yet in spite of all this seeming anarchy, in spite of all their barbarism, so long as enmity is not openly declared, less robbery and murder, fewer breaches of justice and of morality, take place among them than among the other nations of Asia whose social relations rest on the basis of Islam civilization.

They live on horseback; they are the true dwellers in tents; the camel is their patient beast of burden; the slave-trade — the profession of man-stealing—is their livelihood. In

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TARTAR HORSE-RACE—PURSUIT OF A BRIDE. (KÖKBÜRL.)

Khiva, the markets are held on horseback; sellers as well as buyers are mounted; and "it was extremely droll to see how the Kirghis women, with their great leathern vessels full of kimis, sitting on the horses, hold the opening of the skin above the mouth of the customer. There is adroitness in both parties, for very seldom do any drops fall aside."

As among our Indian tribes, the women do the drudgery of the camp. The tent, with the exception of the wood-work, is entirely the work of the Turkoman woman, whose duty it is, also, to put it up and to take it down. She even packs it up upon the camel, and accompanies it in the wanderings of her people, close on foot. The tents of the rich and poor are distinguished by their being got up with a greater or less pomp in the internal arrangements. There are

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only two sorts: 1. The karaoy, a black tent, that is, the tent which has grown brown or black from age; 2. The akoy, a white tent, that is, one covered in the interior with felt of snowy whiteness: it is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests to whom they wish to pay particular honor. The tent made a very pleasant impression on the mind of our traveler, being cool in summer and genially warm in winter.

Even in their marriage ceremonial there are strong traces of their rude, boisterous life. The young maiden, attired in bridal costume, mounts a high-bred courser, taking on her lap the carcass of a lamb or goat, and, setting off at full gallop, is followed by the bridegroom and other young men of the party, also on horseback; but she is always to strive, by adroit turns, etc., to avoid her pursuers, that no one of them approach near enough to snatch from her the burden on her lap. This game, called Kökbüri (green wolf), is in use among all the nomads of Central Asia. Sometimes two, sometimes four days after the nuptials, the newly-married couple are separated, and the permanent union does not begin until after the expiration of an entire year.

Another singular custom has reference to the mourning for the decease of a beloved member of the family. It is the practice, in the tent of the departed one, each day for a whole year, without exception, at the same hour that he drew his last breath, for female mourners to chant the customary dirges, in which the members of the family present are expected to join. In doing so, the latter proceed with their ordinary daily employments and occupations; and "it is quite ridiculous to see how the Turkoman polishes his arms and smokes his pipe, or devours his meal, to the accompaniment of these frightful yells of sorrow." A similar thing occurs with the women, who, seated in the smaller circumference of the tent itself, are wont to join in the chant, to cry and weep in the most plaintive manner, while they are at the same time cleaning wool, spinning, or performing some other duty of household industry. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased are also expected to pay a visit of lamentation, and that even when the first intelligence of the misfortune does not reach them until after months have elapsed. The visitor seats himself before the tent, often at night, and, by a thrilling yell of fifteen minutes' duration, gives notice that he has thus performed his last duty toward the defunct. When a chief of distinction, one who has really well earned the title of bator (valiant), perishes, it is the practice to throw up over his grave a joszka (large mound); to this every good Turkoman is bound to contribute at least seven shovelfuls of earth, so that these elevations often have a circumference of sixty feet, and a height of from twenty to thirty feet. In the great plains these mounds are very conspicuous objects; the Turkoman knows them all, and calls them by their names—that is to say, by the names of those that rest below.

THE SUN-DIAL.

'TIS an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crown'd with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
"I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?"

The tardy shade slid forward to the noon;
There came a dainty lady to the place,
Smelling a flower, humming a quiet tune,
Smoothing the willful waving of her lace:

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed:
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little space,
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic face,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale,
An inner beauty shining from her face,

All the mute loveliness of lonely love:
She, straying in the alleys with her book,
Herrick or Herbert, watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation finds
Of some dread secret half accounted true,
Who knows what hands and hearts the letter binds,
And argues loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marveled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward sweep;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to creep

As courtiers do, yet gentleman withal,
Took out the note, held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his vest;
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,
Shifted the broidered baldrick on his breast,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.....

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

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GEORGE A. M'CALL.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VII.—CHANGE OF BASE EFFECTED.

Perils of the March.—Battle of Frayser's Farm, or Glendale.—Heroism of M'Call's Division.—Incidents of the Battle.—Barbarity of the Rebels.—Nobility of a Young Patriot.—Hospital Scenes.—The Final Battle at Malvern Hill.—Signal Repulse of the Foe.—The Retreat continued.—Disappointment and Indignation of Patriot Generals.—Popularity of General M'Clellan with the Soldiers.

IN our last Number we left the heroic patriot army in its disastrous march from the Chickahominy to the James, toiling through the mire and forest of White Oak Swamp. During the long hours of the night of Sunday, the 29th of June, the rear-guard toiled slowly along through the swamp roads, over which the army they had rescued had gone before them. The iron Sumner, chafing and rebelling against the order to fall back, and scarcely consoled by the thought of his salvation of the Army of the Potomac, carried his men, his guns, and his flags safely through to the other side of the morass. At 9 o'clock on Monday morning, June 30, he looked back

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defiantly upon Jackson, Longstreet, and Hill, as they prepared to descend from the opposite hills and enter the swamp in pursuit.

The danger was now imminent of a flank movement, by which the army might be cut into two portions, and the helpless rear surrounded and destroyed. The roads were intricate. We knew them but imperfectly, while to the rebels they were familiar routes. When we look back upon the position of our army at this crisis its final escape appears providential, and almost miraculous. The road to Turkey Bend or Malvern Hill, called Quaker Road, is the great highway from Savage's Station to James River, and is intersected repeatedly by the roads running from Richmond to the East. Over this road our troops must pass. By any of these Richmond roads a force might be suddenly thrown across our lines of retreat, hampered and choked by artillery and baggage-trains.

In the centre General Sumner still held the perilous rear. General Franklin was with him. General Slocum was on his left, and General Heintzelman on the right, to guard, so far as was possible, against the anticipated attempt to flank and divide our forces. Generals Hooker, Kearney, Sedgwick, and M'Call, were all there in the most exposed posts of peril, with the wearied remnants of their divisions, ready for the sixth day and the sixth battle.

The early summer day of July 1 broke with parching heat on the already smoking field. Our troops had been drawn up in a line of battle three or four miles long, taking advantage of the cleared farm lands to the right and left of the road. They placed, wherever it was possible, an open field in their front across which the enemy must advance to attack them. With the first light a rebel battery was discovered, which during the night had been moved very nearly up to our lines. Our rifled cannon were at once brought to bear upon it, and in a short time five of the guns were dismounted. Still the rebels, with desperate bravery, held their post and continued their fire.

Until 10 o'clock the cannonading was incessant on both sides. Then, from the woods in front of General M'Call's division, poured out a vast body of rebels for an overwhelming charge. General M'Call's division was posted across the New Market Road, and consisted of Pennsylvania regiments; regiments that did such gallant service at Gettysburg a year later, and that had suffered terribly in Gainsville and Mechanicsville three days before. It has been said that these reserves broke into inextricable confusion early in the day. But the incontrovertible proof of their brave fighting was to be seen the next morning in the number of their dead lying upon the ground where they fell, and in the wounded being borne away to the hospitals.

The imputations, so cruel and undeserved, which have been cast on the bravery and endurance of these troops can not easily be explained. Even the Commander-in-Chief lent his assistance to the unmerited stigma, which was a hard return for a division which maintained the position at the Cross Roads from morning till night, leaving it strewn with their dead, and held as reserves at Malvern Hill, on the next day plunged boldly in, at the critical moment of the last charge, from which they came out reduced one half in number. Justice, however, is eternal, though slow of speech, and brave men are not called cowards for long. The written testimony of Fitz John Porter and General Meade, among others, will remain as a record of the bravery of M'Call's division.

"Had not M'Call," writes Fitz John Porter, Major-General Commanding the Fifth Corps, "held his place on New Market Road, June 30, that line of march would have been cut by the enemy."

"It was only the stubborn resistance," writes General Meade, "offered by one division—the Pennsylvania Reserves—prolonging the contest till after dark, and checking, till that time, the advance of the enemy, that enabled the concentration during the night of the whole army on the James River which saved it."

The whole force which attacked M'Call's troops consisted of the divisions of Hill, Longstreet, Anderson, Cobb, and Whitticomb; and they fought with bloody will. Twice they captured M'Call's batteries of sixteen guns. Twice our men, rallying under the sting of their loss, retook them, and the last time held them, to do deadly work the next day at Malvern Hill. Through the sultry hours of the long summer's day the fortunes of the fight rose and fell. Now the sweeping fire of our rifled cannon bore the masses of the rebels back in hopeless terror, and as they receded our men sprang forward, and with the old cry, "On to Richmond!" pressed so hard that only superhuman exertions on the part of the rebel officers prevented the entire giving way and rout of their army.

Then, rallying under some powerful leader, they would stem and reverse the torrent, and we, in our turn, would yield. Rarely has there been seen more desperate fighting. One of the thrilling incidents of the day has been thus eloquently described by the Rev. J. J. Marks. A single brigade of the rebels had made a desperate charge upon one of our divisions, coming on steadily, under a raking fire, with their guns trailed:

"They were led by a man of vast muscular strength and prowess. Cheering and shouting to his men he ran on the gunners. The reserve infantry rushed forward to the rescue; and around the cannon, between them and over the bodies of fallen horses and comrades, commenced a contest of the most furious character. Scarcely a single shot was fired. Bayonet crossed bayonet; and frequently after a death-struggle for two or three minutes, the foes stood breathless, with guns locked, foot to foot and face to face, each afraid to move, lest that would give his enemy the advantage; and in that awful moment, when the whole being was fired by a frenzy that seemed supernatural, the counte-

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THE SINGLE COMBAT.

nance of each was painted on the mind of the other forever. The shouts of command, the yells of fury, the thrust, the parry, the spouting blood, the death-cry, the stroke and the crash of clubbed muskets, the battle receding into the forest, and every tree and bush the scene of a tragedy; and then again the pressing out around the cannon, the officer mounted on the broken wheels, cheering and calling his men, the pause of a moment from exhaustion or to rally, and then the renewal of the fight with greater fury than ever, made this a spectacle of awful grandeur.

"In all this conflict the leader of the Confederates had been successful in every struggle, and had hurled to the ground with scornful ease less powerful men. Every where a path opened before him, until a man of equal strength sprang forward to meet him. After they had parried each other's thrusts for a moment, they paused, looked at each other intently, as if to determine what next to do; each feeling that he had met a foe worthy of his steel; and again they rushed forward, with renewed desperation, each intent upon pressing back the other, until some fall or stumble would give him the victory. But they

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SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

were so equally matched that not a foot did either recede; backward and forward they bent and dashed, then again, foot to foot and arm to arm they struggled; unlocking their guns, which had been twisted together, they would start back and then dash forward with the fury of gladiators.

"Many on both sides stopped to look on this desperate personal rencontre; around the wounded, taking purchase for blows on the bodies of the dead, they continued the struggle, until, with gun pressed against gun, they breathed into each other's faces; and while they thus stood the rush of battle bound, for a second, the arm of the Southern giant. His enemy was swift to improve the advantage. He darted back, lifted his clubbed gun, and brought it down with crushing force on the neck of his foe. The musket of the rebel dropped from his hands, and, throwing up his arms in the air, his whole body quivered convulsively and he fell dead. The conqueror turned his head, looked up with a grim smile of satisfaction into the face of his general, and disappeared in the whirl and cloud of battle."

Acts of heroic bravery on both sides signalized this day. A young boy, son of a rebel major, fell helpless to the ground, both legs shattered. His father, a few yards in advance, casting one look of unutterable pain and love upon his bleeding child, exclaimed,

"I will help you when we have beaten the enemy. I have other sons to lead in the path to glory."

These were his last words. In a moment he too fell to the earth mortally wounded.

Great apprehensions were entertained by the rebel leaders as to the result of the battle. They were prepared for the worst. Orders were dispatched to Richmond with all possible haste to insure the removal to a place of safety of all the public documents and property; and the whole population of the city was thrown into a state of suspense and alarm. General Lee gave orders to Stonewall Jackson to hold his corps in readiness to cover the retreat of the

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PHILIP KEARNEY.

army in case it should become necessary. Every thing betokened their realization of peril. Nothing more clearly showed it than the mad recklessness with which they risked the lives of whole divisions in hopeless charges upon our lines. But our undismayed men, strong and ready in spite of the six days through which they had toiled and marched and fought, held their ground and drove back their foes.

The chivalrous Kearney, omnipresent on the field, gave electric strength to his men wherever he appeared. Waving his brave one arm, more to be dreaded than two, and saying with a smile, into the eyes of every man, "Gayly, my boys, go in gayly!" he drew them on, into the thickest fight, with an abandon which must have been seen to be realized. General Kearney possessed that rarest gift of intuitive anticipation of the enemy's plans—that sure instinct of the nearest danger, which is almost a battle second-sight, and which would have made him, had he lived, one of our most famous generals.

General Heintzelman deserves the greatest credit for the coolness with which he guided the intricate movements of the day, executed, as many of them were, in the deep woods, in com-

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parative uncertainty as to the number and situation of the enemy, and with the disheartening consciousness that he was fighting merely to secure a road for retreat. Nightfall found us unquestioned victors. But with barely time for reorganizing our forces in line of march, we stole away again in the darkness, leaving the rebels busily engaged in burying their own dead and rifling the bodies of ours. Our retreat was so hurried that the wounded were left behind, to meet a fate worse than death under any form —lingering, torturing life in rebel hands. The heart turns away speechless from the story of their sufferings.

Many of our men also were taken prisoners before morning, in consequence of their having fallen asleep upon the ground immediately upon the cessation of the battle at midnight; sleeping undisturbed through the indescribable noise and confusion of the commencement of the march, waking at daylight to find confronting their astonished gaze the unfamiliar and unfriendly faces of rebel guards, strongly posted at every point, rendering their escape impossible. Gloomily they gave themselves up, and turned their faces toward the Richmond they had hoped to enter in triumph, but which would give to them now only a loathsome dungeon. Bitter as was their fate, however, we forget them as we turn to the hundreds of wounded left helpless in their agonies, to be picked up by merciless foes or to die alone.

Before nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 1, the entire army had reached Malvern Hill in safety. The five protecting gun-boats lay full in view in the sparkling water to the southeast. Our siege guns were on the heights. The daring retreat was accomplished. Malvern Hill is about two miles to the northwest from James River, sloping gently to the north and east, but difficult of ascent on the south and west. The fine old country seat called Crow House stands on the summit, bowered in the vines and foliage of a century's growth. General M'Clellan himself superintended the planting on this hill of three hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, which, with indomitable energy and wise provision, had been brought out of and through the swamps and the battles of the previous six days.

To this artillery and to the gun-boats we owed our victory in the great battle which soon ensued. Without these our exhausted men, broken down by alternate marchings and battles for six days and nights, and broken-spirited at the humiliation of the abandonment of their campaign, could never have borne the furious onsets of the rebels on this seventh, last, and desperate day. The batteries were protected by rifle-pits, dug during the night, and covered with straw, so that no token was discernible of the ten thousand muskets lying in wait there to flash out upon charging foes.

Early in the forenoon the rebel forces slowly advanced, feeling their way by shelling the woods to the right and left, uncertain at what precise points we were posted. General Magruder was in command, assisted by Generals Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, and Huger. Our lines were drawn up in still readiness for the attack. General Keyes held the right flank, supported by General Smith in the rear. On his left was General Sumner's corps; and still farther to the left were Hooker and Kearney. The lines were three miles in length; and no road by which the rebels could advance was left unguarded.

General Magruder's first movement, after discovering our position, was to advance a few batteries into a field in our front. In the twinkling of an eye they were dismantled and shattered to fragments by the rain of our shot, and nothing could be seen in the clearing smoke and dust but a few gunners escaping into the woods. His next effort was made against General Sumner's corps. Upon this part of our line he threw his entire left wing, composed of the finest troops in the Southern army—the brigades of Toombs, Cobb, Wright, Armistead, and others.

Unflinchingly the first column advanced toward the smoking hill, from which such death had come to their comrades. But before they had crossed half-way they were mown down. Only a few crept back on their faces with no guns. A new column stepped forward over the same strewn road. Our gunners groaned with pity and admiration for brave men as they dealt the same death again. Once the thin column rallied, pressed a little nearer the cannon, and then they too melted away. The open plain lay piled with dead. When the air had cleared still a third column came on, swifter and more resolved than the others, closing up over its dead, and rushing at last, little more than a handful of men, into the reserved musket fire, which swept all the cannon had spared.

General Slocum's division was hurried up to support General Sumner, and until six o'clock the battle raged in this part of our lines. But the great struggle was on the extreme left, where Generals Heintzelman, Kearney, and Hooker found themselves in the centre of the sorest fight. Only their veteran valor and the heroic endurance of their tried troops could have resisted the fierce persistence of the rebels. Late in the afternoon a large body of the rebels was thrown boldly forward from Magruder's centre, with orders to press on in the face of every obstacle, and not to fall back while a man was left alive. It has been said that these men had been drugged by whisky and gunpowder. Their reckless self-sacrifice is hardly explainable upon any other supposition. They were no longer men; they were maddened fiends.

As the plowing balls struck them down dead by hundreds the living rushed on with yells that seemed exultant. Again and again and again they closed up and neared the mouths of the guns on the top of the hill till the shot flew over their heads, leaving them unharmed. Then, just as the gunners quailed before their approach, the rifle-pits blazed, and a thousand

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BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

close, deadly musket-shots clicked through the air. The rebels wavered and fell back, but still fought bravely down the hill, and left its base thick with their dead. At six o'clock in the evening the rebels made another furious charge, which bore back our left. General M'Call's exhausted and reduced division was the last reserve which could come to its aid; but in a few moments it was routed, slaughtered, its General taken prisoner, and Biddle and Kuhn mortally wounded.

General Sedgwick's division was then sent from the centre to aid the left, and Generals Hooker and Kearney rallied their divisions for a grand charge. Four batteries of artillery were hurried forward and opened with effect. The gun-boats *Aroostook* and *Galena*, having taken their position about a mile above Turkey Bend, opened fire with their gigantic guns, when suddenly, in one tremendous panic, the entire rebel army turned and fled. The shells from the unseen gun-boats, crashing through the forests and dropping from high into the air in their midst, struck such terror to the foe that they ran in abject fright, seeking blindly for shelter in swamps and caves. The day was ours! The foe was in

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GUN-BOATS AT MALVERN HILL.

full retreat, having lost more than twice as many men as we.

"If at this moment," writes an eye-witness, "we could have brought ten thousand reserves into the field, we might have marched back again, retaken all we had lost, and, without difficulty, have reached Richmond."

Others, upon the ground, felt and dared to say that our army was as strong to follow as the rebel army to flee, and General M'Clellan's order to retreat to Harrison's Landing was received with a storm of incredulous indignation by many of his generals. Dr. Marks writes:

"General Martindale shed tears of shame. The brave and chivalrous Kearney said, in the presence of many officers, 'I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order to retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. And in full view of all the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason.'"

It is probable that General M'Clellan was not fully aware of the extent to which the rebel army was shattered and demoralized. He had been so depressed through the day with the most melancholy forebodings, that the final repulse of the enemy possibly appeared to him more as a temporary escape than the positive victory which it really was. He had not been alone in these forebodings. The Prince of Joinville had left

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the field early in the morning, in company with his nephews, the Duc de Chartres and the Count de Paris, and had taken refuge in a steamer. The fact that they who had hitherto been foremost in every danger and undeterred by any fears had apparently recoiled from the prospect of this last day seemed a significant one. The paymasters, also, were all ordered on board of the gun-boats; and the evident apprehension and distrust on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, who remained for the greater portion of the day on the steamer, had diffused general distrust and alarm.

Our forces, moreover, were most undeniably in a deplorable state. Whole regiments were missing; divisions reduced to little more than a regiment; more than one half of the Grand Army of the Potomac, as it landed at Fortress Monroe, dead from sickness or battle, or wounded and in prison. It is estimated that during the three months of this Peninsular campaign nearly sixty thousand patriot troops melted away. It was not strange that it seemed impossible for this exhausted remnant to make one more effort. It is not strange that the commanding General could not realize that, bitterly smitten as his own army was, the army of his foe was still more enfeebled, and might be crushed. But his failure to realize this, and his persistent retreat to Harrison's Landing, closed the door for months, and even years, to our success on the Peninsula. As a part of the history of this campaign, it is a duty here to record the following statement, from the *Report of the Congressional Committee on the Operations of the Army of the Potomac*:

"It would appear, from all the information your Committee can obtain, that the battles were fought, the troops handled, new dispositions made and old ones changed, entirely by the corps commanders, without directions from the commanding General. He would place the troops in the morning, then leave the field and seek the position for the next day, giving no directions until the close of the day's fighting, when the troops would be ordered to fall back, during the night, to the new position selected by him. In that manner the army reached the James River."

The Battle of Malvern Hill was the most severe of all the battles of this memorable retreat. The loss of the rebels was terrible, owing to our artillery fire—equaling the total of our losses in the whole seven days. Our own loss was not so severe as in the other engagements. But the sufferings of our wounded, whom we were forced to abandon to the inhumanities of their foes, were more terrible than have been elsewhere known in the history of the rebellion.

Four days after the battle of Glendale no bread or meat had been sent to some of the hospitals, in which our men were starving by scores. Ambulances, wagons, private carriages, and vehicles of all descriptions, had driven out from Richmond, bringing food and wine to the rebel wounded, and carrying them tenderly back to the city. They were sons, husbands, and brothers, and we do not complain that loving hands turned first to them; but Nature as well as Christianity must blush at the heathen neglect which, after their own sufferers had been cared for, left ours to die unsuccored. Appeal after appeal was made to the Confederate agents by those of our devoted surgeons who had remained behind, but to no purpose. Our men lay night after night on the wet ground where they fell, and no stretchers, no ambulances, no nurses, could be obtained to bring them in. Even the few stores our surgeons had of medicines, bandages, and food were taken from them by the orders of the Confederate surgeons to be applied to their own uses. In one instance a Federal surgeon lent his case of surgical instruments to a prominent surgeon in the rebel service, trusting to his sense of professional honor for its safe return. It could never be obtained again, and the Federal surgeon was forced to stand by powerless to relieve, and see his brave fellows die from loss of blood. From another of our surgeons were forcibly taken both his case of instruments and his horse.

The heavy army-wagons were loaded with our wounded men as with produce, and then left standing for hours in the July sun, until some officer should remember to give the order for them to start on their fatal journey to Richmond. Some of them died before starting; some died on the road; all were jolted on together, and unloaded together at the prison gates, living, dying, and dead! Others, again, were forced to fall into line with the prisoners, and march, shedding their life-blood at every step, only to fall dead at the end of the fourteen miles. So many the less to feed! But "the tender mercies of" these "wicked," which "were cruel" and speedy death, are less harrowing to the soul than the conduct of those Confederate officers who had charge of the supplies, and day after day refused to our imploring surgeons the articles necessary to keep life in the bodies of their men. So long as men shall live to read the story of this war, so long shall these things make the names of those officers accursed on earth.

One hundred men, wounded at Gaines's Mill on Friday the 27th of June, had nothing from that day till the 16th of July but raw flour and water—not even salt, to enable them to swallow the nauseous porridge or rough-baked cake. During these twenty days many died of hunger. When the surgeons entered their tents the skeletons lifted themselves, and, with tears in their sunken eyes, cried, "Bread! bread!" The pain of their gaping wounds was forgotten in the more gnawing pangs of days and nights of hunger. Finally, in answer to the burning remonstrances and appeals of the surgeons, the Confederate authorities sent to Savage Station, where there were over 1500 men, stores as follows: camphor, 1 lb.; cerate, 1 lb.; adhesive plaster, 5 yds.; iodine, 1 oz.; opium, ¼ lb.; tincture of iron, ½ lb.; whisky, 5 galls.; bandages, 6 doz.;

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lint, 1 lb. These were sent as the supply for a fortnight!

In the mean time the fields and hills were purple with the most luscious blackberries and whortleberries, which would have given life to the sufferers. But every hand of nurse and surgeon, for night and day, had more than its burden of work; and, moreover, it was with the risk of being shot down by Confederate soldiers that one of our men appeared in the fields. At Carter's house, however, was a hospital of less severe cases, and, in response to an appeal from one of their surgeons, this feeble band hobbled to the woods, and for days busied themselves in filling their tin cups with the fruit, and sending it by the bushel to the poor fellows at Savage's Station. Such acts as these shed a holy light on the dark picture of woe. It brought tears from eyes which had learned not to weep before suffering or death to see these helpless soldiers in their beds look with speechless delight on the familiar berries, which they had gathered in peace on the hills of their New England homes. Rough, hard men, with moistened eyes, kissed the hands that held the cool fruit to their hot lips; and the givers were more blessed than the receivers.

Among our wounded officers at Meadow Station was a Captain Reed, of the Twentieth Indiana. When he volunteered to serve his country with his sword, his son, a heroic boy of sixteen, insisted upon leaving college to accompany his father to the field. In one of the actions a ball pierced his body, and he fell, calling to his father, who was near him, "I am shot; I am badly hurt." Captain Reed rushed to him; found him shot through the bowels, and, as it seemed, soon to die. Raising him up, William rallied a little, looked at his father, and said, smiling, "Father, leave me; take care of the men." Placing a pillow, made of an overcoat and some leaves, under his head, and tenderly bidding him farewell, he left his brave son to die, and resolutely nerved himself to duty. Ere long a rebel shot stretched the captain upon the ground; yet heroically he continued to direct the fire of his company.

At night the battle closed. Colonel Gorman, of the Fourteenth South Carolina, passed over the ground, viewing the result of the day's strife. To him Captain Reed surrendered his sword. To the honor of Colonel Gorman be it recorded that he nobly refused it, and with his own hands replaced it in the sash of the wounded officer.

After a time Captain Reed and his son were placed in a negro hut, where for five days they received neither food nor medicine. Here a party from Richmond visited them. One of these persons was Rev. Mr. Moore, said to be pastor of a Presbyterian church in Richmond, who, approaching the noble, suffering boy, tauntingly said,

"I declare! here is a fine blue-eyed boy among the wounded Yankees! Why did you come from your father and mother and school to murder us, burn our houses, and destroy our cities?"

The father's soul was roused in hearing this brutal attack upon his loved child.

"Stop, Sir," said he. "This is my son. I brought him. The fault is mine, if fault there be; and mine must be the punishment. I think it cruel in you to come and insult us, and instead of bringing us relief, to add to our misery. You know we are in no condition to answer you."

"Sir," said Mr. Moore, "I beg pardon," and left the hut.

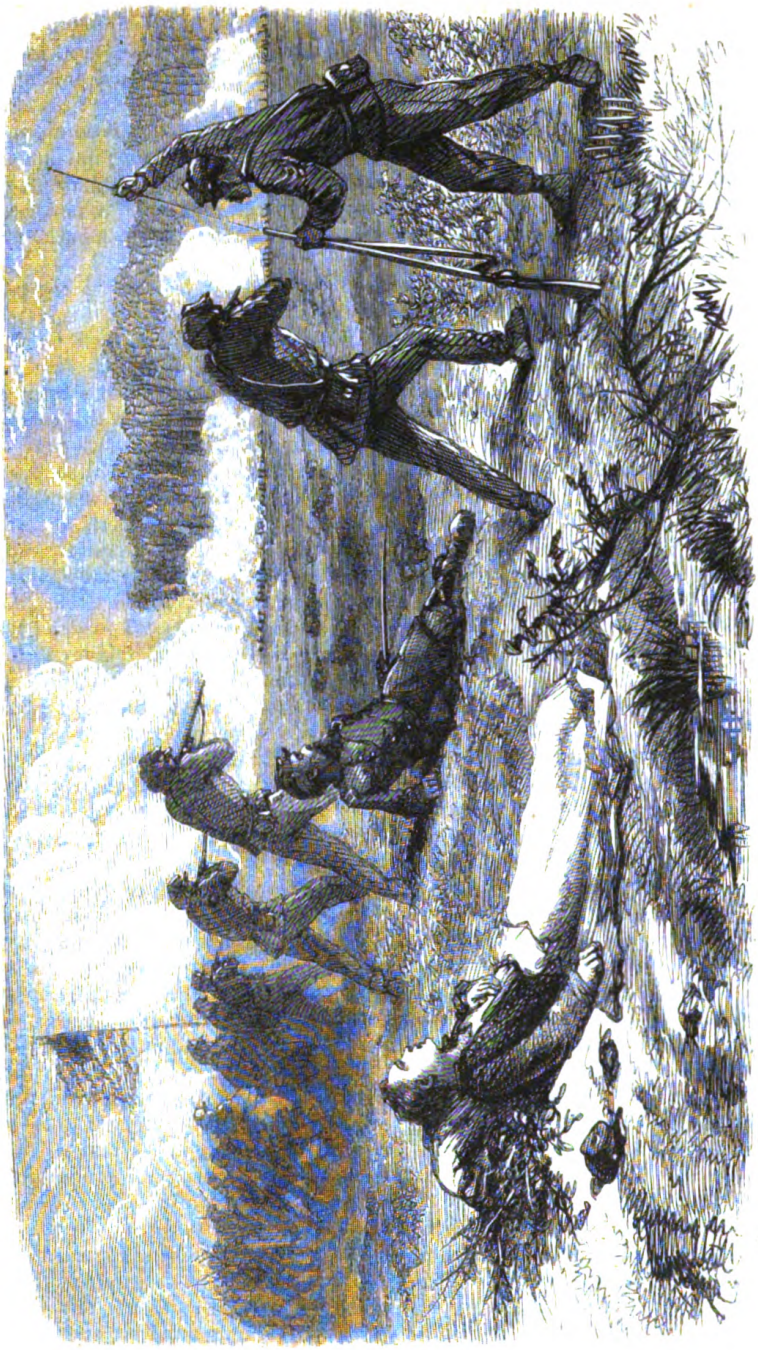
William Reed was a true Christian hero; more anxious for his father than for himself; patient, submissive, cheerful. Seeing one morning some dead soldiers on the grass-plot under his window, lying with upturned faces upon which the night-dews had fallen, he said, "Father, the sweetest tears Heaven sheds are the dews on a dead soldier's face."

In suffering and in privation William lived about fourteen days, and then closed his eyes upon earth's woes, in the long-to-be-remembered Libey Prison. "I reached the room in which he lay," says a chaplain who had watched him tenderly, "just in season to commend his spirit to God; one of the most precious offerings laid on our country."

The suffering at the hospital in Willis's Church, on the Quaker Road, was, perhaps, more severe than that at any other. This hospital was under the charge of Dr. Marsh, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, surgeon of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and contained one hundred wounded men, who were mostly from General Sumner's corps, and of New York regiments. For four days they were absolutely without any other supplies than such as the surgeon and his assistant could gather in a neighborhood where the inhabitants, in addition to their own vindictive hostility, had orders from Richmond not to sell to the Yankees. Our men died of hunger; and before any food was sent to them they had reached such extremities that a single cracker found in the haversack of a dead soldier would be eagerly seized, broken, and distributed among twenty ravenous mouths.

At last, after imploring appeals to General Lee and General Jackson themselves, there came, on the evening of the fourth day, two hundred crackers and one hundred and fifty pounds of fat bacon, which was totally unfit to eat. On the next day two barrels of flour completed the list of the provision deemed necessary for one hundred wounded Yankees. Could we believe that there was the shadow of a necessity for this restriction of supplies we could regard the agonies and death of our brave men as only a part of the chances of a war waged against starving foes. But their own statements at this time pointed to no such famine and destitution in their midst as would justify these inhumanities. Later in the war they were undoubtedly, at times, too near starvation themselves to be able to give food to their prisoners.

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CAPTAIN REED AND SON.

While our wounded men were thus slowly dying day by day on the fields where they had fallen, the remainder of the army was pressing on in its retreat toward Harrison's Landing. The exhausted soldiers, with but a few hours at a time to rest, were alternately marching and fighting the guerrillas who harassed their rear. Nobly the rear-guard did their work—corps relieving corps, as one after the other they became exhausted in the severe skirmishing. The wagons were all brought off in safety, or when the horses died were so broken up that they could never be used again. The pursuing enemy found nothing upon the track that could be of any service to them. Wood was burned up, and stores of whisky and molasses emptied into the dust. Muskets which grew too heavy for the sick arm to carry were left bent and broken by the roadside. Knapsacks were emptied of their contents and torn into shreds. It was a march of horror. Heat, thirst, hunger, pain of wounds, and terror of pursuing foes, all combined to exhaust the already exhausted army.

General M'Clellan was still importunate in his call for reinforcements. In response to a very earnest appeal, on the 1st of July, for more

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troops, President Lincoln replied on the 2d as follows:

"Your dispatch of yesterday morning induces me to hope your army is having some rest. In this hope allow me to reason with you for a moment. When you ask for fifty thousand men to be promptly sent you, you must surely labor under some gross mistake of fact. Recently you sent papers showing your disposal of forces made last spring for the defense of Washington, and advising a return to that plan. I find included in and about Washington 75,000 men. Now please be assured that I have not men enough to fill that very plan by 15,000. All of General Frémont's men in the Valley, all of General Banks's, all of General M'Dowell's not with you, and all in Washington taken together, do not exceed, if they reach, 60,000, with General Wool and General Dix added to those mentioned. I have not, outside of your army, 75,000 men east of the mountains. Thus the idea of sending you 50,000 men, or any other considerable force, is simply absurd. If in your frequent mention of responsibility you had the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that, in like manner, you will not ask impossibilities of me. If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now. Save the army, material and personnel, and I will strengthen it for the offensive as fast as I can."

The persistent importunity of General M'Clellan in calling for reinforcements is certainly a historic marvel. The very next day after the receipt of the above telegram from Washington, he writes to the Secretary of War from Harrison's Bar:

"I am in hopes that the enemy is as completely worn-out as we are. He was certainly very severely punished in the last battle. It is of course impossible to estimate, as yet, our losses, but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors. To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to this rebellion, reinforcements should be sent me, rather much over than less than 100,000 men."*

There probably will never be any very accurate statistics in reference to the losses during this disastrous campaign. From testimony afforded the Congressional Committee, by Mr. Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, it appears that prior to the 5th of April, 1862, there were landed on the Peninsula 121,500 men. Soon after the divisions of Franklin and M'Dowell, numbering 12,000, were sent down. Then M'Call's division of 10,000, and 11,000 from Fortress Monroe, were sent; and soon after 5000 men of Shields's division. Total, 159,500 men.

On the 22d of July, 1862, by returns from General M'Clellan to the Adjutant-General's office, the army consisted of—present for duty, 101,691; special duty, sick, and in arrest, 17,828. This indicates a total loss, on the battle-field and in the hospital, of 39,981. There are other statements that 60,000 of the Army of the Potomac were buried on the Peninsula.

Four or five miles above City Point, on the Richmond bank of the James River, is a rude landing called Turkey Landing—a low, sterile plain, scorched black by the July sun, deserted, and desolate. But it gave to our weary army a Heaven of rest. They plunged, men and horses, up to their necks, in the muddy water. They laid down on bare planks, and slept for the first time for seven nights without the sound of skirmishing shots in their ears. The festering wounds were dressed, and some attempts made at reorganizing the regiments. On the evening of the 1st of July, and the morning of July 2, the army moved on to Harrison's Landing, the place which General M'Clellan had selected for his final encampment. A pitiless storm poured down with the morning, and added, what had seemed impossible, one more discomfort to their load—mud, Virginia mud, ankle deep. But the hospital transports and the supply ships were seen anchored close at hand, and each breeze which came over their sails to the bank of the river carried strength to the hearts of the men.

For the next two days all was confusion. The heights were not occupied, and the troops were not so placed as to be able to resist an attack. But for the heavy rain which made it impossible for the enemy to bring on their artillery, the disastrous seven days, the "Change of Base" would have perhaps terminated in a still more disastrous massacre of the remaining half of our army. But on the 3d of July the heights were properly fortified, and the Fourth found the army able once more to hold its ground against any probable attack.

A slight demonstration by the enemy on Thursday, the 3d, was met so vigorously that they retired for the last time, having lost a number of prisoners and guns. The sun of the Fourth rose as undimmed as if only peace and happiness lay beneath its light. The troops were reviewed by General M'Clellan in the afternoon, and they received him with the most irrepressible enthusiasm. Storms of cheers rent the air and followed him from line to line. During the review a proclamation was read to them, which must have stirred their blood almost to forgetfulness of the woes and the losses of the campaign.

Those losses were appalling. General M'Clellan gives the figures in his official returns of the losses during the Seven Days' Battles as follows: killed, 1565; wounded, 7711; missing, 5958. Total, 15,224. The losses of the rebels were even greater, and were estimated by their own papers as high as 18,000.

It is easy to find fault. It is not difficult in a review of events to point out errors which could not have been foreseen. The causes of failure in this humiliating campaign are now

* Report of Congressional Committee, p. 13.

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obvious In December, 1861, the Army of the Potomac was about as perfect in numbers, organization, and discipline as it ever became. Four months had been devoted in the perfecting of this majestic engine of war. And yet after this, for five months, more than 100,000 magnificently arrayed and highly disciplined troops loitered restless in their tents doing nothing; while the Potomac, the great avenue to the capital, was blockaded, and the rebels, far inferior in numbers, equipment, and organization, were within twenty miles of our lines. No satisfactory reason has ever been rendered for this astounding inaction.

Norfolk could easily have been taken. Our gun-boats could easily have cleared the banks of the Potomac of the rebels by whom they were infested. The navy implored permission to open the blockade, but were forbidden to do so. The loss of Washington at that time, when France and England were supposed to be upon the point of recognizing the rebel Confederacy, would have been an incalculable disaster. And yet when the army did move, it advanced circuitously upon a line which uncovered Washington, and which exposed it to the most imminent peril of capture. Our advance upon Richmond, by the route finally taken, should have been like the swoop of the eagle; it was the creeping of the snail. Four long weeks were wasted before Yorktown. It might have been taken in as many hours, and with less loss of life from the bullets of the foe than was experienced from the pestilence of the marsh.

The fight at Williamsburg, without reconnoitring the position, without any concert of action, with but a handful of troops from an army of over 100,000 men within sound of its guns, with uncertainty even as to who was in command, was a gross military blunder. Through the heroism of division commanders and the bravery of the soldiers we gained a victory, but at a sad and altogether unnecessary loss of life. One day's delay at Williamsburg would have placed Franklin's division in their rear at West Point, and would have effectually cut off the retreat of the foe.

It is forty miles from Williamsburg to Bottom's Bridge, on the Chickahominy. We scarcely caught sight of a rebel on the march. Most of the encumbrances of our army were conveyed by steamers up the York River. And yet fourteen days were occupied in the march—an average of less than three miles a day. If we had wished to give the rebels time to concentrate their troops from all quarters, and to throw up defenses around Richmond, we could not better have served their purpose. Vigilantly and energetically they improved the hours with which we thus favored them.

Upon the destruction of the *Merrimac*, on the 11th of May, there was no obstacle in the way of our transports and gun-boats passing up the James River almost to within cannon-shot of Richmond. The battle of Williamsburg was fought on the 5th of May. Our troops should immediately have seized upon the James River approach, and thus have secured the effectual co-operation of the navy. The delay of this movement until the disastrous "change of base" in the Seven Days' fight was a fearful error.

DIRGE FOR THE FALLEN.

Requiem eternam da iis Domine.

UNDER the Winter snows,
Shielded from harm,
Past all the pain that knows
Battle's alarm;
Safe from all mortal foes,
Free from all earthly woes,
Sleeping in sweet repose,
Death's holy charm:

Under the Summer sod
Still shall they sleep,
Called to thy peace, O God!
Tranquil and deep.
Naught may disturb their rest,
Mansioned among the blest;
Them shall the Shepherd's breast
Tenderly keep.

Theirs is no troubled night,
Vexed with its grief;
Watch they no morning's light,
Wait no relief.
Not to their slumbers come
Voices of fife or drum;
Hushed and forever dumb
War's tumult brief.

Pillow their weary heads
Here where they fell,
Make them their warrior-beds
Where they fought well.
Under the Southern sun
Here was their brave work done,
Here their good fight was won—
Here weave their spell.

What matter where they lie,
Nameless, unknown?
Better beneath His eye
Than beneath stone
Carved with an empty name,
Speaking a craven's shame,
Voicing a coward's blame
When life has flown.

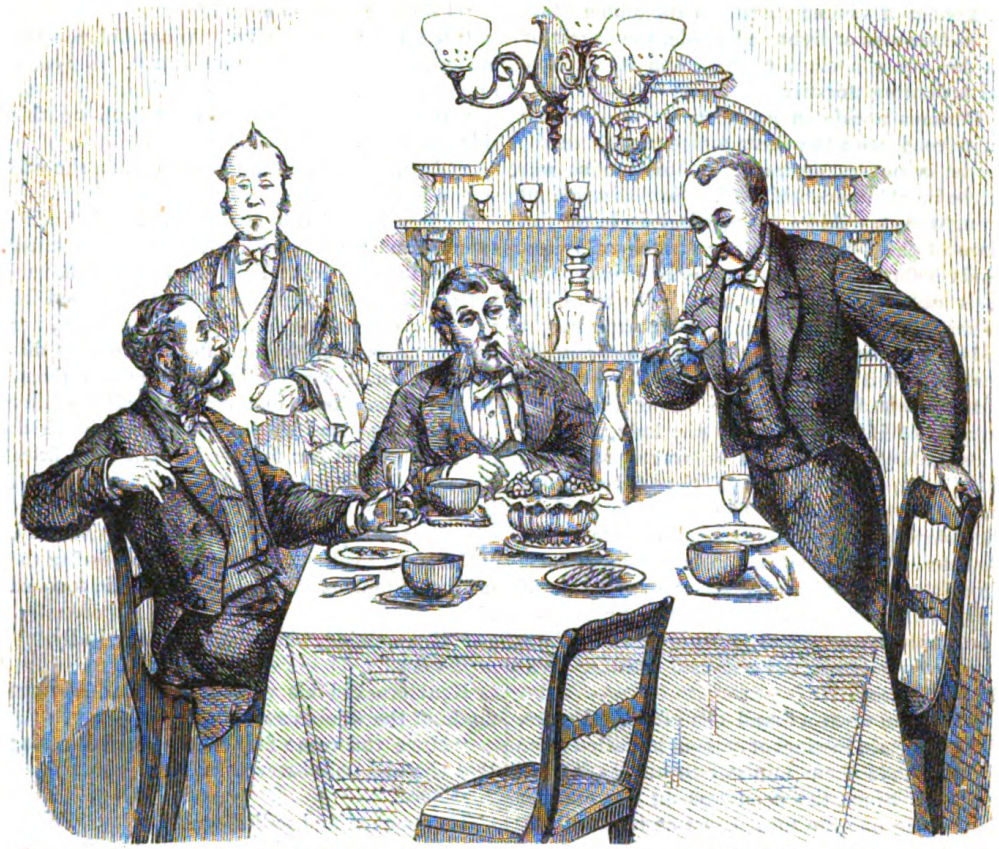
Give them thy heavenly peace,
God of our trust!
Now may their troubles cease,
And from their dust
Soar their souls unto Thee,
Clad in thy purity.
Make them, O Father, free,
Thou who art just!

J. F. F., 114th N. Y. Vols.

Stevenson, Va., *March*, 1865.

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Dobbs's Dinner at Delmonico's.



Brown.—"Twelve o'clock, boys; I told Jennie I'd be home at half-past. Good-by, Dobbs. You've given us a capital dinner."

Jones.—"Don't let's go yet! what's twelve o'clock among three of us? only four apiece. Let's keep her up!"



Jones (*at home, time* 4 A.M.)—"Set'nup f'me, Molly! What's er use? Dobbs's dinner y' know, cap'l lem'nade, c'gars little too strong, made me sick—tha's all."

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ANDREW KENT'S TEMPTATION.

A SUMMER'S day! The very heart and heat of summer, with all its golden glow, its mellowness of light and shade, the dazzle of its sun upon a cloudless sky, and its parched earth panting thirstily.

Perhaps a ride in an open wagon, upon a dusty road, with the thermometer at 96° in the shade, is not as desirable a situation as one might be able to conceive of. So Andrew Kent thought, as his old horse jogged along in the full glare of the sun. The long stretch of yellow sands before him seemed to grow blanker and barer and dustier at every step. The trees had no shadow to cast over him, but shot up straight and motionless into the hot noon; the branches gnarled and crossed each other lazily; scarcely a leaf quivered upon its stem. The murmur of myriads of insects filled the air, long, monotonous, unbroken. Golden bees were swarming sleepily on the blossoms of the clover which crimsoned the fields. The valley into which they sloped stretched out in yellow flats to the Connecticut, torpid and white, between its banks. From the very daisy at his feet to the line of horizon beyond the river nothing stirred, nothing but the bees and butterflies whose hum and sweep only made the silence audible. Was the world asleep?

This man always found time for his fancies. With a certain instinct of content he called them up and made them minister to him to lighten his toil. Since the noon was on fire and the ride a long one, he turned just as naturally for relief to watch the blossoming fields and the light on the river as many another would have grumbled or sworn at his horse. He would have noticed a violet by the road-side, or a golden cloud that floated above and past him at the close of the busiest day; he saw something more in a field of plumed and nodding grass than his neighbor's crop of hay and profits; he liked to hear the tinkle of the pasture-bells in the twilight.

He was no genius; he never thought of being a poet; he never wrote a book; I do not think he ever cared very much to "have an education." He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and asked not for idleness or ease. He worked ten hours of the day, and enjoyed the village gossip in the evening, and slept soundly at night, and rose with the dawn. He gained his honest gains and enjoyed them, and hoped such hopes as God had given him. Because his soul was healthful and manly you would guess how these might weave and interweave themselves with his life. You would have seen it too in the outlines of his face, in the straightening of his tall form, in the very step of his foot upon the ground. A man whose days had been but a pleasant promise, and who saw all which were to come in their light.

Do you know what it means when a hope and a life are one?

Andrew, chirruping to his horse and cutting some thought—a puzzled thought apparently—into the sand with his whip-lash, was aroused at last by a woman's voice behind him.

"Can you give me a lift?"

"Hilloa! whoa, Molly! What did you say ma'am?" reining in his jogging horse. She came up slowly and repeated her question.

"Why, yes, reckon I can. Climb up this side; take my hand—so!"

"Thank you," said the woman, when she was seated beside him.

Andrew looked at her; something in her voice struck him curiously—a slow, monotonous voice, like the toll of a bell. You have heard such, perhaps. Her face might have been fashioned for it. She sat looking directly in front of her, her eyes wandering off to the flats and the blue distance. Yet it was doubtful if she saw them. The restless gloom in them, the pallor of her lips, and the dead blackness of the hair which fell down about her forehead might have fitted some tragic picture. And so Andrew thought, in his way—for I doubt if he knew what tragedy meant—saying to himself, compassionately, "I'm sorry for her, poor thing!" wondering the next minute what it was in her that had touched him.

"Hot walking," he said, sympathetically.

"Very."

Kent cracked his whip and looked askance again at the woman's restless eyes.

"Have you come far?" he ventured, seeing that she had not observed his look.

"Yes."

He coughed and pulled up the reins. What man likes to be foiled or silenced by a woman? Andrew, with that twinkle in his eyes and that half-smile on his lips, certainly did not. Yet he scorned any rude or impertinent question with as true knightly a spirit as if his hands had not been coarse and brown, and his muscles strong with daily toil.

"Where would you like to go?" he said, breaking a silence in which he had whipped the tops off from all the daisies within his reach. They had come to a point where two roads diverged, and this gave him an excuse for speaking. It made him uncomfortable, somehow, to sit so near the woman's eyes and see them still wandering, wandering over the river.

She started a little at his question, and for the first time met his look fully. It apparently reassured her.

"Is there a tavern about here?"

"Yes, just off to the right—I go right along that road. Shall I take you up there?"

"Thank you," she said, as she had said it once before.

"Hi ya! there, Molly!" said Andrew, quite sure now that this was an opportunity for conversation. "Pretty considerable of a tavern, ma'am, we call it. Folks come up from the city in summer-time."

"Do they?"

"Yes. The Cap'n counts on his city lodgings. Some of 'em pay well. There's a chap

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come up near a month ago—keeps a parlor going for himself." The woman listened; he saw that. "One of your regular out-and-outers—the Cap'n's right hand." He seemed to be talking more to gain his little victory over her than from any desire of his own to dwell upon the subject.

"What did you say his name was?" asked the woman, carelessly.

"I didn't say. It's Pennington, though," he added; "Arthur I believe's the first."

"Oh!"

She turned away her head. He fancied from her indifferent tone that she was disappointed in his answer—that she might have expected to hear a name familiar to her.

"Do people think much of him round here?" she continued, as if to make conversation.

Kent drew the lash sharply round Molly's ears. Something very like a scowl was on his forehead. "Some do, and some don't."

His laconic answer, or something else, stopped the reply which was on the woman's lips. She drew her bonnet over her face, brushed her hair out of her eyes, and turned them again to the distance which grew hazy in the increasing heat. They were both silent the rest of the drive. Andrew, with a certain uncomfortable feeling which was rather unusual with him, wished it at an end. He cramped himself as far at his corner of the seat as was possible, and directed a sudden and vehement attention to Molly, who, with drooping head, plodded through the sand on the slowest of all slow walks, varying it only to stop now and then to pull up a mouthful of grass and tiny road-side clovers. He reined her up at last with as much alacrity as if she had been "warranted to trot in 2.40."

"This is the Cap'n's."

The woman looked up at the low, white tavern, glancing furtively at its windows where the blinds were closed, and over the piazza, which was vacant.

"Very well; I'll stop here."

He got out and helped her down from the wagon.

"Sorry I couldn't give you a cooler ride," he said, with returning spirit.

"Warm? Yes—yes it is."

She spoke absently, a faint, feverish brightness in her eyes, where the vacant look had been. Then thanking him in the same tone she went slowly into the house.

Andrew turned back as he drove away; she was speaking with the landlord. He stopped in the midst of a whistle of relief—a little vexed with himself that he had allowed her to make him uncomfortable, and utterly at a loss to account for it. "But I don't like to see a woman look like that."

Musing a little, his face softening. Something following on the thought drove the stranger from his mind. A pleasant picture, perhaps—brighter than the golden flecks that chased each other among the apple-boughs above him. Another of his fancies to forget the heat. Whatever it may have been it brought him with surprise at last to the door of his shop. Molly, scarcely stopping to leave her master, followed alone the well-known road which would end in her stall, and, with a long, cheery whistle after her, Andrew went in.

A blacksmith's work on such an afternoon was by no means the easiest, but Kent was not a man to make a stumbling-block out of the weather. One might have known how he would stand in the glow of the forge with that resolute face; what blows he would deal with those great, brawny arms, as if he were knocking midsummer on the head at every stroke; how he would sing over his work in his hearty fashion—not an unmusical voice by-the-way—just such beauty in it as Nature puts into her most rugged places by the trailing of their wild, rich greens. After a while, however, the song ceased. Some uneasy musing had knotted his forehead a little, and while he worked it deepened into a scowl.

"It *can't* be!" speaking half aloud, and stopping suddenly. He stood up straightening his shoulders, looking out of the door over the fields where the blaze of the noon had died into softer light and longer shadows. There was something in his face just then that perhaps had never been there before; the thought which caused it might have been as new. God had never greatly denied this man; there were paths where his soul lay as undeveloped as a child's. If you have always moored your boat in still waters, do you know how it will bear a tempest?

"What are you staring at, Kent?"

Two or three men had strolled up to the door, whom the cooling air, and perhaps the prospect of one of Andrew's jovial talks, had tempted out.

"Looking at the sun, Mr. Joliffe," laughing with the rest; "it'll be down before long, I reckon."

This man Joliffe—a stranger who had been but a week in town—had a curious way with him that Andrew did not fancy. No one knew for what he had come there, or what he was doing, or where he belonged; or any thing, in fact, about him, except that he had but one eye, which he made to serve the purposes of two, Andrew thought, a little petulantly, since he was always prying into people's affairs with it; always cognizant of every one's whereabouts, and every one's name; always cocking it impertinently when he asked a question—which he was much in the habit of doing.

"You had a hot ride to-day," he said, seating himself upon a two-legged stool, which he tipped back against the wall for support.

"How did you know?"

Kent pounded away on the glowing iron, so that Joliffe could hardly hear himself speak in answer.

"I? Oh, I saw you out of the tavern window."

"Is there any thing you don't know, Mr. Joliffe?" he said, laughing.

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Joliffe winked with his one eye, and rose, letting the two-legged stool tip over. Some horse, driven up to be shod just then, attracted the attention of Andrew's visitors, and his own also. He forgot Joliffe in his work till he heard the crippled stool put in its place again, and saw him seat himself upon it, somewhat in the shadow of the wall, and pull his hat over his eyes as if preparing for a nap.

"Hilloa! you Andrew! I want my horse shod."

Kent looked away from Joliffe and out of the door. A white horse—he knew it well—a graceful, spirited creature, was pawing the ground outside, and its rider, a gentleman in dress, was looking into the shop impatiently.

"Very well," said Andrew, some stiffness in his voice.

"I'm in a hurry."

"I can't attend to you till I get through this job, Mr. Pennington," hammering away till the meditative farm-horse under his hands winced, and looked round in meek surprise.

The young man grumbled and muttered something about "a blacksmith's keeping a boy, so as to do his business properly." Kent said nothing. Pennington sat idly playing with his riding-whip. He had a delicate hand, and his glove fitted closely. Andrew knocked the dust off from his own blacked ones at last, and looked up.

"I'm ready."

Pennington got out of his stirrups lazily, and Andrew led in the horse. But the white beauty objected decidedly to the hammer and the shoe, her eyes on fire, her ears erect, rearing under even his strong hand.

"She needs two to shoe her," he said, stopping. "Mr. Joliffe, will you help me a moment?"

But Joliffe made no answer, still tipped back against the wall. He was asleep. Kent beckoned to some one outside; and, the horse quieted at last, he worked in silence. Pennington strolled out in front of the shop, and leaned against a fence lazily, puffing at a cigar.

"By Jove!" he said, suddenly, standing erect, "there's Prue Tyndall!"

Andrew let go the horse's foot; she stamped it imperiously, bringing it down almost upon his own.

"Like her master!" Andrew said, between his teeth. Presently he looked up.

A girl was coming up the road, walking slowly among the daisies, where the light fell through the leaves of overhanging trees upon her. A little creature, with a white sun-bonnet shading her face, and a basket on her arm. It was a rounded, rosy arm, and a stray sunbeam blinding her just then, she put it up to shade her eyes. Pennington uttered a low whistle.

"Fit for a goddess!" laughing lightly.

He did not see the look Kent gave him. As the girl passed he took off his hat gracefully, some bright ring on his finger sparkling. The wind blew her hair into her eyes just then. Soft, warm hair it was, like the sun itself. A pretty confusion burned in her cheeks as she brushed it away to return his bow. She had not seen Andrew. Do you know how he hated the very horse he shod, for her pure color against his own grimy hands, at that moment?

He watched the little figure that was passing along now over a field-path, where the shadows of some soft floating clouds flitted over her, and the butter-cups were golden under her feet—he could not help it—he did not know it even. Becoming conscious suddenly of some one's gaze upon him recalled him to himself. He started to find Joliffe's eyes perfectly wide awake under his hat, and, turning sharply, went on with his work.

"That's as pretty a girl as there is in the country," puffed Pennington, after she had gone.

Some one standing by laughed, "We s'pose *you* think so."

Just then another woman passed by slowly—a woman with black hair, and a bonnet drawn far over her face so as quite to hide it. Either from her walk or her dress, Kent, who had looked up with his eyes on fire, recognized her at once; it was the woman he had met that morning. Pennington looked after her a little curiously. "Not many points of similarity," he said, in his insolent way. He watched her as he had watched the other, with the difference of a careless smile, then, turning, walked into the shop.

"Isn't that shoe most on?—how long you are!"

"I should be likely to stop if it was."

Andrew's back was turned. Joliffe breathed audibly. Pennington wondered what that man went to sleep in such a dingy place for.

Dingy? So it was; why should not every thing bright turn away from it? Andrew was glad when Pennington and his perfumed gloves and his snowy horse had left it. He breathed more freely—he had felt stifled before; he thought the coolness had all passed out of the air; that the closing day had burned it dryer than the noon. He was glad too when the group at the door ceased their gossip about that fellow and the child. How did they dare to touch her name so lightly—little Prue's name? He watched them as they went away, with a sigh of relief that he was alone.

"He's pretty much of a swell, ain't he?"

Kent started; he had forgotten Joliffe. What *was* that man's mission in the world?

"Who?" a little tartly.

Joliffe looked round cautiously, until satisfied that they were alone; then he tipped back his stool again, and winked vehemently at Kent several times.

"What's the matter? Who are you talking about?"

"Billy Watson."

Andrew stared at the name—that of a noted counterfeiter of whose exploits the recent papers had been full, and whose fame had reached even to this torpid town.

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"You've been asleep, Mr. Joliffe," he laughed. "I supposed you were talking about that fellow on the white horse."

"So I am."

Kent dropped his hammer, and concluded Joliffe had escaped from some lunatic asylum. He began to wonder how he should get him taken back, and if that didn't account for his having such an eye.

"Arthur Pennington, or Billy Watson, it's all one; you can take your choice of names," said Joliffe, putting the eye on full cock.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes I do. I mean that's him, or my name ain't Joliffe."

Kent turned away his face; the other could hear him breathing hard and deep.

"What did you tell me for?" looking round at last.

"Because I made up my mind you're the chap I want. I've got to have a hand to help me in this business—we're on his track."

"I?"

"Yes. I've concluded you wouldn't be sorry, over and above, to see him come to mischief."

"What do you mean?" asked Andrew, huskily.

"I know what I mean; and so do you. Well, is it done?"

"No."

"Why not? it's got to be by somebody; the law will have its way."

Why indeed? What sense of danger was there that made him turn so sharply, as if answering himself.

"I tell you no. I won't have any thing to do with it."

Joliffe was not a man to show himself foiled or disappointed. He got up, buttoned his coat, and pushed up his hat.

"I'll find those that will. You understand you're to keep mum? if it's blabbed a syllable the thing's all up."

"Yes."

Joliffe knew his man to this depth when he ran the risk. His mistake was a common one; he thought he had touched bottom when he had felt only a few surface waves. Yet a few hours later Kent thought of him; might the man's measure have been a true one after all?

Left alone, he went and sat down on an old cask behind the forge, turning his back to the door and the brightness of the day outside. His head was bowed within his hands, and so for a time he did not move. He rose at last, taking off with an impatient gesture the black leather apron which he wore. He stopped a moment with it in his hand, looking down into the fierce glow of the forge—the white, flameless glow, far hotter than the day that had scorched him since its morning. What would he do? throw the thing in? He smiled the next moment, a childish petulance. Then, tossing it in the corner, he put on his coat and hat, locked the shop door, and went out into the cool of the coming evening.

I told you he was content with his work, and the place God had given him to do it in. And he had been. That little black shop, where he had toiled so many honest years, why he had loved it, an old friend, with its cozy, homely face. Yet to-night, with his hand upon the lock, he loathed it; he would have quitted it so forever. He hurried up the street, and round the curve which hid it from his sight, drawing a long breath there, as one who throws off a burden. The world had been to him but one long, smooth pathway, just as bright, leading through hedges and grasses, as if jewels paved it. It was free before him, and the birds had sung above him, and now what was this barrier thrust into his face? Who had a right to pinion his arm? It was a strong arm to claim its own! striking heavily with it in the air, thinking these things, not as I have told you, but in his own dim way. His face, with that new darkness on it, deepened at last into an intent look, his eyes softening a little, but full of a restless pain.

An old brown farm-house stood at the summit of the slope up which he walked, a pleasant place, with a few giant shade trees and a garden. He had played there with little Prue when they were children together; he knew every inch of it by heart. It was her garden now; he used to see her sometimes when he came home from work, busy among the flowers. Passing by it now with his manly step, a little quick and nervous to-night, a sudden picture struck upon his view.

Lingering lights were chasing each other deep into golden hollyhocks, and blazing in the scarlet hearts of poppies, and hiding in the cups of purple bells; stems of nodding white lilies grew warm in their glow; myrtle leaves folded them into shadow; beds of royal pansies wore them like a crown, and a few late roses held up tiny buds to them, as something sorrowful might ask for a little love.

The brightest of them all touched the blue starry blossoms of a creeper near which little Prue was standing, and weighed down a branch which fell almost upon her hair—the warm, soft hair drooping in her neck. Some light dress that she wore fluttered in the wind; her hands fluttered too, in a little nervous way they had, toying with the winds; the white outline of her face, with its faint flush, was bent a little, a bit of a breathing statue against the crimson of the west beyond. Pennington stood by her, looking down into her face, breaking with his white, shapely hand the spray on which her own rested as if he would touch it if he dared. At something he said, some low words which Andrew did not hear, she turned her face suddenly, and looked up into his with a shy smile, her eyes wide and blue as a child's. Perhaps she knew she had beautiful eyes. If there was a little coquetry in the act do not blame her. She would have played at hide and seek as innocently. But what if there was more? What if that timid tenderness flushing her face meant what Pennington had determined it should mean?

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The man standing there in the road turned white, his hand dropping clenched. She looked up just then and saw him, she dropped her hold upon the flowers, a change coming over her face.

Kent ground his heel into the sand, turning sharply away, walked on down the street, out of sight of the house, and looked neither to the right nor the left. If you had seen his face you would have thought of what I said about the hope and the life.

If he had never known that he loved this child before, it was a bitter way that the knowledge came; strong man as he was, it was a bitter way. He spoke wisely who called it "cruel as the grave." Do you think it unmanly that Andrew Kent's very lips turned white and quivered as he met it? Then you understand neither it nor him.

Some meadow lands through which he passed sent up dank vapors; mists which chilled the very glow of the sunset light filled the hollows; the sickly willows at the road-side cast gray, cold shadows over him. I do not think he knew it. The flats with their stretch of unmown grass, the windows of the clustering houses by the river, the long winding of the water, and the sails dotting it here and there, were turned to flame; beyond, the great sweep of crimson, like the wing of some watching angel, hung silently. But his eyes, so quick to see all beauty and all promise, were fixed upon the ground.

The night had brought a low, cool wind, which murmured in the near forest and touched his fevered face. He thought it some simoon; the ground seemed parched beneath his feet, he wondered that they called it cooler.

His home, when he reached it, looked bare and desolate; he turned away from the dog that ran out to meet him; he did not hear Molly neighing in the stall for her supper; he was almost vexed with his old mother, who waited for him on the porch. He gave her no smile as she tottered after his coffee.

"What ails ye, Andy, boy? Sick?" coming back when she had put his chair up to the table.

"No, mother, no!"

He was standing by the window, his arms folded tightly. He had taken off his hat, and she saw how heated he was with his walk, how red and knotted his forehead. She came up, pushing back the wet hair.

"Ye're tired, Andy; have a drink of water? I drawed it fresh!"

He shrank under her touch, turning quickly. Only an old memory; just so little Prue used to smooth his hair when they were children and played in the garden together.

"Yes, yes; thank you, mother. I believe I am tired," seeing the puzzled pain on the old woman's face.

He took the water and drank it all down; then another glass, and another, thirstily. He sat down after that and ate his supper in silence. The old woman talked on, but he did not hear her. He caught a name at last that made him look up.

"What did you say, mother?"

"You're deaf as a post, Andy I was sayin as how Prue Tyndall's goin after that city fellar, and I don't like his looks none too much neither. Folks say she's greatly took with him."

"Do they?"

"That they do, and it's too bad; she's as purty a gal as there is hereabout, and there won't no good come of it. I allers thought you and she'd make it up between you, Andy."

Andrew rose abruptly from the table.

"Where are you goin'? Ye hain't touched the coffee, Andy, boy!"

"I'm going for a walk, mother. I'll feel better then and talk with you," speaking hoarsely.

"Take yer stick, my boy; take yer stick, it's terrible sandy out:" and she hobbled away to get him a cane. It was one of her fancies—quite as much because she thought it gave him a gentlemanly look as any thing else. She brought him one of heavy oaken wood. He had made it years ago to please her when there were rumors of highwaymen about town, and it made her nervous to have him out after dark. Why did he start a little when she gave it to him, hesitate, and hold it a moment, turning it round and round? He hardly knew. Neither could he tell why it grew hot in his grasp as he went out of the door, or whence came that vague idea that he had better go back and leave it.

The rose of the angel's wing had folded itself out of the sky down into a tiny cloud that blushed on the horizon. Pale lights of green and amber cradled it; the purple of a hill grew soft beneath it. When Andrew, walking down the road, raised his eyes toward it it sank slowly—bright to the last.

Leaving the glow of the west behind him he turned into the shadow of the woods. The path to the village was cooler there and stiller. For some distance it skirted the edge of a ravine—an ugly place, worn perhaps in some long past inundation of the river. Some great rocks filled the bottom and jutted out from the steep sides, their edges sharp and jagged. A rank undergrowth lined the chasm; great pale ferns and large-leaved weeds; masses of briers trailing over gullies, where the dead leaves of years were collected; trunks and branches of trees fallen down and decaying where they fell, and growths of bright moss green upon them.

Andrew stood a moment looking down; the light coming through the leaves was blood-red on the chasm. There were floating stories of men who had driven off there years ago. People shunned the place after dark; as well they might, he remembered afterward, thinking how easy a thing it would be to miss footing on the edge; it was slippery with the dead, brown shower from the pines. She used to be so afraid to come here to play—tiny Prue. She was very tiny then, for it was many years ago. Once he coaxed her to come and look down, he holding her hand all the time. She liked to have him care for her. She wasn't afraid to trust him then. Now—

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He turned away from the spot, walking rapidly, beating the ground with his oaken cane—

Now she loved *him*—that man—a *thief!* Little Prue so pure and white! who used to smile at him and put up her hand into his arm, and never mind, never think about the shop or what he was. How *dared* the villain do it? How dared he make her look at him so?—a *thief!* his eyes on fire at the thought. And so she might have looked at him, Andrew Kent, with his rough, black hands. He sat down, covering his face with them. What mattered it that, through all his whiteness and smooth words, the soul of that other was blacker than they? She did not know it; she would never believe it. He knew how the child might love, looking up so—so as he had seen her look that day among the flowers.

A bit of a picture had come to him that morning when he rode in the blazing noon: Prue coming out to meet him when he came from work, looking up in the light, her eyes just so blue and wide, pattering about the house in her child's way, singing in the dismal rooms, which turned all at once into brightness, holding up her pretty, tender face to his—his wife! What did it come back for? Who sent it to torture him?

Do you think it strange that this child's tiny hand should lead him so—a little careless thing, coquetting as a butterfly might do, and no more able, perhaps, to understand the love of a heart like his? Do you wonder that the strong man bowed there in the twilight quivered and shook because of her?

A sweet singer has told us that Adam, looking into the face of Eve, thanked God "that rather Thou hast cast me out with her than left me lorn of her in Paradise." Is manhood more than God first made it? or love less?

Andrew Kent looked up at last. "Weak, maybe"—muttering to himself—"weak and foolish; but she—she's all there was!"

His face, growing grayer with the twilight, hardened. What thought froze it so? Was there any thing at his side that he looked round shivering? "Oh my God!" clenching his hand to quiet himself; turning his face, dark with some mighty passion, up to the sky quivering faintly golden through the leaves—instinctively, as it seemed.

Whatever the dread was it passed away in a few moments. His eyes only, still steady and glowing, watched the lingering light beyond the ravine. His soul was in the thick darkness with God. He would not have put it in such language. He would only have said, as he muttered now and then to himself, "Little Prue! She's all there was. He's broken her heart—hers and mine." Then again: "Poor little Prue! My pretty innocent—" choking there and hiding his face. He was only a blacksmith, you know. He had never been taught that such people have no feeling; that if they sleep well and have plenty to eat they are—or ought to be—content. Will you pardon his ignorance?

Some sound breaking upon his ear aroused him at last—a horse's hoofs in the distance. Again the shiver and the dread. What stood beside him?

The sound clattered nearer and nearer in the still air. He stood up, his face paling. Leaning forward, his eyes strained through the twilight, he saw that for which he looked—a white horse daintily treading the pine-strewn road, his rider playing idly with a whip, and a gloved hand upon the rein.

The oaken cane he held scorched Kent's hand; his breath came in gasps; you might have heard his teeth grind against each other. The sky, so faintly golden, was quivering into pallid gray. No face with its weight of passion was turned up to it, and it caught no cry of need.

Pennington, riding in his lazy way, watching the flash of a ring upon his finger as he thrummed some tune with his whip-lash, caught a sudden rein upon his horse, and looked up with an oath. The creature, rearing and curveting, shied to the very log that bounded the edge of the ravine. Andrew had neither moved nor spoken; it was only the sight of his white set face, he standing so ghost-like there under the pines.

"What in the name of—"

Kent sprang out now, one hand on the bridle. "Stop a moment!"

"Oh, it's you, is it, Smithy? What do you want? Let alone my horse!"

"Not till I get ready."

"Is that the game? We'll see!" taking the long, light whip in his other hand.

"Put that whip down!"

He put it down instinctively before the look in Kent's eye.

"Who are you talking to?" said Pennington, with an insolent smile.

"You! I've got something to say to you, Mr. Pennington."

The other looked up quickly. Scanning Kent's moveless face he seemed reassured, a little anxiety, perhaps, settling in his eyes. Andrew caught them with his own.

"Do you mean to marry that girl?" his voice thick and hoarse.

Pennington laughed. "Oho! a little country love-scene, is it? What is that to you, my good fellow?"

"Do you mean to marry her?"

"Who are you talking about? Let go that bridle!"

"Do you mean to marry her?"

Pennington glanced from Kent's face down to the formidable cane he had stirred a little on the ground. Then he coolly lighted a cigar and put it in his mouth.

"No."

What did Andrew Kent's rigid face mean? What would he have done, springing forward so? The other turned white.

"By Jove! what are you doing? No harm shall come to the girl. Hands off there!" Yet he did not dare to dismount.

"What do you mean then? What do you

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learn her pure little face to look at you so for? Do you think you're fit to say one word to her, or touch her hand—*you?*"

Pennington quailed a little; he could see that.

"Fit? somewhat fitter than you, I fancy," glancing at Kent's coarse clothes, then back at the jewel on his own white hand. "*She* thinks so at least."

Even his taunting laugh did not move some fixed, deadly purpose on Kent's face.

"What have you done all this for? I will know."

"Just as lief tell you—no objection at all," puffed Pennington, languidly. "I like to fool with a pretty girl—just as you would if you could get the chance, I suppose."

"You'll break her heart—*her* heart for *that?*"

"Easily mended, I guess," laughing in his light way. "I suppose she'll cry her pretty eyes out for a fortnight; but what of it? *You* may try the stakes then, and welcome. Most through holding that bridle? I intend to finish my ride now—should be sorry to run over you."

Andrew Kent's hand was like iron upon the quivering horse. His face, in its dead whiteness, cowed the man upon her into silence. He raised his cane, feeling its weight; he measured Pennington's slight form with his eye; he looked down the chasm where the twilight was blackening. It would be but a moment's work. Horse and rider would be found below to-morrow. An accident; they had missed the road, and—so it would end.

"Help! Stand off there! What are you doing?" Pennington's very lips were ashy.

A silence, broken only by the pawing of the horse's impatient hoofs. A single bird too, chirped in its nest overhead. The cold sweat stood in great drops on Andrew Kent's forehead. He drew a long, gasping breath.

"Great God!" throwing up the bridle. "He'll send His own curse after you; 'tain't for me! Go! or I might do it—might kill you!"

The frightened horse sprang away, her nostrils quivering, her white hoofs scarcely touching the ground—away into the gloom that had gathered and wrapt the forest.

Andrew stood a moment looking after her. Then he turned, all weak as one come from some terrible conflict, sinking down upon his knees—humbly as a child might do—down there in the thick, damp bushes.

"The Lord forgive me! I—I didn't do it! I thought I should, I—" And he dared not so much as lift up his eyes toward Heaven.

Pacing back and forth in front of his own gate an hour later, with a face too white yet for his mother's eyes, he met Joliffe.

"Hilloa, Kent! out for your health?" stopping in his inquisitive way.

"No."

"Oh! out for pleasure maybe?"

"Yes—yes," trying to pass on.

"I'll walk a jiffy with you—blast this confoundedly dark night! I thought you were looking white as I came up. Several cases of sudden sickness about town, they say."

"It's the heat," said Kent. His voice was husky yet.

"It *is* hot," nodded Joliffe, turning up his eye. "Seen any thing of Pennington round these parts?"

"I saw him an hour ago, out riding in the woods."

"Fine looking chap Mr. Pennington! That's pretty much of a horse too. He's a gentleman that always has considerable of what he wants; and we poor dogs that ain't so lucky have to stand round, you know—have to stand round."

Andrew could not help turning in surprise. Was that conversation in the shop a dream? Joliffe, perfectly oblivious both of the look and the astonishment, went on talking, rolling the curious eye up to Kent's face again.

"He hasn't been seen down at the Cap'n's since somewhere along about four o'clock—interest up this way I take it," laughing.

Andrew turned impatiently. Some thought of this man's business crossed his mind. How far did that vision of his ferret crime? Were thoughts unspoken any barrier to it?

"You're pretty sure you don't know where he is?"

"I? to be sure I don't—I told you once!" starting a little. "I saw him an hour ago; then he was in the woods. What more do you want to know?"

"Nothing!—oh nothing!" bobbed Joliffe. "I beg your pardon. I only wanted to ask. Folks down at the tavern missed him—that's all. Popular gentleman, you know."

Andrew made no reply. He was watching a figure that passed him just then silently—a woman; and even through the gloom he could see that her hair was black. She did not recognize him. Her face, with its dead white outline, was bent as if she listened. As Joliffe spoke—he had not noticed her—she almost imperceptibly slackened her pace. At the close of his sentence she drew her shawl about her nervously, and walked on faster than before. She came dimly to Kent's troubled thoughts that night. What had she to do with them or him? What indeed?

It must have been past midnight when, tossing on his sleepless bed, he heard a sound that roused him quickly. A long, low whistle in the yard below. He sprang to the window. A short figure with a slouched hat stood down in the white moonlight.

"What's to pay?"

"Nothing but the Devil!" answered Joliffe, in a suffocated growl. Pennington's bolted!"

"Gone!"

"Yes:" his confidential tone now—the one he had used that afternoon; "gone! he and the horse—haven't been heard from since dark. Have you been blabbing?"

"I? No!"

"Not a syllable?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven."

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"And you don't know where he is?"

"I don't know any thing about him."

Joliffe stood a moment looking up, then turning cautiously, slouched out of the yard without a word.

Of what did the man suspect him? Was the mark of Cain upon his face? Andrew, in his honest, happy life, had scarcely known what it was to count the slow hours of a sleepless night before. This terrible thing which had come near to him sat like a spectre in his silent room; it eyed him as some fixed and stony eye; it pursued him in his vain attempts to rest; it held him like some grasping hand; it would not let him go.

Murder! and with the heart into which it had come, he had dared to think her name—had dared to love her—little Prue! "But I didn't do it—God forgive me! God forgive me!" muttering to himself now and then as he paced the room.

His mother, wakened from her sleep by his footstep overhead, came up once to his door.

"Nothing's the matter, mother, only I can't sleep."

"Are you sick, Andy, boy?" seeing his face.

"No, no. What does every body think I'm sick for? There—there, mother! don't worry. Good-night."

He closed the door again, listening to her as she crept feebly down the stairs; listening as if some one were telling him that she was all life held for him now; and, as to the added question, the question to which he listened over and over, which took form after form. Did she guess what he might have been—what he was in the sight of God?

Then, as the night passed, his thoughts took other shapes. He wondered where Pennington had gone, with a vague dread, as faint and impalpable as the bars of moonlight, which turned his face blue and cold; whether he was beyond the reach of justice, too; if he and his crimes would drop into silence henceforth. Will you believe me if I tell you that the thought caused him no regret?—that the picture of the child came with it—the child with her faced turned up among the flowers; and he only said, with something in his rough and common face that transfigured it, "She wouldn't find out what he was; she'd better not know—she loves him!" But the spectre that sat within the room would not be forgotten. What was he that he should judge that other, and his sin?

And so at last the morning came. But there in the sunlight, face to face, with him It stood. It looked at him from the brightness that burned in the east. He saw It in the cool of shadows quivering under the grasses; in the dew that crowned them as they drooped; in the chirpings of leaf-hid birds. It called to him from the forest which rose against the warming sky—the forest from which the gloom of the night had not faded.

As he went by Prue's home on his way to work, turning away his face, It asked him something:—Where was Pennington? But It gave him no answer. While he was bending over his work, striking such mighty blows that morning with his quick, nervous arm, he saw Joliffe passing the shop. His walk was hurried, so hurried that he hardly stopped when he heard his name called suddenly.

"What's wanted?"

"Have you heard from him?"

"Not a word."

Then Andrew went back to his work.

Where was Pennington? Perhaps the forest, from which the gloom had not faded, could have told him; or the dews which had wept all night among the ferns.

The day passed as if there were weights on the hours and the moments chained. Whispers of Pennington's disappearance found their way quickly from mouth to mouth. People wondered, and gossiped, and looked mysterious. "The Cap'n" swore furiously at the empty suit of rooms, and the unpaid bill running up its length in his ledger. Prue Tyndall did not come to the post-office, or do her little errands at the store that day. Andrew heard her name often, with a careless laugh, or a look of pity, as the case might be. Men cast sidelong glances at his face so rigid over his work; women looked at him, nodded at each other, and walked away whispering. The stagnant life of the town had nothing to do with itself but pry into other lives. This idle curiosity stung him to madness. He hated the very sunlight that crept in through the crevices and peered about the shop, as if it had some power to make his soul transparent. He longed impatiently for the darkness of another night—better that, better even the spectre shut up in his silent room than this. He thought—his nervous fancies growing—that people eyed him coldly, suspiciously. Had the leaves of the forest told a story? Did they know where, but for the hand of God, that man might have been lying this morning? Because Andrew Kent's honest eye had never shunned the eye of a fellow-creature before, the newness of this horror was all the more horrible and strange.

It increased as the day wore on, and the same dark question, with its same unanswered mystery, haunted him still. He could not reason with it. The knowledge that the counterfeiter must have suspected Joliffe, and sought his only safety in flight, did not satisfy him. Have you never seen the time when the soundest of logic and the plainest of common-sense was no more to you than a child's prattle?

Andrew, on his walk home to dinner, looked, and hated himself for looking, at the brown farm-house with its closed blinds which the trees hid so silently. There was no one stirring about the place. The garden was empty; its great golden hollyhocks nodding in the noon, its bells drooping in purple slumber; the lilies and myrtles hushed and warm; the starry blossoms of the creeper hanging motionless. A haze, that had thickened since morning, wrapped the

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whole—a huge curtain with folds of opal drawn silently. He looked, and hating himself for looking, turned away. Passing the gate, some one called his name. He stopped, startled.

"Prue! I—I didn't see you."

She stood just where the shade of an old apple-tree was thickest—a tree in whose hollow they used to put their little notes when they were children, and played at love as merrily as they gathered butter-cups in the field. A bar of the murky, red sunlight struck her through the leaves, leaving burning lights upon her hair, her face within it showed pale.

"Is—is this all true about Mr. Pennington?"

"Yes; he's gone."

Something in his voice made her look up into his face—a little surprise on her own.

"Haven't they heard any thing from him?"

He shook his head, moving his eyes from hers; he could not meet their look.

"What's the matter, Andrew? are you sick?"

"Sick? no!"

She stood plaiting her little white apron nervously, her breath somewhat quick.

"If—if they've heard about Mr. Pennington, will you stop and tell me when you come by to-night?" And then, as before, she looked up at him.

"Yes, yes; I'll come, I—"

He turned—he broke away from her rudely and strode down the road. She stood quite still, watching him and wondering. At last the golden haze wrapped him out of sight.

As the day closed the sultriness of the air became almost suffocation. The mist, a dead weight, settled heavily to the earth; the light that filtered through it was dying in the struggle; the trees stood up dimly in it; the village and the river faded like some mirage. It brooded over the swamps and sucked up poisonous vapors from them. A night which might have been filled with suicides and murders—a night for any horror. So Andrew thought as he stood at his shop-door, his head bared to the damps that choked him.

Suddenly the figure of a man running up the road caught his eye; it was the landlord. There were others behind him.

"What's the matter, Cap'n?"

"Matter enough," stopping to get breath, "though I don't know as there's any need of blowing myself like this."

"Well, what?"

"Oh, I thought you knew," he panted. "Great row down our way. There's a little gal come up to the tavern—said she'd ben playin' in the woods, she and a parcel of young 'uns, and they see somethin' down the gully; she thought it was a horse, but whether it was a horse or a man she was too scart to find out. If it *should* be that are city chap, you know!" and the Cap'n started on again as if in some manner that account in the ledger was to be cleared by his keeping himself on full steam, or as if he expected Pennington, dead or alive, to vanish at the sight of him.

Kent was past him in a moment. A horrible fear came upon him. A picture of the proud, white horse, rearing and plunging into the twilight, where the pine-strewn ground was slippery. It was *his* hand upon her rein from which she had struggled to get free. Had God measured the measure of his punishment full to the brim?

He felt the mists cling to him and chill him as he entered the shadow of the forest: some startled crows flew up and away, cawing above the trees. Then it was so still that he heard a pine-cone dropping in the bushes. On the spot where he had met Pennington the night before something lay under his feet and tripped him—it was his oaken cane. He stooped and picked it up; then, recoiling from the touch, threw it far among the underbrush.

He went to the edge of the ravine, where he had seen the twilight blackening last night—why! was it only last night? He went to the edge of the ravine and stood a moment looking down. Then he turned, followed a foot-path that wound steeply down the rocks, and came at last to the bottom.

The white horse had fallen heavily upon her rider. He seemed to have struggled to get free from her; but the creature in her dying agonies held and crushed him. He lay among the tangled underbrush with which the deadliness of the rocks was hidden, the weeds rank about him, the dead leaves in the gullies. A pallid fern shaded his face, which was turned toward the glowless west. His shapely hand, with the ring upon it, was clenched over his head.

Andrew's face grew gray when he saw it. He knew what it meant. Had he sent the man before the bar of God so?

The voices of the crowd down at the entrance of the ravine broke the hush. He knelt down, pushing back the ferns. All the lights that quivered through the mist from the setting of an unseen sun struck the face. Its ghastliness was horrible. How long had the man struggled alone, and in the night? Had his lips stiffened so with curses on them? The curses might have fallen on Kent kneeling there beside him, so moveless was he. The crowd pressing up through the defile found him alone with the dead—*his* dead.

"How long, now, might you reckon he'd ben there?" asked some one, breaking a silence.

"About twenty-four hours." His voice was low and changed.

"Horse got scared, I s'pose. Terrible place to go off—terrible!"

At the whisper the crowd looked up the height silently. Kent, still kneeling there, had not turned his head.

"Well, I hain't nothing to say." It was the landlord who spoke, coming up to raise the ferns. "I've found him out now; but it goes agin the grit to call a dead man a thief. I reckon he's got a longer bill nor mine to settle."

Kent looked round sharply. Joliffe and two

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or three strangers—officers of the State—stood there, silent like the rest.

"William Watson's arrested in the name of the Commonwealth for forgery," said one of them at last, clearing his throat; "but seeing—"

"Hush!" It was Kent who spoke, sternly. "You can't touch the dead."

No; human justice had come too late. Whatever the hidden crimes of the man lying there beyond its reach, He to whom vengeance belongeth knew them. And the group, standing with awe-struck faces, remembered that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

"Let me pass! Let me pass, I say!"

It was a woman's voice—a sharp, wailing voice. At the sound the crowd divided, wondering. Andrew Kent heard it, and heard her footsteps over the rocks. A great shiver seized him. He dared not turn to see what must be seen. Instinctively he drew the fern-leaves over the dead man's face. Was this a sight for the child—the child with her white, quivering lips? Some one came up and kneeled beside him; a hand pushed away his own, and tore up the leaves that shaded the face he tried to hide. It must be—he must bear the sight. Where was his manhood? He turned, rising from his knees.

No; not *that* one—not little Prue, thank God! He knew the face—a colorless face, with the black hair hanging over it.

"What are you doing here?" he said, gently.

"What am I doing? Haven't I the right? I am his wife."

She knelt down where Andrew had knelt, and laid the dead man's head upon her lap. She passed her hand over his forehead tenderly, as one might soothe a child to sleep. She whispered his name once only, and those standing nearest to her could not hear it. Then bowing her head, so that her long, dark hair hid both her own face and his, she clasped her hands upon her forehead, and sat so, looking down. She did not move, nor sob, nor cry out. Perfectly still she sat so, looking down.

Andrew moved away reverently. Even Joliffe took off his hat. It was so still that they heard the rustle of a startled rabbit in the moss. The men exchanged glances at last, growing uneasy. Some woman standing at a distance sobbed aloud. The landlord went up, half irresolute.

"Come now, I wouldn't take on so," his rough, good-natured voice a little husky; "seein' he'd treated yer so, I wouldn't—I wouldn't really."

A Roman matron might have looked as she looked, turning up her tearless eyes.

"But I love him," she said. Then she bent her face again, her hair sweeping over it and over her husband's.

The light that trembled like some struggling rainbow through the mist grew faint, and faded out of the ruined chasm; the trees that had mouldered where they fell, the patches of gaudy moss, the growth of brambles, and the leaves dead in the gullies lay in shadow; the outline of the heights above was dimming. But the woman there in the twilight, with her hands clasped upon her forehead, had not moved or spoken. Joliffe went up and touched her shoulder. She started, the look of a tiger in her eyes.

"You sha'n't touch him. Your laws have nothing to do with him now—he's *mine*."

"It ain't that I've come for, woman. I can't arrest a dead body. But the folks want to move him. You can't sit here all night, you know;" spoken gently, though; as gently as Joliffe could speak perhaps.

She looked about her at that, scanning every face. Then she rose and stood where she had knelt, silently. They raised him gently—Kent and Joliffe—and bore him out of the ravine; the woman, like some voiceless shadow, walked beside them; the crowd followed slowly. Up by a winding road through the forest, and so out upon the purple flats from which the fog was clearing. They reached the tavern at last; they took him to his own rooms, and left him alone with his wife.

"Kent," whispered Joliffe in his ear, as he turned away, "if you were most men I should suspect you had a hand in this business."

Andrew stopped—looked at him savagely.

"Oh, I didn't say I did, did I? I only took the opportunity of telling you you wouldn't do for *my* trade with that face of yours—good as a newspaper any day."

He did not wait to hear the reply on Kent's lips, but winking till he winked himself dizzy, walked away. Like some bird of ill-omen, he disappeared where the night was darkest, and Andrew saw him no more.

The road, darkening before him as he went home in his blind way, his eyes on the ground, took before he knew it a curve—the curve he dreaded. Every step of the way since he left the tavern he had seen but this one shadowed winding and the house beyond. He would have gone away from it. He would have walked till he was foot-sore if he might have escaped it. He heaped miles upon miles in his fancy between it and him. But he had promised her. Free-will, was it? He could see nothing but the hand of an avenger; erring, perhaps, as many a better theologian than he has done. Why was this brought upon him of all the world? Why was he chosen to break her heart?

His eyes, as I said, were on the ground. So, coming suddenly to that bend in the road, he started at the apparition of a little figure standing there alone and still. He had almost touched her before he saw.

"Prue! you out here in the damp?"

"Yes," turning and walking by his side. "I haven't seen any one who could tell. They have heard from Mr. Pennington?"

No answer.

"Tell me, Andrew, don't you know?"

"Know? Yes," as if by a mighty effort. "I

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can't tell you a lie, Prue: they have heard from him."

She was silent a moment; so was he.

"Well?" at last.

"His horse—you know what it was?"

"Yes."

"His horse was—got frightened in the woods last night, and—she went over the rocks."

An exclamation—some low cry of horror from the girl made him dumb. At her voice, telling him to go on, he roused, speaking almost under his breath.

"We found him there to-night; he must have been dead a long time."

He had not once looked at her face: he did not now. But he could feel her shiver."

"*Dead!*" and she said no more.

"Have you told me all, Andrew?" stopping at the gate.

"No"—his breath sharp.

"I want to hear it—the whole."

She caught his eyes then; her own were dark with a sort of horror.

"Don't, Prue; don't ask me! I'd rather somebody else would tell you."

"I want to know now."

Which of the two, think you, was the martyr at that moment?

"I didn't think I could have told you. I hoped you needn't know. He was a forger—the officers were there."

He wrenched the words out slowly, one by one. He was breaking her heart, he thought, at each—his little Prue's heart. He could see her face pale whiter than before; she hid it on the gate; standing there like some bruised flower, quivering in the chill of the night-wind. He would have left her so. An Israelite might have profaned the Holy of Holies with less sacrilege than he could stand there, as he saw himself. But she called him back.

"What was this about a woman, Andrew? I heard some one talking as they went by. I asked them, but they didn't hear me."

"*Must* I tell you?"

"Yes." She spoke imperiously.

"It was his wife."

"His wife?"

She echoed the words; the horror that had been in her eyes seeming to chill her, from the hair that fluttered and lay motionless on her forehead to her very hands crossed one into the other.

"Prue! little Prue! I couldn't bear to hurt you," his voice like one in actual pain. "I couldn't bear to, I didn't mean to! I'd be a comfort to you, if you'll let me, but I haven't any thing to say—I don't know how."

And so he broke away from her, as he had done once before, and left her standing quite alone in the night. The girl did not watch him now as he walked away. She opened the gate, went into the little yard, and threw herself down under the trees where the grass was cool, with a burst of sobbing like a child in grief.

And Andrew?

His mother, waiting and watching for him, found him at last pacing back and forth in front of the house. He might have paced there till the morning if she had not called him.

"Andy! Andy! what are ye doing? Ain't you comin' in?"

He stopped. "Coming in?" The thought had not occurred to him before.

"It's lone waitin' for you, my boy; and Molly hain't had her supper."

"Molly? Oh yes, I forgot."

He came in, patting the old dog that walked sedately by him—mechanically as it seemed. His mother went with him to the stable. The sight of his face stopped for a moment her usual garrulity. She stood puzzled, watching him in his work about the barn. He made the horse's bed; tossed down her hay; and then went into the stall, the creature turning her head and whinnying after him. He stopped a moment to pat her neck and forehead. The horse rubbed her nose against him joyfully, her soft, dumb eyes as full of affection as any language could have been. Andrew put his arms round her neck as he used to do when he was a boy.

"Eh, Molly! old girl, you love me! *You!*"

The light of the lantern swinging on his arm was full in his face just then. He turned away abruptly, so that his mother could not see it.

"Andy! why, Andy!" after a silence; "what are you doing there?"

"Mixing Molly's meal, to be sure, mother."

"Meal? it's saw-dust out of the little back shed. I didn't know what you was up to."

"Saw-dust! why so it is saw-dust! I guess I've lost my wits, mother."

He put the pail down, laughing long and loud.

"I like to see that," nodded the old woman, looking half frightened, though, at the sound; "ye've ben so down in the mouth of late."

He laughed again, the nervous, hollow laugh.

"Saw-dust! Yes, ha! ha! good joke, isn't it, mother? Did you think I was goin' to choke you, Moll—poison you, maybe!"

Then he went up stairs for the meal. After that he locked the doors for the night. His mother helped him, seeing how wearily he walked; the very bolt upon the door he drew with an effort. Are these trivial things I tell you? I see a tragedy in them.

"No supper, Andy?" seeing that he did not go in.

"No—no—I guess not, mother—not just now."

"What's this talk about that city feller," sitting down on the porch he was pacing in his restless way. "I've ben waitin' till you got through the work, and was kinder settled, afore I asked. Is it all true, about his tumblin' down the gully, and turnin' out a rascally thief, and havin' a desarted wife, and what not? That's what the folks has ben jabberin' on past here."

"Yes; all true."

"How fast you're walkin', Andy, it raises a terrible breeze! Well, I never! I wouldn't ha'

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thought it, reely; though I allers *did* say he'd turn out somethin' he didn't set up to be. I *am* sorry though for the gal—Prue Tyndall, I mean. Folks say she hain't ben seen sence, and it's cut her dreadful. She was as smart an' pinky a little creetur as I want to see, and makes as good butter as her mother, to say nothin' of her head bein' uncommon for a chick o' her years. And to think of her throwin' herself away on a miserable dead scamp, when so many as he wasn't fit to look at would ha' made good husbands for her, any one on 'em; though, to be sure, Andy, I *might* have my choice on 'em."

The old woman's chuckling laugh over what she considered an excellent joke broke off suddenly. Andrew had stopped his walk.

"Don't, mother! don't talk about her so; I can't bear it!"

"Andy!" She came up, anxiously touching her hand to his heated forehead. "Andy, what ails you?"

"Nothing, mother. Don't! Let me be!"

But he could not deceive his mother any longer. She wrung her hands, her aged voice breaking into a cry:

"It—it ain't *her?* Oh, Andy! Oh, my boy—my poor boy!"

He groaned aloud, but made her no other answer.

"She sha'n't turn you off! She sha'n't, I say! She's a little deceitful minx! She ain't fit for you to think on!"

"Hush, mother! don't you say one word against her. It ain't her fault. She can't care for me. It ain't her fault"—choking.

"I didn't mean to hurt ye, Andy. I won't say it again."

She came up and put her arms about his neck.

"My poor boy! My poor, poor boy!"

But even his mother could not comfort him. For so many years she had been to him first, and all; he had kept no grief from her. But this which had come between them—*this* she could not touch. Even she must be shut out. He must be alone with it.

"There—there, mother! Don't. Let me go!"

And he went; he tore himself away from her, and off, out into the fields, where the night was still.

Only a working man, you know—a very common man. But the hand of God had fallen heavily upon him. There, thrown down among the long, wet grass, his face hidden from all the world, he wrestled with it as Jacob might have wrestled of old.

Pennington—for so the villagers still called him, with a sort of charity to the dead—was buried the following day. Seldom had the place been stirred to such unusual interest as by the events connected with him; and that sort of curiosity which gloats over any excitement, even the most horrible, filled up a long funeral procession that followed him to the grave.

Perhaps two only, out of the whole, were prompted by other motives. One was the forger's widow. She had scarcely left him since she found him lying among the ferns. She followed him to the lonely grave, which they had prepared in a remote corner of the burial-ground, in the same stony quiet with which she had followed him out of the chasm the night before—his only mourner. The other was Andrew Kent. People noticed only his haggard face, and some strange determination in his eyes, as he bore the dead man to his resting-place. They noticed, and wondered, and forgot. Whatever agony every toll of that funeral-bell seared hot and deep into his soul, God only knew it. Whatever terrible sense of justice there was that made each last rite he could perform for the criminal a stern duty—sacred as if at God's command—none guessed it.

"I shouldn't ha' thought," said the Cap'n to his next neighbor, in a whisper, out of respect to the occasion—"I shouldn't ha' thought it of him, reely. Of all on us, except myself—which, seein' the man's dead, I mean to forgive and forget—Andrew Kent's got the most to lay up agin him, if folks say true about the gal. Look at him, though, carryin' of that are body—pretty considerable weight the chap was, too—and takin' the overlook of every thing, as ef he'd ben a fust cousin. Well-meaning fellar, Andrew—takes after the father; the old man was allers doin' a job for somebody else."

All the sunshine of the garish day seemed to have fallen on the grave, by which they stopped at last. Andrew shivered as he saw that solitary woman standing in it so motionless; she might have been dead herself. Her face was rigid; her eyes, perhaps, saw nothing. It was only when they would have let the coffin gently down that she started, some wild light in her face. Andrew's hand caught her. Would she have sprang into the grave? He could not tell. She was quiet under his touch, and stood as before. The crowd broke up at last. Only the sexton lingered about among the graves with his spade. Andrew was left alone with her.

"I'm sorry for you," he said, gently.

She looked up for the first time into his face with her dry, fixed eyes.

"Are you? I loved him."

He dared not answer.

"He went away from me," she said, as if speaking to herself. "He went away and left me; but he's dead now—he was my husband."

The words ended in a long, smothered cry—a cry from something imprisoned behind her stony face; as if the face might be dead, but her soul had not freed itself. It seemed to chill all the light that touched, but fell away from her. Andrew fancied the very sky of warm, bright blue paled where she stood against it, her black hair motionless on her forehead, her features sharp.

"I wish I could help you," he said at last.

There might have been the faintest quiver on her lips then.

"The time's past for that. I've lived through a great deal. It doesn't matter so much what's

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left now, only — I came here to find him"—returning to her musing way—"I came to find him—I *did* hope he wouldn't send me off. And so this is all!" looking down into the grave.

Andrew thought how she would have cursed him at that moment if she had known what he was. The sexton, growing impatient, came up then to begin his work.

"Come, it's no place for you," said Kent, in his troubled tones. "Where are you going?"

But she turned from him and from the grave, and without a word or one look behind her, walked rapidly away. Andrew watched her dark figure passing under the grave-yard trees —the mournful trees that so well suited it. It went out upon the street then, and down the dull, hot sands that stretched toward the city, where it disappeared.

As Andrew passed by the tavern on his way home some one called him. The farmer—it was Prue's father—came up fumbling in his pockets.

"Prue sent some nonsense or other down to you," he said, turning something in his hands, "I meant to give it to you at the funeral—didn't get a chance though."

He held up a tiny, folded paper. Andrew's hand shook as he took it.

"Thank you, Mr. Tyndall, thank you;" and he walked on hastily.

A bit of a note with his name upon it, in Prue's little district-schoolish hand; but most wonderful and graceful was the hand to him. He did not open it till he reached a solitary place in the road where no one could see him. Then he read it, slowly:

"DEAR ANDREW,—I want to see you just a minute. Will you come over to-night? PRUE."

The night came and Andrew went. He found her in the garden again, where the evening light was touching the flowers of gold and purple and crimson, and the white of the lilies as before. But now she stood alone—the starry vine, too, had drooped under the sun. She came up when she saw him, meeting him at the gate.

"It's kind in you to come," she said. "I was afraid you wouldn't."

She wore some quiet dress, and had neglected to add to it any of the bits of bright ribbon that had so well suited her little coquettish face. But the coquetry was all forgotten now; the color in her cheeks was faint—almost faded. Yet in this quiet sadness there was something so new, so womanly, such a plaintive pleading. Andrew could not speak. She led the way down to the old stone-wall that bounded the garden, and they sat down there together.

"I want to tell you something," began Prue. But there she stopped, twisting her little hands nervously one into the other.

"Well—you ain't afraid of me, Prue?"

"N–no. Only don't look so at me."

Andrew turned away his face. The pure white outline of hers flushed a little.

"I know just what you'll think of me," she said; "but it won't be so bad as what you think now. I can't bear to have you think what you think now."

A silence, which the rustle of the apple-boughs over her head only broke. Then she looked up, her cheeks all crimson.

"You thought I loved that man.—I didn't."

A shot might have struck Andrew Kent, he started so.

"You—you didn't love him!"

"No!" said Prue, striking her little hands vehemently together; "no, I never cared any thing about him. And it's the more shame to me. I was a little, vain, silly thing, and I liked it because he flattered me, and made the girls talk. I *was* mad when he went off, though" —nodding a little—"because I knew people would say such things about me. I was frightened half to death when I heard about his going down on the rocks there—it came so all in a flash, and 'twas only that night he'd been picking flowers here. But when I found out what he was—and to think I'd ever let him touch my hand, and to think I'd carried on so with him, and let people think I liked him—oh, Andrew! it was terrible! terrible! It's just about made me sick. Mother says I look as if I'd been out bleaching for a week."

She tried to laugh, putting up her hand to wipe away some bright, repentant tears that would persist in having their own way.

"And so you see, Andrew, I was ashamed to have you believe I cared for him. Ugh! it makes me cold every time I think of his name; and that's why I sent for you. I expect you'll hate me—I deserve it. I was a little foolish, willful thing. I—"

Just the prettiest little sob choked her words. Andrew could see her quiver to keep it back.

"I hate you, Prue? I—?"

Prue stopped crying. She bent down and picked up a clover blossom that grew at her feet.

"I used to think," said Andrew, in a stifled whisper, every muscle on his forehead strained like iron—"I used to think a great while ago that maybe, sometime, after a great while, you know, you'd care a little about me. Won't you tell me, Prue? I should just like it to think about. Do you suppose you ever could?"

"I rather think I could," said Prue, with another little nod, biting all the crimson off from her clover.

Do you blame Andrew Kent that for a while he forgot every thing but the pretty, flushed face turned up to his?—that the child sitting there on the old stone-wall, with the shadows from the apple-boughs tremulous on her bright hair, should shut out all the world besides, and all the Past, with it?

It came back to him at last like some terrible dream. He started at it, and shrank from the touch of her hand in his.

"Prue, I ain't fit! I forgot—I forgot it all! Oh my God!"

The girl standing there, with all the light

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quivering out of her face, could not soothe him. Her touch was fire in his veins. He trembled at her voice.

"But Andrew"—at last—"you haven't told me what it is I've a right to know. I love you."

She loved him—a murderer!

He stood up at that. He folded his great brawny arms tightly, and looked down into her eyes. He held them fast; he would not let them go. He read every thought of the girl's soul mirrored in them. And standing so he told her all his story.

If the clear, soft eyes had once turned from him— But she stood quite still, by the mossy wall. She did not shrink, or falter, or freeze into her old, coquettish pride. Her face had caught some beautiful trust, as pure and sweet as the wind that toyed with her falling hair. When he had finished she went up to him, speaking very softly:

"But you didn't do it, Andrew," she said.

It was on a certain day in September that Andrew Kent and old Molly jogged along together again over that sandy road, the bluest of skies above them, and the freshest of winds frolicking about them. It was no lazy summer panting—this wind; neither was it one of your crabbed northeasters, whose wont it is to convert you into a misanthrope in half an hour. Nothing of either sort. It was a mad, rollicking, rolling, cheery wind, with just sting enough to be exhilarating, and just softness enough to beg pardon for the sting. It inflicted the merriest chastisement on the short, crisp grass, that obstinately refused to bend in obeisance at its nod; it played the sauciest jokes on the trees that were preparing solemnly for their gorgeous dyeing; it kept Molly in the most constant and intense excitement by blowing her mane into her eyes, and blowing it in again as fast as she nodded it out; it caught Andrew's hat off, and whizzed about his ears, and pulled his whiskers; it lay in wait for him at the corners, and blew the dust into his eyes, and filled his wagon with showers of leaves.

"None of your tricks, my fine fellow!" laughing like any boy; "you won't have the chance much longer." He drew the lash sharply round Molly's ears, and she trotted off homeward briskly.

Home! I wish you could have seen Andrew just then. I wish you could have seen his eyes soften and brighten, and that tenderness melting his face: none the less manly was the face for it, either. He had been away from it only one day, but the sense of distance had trebled the time to him.

He had been to the city, as you might know from a look in his wagon. There was the barrel of flour for the winter, the bag of coffee and bundles of sugar; warm, golden squashes too, and a basket of the roundest, reddest cranberries—for, like many another country town, the most common produce of this place could be found cheaper in the city. But best of all, in Andrew's eyes, was a little parcel of tea—none of the herb-mixtures which the village shopman dignified by that title, but the sweetest and spiciest of Oolong. Prue had a fancy for nice tea; moreover, she had such a way of sitting up behind the great tea-pot, tasting it and sipping it with her head on one side, making about as grave a connoisseur as a canary might. Then her hands used to look so pink and pretty when she poured it out; and she uttered such dainty little screams when it was too hot; and nodded such thanks over at Andrew, with that willful hair that *would* fall into her eyes, just shading them a little. I wonder if she knew she never looked prettier in her life than she did then—this tiny Prue!

Then there were sundry other bundles that Andrew kept his eye upon every fifteen minutes, as if he thought they might be spirited away; a dress for Prue—some soft crimson stuff, in which he liked best to see her, and, safely wrapped in papers of whitest tissue, lay bits of ribbon, their colors warm and bright. Once in a while she affected a little matronly importance of leaving off such ornaments, but somehow or other they found their way back again before long, to nestle in her hair and at her throat, just as they did when she was a girl, which was so *very* long ago, you know. Ah! Andrew knew what would please her, you may depend upon it.

The glow which came into his face as he turned the corner and came in sight of his home might almost have blinded you to the change upon it. For a change there was since that other ride with Molly on a summer's noon. It was graver, and there were lines in his forehead; something about his mouth spoke the look of a soul which has been in deep waters. Such a look may tell a story either of sin or suffering. Though both had left their marks on this man's face, yet there was a smile there that made you think only of the suffering, and that not sadly. It was the smile of one who has struggled fiercely in a combat, and who wore the crown of a victor. Yet he did not dare to think he wore it. Before the God whom he had offended he thought to walk softly all his days in the bitterness of his soul. Perhaps the hand of the child in whose sight his brows were most kingly to receive it, might point it out to him at last, beyond all doubt or fear.

Molly stopped of her own accord at the gate, and had twice to remind her master that it was closed, by twisting her meek head round to look into his face, before she could persuade him to take his eyes off from the house. For Prue stood on the porch watching for him, a little rosy cape thrown over her shoulders, the wind tossing her hair all over her face. She ran down to meet him.

"You said I might open the gate, Andy."

"No, no, Prue; why, you couldn't stir it, little woman!"

"But I can," said Prue, tugging away with both her little hands, her cape blown back, and the

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sleeve falling off from her rounded arm. "There! will you believe your grandmother next time? Now!"

He was out of the wagon, and she stood brushing the bright hair away from her face, turning it up to his, all flushed and warm and happy.

"Prue! little Prue!"

He stooped and kissed it—as reverently, I think, as he had kissed it first under the apple-boughs by the old stone-wall.

"What! going to leave Molly standing there, so tired and hungry. Look at *her*, Andrew—no, not at *me*."

"Oh yes, to be sure, I forgot Molly—I know whose fault it is. Run in quick, you'll catch cold out here, Prue!"

It took but a few of the shortest of moments to free Molly from her harness, and come up to the house. Prue was tapping on the window with childish delight at the sight of his arms filled with bundles. He looked up at her, nodding.

"God bless her!" he said, half aloud. The words choked him somehow. He stopped an instant at the door before going in.

Ah that cozy kitchen! I wish I had time and words to tell you what it was. If you had seen that fire—Prue built it herself—how broad and ruddy its light was in the room! She always took off the covers of the stove when Andrew came in from the cold; he fancied the live red coals. Then there was the table spread for supper, with its spotless cloth, and the best cups and saucers—very extravagant in this little housekeeper. But then Andrew had been to the city, and come home late. There were Prue's flowers, too, always in the window, with the brightest of blossoms and the greenest of leaves. And the old mother in the corner by the fire, looking up with her.

"Well, Andy, boy! so ye've come. The gal's ben lookin' the eyes out of her head after you!"

And you may be sure he gave her his old kiss, just as warm and welcome as it used to be before that curious little wife was there to open all his bundles, sitting on the floor like some fortunate Pandora, in a perfect cloud of soft, silken color. I should like to tell you how, by what seemed to Andrew some magical manœuvre, she converted the purest of them all into a little white band among her curls, "just to keep back that everlasting hair," and how the fluttering ribbon fell against her cheek and down upon her bright cape, when she began to pour out his coffee in her demure way.

Best of all would it be if you could have seen Andrew's face, as he sat opposite to her. He quite forgot to eat his supper till Prue threatened that "it should certainly be locked up in the closet, and *then* wouldn't he be sorry?"

But perhaps you can fancy how it all was—all that I have not time to tell you. Perhaps you know what was in this man's heart that night; and why it was that, when he opened his mother's Bible at the time of the evening prayer, he read the old, old chant, about the "cup which runneth over."

The old woman had fallen asleep by the fire, and Prue was sitting on a low stool at her husband's feet, some happy stillness in her eyes.

"Prue," he said, "who do you think I saw in the city to-day? I've waited for a chance to tell you."

She looked up quickly with some sudden thought.

"Not that—?"

"Yes. The woman."

Prue said nothing for a moment, drawing closer to him.

"Well?" at last.

"She was miserably poor. Prue, it was terrible. There were little children too."

"You did something for her, Andrew?"

"All I could—it wasn't much. She wouldn't take money; so I went and paid her rent. What else can I do?"

"We'll manage it," said Prue, thoughtfully. "You keep sight of her; I can go without some of my ribbons and things, and you can send to her once in a while. She needn't know where it comes from."

She stood up, putting her little hands on his huge shoulders. Even she could not guess what it was to him that she should look at him so; that her pure little face did not shrink from him; that he was never coarse and clumsy to her; that his hands were never too blackened with his work for her to touch; that she was content with him as he was, and loved him. What it was, as much now as the first day he brought her to his home—what it would always be. God only knew.

"But, Andrew—" she said.

"But what, child?"

"If you'd only be content with doing all that's left!"

"But it was the same in God's sight, Prue. I was a murderer."

"But he that *endureth* temptation, Andrew, I thought he was blessed."

He looked at her standing there with her wide, childish eyes turned up to his. *Blessed!* was he not? And they told him, though she did not speak, that her love was but the shadow of the love of Him through whom he was a conqueror.

So at last Andrew Kent knew that he was forgiven.

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THE AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

THE American is a migratory animal. He changes place with such facility that he never seems so much at home as when leaving it. Go where you may—north, south, east, or west—you will be sure to meet with him. Foremost among the explorers of the regions of perpetual frost, he drives his sledge to the farthest limits of discovery, and builds his ice-hut on the polar verge of the earth. Turning toward the hot zone of the tropics, he swings his hammock as readily beneath the shade of the equatorial palm. Populous cities and untracked deserts are alike trodden by his ubiquitous feet. He walks the streets of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Naples, Rome, Constantinople, Canton, and even the causeways of Japan, with as confident a step as he treads the pavements of Broadway. He is so universally abroad that he even anticipates discovery. The explorer no sooner sails upon some *terra incognita* in remote seas, than he is hailed by one of our vagrant countrymen whom chance has washed to the unknown shore in crazy boat or on broken spar.

The Americans are necessarily great travelers. Such is the spaciousness of their country that they can not perform many of the ordinary duties of life without a great deal of locomotion. The affairs of state and the business of trade, in which they all more or less share, are conducted at points often so remote from their habitations as to necessitate long journeys. The member of Congress from California must travel five thousand miles before he can give his vote or deliver his speech in the Capitol. The tradesman from Oregon makes a still longer journey to purchase his hardware or dry-goods in New York. The mere interchange of visits among friends and relatives, in our land of remote distances, compels passages over great extents of space. The American thus, in the course of his daily life, becomes so habituated to travel that he packs his portmanteau, and starts on a journey of hundreds of miles, as readily as he puts on his coat and comes down to his breakfast. An Englishman in Liverpool will consult with his family and friends months before about a proposed visit to Dublin, and, after all, probably never accomplish it. A citizen of New York will make up his mind to a visit to California over his second egg at breakfast, and will sail for San Francisco before dinner, without hardly stating to his acquaintances the cause of his long journey, or they caring to ask for it.

The facilities for travel are in proportion to the American necessity of practicing it. With miles of railroad and length of navigable river more than those of all the rest of the world together, a citizen of our vast republic passes with ease and rapidity from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thus readily moving over a great continent, within the limits of his own country, he becomes almost unconscious of space, and so habituated to travel that he thinks no more of counting the hundreds of miles of his frequent journeys, by railway and steamer, than the steps of his daily walk.

Business, not pleasure, is the main motive of travel with Americans in their own country. There are a thousand points of interest to a foreigner on our continent which are hardly heeded by our fellow-countrymen. The American is conscious enough of the grandeur, in the aggregate, of his vast and bounteous land, and exults even to satiety in its qualities. He, however, is not disposed to analyze its characteristics, and observe minutely its particular elements of interest. He cares not a fig for the sublime, the beautiful, and picturesque, if they are only seen by him in his own country. Let him travel in foreign countries, and he quickly becomes as capable of a sensation as the most sentimental and rapturous. A mountain at home is less visible than a mole-hill abroad. Miss Araminta, who is hardly moved at the sublime spectacles of nature in her own land, has no sooner crossed the ocean and sipped her first cup of *café au lait* at Meurice's, than she is aroused to the intensest emotion at the sight of the piddling fountains in the garden of the Tuileries, and the toy islets, built up of Parisian filth and mud, in the pools of the Bois de Boulogne.

It is true that of our people of means and leisure who are disposed to travel few venture upon a European tour without a sight of Niagara. The great cataract is so stupendous a work of nature, and its awful roar of waters has so echoed throughout the world, that an American is sure to find, wherever he goes abroad, those who, however ignorant of every thing else in his country, are conscious of its existence. It would not do to meet the universal inquiry about "the falls" with a confession of not having seen them. Not to know Niagara would argue one's self unknown. This motive alone sends a great many of our fashionable friends there on the eve of a contemplated tour to Europe.

Apart from the compulsory sight of the great cataract and the passing glances of the country caught in the course of a steam-flight to Saratoga and Newport and back, our thriving people who have the money to spend and the disposition to spend it in gratifying their curiosity see but little of their own land. Yet many of these same people go to Europe and keep wandering for years from country to country until they have exhausted every mile of route, feature of landscape, canvas of picture-gallery, foot of church-spire, and stone of ruin in Murray's whole library of guide-books.

The best preparation for a journey abroad is a knowledge of home. Every man, supposing that he does not wish to denationalize himself, should, before he travels, become familiar with his own country. Otherwise he will lose that chief benefit of a visit to foreign countries, the occasion that it gives of comparing other lands with his own, and thus discovering the good to

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cling to and the ill to reject. To the American traveler especially this preliminary knowledge of his own country is essential. His native land is involved in a great experiment, social, economical, and æsthetical, as well as political. It behooves him to observe well its degrees of progress, in order to compare them with the stages of advancement of other countries. The freshness and growth of America are to be confronted with the maturity and decay of Europe. Youth is to be brought face to face with manhood, alternately vigorous and feeble, that it may learn from its lips of experience what has conduced to make it the one and the other. Our young country has much to learn from older countries, but it should first study itself, that, knowing its own character and conduct, it may make proper application of the lessons from abroad. "A man," said Dr. Johnson, "must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." If Americans learned more and talked less of their great country it would be better for themselves and others.

Few travelers, however, are actuated by the elevated motive of improving themselves and their country. Most seek amusement, distraction, or health, and care little about political institutions, national resources, manners and customs, provided their passports are *en regle*, their bankers in funds, and they are civilly treated and not overcharged. Most of the ordinary motives of travel exist in abundance in our own country, though our wealthy citizens who hasten abroad seem hardly conscious of the fact. Our extensive and diversified land presents every variety of natural scenery, from the picturesque to the sublime, and almost every kind of climate. The American admirer of nature can gratify to the utmost his taste for lofty mountains, sonorous cataracts, sinuous streams, dark forests, and variegated landscapes; and the seeker after health may invigorate his languid nerves by northern blasts or warm his chilled blood with southern breezes without crossing the boundaries of his own country. It is true that there are no fusty feudal ruins and great galleries of ancient art; but there are brand-new cities and endless scenes of busy enterprise. If the romantic traditions and departing glories of the one have an interest, so have the surprising realities and the fresh vigor of the other. Of places of historic association in America there is already an abundance, which this war will increase a thousandfold. We shall have numberless fields of battle, illustrated by greater heroism and patriotic devotion than have made Blenheim and Waterloo memorable.

Traveling in America, great as are its facilities, has certain drawbacks. The fastidious complain that its modes, so favorable to the gregarious propensities of our countrymen, are opposed to all reserve and retirement. Whether at rest in the hotel, or in motion on steamboat and rail, you are forced to herd with the crowd. You are obliged to sink the individual in the mass, and form an indistinct part of that flowing whole called the traveling public. This is unavoidable in a land where the conveniences of travel are not for the few but the many. The only relief for this discomfort of being in a perpetual crowd must come from an improvement in the national manners; for the mass in America will continue to assert, as it has always done, its right to motion as to all the other privileges of civilized man. With, however, extended freedom there should be increased grace. As we must continue to live and move in crowds, we should learn to live and move harmoniously. This is not a question only between clean and dirty linen, glossy silk and faded calico, the poor and rich — though in our land of abundance it is not too much to demand of the humblest traveler that he should be dressed so neatly, and live so cleanly, as not to offend, in the course of his close companionship, the most delicate of his fellow-citizens. Miss Sophronia Peabody has no right, and may have no disposition, to refuse Patrick O'Donoghue, a republican like herself, a seat by her side in railway carriage or at steamboat table; Miss Sophronia, however, in her best silk and in the purity of feminine sensation, may reasonably object to the proximity of Patrick still unwashed from his last sewerage operation, and redolent of the mixed odor of whisky and tobacco. It is no infringement of O'Donoghue's lately-acquired privileges of citizenship, as it is no interference of aristocratic capital with democratical labor, to demand of him a freer use of water and a temporary abstinence from the pipe and the glass. There is no objection to the presence of Patrick among the "ghintlemen and leddies," provided he does not bring his mud and a smell of the "critter" with him. To make him a good democrat it is not enough that he should vote. Citizenship has its social as well as political obligations. Patrick, on his travels, should present himself decently to his cleanly fellow-citizens, whose close companionship he claims. We know of no reason why railway companies should not have their regulations of decency, forbidding the reception in carriages of obviously uncleanly persons. No one in Paris is allowed to pass through the public gardens and parks without a coat on his back, in order that the general becomingness of these places of diversion may be secured. This example, however, may be contemned, as a specimen of the tyranny of Europe, though it is taken from a country where the greatest social independence exists. A republican illustration will perhaps better serve our purpose. We recollect reading in prominent letters hung up in the saloon of a United States mail steamship bound to California this peremptory command: "No one is allowed to sit down to table in his shirt-sleeves."

The great fault of our traveling public is its disregard of individual rights. Every man is supposed to be common property, and for the time being he is forced to give up to others the possession of his body and mind, in which he

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himself is only allowed to have a reversionary interest after the journey is over. His eyes, ears, limbs, and even his thoughts, are seized upon by the crowd, as soon as he enters hotel, steamboat, or railway carriage, and held for its own use until he leaves. The general conversation is carried on in so loud a tone that the traveler is forced to hear every word. He thus has expressions, observations, opinions, sensations, thoughts, and sights thrust upon him so continually and emphatically that his faculties become too oppressed with the work of others to be capable of doing their own.

Disposed to allow the largest freedom of thought, sentiment, and expression to our fellows, we claim the same liberty for ourselves; and we don't care that they should think, feel, and talk for us. We more especially object to being made the involuntary organs, as we often are when traveling, of our neighbors' shallow opinions, gross sentiment, and ribald conversation.

One of the most annoying forms of this public intrusiveness is reading aloud. After having conscientiously performed the daily duty of perusing the morning's paper, it is not pleasant to be forced to listen again and again, at each station of a long railway route, to the ephemeral effusions of Mr. Jefferson Brick, with the added comments of a succession of his admirers. We have our own opinion of the sentiments and style of that editorial Boanerges, and, having once submitted to his thunder, care not to be exposed to a repetition of its shocks.

We by no means approve of the churlishness of the "respectable" John Bull, who so smothers himself in his English reserve that he can not breathe a word of sympathy with his fellow-travelers, lest he might perchance speak to a common son of Adam one degree lower in the British social scale than himself. Much of the pleasure of travel, and the profit too, is often derived from the conversation of the casual companion of the steamboat or railway, and he not always clothed in the finest broadcloth. While we, however, would encourage converse among fellow-travelers, when mutually in the humor, we protest against being forced by the pertinaciously inquisitive into a communion for which we may feel indisposed. Our countrymen are too apt to disregard the right of every man to reserve in the presence of strangers, and will harry a traveler by question after question from his retreat within himself, for which he may have the best of reasons, like so many dogs scratching out of his burrow their concealed victim.

Our people, in spite of the admonitions they have received, still persist in an indiscriminate ejection, wherever they pass, of their saliva, of which they seem to have an abundance not possessed by any other race of mankind. This habit is so inveterate that it is even proof against their gallantry. "Out of respect to the ladies, gentlemen are requested not to soil the floor of this cabin with tobacco-juice," gently urges the steamboat proprietary, slyly insinuating its request with an appeal to their proverbial regard for the female sex. The cabin floor, however, we are ashamed to say, continues to be soiled. A sea-captain of our acquaintance had a more effective remedy. He detailed a man with a swab to follow each expectorating passenger, and absorb his superfluous saliva as it fell upon the deck. Some of the most inveterate spitters, finding themselves thus officially and persistently tracked, and their offensive deposit made so manifest by the constant application of the remedial absorbent, were shamed out of their disgusting practice.

A habit akin to the one we have just spoken of, and no less offensive, is that noisy forcing up of the secretions of the throat known as *hawking*, so general among our countrymen that it would seem that the greater part of the nation was affected with a chronic bronchitis. It is, however, in most cases, only a habit, and so bad a one that it behooves all who possess it, and care for decent companionship, to abandon it.

Of all migratory animals within our knowledge, and we have had an extensive opportunity of studying their natural history, the American traveler is the most omnivorous. The locomotive which is so swiftly carrying him on his way is not more constantly in motion than is his masticatory apparatus. All kinds of edibles are welcomed by his indiscriminate voracity. Apart from the annoyance of being constantly jostled and importuned by a ceaseless throng of eager hucksters, and the disgust of seeing every where the scattered refuse of food, where shells of peanuts are tossing about in oceans of saliva, which alternately wash continents of orange and apple peel, it is not pleasant to contemplate our dyspeptic and ravenous countrymen in the throes of the bolting process.

We boast much of the luxurious appointments of our great hotels and steamboats, and the conveniences of our railway carriages. Comfort, however, and safety are often sacrificed for show and facility. Much of the space and expense given, in our enormous caravansaries, to the resplendent reception-rooms might be curtailed to the manifest advantage of the bedchambers, which are generally small and comfortless. If, moreover, there were less height and extent to the parlors and saloons, it would be possible to bring down the high-perched sleeping-cells to within escaping distance to the street, in case of fire. In regard to the gingerbread-work of our steamboat saloons, it always suggests to us the suspicion that it is at the cost of soundness to the hull and completeness to the machinery. But if not, we would rather dispense with an ornamentation that is not seldom incongruous and offensive to taste. The less that is said about the rapidity and convenience of our railway travel the better, until some means are discovered of arresting its career of murder. Sydney Smith thought that to check railroad disaster in England a burned bishop might be effective: "Let the burned bishop, the unwilling

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Latimer," said he, consolingly, "remember that, however painful gradual cineration by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public." A director perpetually tied to a locomotive in the guise of a modern Mazeppa, might perhaps serve a good purpose in America. He and his fellows might then be more zealous to secure soundness to their steam-horses and clearness to their tracks. They would certainly discover by personal experience that life is more valuable to the traveler than a dividend to a stockholder. Though in favor, generally, of the greatest possible freedom of enterprise, the ill-management of our railroads, as far as the security of passengers is concerned, disposes us to wish for the interference of Government. In France and Germany, where travel on the railways is managed by the public authorities, accidents have become so rare that the risk to life has been reduced almost to zero.

Business carries more Americans to Europe, as it does to every part of the world, than any other motive. Our representatives abroad were in past times almost exclusively some enterprising Yankee traders, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, made an occasional trip to London, Paris, and the Continent, on the prospective profits of their ventures to Liverpool, and purchases of dry-goods and hardware at Manchester and Birmingham. It was then that our fastidious countryman, Fenimore Cooper, declared that his respectable fellow-citizens passed throughout Europe for second-class Englishmen. They were worthy *bourgeois*, as the French call them; and though their pretensions may have occasionally provoked a higher comparison, they should have been estimated by the standard of decent citizenship, and judged accordingly. If their manners wanted the grace of the debonair *milors* and *miladies* of the English aristocracy, who were flashing their orders and diamonds from court to court, and exercising their practiced connoisseurship in the picture-galleries of Europe, it was no reason to sneer at our fellow-citizens. If in traveling they sought to furbish themselves by the hasty application of foreign polish, or gratify a natural curiosity of seeing what was to be seen, they were exercising an undeniable right, and engaging in a not illaudable pursuit. Their substantial virtues, of which they possessed at least an average share, should have warded off all scorn of their attempts, however awkward, at acquiring the graces.

We have now, with the rapid increase of wealth in our country, a large number of travelers to Europe of more exalted pretensions than the worthy itinerant tradesmen of former times. You would fall far short of their estimate of themselves if you should rank them with second-class Englishmen, or any grade of mankind lower than the highest. Can't many of them count incomes with the richest of Europe? Don't they occupy more expensive apartments in the Place Vendôme than the British peer in the same hotel? Are not their equipages as fine and their liveries as showy as the most resplendent of the London parks or the Bois de Boulogne? Are not their wives and daughters—thanks to the facile presentations of their politic national representatives—able to glitter their diamonds in imperial and queenly eyes at court ball and levee?

It is not easy to analyze the vague and confused motives which induce our wealthy people to travel abroad. Many of them go for no better reason than because traveling costs money, and being necessarily more or less exclusive, is approved by fashion. Paterfamilias may have some vague notion of getting more worth for his dollars by greater opportunities for display or the enjoyment of luxury. His wife is bent, perhaps, on a presentation to court, that on her return she may hold up her head with her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, who has enjoyed the honor before her. His daughter is probably indulging in pleasant anticipatory visions of a close approximation to the whiskers of a genuine count, or of the possession of a French bonnet fresh from the hands of the Empress's own modiste. His son, no doubt, is dreaming of Parisian boots, the freedom of Parisian cafés, and the facility of Parisian damsels. With these motives may be mixed some indefinite expectations of beholding cities of palaces, great galleries of statues and paintings, brilliant assemblages in operas and theatres, court shows, and live monarchs and noblemen. To prepare for a journey prompted by such motives, Paterfamilias and his family have nothing to do but to secure an unlimited credit at their banker's, obtain passports, letters of introduction to our ministers abroad, and the addresses from their traveled friends of the most fashionable and expensive hotels, shop-keepers, boot-makers, *modistes*, and *marchands de modes* in Europe, buy a library of guide-books, and pack their portmanteaus. All they shall have to show on their return will be a heavy bill of expense, a stock of Parisian dresses, bonnets, boots, shoes, and gloves, an increased assumption of importance, which will make them disliked by their acquaintances, and a taste for foreign luxury which will render their own country unpalatable to themselves.

Lord Bacon thought more gravely of travel. "It is," he said, "in the younger sort a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that traveleth before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.....The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to embassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where they are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses, ware-

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houses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go;..... let him [the traveler] sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he traveleth." Bacon closes this formidable summary of the duties of a traveler with the recommendation that, on his return home, he should "let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

Our countrymen and countrywomen abroad are easily distinguished from even the English who speak the same language. They have certain characteristics peculiarly their own, and these never seem so marked as when contrasted with those of the people of foreign lands, and especially of Great Britain, with whom, as being of the same race and tongue, a comparison is constantly provoked. The rotundity and succulence of form, ruddiness of hue, thickness—even to grossness—of feature, and general ponderousness of limb of John Bull and his wife, present such a contrast to the angularity and dryness of the meagre frames, to the yellow complexions, the delicately-cut faces, and prevailing lightness of structure of Jonathan and his *lady*—as he persists in dignifying his better-half—that no one need be a Cuvier to distinguish the two. There is no more chance of confounding the one with the other than the elephant with the giraffe.

Their costume, particularly while traveling, is as distinctive as their physical qualities. The English clothe themselves in their roughest suits, and, taught caution by the rudeness of their own inclement climate, are provided with heaps of mufflers, blankets, umbrellas, and galoshes, against any possible emergency of season. The Americans flaunt every where, by land or on water, in the finest broadcloth and glossiest silk, and seem defiant, by their heedlessness of provision, of all the changes of weather. English travelers, with their bulky frames hung with loose sacks and stuff gowns of coarse texture, and their big feet clogged with heavy boots, shoes, and gaiters, appear by no means graceful, when starting on a journey, in comparison with our lightsome countrymen and countrywomen, in all the jauntiness of their flimsy and superfine drapery. Tested, however, by the shakes and tossings, dust and dirt, the alternate rain and shine of an expedition by rail or steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Bull will appear, in its course and at its close, a more presentable couple than Esquire Jonathan and his lady. The former will be none the worse for the wear and tear of the journey, the latter will be most decidedly damaged. We hardly need say that well-preserved homeliness is more seemly than spoiled finery. The English, from a rigid economy and an affectation of plainness, make themselves unnecessarily ugly. The Americans, from a loose expenditure and a fondness of display, are inordinately fine.

Our fellow-citizens—though their national pride, which they make manifest by the most boastful demonstration, in the greatness of their native land, always clings to them—adapt themselves with more facility to foreign customs and manners than the English. "We," says Thackeray, speaking of his British fellow-citizens, whom he knew so well, "carry with us our pride, pills, prejudices, Harvey sauces, cayenne peppers, and other *lares*, making a little Britain where we settle down." An Englishman will, after years of residence in Paris, still insist in glutting himself to stupidity with underdone beef and port-wine at the *Taverne Britannique*, and oppressing his brows and feet with heavy English hats and ill-made shoes. He clings to his national customs, however painful; like the Scotchman who, as Goldsmith tells us, would not be cured of the itch, for it reminded him of Maggie and bonnie Dundee. An American has hardly been a day in Paris when he is walking the Boulevards in the latest Parisian fashion, and puzzling out a French dinner from the incomprehensible *carte* of the *Trois Frères*.

Our countrymen and countrywomen have acquired quite a European reputation for the freedom with which they part with their money. They are always, in spite of the Continental proverb, "None but fools and princes travel in first-class carriages," to be found in them. This luxurious indulgence once served them a good turn. During that terrific catastrophe, in 1842, on the Paris and Versailles Railway, when so many were burned to death, and among them some of the most distinguished people of France and other countries, there was not an American who had a hair singed. Our countrymen—and there was a large number—had all, without exception, taken places in the *diligences*, or first-class carriages, and thus escaped; for none but the *wagons*, or second-class, which were nearest to the broken-down locomotive, were heaped upon its fiery furnace, in which they and their inmates were reduced to a common cinder. Our republican citizens never put up but at the most expensive hotels, where their bills for choice viands, rare wines, and other luxuries, are the heaviest. They forego no sight or indulgence, and so overpay every courier, guide, and servant, that they are universally complained of by the less profuse as the spoilers of Continental travel.

Thackeray describes the American traveler as dressed in the most fashionably-cut coat of the finest broadcloth, the glossiest waistcoat, the most artistic trowsers, the freshest kid-gloves, and the neatest of Parisian boots, worn by the smallest feet. He puts the largest and primest of cigars in the mouth of our polished countryman, however, and places him, we are grieved to say, in the worst of Continental company.

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Hood photographs an American traveler of another sort. He was, he says, "a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine—his face being of the same color as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication." We are not disposed to complain of this by no means flattering picture of our countryman, since Hood is no more indulgent to the features of his fellow-Englishman whom he sketches, by way of contrast—and whom, moreover, as we shall see, he makes the victim of the superior shrewdness of the American. He describes his countryman as "a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving his shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard." The two are fellow-voyagers across the Channel, and as seasickness is a reasonable expectation, the ruddy Englishman keeps his eye upon the yellow Yankee—"a walking jaundice" he calls him—who's the man to be sick, while he himself is the man to be well, he thinks, in order to mark the first approaches of that dreadful malady. John Bull, however, is soon forced to give up his observations of Jonathan, whom he leaves on deck, "with a d—d cigar in his mouth," while he retires below to the relief of a basin and brandy-and-water. "I had even painted Campbell-like," says Hood, writing in the character of a traveler, in his humorous extravaganza of a "'Tour up the Rhine," "that wretched character a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the main-top, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, 'Yes! there he is!—he's been up there all night, and every soul but himself down below!' The speaker was the red-faced man. 'A pretty considerable bad night, Sir!' said his antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. 'An awful one indeed!' said the red face; 'of course, you've been sick at last?' 'Not a notion of it.' 'Egad, then,' cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion-way, 'you must have some secret for it worth knowing!' 'I guess I have,' answered the other, very quietly. 'Renounce me if I didn't think so!' exclaimed the red face, in a tone of triumph; 'it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is.' 'It's a bargain,' said the yellow face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. 'Now, then!' said the Carnation. 'Why, then,' said Yellow Flower of the forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, 'you must first go to sea, man and boy, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life!'"

The impassibleness of the American under circumstances so trying to the nerves of travelers from other countries is one of his most marked characteristics. Born in a land of amazing facts, he is not apt to be surprised with the wonders of the rest of the world. He is not like the "used up" European who looks into the crater of Vesuvius, and languidly drawls out, "There is nothing in it!" but he scrutinizes every thing with so steady an eye that he sees all, his sight not being dimmed by his own emotion, or dazzled by any reflected glare. The curiosities of the older world attract his interest—and no traveler is more inquisitive—but seldom excite his feelings. There are none, perhaps, who travel abroad that so eagerly seek a presentation at court as our republican countrymen, yet the surprise has been expressed by royalty itself at their imperturbability in the presence of majesty.

It is not surprising that an American, familiar with the great cataract of Niagara, our great lakes and great rivers, should show but little emotion at the sight of even the most striking features of European scenery. A countryman of ours, having, in the course of a northern tour in Great Britain, passed through what is termed the "Lake District," was asked if he had seen *the* lakes. As he seemed to doubt whether he had beheld those wonders of English sight-seers he was reminded by his questioner that he had passed through Cumberland and Westmoreland. "So I did," he rejoined; "and now I recollect I did see some water as I came along."

There are many stories afloat of the mistakes made by travelers in the course of their collision with foreign language and customs of which they were ignorant. A Western man, having made a sudden fortune by one of those happy accidents which are always, in our country, falling to the lot of every other person but ourselves, such as striking oil in a muddy creek or gold and silver in a rocky desert, was eager to appreciate its benefits. So he went to Paris, where all good Americans are said to go when they die, not doubting that in that luxurious capital he should get the worth of his money. As his dinner, in common with the rest of mankind, was a primary necessity with him, he entered a restaurant in the Palais Royal with an appetite provoked to inordinate sharpness by the prospect of a French dinner, which he had heard so highly extolled. On taking his seat, and while contemplating with satisfaction the display of prosperity about him, in the profusion of picture, gilt, and glass, which reflected his gaunt and hungry features a thousandfold, the *garçon* laid before him, with his politest bow, the *carte*, or bill of fare. Not knowing a word of a foreign language, and hardly his own, he had no means of communicating his wants but by pointing with his finger to the items as laid down in the handsome book in his hand. As the long list of *potages*, *poissons*, *entrées*, *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, *desserts*, *vins*, etc., was but a continued succession of mysteries, or so much French which was Greek to him, he thought he could do no better than begin at the beginning. He accordingly pointed to the first article in the bill of fare, and was soon provided with a plate of *consommé*, or beef soup. He ate it with a

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relish, and pronounced it excellent. As his first experiment had been so successful he resolved to persevere in his plan, and pointed out the second article to the *garçon*, who soon supplied him with a *potage Julienne*—Julienne soup. This, too, he devoured with satisfaction, but thought he was getting rather too much soup. He, however, still persevered, and ordered the third article in the long list, and was provided with a *potage purée aux pois*—pea soup. This soon disappeared before the eager voracity of the unsatisfied diner; but though he could not complain of its quality, he felt that he had now decidedly too much soup. He therefore resolved upon making a skip from the top to the bottom of the copious bill of fare, and fell upon *cure-dents*, thinking that having got well out of the latitude of the sea of soups he would be sure to reach some more substantial landing-place. Having pointed out the word, his order was immediately followed by the obedient *garçon*, who brought him the *cure-dents*, or tooth-picks. Our Western friend now jumped up from the table in a rage, and cried out, with infinite disgust: "Three soups and a tooth-pick! That's what they call a French dinner, is it? By jingo! I'll make tracks for old Kentuck, and live for the rest of my days on bacon and chicken fixins!"

Two tailors, whose bills had been paid with unusual promptitude, resolved upon spending their unexpected profits in a tour to Paris. As they had naturally provided themselves with the best their shops could afford, they saw no reason why, with their exteriors done up according to the latest style, they should not present themselves as men of fashion and rank. They accordingly determined to sink the shop and pass in the gay capital as two English *milords*. On arriving in Paris and entering a restaurant they managed to make known to the waiter that they wanted dinner. "*Tout à l'heure*" (which sounds very like, when pronounced by a French tongue, *two tailor*), immediately answered the *garçon*. Thinking that their disguise was penetrated, the would-be *milords* left the restaurant at once and entered another, with the hope of better luck. On ordering their dinner they were a second time met with the ordinary response: "*Tout à l'heure*" (two tailor). They now gave up all further designs upon the supposed credulity of Parisian waiters, and hurried back to their shops in Broadway.

Another traveler, who had not made much progress in his Ollendorf, and had left his French dictionary at home, was taking his dinner in a French eating-house, when he thought he would fancy a pigeon. Having forgotten the French for the word, and seeing upon the painted walls a bird which looked like the one he wanted, he asked, pointing it out to the *garçon*, "*Qu'est ce, que c'est ça en Français?*" "*Un St. Esprit, Monsieur*," replied the man, for it happened to be a dove, emblematical of the Holy Ghost. "*Donnez-moi deux St. Esprits*," rejoined the unintentionally-profane diner, much to the confusion of the *garçon*, who, though his infinite complacency would have undertaken to supply almost any thing else, found his powers of compliance suddenly arrested by this extraordinary order.

CONTRAST.

HELEN was rich, nineteen, and beautiful. Nor did the catalogue of her gifts end thus abruptly; a generous heart and intellect of no mean order had been added. Aspirations noble and lovely, if somewhat vague, filled her spirit. To be, to do, to suffer, if need were, in defense of truth, in service to her kind—this was her theory of life.

She stood at her window one perfect summer morning, the soft air freshening her peachy cheeks, and let all the beauty of the time sink slowly into her soul. A calm ecstasy possessed her; her eyes filled with tears of gratitude and delight. As through this mood she seemed to view the burdened, suffering millions of earth, her heart went out to them in tenderest compassion. The roll of wheels aroused her from this trance of feeling. Looking in the direction of the sound, she saw a rude establishment advancing down the street—a one-horse wagon of the homeliest pattern, drawn by an ancient steed, whose halting gait and high development of bone were quite unmatched in her experience. On the hard seat, bringing the springs well together, sat a stout pair, in whom she recognized Mr. Bowen, the Methodist minister, and his wife. Just opposite her window they paused.

"Good-morning, Brother Porter!" said the pastor's cheery voice to an acquaintance on the sidewalk.

"Good-morning, Sir! And how do *you* do, Sister Bowen?" responded the person addressed, as he came to the side of the wagon and shook hands with its occupants.

"Oh, I'm always well, you know," said Mrs. Bowen, heartily. "And how's Sister Porter and Luransy?"

"Usually well, thank you. Singing-class meet to-night, Brother Bowen?"

"Yes—at early candle-light; and that's why I stopped you. You'll be down?"

"I'll try my best to."

"Well, don't forget those tunes—'Delight' and 'The Love Feast.' They'll be the very thing for the children." And with cordial farewells the friends departed on their separate ways.

This Vandal irruption of the commonest life put to flight all Helen's high, enthusiastic musings. "I wonder where they are going," she thought, looking after the crazy vehicle—"to spend the day somewhere, I suppose. What an endless round of visiting some people do keep up!" This aimless, profitless intercourse was her particular abhorrence. She wasted a few conjectures as to what could be its object—what food could be found in it for any thing except the body. Then, taking a handsome volume

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from the book-case filled with such, forgot her own thoughts in those of some master mind.

While she read the ancient steed moved on, and the cheery pair behind him took counsel together concerning a hundred little interests. Almost of a height they were as they sat there side by side, and so like that you could hardly tell them apart. The same round, solid face, the same substantial rosiness, the same big blue eyes and happy smile were under hat and bonnet.

"I guess we had better just look in at Sister Sayres's," said Mrs. Bowen; "she wasn't out to meeting Sunday, and I'm afraid she's got one of her poorly spells. We've a good early start, and can spend a long day at Brother Franklin's after that."

Rosinante was brought to a not unwilling halt before a dilapidated little brown house, and the twain dismounted. No one responding to their knock, Mrs. Bowen went around to the back of the dwelling, where she discovered its mistress in the midst of preparations for washing. The boiler was steaming on the stove, and a heap of soiled clothing lay by the side of the tub.

"I'm ashamed to have you come and catch me washing Tuesday, and so late in the morning too," spake Mrs. Sayres—a tall spectre of a woman, with hectic cheeks and eyes of feverish brightness. "But I was too sick yesterday to lift my head off the pillow, and to-day I'm so weak that I can't accomplish nothing to signify."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Bowen. "Why, Sister Sayres, you *are* im-prew-dent! You don't look fit to be off the bed this minute!"

"That's true enough," said the poor woman, deprecatingly; "but what could I do? The children hain't many changes, and I can't bear to have them go to school looking so. I can't tell what they'd be like before another Monday came round. It's so hard, you know, to keep children out of the dirt; they take to it as a duck does to water."

"To be sure they do!" said Mrs. Bowen, laughing. "You've no need to tell me that when I've six of my own to teach me. It's healthy for them, that's one comfort. But I've got a plan in my head. Mr. Bowen," she called, stepping to the door, "will you just come round here? Now, Sister Sayres," she continued, "I know the air'll do you good; it always does; and I'll put some pillows in the wagon to make you comfortable; and, Mr. Bowen, you must just give her a little ride. Don't drive fast, to jolt her" (as if he *could* have done it with that horse!); "but just jog along, easy and pleasant, and while you're gone I'll get out this washing."

"Oh, Sister Bowen, you mustn't!" cried the invalid. "I can't think of letting you."

"I guess you'll have to," said the minister, showing a set of milk-white teeth in the broadest of smiles. "We're two to one, you see, and you don't look as if you could make much fight."

So, spite of all opposition, Sister Sayres was invested with shawl and bonnet and placed in the buggy.

"And now," said Mrs. Bowen, "if you'll just tell me where to find some old thing to put on, for it would never do to spot my new delaine!"

The needful directions given, she duly arrayed herself in a blue spotted calico, which refused to meet about the waist, and trailed a quarter of a yard upon the floor. "The most fashionably-made dress I've had on this long time," she thought, as she pinned up the superabundant length; and then, carefully hanging up the new delaine, proceeded to her task.

How Helen would have smiled at that carefulness! Just a common delaine, cotton one way, and not particularly nice, even of its kind. But then she would not have known how long Mrs. Bowen had wanted it, how many times she had felt the need of it, before it had seemed right to make the purchase. She could never have guessed the economy and contrivance that went to its getting up—how the back breadths of a worn-out calico had furnished the facing, and an old gingham apron the sleeve-linings—how much ingenuity was expended in elaborating the garment from a scanty pattern—in the interval of what numerous labors it had been put together. Done it was at last, and very tidy did Mrs. Bowen's plump form appear in it, spite of the plain material and total absence of trimming; and very comfortable did she feel. Indeed, her eye went complacently toward it more than once as she bent over the foaming tub.

It was a pleasure to see the good woman at that washing; she went into it with such a cheerful, whole-hearted energy. As a clever writer said a while ago, "She rubbed away as if the health and cleanliness of the whole Army of the Potomac depended on her individual efforts." Her strong white arms plunged into the suds and emerged again with wonderful rapidity, and all traces of soil retired at a corresponding pace from the objects she attacked. The shortened calico displayed her sturdy ankles and the rolled-up sleeve revealed a muscular development that Dr. Dio Lewis would have gloried in. Bones, somewhere, Sister Bowen must have had, we may presume, but no external sign of them was visible unless the deep dimples in her wrists and hands afforded such indication. Ever as she wrought she sang—not loudly, but in a clear, distinct voice, and with an earnestness as if her own heart were speaking—

"Come, sinner, to the Gospel Feast,
'Tis mercy bids you come!
Each message from God's precious Word
Declares there yet is room, declares there yet is room!"

Meanwhile the minister and his charge jogged leisurely along as they had been directed. It was not every morning that Mr. Bowen could take a drive; he kept no horse, and the kindness of a parishioner had furnished him the means of the present excursion. He enjoyed it with a zest proportioned to its rarity. The clear sky,

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the buttercup-enameled fields, the depth of shady woods, the gushes of perfume as stray winds stirred the clover, all the sweet picture of summer beauty and content moved him as it had moved Helen an hour before.

"Oh," said he, turning to his companion with a beaming face, "isn't it enough to praise the Lord for that we're alive on such a day?"

But Sister Sayres's countenance betrayed no answering gleam; a deeper sadness, rather, settled on it.

"I'm glad you feel so, Brother Bowen," she replied; "it's the right way, I know, and I'd rejoice to. But somehow most every thing makes my heart sink instead of rise. It's partly poor health, I suppose—and then there's other things, you know."

"Other things!" The minister was well aware of all that summary included. One who should have been a help and stay but was now a grief and shame; poverty growing deeper every year; children coming up without a father's care or guidance; prospects bad almost beyond the hope of brightening.

"Yes, I know," he answered, with a sigh; "and it's not much to the purpose that I do. I can't help you except with my prayers and a few friendly words. But I'll tell you who else knows, and it's every thing to have him—it's the Lord Jesus. There isn't a time you feel downhearted and discouraged that He isn't sorry for you; and if you can only look to Him with faith He'll surely send you comfort. He can change all these things that trouble you, or, if He doesn't see fit to do it, He can turn every one of them into a blessing. Only look to Him and lean upon Him, Sister Sayres."

"I try to," she said, humbly.

"Don't rest there," said the minister, with his kindest smile. "*Do it.* Venture upon Him; don't be afraid. Why, Sister Sayres, I think we lose half our birth-right through our cowardice. We feel as if 'twas inconsistent for such a mighty God to care about our little daily matters, except as they affect our state toward Him. I know how it used to be with me. I had a kind of feeling as if the Lord was away off upon a throne, surrounded with glory and majesty; and I used to go to Him at stated times and make my little offering of worship among the myriads. But I found that wasn't enough; I wanted something with me, around me, all the time. And the more I read His promises the more convinced I grew that He was ready to be so to every soul that wanted Him. I learned to look to Him any where, every where, and to feel that He concerned Himself about all that interested me. Not only about His glory and my salvation, but about my little wants and comforts and occupations. It's our privilege to have the Lord for our dear friend as well as our Saviour, if we will only take Him."

Sister Sayres listened earnestly; the thoughts, it is true, were no strangers to her, but there was such a heartiness of faith in the minister's tones, his happy life seconded his words so well, that the poor soul drew from them new strength and comfort. Gradually he turned the conversation to other topics, but with a skillfulness that avoided painful ground. So that Sister Sayres in talking of her Johnny was led to dwell upon his quickness at his book rather than on his abounding lack of every sort of clothing; on Juley Ann's helpful ways and voice for singing instead of her scanty prospects for the future. Calmed and refreshed in body and spirit she drew near home.

"If there ain't the clothes on the line already!" she exclaimed. "What a master-hand Sister Bowen is to turn off work!"

"She has such good health, you see," said the minister. "It's only when I meet some one like you, Sister Sayres, that I realize what a blessing it is to be strong and able for any thing that comes along. But you're right about Mary," he added, aiding his charge's descent from the wagon; "she will do more, and make less fuss about it, than any one I ever set eyes upon."

Going in they found the subject of this eulogy in the last stages of mopping up and putting away. The boiler had already retired to its shelf in the wood-shed, and in its place the tea-kettle was singing merrily.

"Do you expect the children home at noon?" asked Mrs. Bowen.

"No. They took their dinner-baskets, and *he's* over to Mr. Longworth's farm for the day."

"Then you won't do much cooking, I suppose. I'll just make you a cup of tea and a bit of toast, and then, Sister Sayres, I advise you to lie down and nap a while. Don't try to work to-day, and you'll be all the smarter for it to-morrow."

A few finishing touches given, the worthy pair departed, and soon arrived at Brother Franklin's. A contrast, this, to the dwelling they had left. A great white house, rich in green blinds and piazzas, trim fences bounding its domain, great barns awaiting hay and harvest. A cordial welcome greeted them, and they sat down to a board groaning with plenty. The meal ended, Mr. Bowen and his host adjourned to view the numerous attractions of the farm, while the ladies betook themselves to the shaded seclusion of the parlor. It was a pretty room, gilt paper on the walls, a Brussels carpet on the floor, the needful proportion of *têtes-à-tête* and what-nots, two or three bits of *biscuit* even, and a few engravings. Besides which, the industry of Sister Franklin's oldest daughter had hung a tidy in every available position, and garnished the tables with mop-mats, crochet-mats, and bead-mats innumerable. Mrs. Bowen admired the apartment with entire oblivion of the home-made carpet and maple chairs which constituted the plenishing of her own best room. She was fond of pretty things, and the engravings especially delighted her; there was a face in one of them at which she looked again and again, thinking she had never seen any thing so sweet.

Two o'clock drew near, and fresh visitors were seen advancing up the graveled path to the front-

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door. A resounding bell-peal was heard, and one of those gatherings ensued which Helen had so deprecated. What a perfect hail-storm of "sisters" flew about! It was, "How do *you* do, Sister Meigs?" "How's your health, Sister Beecher?" "Glad to see you, Sister Stun" (Stone). "Sister Franklin, let me make you acquainted with Sister Stun, from Checkerville, Sister Meigs's niece." "*You* here, Sister Bowen! —well, I *am* pleased. And how's Brother Bowen and the children?" "Sister Bowen," of course, responds with cordiality, while Fanny Franklin, helping the ladies take off their things in the best bedroom, wonders why people *will* so pronounce the pastoral name.

The company was presently distributed among the various comfortable seats of the parlor. Sister Meigs was an elderly dame of the plainest type of speech and person; she wore an aged satin levantine and no hoops, and knitted away vigorously with a sheath pinned to her waist. Sister Stone, who was young and pretty, shone in a neat checked silk and sundry bright-hued ribbons of a surety not recommended in "the discipline," but highly becoming nevertheless. Sister Beecher and the hostess were nice-looking middle-aged women; with the rotund form and pleasant smile of our dear Sister Bowen we are already familiar.

What an amount of talking five women can accomplish between two o'clock and tea-time! How many subjects are brought up, canvassed, and dismissed; what traits of character are exhibited, how fully human nature is displayed! The present company had at least a thousand themes of converse. Some were denominational, as the meeting of Conference and the appointment of Presidin' Elder; the "location" of various preachers; how Father Graves was about to "superannooate," and Brother Lloyd was on a "station;" when camp-meeting would be held, and so on. There was farm-talk and dairy-talk, neighborhood-news and village-news. Mrs. Bowen by-and-by brought up, as she had all the time intended, the case of Mrs. Sayres; she spoke of the ill-health she knew about and the lack of comfort she suspected.

"Sister Sayres would get along a great deal better if she hadn't so much ambition," remarked Mrs. Franklin. "She hurts herself working when she ain't fit for it."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Bowen. "But you know how hard it is to keep quiet when there's every thing to be done."

"It's *dret*-ful!" exclaimed Sister Beecher. "There ain't no such trial in this world as to lie by and see hired help a-slammin' round and wastin' every thing."

"Sister Sayres doesn't have much of that sort of trial," said Mrs. Bowen, half smiling. "Whatever there is, she must do it or it goes undone."

"I should think her Juley Ann was big enough to help some," observed Mrs. Franklin.

"She does all she can, poor child; but there's school, and a mile and a half to walk each way, and Sister Sayres can't bear to keep her out. She wants her to do what she can toward getting an education now, for by-and-by she may not have the chance." And every one agreed that this was well.

"What a shame that her husband drinks and goes on so!" exclaimed Sister Beecher. "He might get good wages and make his family comfortable."

"Never *did* amount to nothing!" spoke up Sister Meigs from behind her knitting-sheath. "A poor, shif'less stick he always was, even before he took to drink!"

"And yet there must be something good about him," said Mrs. Bowen. "She thinks a deal of him, even yet; and she told me once what a mercy it was that nothing he took ever made him cross, as it does some. He's always kind and pleasant with the children; they're fond of him, though they can't help seeing what the trouble is. And even now he has times of being sorry and promising that he'll reform."

"And I suppose she believes him," said Mrs. Beecher, scornfully.

"Well, she would naturally wish to, you know."

"That's it," said Sister Beecher. "She's been too easy! A regular up-and-down woman that wouldn't *stand* being abused would have had a great deal better chance with him."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Bowen. "Long habit is a powerful thing. I'm afraid nothing but grace can reach it. Somehow I never can help hoping that his time will come; "he is so respectable-looking when he's sober, and has such a pleasant way with him. I feel so sorry and ashamed sometimes when we meet and I see what ails him. At any rate, whatever *he* is, we know that Sister Sayres is worthy; and I'm afraid she's very much in need of comforts." There was a pause.

"We killed a veal yesterday," said Mrs. Franklin, breaking in upon it. "I'll take her over a nice piece to-morrow. Those was good cutlets, didn't you think, Sister Bowen?" That lady acquiesced. "Yes, I'll take her a bit—and a roll or so from my last churning—and a bowl of currant jelly, too, I guess. It 'll make her a good drink if she's feverish."

"I could let her have some pork just as well as not," said Miss Beecher, in a relenting tone; "but then I dare say she's got plenty."

"Good pork will keep, you know," said Mrs. Bowen; "and yours is always so sweet and solid," she added, with a touch of serpent wisdom.

"Well, I don't care if I take her half a dozen pounds or so; and maybe she'd like a little cheese. I cut one a day or two ago, and Mr. Beecher said it was about the best he ever ate." Sister Meigs promised a quantity of dried apples and some maple sirup, while Sister Stone took a gold dollar from a pretty pearl portemonnaie and asked the pastor's wife to expend it in some little matter for the invalid—whatever she thought best. Our friend's heart "sung for joy" at the success of her appeal.

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A more audible singing soon succeeded. Fanny Franklin had but just "graduated" from the Conference Seminary, where she was supposed to have acquired an untold stock of accomplishments, music among the rest. Her piano, a real Chickering, which had cost Brother Franklin nobody knew how many hundreds, stood invitingly open, and she was urged to give the company a tune. She played a Quickstep or two; then, being asked for a song, performed the Irish Emigrant's Lament and the Blue Juniata with great applause. This inspired her to go through the Bridge of Sighs, a favorite of her own, though considered by her mother "most too solemn." It was received in ominous silence, broken at last by Sister Meigs, who recounted how she had once known a child drowned in a tub of bluing water which its mother had neglected to empty when the washing was over. Whereupon the young musician, more amused than she ought to have been by a circumstance so tragic, made her escape to the kitchen to oversee the tea-arrangements.

Soon after she left Mr. Bowen and his host came in. They had gone leisurely over the farm, admiring the luxuriant growth of timothy, almost ready for the scythe, and the waving promise of wheat and oats; strolling through the well-timbered wood-lot, or viewing the sleek cattle who chewed the cud placidly beneath the shade and turned a mild, observant eye on the intruders. Coming home they paused in the orchard, and the owner pointed out his favorite trees laden with choice fruit.

"This is nice!" said the minister, with enthusiasm, as he took in the many evidences of thrift and plenty around him; "this is what I call nice! The Lord has prospered you, Brother Franklin."

"Well—yes," admitted his friend, with a little seeming reluctance. "But I work for it, I tell you! I work for it! You ministers live easy; you don't know much about what 'tis to carry on a farm."

"We have our own labors, which we sometimes think severe. But you find your work pays, don't you?"

"Why, I suppose it does; but nothing nigh what you'd imagine. There's hired help—and fences—and a hundred other things. And then the taxes! Taxes do eat up a farm these days. I get 'most sick of it sometimes."

"Now, to me," said Mr. Bowen, "this place looks the very picture of comfort and abundance."

"I dare say. You just see the outside, and that's pleasant enough. But I'd be glad to swap with you, Brother Bowen, I would indeed."

"You think so?" said the minister, with a curious smile. It was not the first time by many that he had heard a thriving parishioner "talk poor."

"Yes, I would. You haven't such a great deal round you; but then you've the less to see to; you know what you've got, and can live on it snug and comfortable."

"Pretty snug, to be sure," said the minister, smiling. "How much do you suppose my income amounts to in a year, Brother Franklin?"

"Well, I couldn't just say—you get a good deal in kind, of course?"

"I can tell you then. Since I entered the ministry, fourteen years ago, I never have received four hundred dollars any year."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the farmer, taken aback. And then recovering himself, "Oh! you mean you never had that much in cash; but ministers get such sights of presents."

"No, no," replied Mr. Bowen; "I mean that I never, reckoning every thing at its full market value, received the worth of four hundred dollars any year since I began to preach."

Mr. Franklin looked puzzled. "Why, how do you manage it?" he asked. "There's eight of you altogether."

"To be sure. And I hope there'll never be any less, please God."

"The truth is, I don't see how you make out a living," admitted the farmer, frankly.

"Well, I hardly see, myself. We never could if I hadn't been blessed with such a helpmeet. Mrs. Bowen will make sixpence do the work of a shilling any day. One thing we're both agreed upon; the children *must* have an education whatever we do without. We've managed so far; but you can see it hasn't been done without denying ourselves a great many things that it's pleasant to have. What we shall do as our expenses grow larger I can't just tell; but I don't borrow trouble. The Lord will provide, as He always has done;" and the minister's blue eyes glowed with new cheerfulness. "I don't commonly make a practice of talking over my affairs," he added, with a laugh, "but you seemed to think I was in such very affluent circumstances that I was tempted to state the facts."

Mr. Franklin remained quite thoughtful for some time after these disclosures, and he piled the minister's plate at tea-time with every good thing upon the table; whether they produced any more permanent result I can not say. But what would Helen's astonishment have been could she have heard them! She had denied herself a ribbon or a jewel often for the sake of others; indeed in the gay circles of the city where much of her time was spent she had been accustomed to feel that her attire was plain. Yet there was never a year when her personal expenses did not reach a larger sum than served this family of eight for their entire maintenance.

Soon after tea the company dispersed; Helen saw the pastor and his wife drive homeward through the rosy twilight. Her own day had been pleasant and not devoid of profit. She had taken a long ride over the hills—she had read and digested a good portion of a valuable work—she had given liberally to a deserving object. But she did not guess as she watched the two stout figures fade into the distance that the reality of many of her fairest dreams was passing in that humble guise; that the Faith, the Hope, the Charity, to which she longingly aspired were that day, and every day, made manifest in such prosaic lives.

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ULYSSES S. GRANT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.

THE clearest conception of the characters of Generals Sherman and Thomas is obtained by contrasting them. A correct estimate of General Grant may be had by forming in the imagination a character combining the peculiarities of both Sherman and Thomas; for in the person of the Lieutenant-General the very opposite qualities which distinguish the others meet and combine with singular grace and felicity, forming one of the noblest characters which the war has developed. General Grant does not make so effective or, so to speak, so dramatic a picture as Sherman, nor does he present so dignified an appearance as Thomas; yet he combines in himself the originality and energy of the first with the deliberation, coolness, and pertinacity of the latter. He has Sherman's originality of mind, and like him has given expression to several new and striking thoughts upon the subject of the rebellion and its suppression, but they have invariably been clothed in the full, rounded, and stately periods of Thomas rather than the sharp, curt, and nervous language of Sherman. He has planned sev-

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eral campaigns with not less of originality than that displayed by Sherman, but they have always been executed with the deliberation and persistence which is so prominent a characteristic of Thomas. Sherman has given us several splendid illustrations of Strategy and Logistics; as witness his marches in Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas; but his battles will never be quoted as brilliant examples of Grand Tactics. Thomas has displayed his abilities chiefly in the tactics of the battle-field, and has given us at Mill Spring and Nashville two splendid illustrations of the offensive, and at Chickamauga a magnificent example of defensive battle; but his marches, which are always slow and labored, are never likely to become famous. Grant has excelled in both these important branches of the art of war, and has given us brilliant examples of each; and though he has shown no extraordinary engineering ability in constructing defenses he has done better in reducing those of the rebels. He uses the strategy of Sherman to reach his chosen battle-field, and then employs the grand tactics of Thomas to win the victory. His own definition of strategy will perhaps make this idea plainer to the reader, who will not object that it comes in the "questionable shape" of a hitherto unpublished anecdote of the General.

Shortly after the battles of Chattanooga, General Grant was sitting in his head-quarters at Nashville, with his feet comfortably stretched before the fire, while he enjoyed himself with puffing and chewing his cigar with that completeness of repose which strangers to his habits have called a dullness of facial expression. Quarter-master-General Meigs sat near him, while General W. F. Smith, who had but a short time before made himself quite a reputation with Grant, by the skillful operations in Lookout Valley in October, 1863, paced the floor apparently absorbed in thought. Meigs noticing this, broke the silence which had lasted for several minutes by asking:

"What are you thinking about, 'Baldy?'"

On receiving no reply from the absorbed officer, he turned to Grant and remarked, with a laugh:

"'Baldy' is studying strategy."

Grant removed his cigar from his lips and said, with a serious air; "I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as practicable with as little loss as possible."

"And what then?" asked Meigs.

"Then? 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!'" replied the General, with more than usual spirit; then again lapsing into his accustomed taciturnity.

Grant has "crept" upon the enemy in this war on several occasions to some purpose, and with an effect which proves that his strategy is of a superior order. His strategic march to the rear of Vicksburg is already accepted as an illustration of the art of war, and not many years will elapse before it will be quoted as such in the military academies of the country. The combinations against Richmond are full of fine strategic marches and manœuvres. The flank movement around Spottsylvania Court House, and the march upon Petersburg, accomplished in the face of the enemy, are not less brilliant than that of Vicksburg; while the defeat, pursuit, and capture of Lee, are by far the most brilliant operations known to the history of modern warfare. General Grant's marches closely resemble in their general outlines those of Sherman. They are executed with all the energy and certainly as much of the skill as those of Sherman, but on a larger scale, with larger forces, and in the face of greater natural obstacles. In none of Sherman's operations has he made the passage of such streams as the Mississippi or James rivers. The mountains of Georgia furnish no more difficult passes than those of Virginia. The marches of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina are wonderful and brilliant, but they were made in the face of an enemy totally inadequate to cope with him. Those of Grant in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia, are not the less wonderful because made in the face of a strong, watchful enemy, who in Virginia, at least, had an admirably mobilized army, and because accompanied by weeks of hard contested encounters.

The numerous battles of Grant are the most important and the most successful of the war. From his first victory at Fort Donelson, through Shiloh, Corinth and Iuka, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, to the battles before Richmond, and the surrender of Lee, he has been almost uniformly successful, and his victories have been more complete, and productive of more substantial fruits, than those of any other commander. As his Strategy is that of Sherman on a larger scale, so his Grand Tactics are those of Thomas on more extensive fields. The movements and the manœuvres of the two men are the same. The movements are always deliberate and heavy; the manœuvres are always executed by massed columns formed in deep lines. Grant, like Thomas, appears to decide in his own mind the key-point of the enemy's position, and to direct his assaults to the ultimate possession of that point. He devotes every energy, and, when it is necessary, every life, to the attainment of this success, knowing that this ends the conflict. When it is gained, as at Chattanooga and during the engagements of April 2 before Petersburg, the battle is won. If he fails to reach this key of the field, as in the first assault at Vicksburg and at the Wilderness, he is beaten. If he wins the point and the victory, he immediately pursues the retreating foe, as at Chattanooga and Petersburg. But if he fails, he does not abandon the field. His mind is too rich in resources for retreat. Ceasing to be Thomas he becomes Sherman again, and has recourse to Strategy, whereby he forces the enemy to a field where his Grand Tactics will stand a better chance of success. A critical examination of Grant's campaigns will reveal these features fully developed. He fully com-

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prehends the specialty of Sherman, Strategy, as well as that of Thomas, Grand Tactics, and is master of both. He has displayed in his campaigns, all of which have been of mixed operations, all the persistence and pertinacity of Thomas combined with the originality of design and resources of mind of Sherman. But in none of his campaigns have these peculiarities been better or more brilliantly illustrated than in the campaign and battles of Chattanooga, and the not less wonderful campaign around Richmond. The first is an example of his Tactics; the latter of his Strategy.

The operations of Hooker and W. F. Smith in Lookout Valley, which were a part of the Chattanooga campaign, and which resulted in raising the siege of that stronghold by opening river communication with the base of supplies, was not less original in conception or bold and brilliant in execution than the famous march around Vicksburg. Bragg was compelled to abandon all hope of starving out the garrison or capturing Chattanooga, and he determined to attempt the seizure of Knoxville with a portion of his army under Longstreet while he kept up a show of besieging Chattanooga with the remainder. It was this movement which gave Grant the opportunity for the display of his tactical abilities. Burnside, in advising Grant of Longstreet's approach to attack him, reported that he (Burnside) held a line on the Tennessee River, from Loudon to Kingston, possessing unusual natural advantages, and expressed the opinion that he could easily defeat Longstreet in any attempt he might make to cross the stream. Grant immediately ordered Burnside to make no defense of the line which he held, but to fall back to Knoxville and stand a siege, promising to relieve him in a few days. The result of this was that Longstreet was deluded into crossing the Tennessee, and thus placed himself far beyond supporting distance of Bragg. Grant's strategy had thus far resulted in dividing the rebel army into two. He immediately went to work to defeat the parts in detail.

Bragg learning of the approach of Sherman to Grant's aid attempted, on November 23, 1863, to evacuate his strong position before Chattanooga, and retire for safety beyond the mountains. Grant, unwilling to let him off so cheaply, made a movement to detain him, and by commencing his proposed operations a day sooner than originally intended he forced the rebel leader to remain in his rifle-pits and accept battle. Grant in no wise changed his plan as determined upon four days before the operations began, except that he commenced them twenty-four hours sooner than intended. On the afternoon of November 23d he did that which he had previously intended to do on the morning of the 24th. It was the movement of Granger's *corps* into a position from whence at the proper time it was to assault the rebel centre. In this position the *corps* was compelled to lie idle, and in waiting for the auspicious moment, for eighteen hours longer than it was originally intended it should. This assault, which was made on the 25th, and was the closing scene of the battles, has been erroneously called one of those "blind uncertain strikings which won the Alma and Magenta," when in reality Grant had determined upon it six days before it was executed, and spent two entire days in watching from the very front of the line for the moment at which to attempt it. The entire three days' engagement is remarkable for the consistency with which the plan was followed out. General Halleck pronounced the battle to be the "most remarkable in history," and Meigs called it the "best directed battle of the war." Never have operations in war better illustrated the vast advantages of the offensive. From the moment that he was compelled to abandon his attempts at an orderly retreat and evacuation of his position, the enemy's movements were forced upon him, and his army was really controlled and commanded by Grant. Every movement made by the enemy may be said to have been ordered by Grant. Bragg, in command of the rebel army, was merely his mouth-piece. The plan of the battle contemplated the breaking of the enemy's centre; but this was so strongly posted on a mountain ridge almost inaccessible, that, in order to render success possible, it was necessary to force him to weaken his forces holding the centre. This was accomplished after two days' labor by the attacks upon either flank of the rebel line by Hooker and Sherman, and was no sooner made than perceived by Grant, who instantly ordered the assault of the centre, which resulted in the victory and the capture of several thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of artillery. To complete the success of the operations, Burnside about the same time defeated Longstreet at Knoxville (Fort Saunders), and Sherman approaching to the relief of the besieged, the rebels abandoned the siege and retreated to Virginia, rejoining Lee soon after at Fredericksburg.

In conception, execution, and result the late operations to the rear of Richmond must be considered by far the most remarkable and brilliant movements of the war. There is every evidence, already made public at this writing, necessary to show that the campaign, as deliberately planned, was energetically carried out. The battles of April 1st and 2d, south of Petersburg, were absolutely necessary to the solution of the strategic problem. The object was to gain a position on the right flank of Lee, in order to force him not only to evacuate Petersburg, but to compel him to evacuate it in such a way that he would have to retreat by roads on the north side of the Appomattox River. By the success of this battle Lee was thus forced north of the river, and Grant gained a route to Burkesville Junction—the point to which Lee intended to retreat—running parallel with that of the rebels, separated from them a great part of the distance by a river, much shorter and without any natural obstructions such as lay in Lee's way. Lee had to retreat by the longer route, which was practically made still longer by the

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necessity of recrossing the Appomattox River. The consequence was that Grant reached Burkesville Junction by the time Lee reached Amelia Court House, and interposed himself as an impassable barrier to the junction of Johnston and Lee; but also continually presented a force between Lee and Lynchburg. By keeping this force thus "heading Lee off," while at the same time he continually attacked him in flank and rear, Grant forced him, on the seventh day of the pursuit, to surrender his whole force. From the moment of occupying Burkesville Grant held Lee in a position from which, if defeated in battle, he had no line of retreat. He was forced to make a stand in a position in which, had he given battle, he would have been forced to an unconditional surrender or equally disastrous dispersion.

The resemblance between Generals Grant and Thomas in personal appearance and character is more marked than between the former and Sherman. The comparison between the latter and Sherman must indeed be confined to their military characteristics. The resemblance is most noted in the fertility of invention which distinguishes both in a higher degree than any two men hitherto developed by the war. Neither ever lacks for resources. Grant, with an inventive faculty truly wonderful, extricates himself from all difficulties with an originality not less admirable on account of the boldness with which his designs are accomplished. The originality of his designs not less than the boldness with which he acts adds to the certainty of success. If one resource fails he has another at hand. He creates opportunities, and though he is no Cadmus, at whose will armed men spring from the ground, yet he may be said to create the materials of action, and to supply by his energy and his spirit, his invention and tactics, many of the deficiencies existing in his physical force. He is not easily disheartened, but seems greatest in disaster or when surrounded by difficulties. He is not easily driven from the prosecution of a plan. He carefully examines its merits before he decides upon it, and fully tests its practicability before he abandons it for another. That to which he is compelled to resort by reason of the failure of one is not less matured than the first. It may be said with truth that he has never been forced to abandon any general plan upon which he had determined, though the campaign against Richmond was modified by circumstances and facts developed at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. The purpose of the campaign overland was the destruction of an important line of railroad, and the desolation of a rich country, by and in which the enemy was enabled to exist at the very doors of Washington, and by thus forcing him to abandon his threatening and offensive attitude, enable Grant to place the army operating against Richmond in its only true strategical position south of the James River. It is now apparent to all that had the attack of General Smith on Petersburg, in June, 1864, proved successful—as there was every reason to suppose it would, and really no good reason why it did not—the capture of Richmond would have followed immediately. There exists a notable resemblance between this campaign of Grant's and that of Sherman against Atlanta. Both were prosecuted against large armies posted and fortified in a country naturally difficult to penetrate, and in which the enemy had all the advantages arising from defensible positions. Both were characterised by brilliant flank movements made in the very teeth of the enemy. And though Sherman's campaign embraced none of the desperate and lengthy battles in which Grant engaged, it is marked by several combats of unusual desperation, generally occurring on the march and fought for position.

Like Sherman, Grant is a fine mover and feeder of an army. Their marches are made with great precision, and the logistical calculations of each are marked by great accuracy. If such were not the case the dangerous flank movements of the one at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, and of the other across the Allatoona mountains and around Atlanta, might have resulted in very grave and serious disasters. Both Generals have a full and genuine appreciation of the importance of economy of time in the collection, and of quantity in the distribution of supplies; and in view of the fact that both have at all times operated at a great distance, and at times entirely disconnected from, their bases of supply, the regularity and completeness with which their vast armies have been fed is surprising, and calls forth the fullest admiration for the administrative ability which each has displayed. The energy which Grant possesses, in a degree fully equal to that of Sherman, differs materially, however, in character from that of that erratic warrior. There is nothing nervous about it, nor can it be said to be inspiring like that of Sherman, but it is no less effective. Sherman's energy supplies all that may be lacking in his subordinates, and retrieves their blunders and delays. Grant's energetic manner of working soon teaches subordinates that delinquencies are not allowable. The comparison might be extended further and to other features, while some minor traits of opposite characteristics might be mentioned. The modesty of each is praiseworthy. Both are unselfish and unambitious, or it would perhaps be a better expression to say both are unselfishly ambitious, holding their own interests second to those of the country. Sherman acknowledges Grant to have been the first to appreciate and encourage him after his consignment to that tomb of military Capulets, Jefferson Barracks. Grant attributes much of his uniform success to the skill of his second in command. Neither ever wearies of sounding the praises or of admiring the qualifications of the other. Among the points of character in which they differ is temper, that of Grant being exceeding good in the sense of moderate and even, while Sherman's is very bad in the sense

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of irritability and unevenness. There can be no doubt that both are good, generous, and unselfish men at heart.

An idea of the character of General Grant must, of course, be formed from the developments of the war. His life at West Point, and his subsequent career in Mexico and in civil life, displayed no particularly prominent trait of character other than an adaptation to the practical in life. At West Point he is remembered as a quiet, studious, and taciturn youth, only remarkable for the decision which has since been so prominent a characteristic of the man. He was neither a book-worm nor an idler, and graduated neither first nor last, but in that medium rank in his class which has given to the country several of its most thoroughly practical and successful men. In Mexico he was distinguished only for the bravery which he displayed at Chapultepec. The most interesting fact related of him in civil life is told of the failure of his application for the office of Engineer of St. Louis County, Missouri. This was made in 1859—August 15. He backed up his application with the indorsement of General Joseph J. Reynolds and several citizens of St. Louis, since distinguished in the military service of the country and of the rebel leaders; but the county commissioners failed to perceive the slumbering genius, and rejected the application.

It is since that time that the war has developed the admirable qualities of Grant's mind and character. Among the principal of these is his practicability. Grant is not a learned scholar, but has grown wise from worldly experience. His wisdom is that which results from a combination of common sense trained to logical reflection with practical observation. He deals with all questions in a plain, business-like manner, and with all absence of ostentation or display, and in a systematic style which enables him to dispatch a great deal of business in a very short time. He fully appreciates, as does Thomas, the philosophy of silence. His staff have learned to imitate his taciturnity; and there is consequently an air of industry and business about his head-quarters which no one who visits them can fail to observe. His practicability renders him remorseless in the execution of his plans. When he has decided it to be necessary, he pushes his massed columns upon the enemy, and orders the desolation and depopulation of a country with the same coolness, not to say indifference, with which he would announce a common event of little importance. His administration of the affairs of the Army of the Potomac, now universally acknowledged to have been of the highest ability, fully displayed this characteristic of practicability. He has, throughout his career, published no foolish proclamations and made no visionary promises. His victories have been followed by no high-sounding addresses to his armies; but he has confined his compliments to a plain recital of the deeds of his men and the results of their achievements. He has, moreover, gone through the war without having made a single speech. At Lexington, Kentucky, in January, 1864, Grant met with a spontaneous reception from the citizens on his arrival from East Tennessee. At the request of the populace he made his appearance in front of his hotel, and on being told that on account of his short stature he could not be seen by those on the outskirts of the crowd, he good-naturedly mounted a chair and bowed two or three times to the people. A speech was called for, but he contented himself with requesting Leslie Combs, who was present, to state to the people that he "had never made a speech in his life, knew nothing about the business, and had no disposition to learn."

A fine illustration of his practicability is found in a story related of him when operating before Fort Donelson. On the night before the surrender the preparations of a portion of the rebels to evacuate the fort led General M'Clernand to believe they were meditating an attack, and he communicated his suspicions to Grant, at the same time sending him a prisoner who had been captured but a short time before. On reading M'Clernand's dispatch Grant ordered the prisoner's haversack to be searched. It was found that it was filled with rations. "If the rebels intend to hold the fort they would not encumber their men with rations. They are preparing to leave," was the very sage and practical reasoning of the General; and he immediately ordered M'Clernand to assume the offensive. The result was that a commanding ridge near Dover, south of the fort, was carried, and only a portion of the garrison escaped; the remainder capitulated.

During the battles of the Wilderness, a rebel shell dropped within a few feet of Grant and Meade, making a furrow in the ground and bursting some distance beyond. Grant, without a word, drew from his pocket a small compass with which he calculated the course of the shell. In five minutes afterward he had a piece or two of artillery posted near by, and opening upon, soon silenced the rebel battery, whose location had been betrayed by the course of the projectile. As soon as this had been done, he asked the elevation of the guns which had done such good work. On being told, he soon established, by a calculation well known to every artillerist, the important fact of the exact distance of the enemy's line from his own.

A fine illustration of Grant's magnanimous character is the terms of surrender granted to General Lee—the dismissal of the captured army on parole. The tender of such terms placed it at once out of the power of General Lee to decline them. His army could not have been kept together an hour in the face of such generous terms. The rebel troops thus dismissed had to reach their homes by passing through Joe Johnston's army. The tale of their utter discomfiture, capture, and the generous treatment accorded them, would be whispered in the ears of Johnston's men, to the utter demoralization and disbandment of that army.

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The persistence with which Grant pursues an object or executes a plan, and the tenacity with which he fights, are the strongest points of resemblance between himself and Thomas. It is difficult to say which excels in these qualities. Grant's famous dispatch from Spottsylvania, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was written with compressed lips—the reader naturally reads it with clenched teeth—and fairly and graphically illustrates the perseverance and stubbornness of the man. It is even more forcible than the memorable dispatch of Thomas, "We will hold Chattanooga till we starve;" and in better taste than that of Granger's, "I am in possession of Knoxville, and shall hold it till hell freezes over." Grant's criticism on the Army of the Potomac, which is doubtless as just an opinion of that army as has ever been uttered, illustrates this trait of his character still more forcibly and elegantly. A short time after he assumed personal supervision of Meade's army, General Oglesby asked him what he thought of its *personnel*.

"This is a very fine army," he replied, "and these men I am told have fought with great courage and bravery. I think, however, that the Army of the Potomac *has never fought its battles through*." It certainly fought them through at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and on the Appomattox, and fully confirmed Grant's faith in the superior endurance of the men.

It is also related of Grant that, when young, he was very fond of playing chess, and played with great skill, but found among his opponents one who was his superior, and who used to win the first games of a sitting with ease. But Grant was never content to remain beaten, and would insist on his opponent playing until he got the better of him in the end by "tiring him out," and winning at chess as at war by his superior endurance.

The following story of Grant may be apocryphal. If true, however, it is a fine commentary on that trait of his character under consideration. If not true, it shows that the feature is such a prominent one that anecdotes have been originated to illustrate it. The story runs that immediately after the battle of Shiloh, General Buell began criticising, in a friendly way, what he termed the bad policy displayed by Grant in fighting with the Tennessee River in his rear.

"Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell.

"I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's reply.

"But suppose you had been defeated, despite all your exertions?"

"Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the command across the river."

"But, General," urged Buell, "your whole number of transports could not contain over ten thousand men, and you had fifty thousand engaged."

"Well, if I had been beaten," said Grant, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would be left of us."

It is not to be lightly concluded that the act of Grant in encamping on the same side of the river and within thirty miles of the enemy was bad policy. If he had encamped on the east side of the stream the rebels would have made the river, instead of the railroad at Corinth, their line of defense, and rendered its navigation very difficult for gun-boats and impossible for transports. The stream could not have been made the base of operations as was intended. It is doubtful if we lost more men in the battle of Shiloh than we should have lost in attempting to force the passage of the stream. Grant's position was chiefly faulty in not being fortified. His camp ought to have been intrenched. In the absence of works he depended for protection on the flooded streams which in a measure surrounded his camp, but which failed to retard the rebel advance.

Grant's disposition to persevere has had a natural effect in creating in him a firm reliance upon himself. It is very seldom that he calls councils of war or asks advice in any shape. He fears no responsibility and decides for himself. General Howard, himself a man of very marked characteristics, has noticed and alluded to this confidence, adding that it amounted almost to the superstitious fatality in which Napoleon was so firm a believer. This self-reliance is doubtless, however, merely the full confidence which has resulted from the habit of independent thought and action of a man of unusually strong, iron will, determination and tenacity of purpose. Though his language often indicates this confidence in himself it never degenerates into boasting.

During the battles of the Wilderness an aid brought the Lieutenant-General news of a serious disaster to the Second Corps, which was vigorously attacked by A. P. Hill. "I don't believe it," was the prompt answer of Grant, inspired by his faith in his success. The aid was sent back for further reports, and found that the reported disaster had been exaggerated.

Those who are disposed like himself to be fatalists may imagine in the significance of Grant's surname, and the manner in which he obtained his baptismal name, encouraging omens of his success and that of the cause in which he is engaged. The surname, Grant, is that of a Scottish clan, whose motto, as given in Burke's "Encyclopedia of Heraldry," appears to have been adopted by General Grant. It is as follows: "*Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure.*" His proper Christian name received at baptism was Hiram Ulysses; but on entering West Point he received, by the mistake of the person who nominated him, the name of Ulysses Sidney, which, abbreviated, gives the same initials as those generally applied to the country of which he is the servant. "United States Grant" is an appellation much more common than Ulysses S. Grant; while the patriotic friends of the General have given this title several facetious variations, such as "Uncle Sam," "Unconditional Surrender," and "United we Stand Grant."

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The confidence of the fatalist is not necessary to courage. There is a courage superior to the mere indifference to danger, and this quality Grant possesses to the fullest degree. Sherman calls him one of the bravest men he ever saw. His coolness and his clear-headedness under danger and amidst excitement is remarkable, and is superior to that of Thomas, who, next to Grant, is the coolest man and most clearly administrative under fire now in the army. During the battles of Chattanooga Grant and Thomas established their head-quarters on "Orchard Knoll," immediately in the rear of the centre of the field, and from which they could have a full and close view of the column which was to make the assault on the rebel centre. From the moment that the signal for the attack was sounded the scene was of the most exciting character; but during that important half hour in which the victory trembled in the balance Grant and Thomas remained passive, cool, and observant. They were standing together when the assaulting column had reached half-way to the summit of Missionary Ridge, when a portion of it was momentarily brought to a halt, and when the stream of wounded retiring down the hill made the line look ragged and weak. At this moment Thomas turned to Grant and said, with a slight hesitation which betrayed the emotions which raged within him:

"General, I—I'm afraid they won't get up."

Grant, continuing to look steadily at the column, hesitated half a minute before answering; then taking the cigar he was smoking between his fingers he said, as he brushed away the ashes:

"Oh, give 'em time, General," and then as coolly returned his cigar to his mouth.

Fifteen minutes later the writer met him on the summit of the hill, riding along with head uncovered, receiving the plaudits of the men who had won but had not yet secured the victory. While thus engaged the rebel right attempted to sweep down the ridge and recover what their broken centre had lost, and for a while their musketry and artillery played fearful havoc, but soon after failing, it suddenly ceased, and the battle was over.

During the siege of Vicksburg Grant personally superintended the mounting of a number of Columbiads on a part of his line. While the men were cutting the embrasures in the works he stood upon the epaulement, and, though the rebels made a mark of him for their bullets, very composedly whittled a rail until the guns were placed to suit him.

Whittling and smoking are among Grant's favorite occupations. He is a true Yankee in these respects. It is recorded of him that during the battles of the Wilderness he was engaged in whittling the bark of a tree under which his head-quarters were established; and on all occasions, great and small, he smokes. He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take to tobacco as a stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the listless, absorbed, and satisfied air of an opium-smoker, his mind and body being soothed into repose rather than excited by the effect of the weed. Neither Sherman nor Rosecrans are neat smokers, the velvet breast-facing of their coats and their shirt-bosoms being generally soiled. Grant, on the contrary, is very neat, and smokes only the best of cigars. He smokes almost without cessation, and is never at ease when employed at any thing which forbids smoking as an accompaniment. During the famous interview with Pemberton before Vicksburg he smoked with his usual composure. "We pardon General Grant for smoking a cigar as he entered the smouldering ruins of the town of Vicksburg," said a rebel paper after the surrender. "A little stage effect," it added, "is admirable in great captains." But Grant never smokes dramatically. His cigar is a necessary part of himself, and is neither assumed nor abandoned for state occasions. He has been known to smoke at reviews; and has frequently been brought to a halt and notified by sentinels or guards over commissary stores, "No smoking allowed here, Sir." On entering the Senate Chamber to be presented to the Senate he had to be requested to leave his cigar outside.

Sherman's erratic disposition caused him to be suspected of lunacy. Grant's imperturbation and his dullness of expression, added to exaggerated tales of his excessive use of strong tobacco as an opiate, was the origin of the story which prevailed at one time to the effect that he drank to excess. In early life he may have indulged in occasional sprees, but he does not drink now at all. Swearing is not a habit with him, and his phlegmatic temperament is seldom so ruffled as to cause him to indulge in an oath. He seldom jokes, and rarely laughs. His great "weakness" is Alexandrian, and consists in his love for fine horses.

Grant's undemonstrative manner has nothing of the repulsive about it. He has won and retained many warm friends. The friendship between him and Sherman has become historical, and is often quoted as in agreeable contrast to the numerous bitter and disgraceful jealousies which have too often been made public, but which exist in the army to an extent not suspected by those who have no intimate acquaintance with its secret history. It is not only with such men as Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Howard, and others, with whom he bears the most intimate relations, but with his whole army that Grant is a well-beloved leader. He has gained the universal admiration of his men by no claptrap display or familiarity at the expense of discipline, but by a constant and watchful care for their interest. It is a boast in the Army of the Tennessee, which Grant commanded in person for nearly three years, that the men never wanted for food—Grant's commissary stores were always well filled. He was always careful to protect his men from the imposition of sutlers and

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army speculators, generally by fixing the prices of all articles sold in his department. He cuts red tape for the benefit of the private soldier with a remorseless hand. His careful consideration of the interests of his staff and general officers is proverbial; while his generous treatment of inefficient officers, whom he has been compelled to relieve, is well known. He once expressed an opinion of General M'Clellan which forcibly impressed the writer as equally just and generous.

"General M'Clellan," he said, "failed not so much from a lack of military ability as from a species of intoxication resulting from his too rapid promotion and the flattery of politicians. He degenerated from a leader into a follower."

In his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner. Though his uniform conforms to army regulations in cut and trimmings, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very scant, while his headquarter train is often the smallest in the army. For several months past he has been living in a log-hut of unpretending dimensions on the James River, sleeping on a common camp-cot, and eating at a table common to all his staff, plainly furnished with good roast beef, pork and beans, "hard-tack," and coffee. It is related of the General that when the march to the rear of Vicksburg began he announced to his army the necessity of "moving light," *i.e.*, without extra baggage. He set an example by sending to the rear all his baggage except a green brier-root pipe, a tooth-brush, and a horn pocket-comb. The story of his appearance in the Senate chamber in February last is still fresh in the minds of the public. He had no sooner left the hall, after paying his respects to the Senators, than one of the Democratic members rose and asked the consideration of the Senate upon what he termed the evident and gross mistake which had been made in appointing Grant a Lieutenant-General, and declared it to be his opinion that "there was not a second lieutenant of the Home Guard of his State who did not 'cut a bigger swell' than this man who had just left their presence!"

Grant has surrounded himself with men who have many of his characteristics, but whether natural or resulting from long intercourse with, and observation of, the General it is not pretended to say. General John A. Rawlings, his chief of staff when in command in the West, has lately been promoted Brigadier-General in the regular army, and assigned to duty as the chief of staff of the Lieutenant-General. No officer among those who have lately been so rapidly promoted will ultimately reflect greater credit upon his rank or upon the army itself than this quiet, taciturn, and agreeable gentleman and untiringly industrious, clear-headed, practical, and experienced officer. Colonel Bowers, Grant's principal adjutant-general, and next to Rawlings his chief dependence, was born for the adjutant-general's desk, and will yet find, like Rawlings, his natural level in a high rank in that department of the regular army.

When sitting for their photographs Grant and Sherman have dispensed with their cigars, and the consequence is an imperfect picture. None of the many artists who have painted them in oil have had the independence to supply the deficiency of the photographs, and add the cigar, which is a necessary accompaniment of the men, and which must be an important feature of every pen-picture which will be made of them. The addition of the cigar would doubtless detract from the dignity of the picture; but it should be remembered that artists paint as well for posterity as for the present generation. History will preserve in its picture of Grant his peculiarities, and, among others, the fact that he was an inveterate smoker. Why should not the artists preserve such a peculiarity as this as well as the outlines of his figure and expression of his face? Is it any more important for posterity to know that his eyes were blue than that he smoked incessantly?

Grant is not so tall as Sherman nor so heavy as Thomas. His short stature would have made it difficult for him to enlist in the British army. He is but an inch above the minimum standard of officers of our army, but being straight and somewhat spare he has the appearance of being above medium height. Sheridan and Logan are the only Major-Generals in our army who are shorter in figure than Grant. His forehead is high and square. His hair was originally a dark brown, but at forty-three, his present age, it is fast becoming sprinkled with iron-gray. His eyes are sharp and expressive though small, peering out from under his overarching brow with great brilliancy. His nose is aquiline. His mouth is small, and he has a habit of closely compressing his lips. His chin and cheeks are covered with a heavy beard, which he never shaves but keeps closely cropped or trimmed.

Though the war in which he has won his renown is now practically ended, the future has still much to do in establishing the position which Grant is to hold in history. To-day he enjoys the confidence of his countrymen to a degree unknown to military leaders during the war. If ultimately successful in the end—if he

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directs his course through the mazes of the political campaign which is to follow the close of the war as well as he has his military career, posterity will delight, and will find little difficulty, in tracing out a comparison between his character and that of the country's first great leader. This it is hardly proper for the present age to do; and such a comparison, if made in detail, would doubtless shock the modesty of General Grant more than it would the nation's sense of propriety; but if consistent in character and success to the end, the historian of the future will not be content to draw simply the comparison which the sketcher of to-day has outlined in this article, but will liken him to one who in every respect was greater than Sherman or Thomas. But whether successful to the end or not General Grant, like Washington, will live forever in the memories of his countrymen as a good and honest man.

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER OLDERSHAW ON HER GUARD.

1.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw (Diana Street, Pimlico) to Miss Gwilt (West Place, Old Brompton).*

"LADIES' TOILET REPOSITORY, *June* 20,
Eight in the Evening.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—About three hours have passed, as well as I can remember, since I pushed you unceremoniously inside my house in West Place; and, merely telling you to wait till you saw me again, banged the door to between us, and left you alone in the hall. I know your sensitive nature, my dear, and I am afraid you have made up your mind by this time that never yet was a guest treated so abominably by her hostess as I have treated you.

"The delay that has prevented me from explaining my strange conduct is, believe me, a delay for which I am not to blame. One of the many delicate little difficulties which beset so essentially confidential a business as mine, occurred here (as I have since discovered) while we were taking the air this afternoon in Kensington Gardens. I see no chance of being able to get back to you for some hours to come, and I have a word of very urgent caution for your private ear, which has been too long delayed already. So I must use the spare minutes as they come, and write.

"Here is the caution first. On no account venture outside the door again this evening; and be very careful, while the daylight lasts, not to show yourself at any of the front windows. I have reason to fear that a certain charming person now staying with me may possibly be watched. Don't be alarmed, and don't be impatient; you shall know why.

"I can only explain myself by going back to our unlucky meeting in the Gardens with that reverend gentleman who was so obliging as to follow us both back to my house.

"It crossed my mind, just as we were close to the door, that there might be a motive for the parson's anxiety to trace us home, far less creditable to his taste, and far more dangerous to both of us than the motive you supposed him to have. In plainer words, Lydia, I rather doubted whether you had met with another admirer; and I strongly suspected that you had encountered another enemy instead. There was no time to tell you this. There was only time to see you safe into the house, and to make sure of the parson (in case my suspicions were right) by treating him as he had treated us—I mean, by following him in his turn.

"I kept some little distance behind him at first, to turn the thing over in my mind, and to be satisfied that my doubts were not misleading me. We have no concealments from each other; and you shall know what my doubts were. I was not surprised at *your* recognizing *him;* he is not at all a common-looking old man; and you had seen him twice in Somersetshire—once when you asked your way of him to Mrs. Armadale's house; and once when you saw him again on your way back to the railroad. But I was a little puzzled (considering that you had your veil down on both those occasions, and your veil down also when we were in the Gardens) at *his* recognizing *you.* I doubted his remembering your figure, in a summer dress, after he had only seen it in a winter dress; and though we were talking when he met us, and your voice is one among your many charms, I doubted his remembering your voice either. And yet I felt persuaded that he knew you. 'How?' you will ask. My dear, as ill-luck would have it, we were speaking at the time of young Armadale. I firmly believe that the name was the first thing that struck him; and when he heard *that*, your voice certainly, and your figure perhaps, came back to his memory. 'And what if it did?' you may say. Think again, Lydia, and tell me whether the parson of the place where Mrs. Armadale lived was not likely to be Mrs. Armadale's friend? If he *was* her friend, the very first person to whom she would apply for advice after the manner in which you frightened her, and after what you most injudiciously said on the subject of appealing to her son, would be the clergyman of the parish—and the magistrate too, as the landlord at the inn himself told you.

"You will now understand why I left you in

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THE RESIDENT GENTRY.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 769.]

that extremely uncivil manner, and I may go on to what happened next.

"I followed the old gentleman till he turned into a quiet street, and then accosted him with respect for the Church written (I flatter myself) in every line of my face.

"'Will you excuse me,' I said, 'if I venture to inquire, Sir, whether you recognized the lady who was walking with me when you happened to pass us in the Gardens?'

"'Will you excuse my asking, ma'am, why you put that question?' was all the answer I got.

"'I will endeavor to tell you, Sir,' I said. 'If my friend is not an absolute stranger to you, I should wish to request your attention to a very delicate subject, connected with a lady deceased, and with her son who survives her.'

"He was staggered; I could see that. But he was sly enough at the same time to hold his tongue and wait till I said something more.

"'If I am wrong, Sir, in thinking that you recognized my friend,' I went on; 'I beg to apologize. But I could hardly suppose it possible that a gentleman in your profession would

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follow a lady home who was a total stranger to him.'

"There I had him. He colored up (fancy that, at his age!), and owned the truth, in defense of his own precious character.

"'I have met with the lady once before, and I acknowledge that I recognized her in the Gardens,' he said. 'You will excuse me if I decline entering into the question of whether I did, or did not, purposely follow her home. If you wish to be assured that your friend is not an absolute stranger to me, you now have that assurance; and if you have any thing particular to say to me, I leave you to decide whether the time has come to say it.'

"He waited, and looked about. I waited, and looked about. He said the street was hardly a fit place to speak of a delicate subject in. I said the street was hardly a fit place to speak of a delicate subject in. He didn't offer to take me to where he lived. I didn't offer to take him to where I lived. Have you ever seen two strange cats, my dear, nose to nose on the tiles? If you have, you have seen the parson and me done to the life.

"'Well, ma'am,' he said, at last, 'shall we go on with our conversation in spite of circumstances?'

"'Yes, Sir,' I said; 'we are both of us, fortunately, of an age to set circumstances at defiance' (I had seen the old wretch looking at my gray hair, and satisfying himself that his character was safe if he *was* seen with me).

"After all this snapping and snarling we came to the point at last. I began by telling him that I feared his interest in you was not of the friendly sort. He admitted that much—of course, in defense of his own character once more. I next repeated to him every thing you had told me about your proceedings in Somersetshire, when we first found that he was following us home. Don't be alarmed, my dear—I was acting on principle. If you want to make a dish of lies digestible, always give it a garnish of truth. Well, having appealed to the reverend gentleman's confidence in this manner, I next declared that you had become an altered woman since he had seen you last. I revived that dead wretch, your husband (without mentioning names, of course), established him (the first place I thought of) in business at the Brazils, and described a letter which he had written, offering to forgive his erring wife if she would repent and go back to him. I assured the parson that your husband's noble conduct had softened your obdurate nature; and then, thinking I had produced the right impression, I came boldly to close quarters with him. I said, 'At the very time when you met us, Sir, my unhappy friend was speaking in terms of touching self-reproach of her conduct to the late Mrs. Armadale. She confided to me her anxiety to make some atonement, if possible, to Mrs. Armadale's son; and it is at her entreaty (for she can not prevail on herself to face you) that I now beg to inquire whether Mr. Armadale is still in Somersetshire, and whether he would consent to take back in small installments the sum of money which my friend acknowledges that she received by practicing on Mrs. Armadale's fears.' Those were my very words. A neater story (accounting so nicely for every thing) was never told; it was a story to melt a stone. But this Somersetshire parson is harder than stone itself. I blush for *him*, my dear, when I assure you that he was evidently insensible enough to disbelieve every word I said about your reformed character, your husband in the Brazils, and your penitent anxiety to pay the money back. It is really a disgrace that such a man should be in the Church; such cunning as his is in the last degree unbecoming in a member of a sacred profession.

"'Does your friend propose to join her husband by the next steamer?' was all he condescended to say when I had done.

"I acknowledge I was angry. I snapped at him. I said—'Yes, she does.'

"'How am I to communicate with her?' he asked.

"I snapped at him again. 'By letter—through me.'

"'At what address, ma'am?'

"There I had him once more. 'You have found my address out for yourself, Sir,' I said. 'The directory will tell you my name if you wish to find that out for yourself also; otherwise, you are welcome to my card.'

"'Many thanks, ma'am. If your friend wishes to communicate with Mr. Armadale I will give you *my* card in return.'

"'Thank you, Sir.'

"'Thank you, ma'am.'

"'Good-afternoon, Sir.'

"'Good-afternoon, ma'am.'

"So we parted. I went my way to an appointment at my place of business, and he went his in a hurry; which is of itself suspicious. What I can't get over is his heartlessness. Heaven help the people who send for *him* to comfort them on their death-beds!

"The next consideration is, What are we to do? If we don't find out the right way to keep this old wretch in the dark, he may be the ruin of us at Thorpe-Ambrose just as we are within easy reach of our end in view. Wait up till I come to you, with my mind free, I hope, from the other difficulty which is worrying me here. Was there ever such ill-luck as ours? Only think of that man deserting his congregation, and coming to London just at the very time when we have answered the advertisement, and may expect the inquiries to be made next week! I have no patience with him—his bishop ought to interfere.

"Affectionately yours,
"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

2.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.*

"WEST PLACE, *June* 20.

"MY POOR OLD DEAR,—How very little you know of my sensitive nature, as you call it!

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Instead of feeling offended when you left me, I went to your piano and forgot all about you till your messenger came. Your letter is irresistible; I have been laughing over it till I am quite out of breath. Of all the absurd stories I ever read, the story you addressed to the Somersetshire clergyman is the most ridiculous. And as for your interview with him in the street, it is a perfect sin to keep it to ourselves. The public ought really to enjoy it in the form of a farce at one of the theatres.

"Luckily for both of us (to come to serious matters) your messenger is a prudent person. He sent up stairs to know if there was an answer. In the midst of my merriment I had presence of mind enough to send down stairs and say, 'Yes.'

"Some brute of a man says in some book which I once read, that no woman can keep two separate trains of ideas in her mind at the same time. I declare you have almost satisfied me that the man is right. What! when you have escaped unnoticed to your place of business, and when you suspect this house to be watched, you propose to come back here, and to put it in the parson's power to recover the lost trace of you! What madness! Stop where you are; and when you have got over your difficulty at Pimlico (it is some woman's business of course; what worries women are!), be so good as to read what I have got to say about our difficulty at Brompton.

"In the first place, the house (as you supposed) is watched. Half an hour after you left me loud voices in the street interrupted me at the piano, and I went to the window. There was a cab at the house opposite, where they let lodgings; and an old man, who looked like a respectable servant, was wrangling with the driver about his fare. An elderly gentleman came out of the house and stopped them. An elderly gentleman returned into the house and appeared cautiously at the front drawing-room window. You know him, you worthy creature—he had the bad taste, some few hours since, to doubt whether you were telling him the truth. Don't be afraid, he didn't see me. When he looked up, after settling with the cab-driver, I was behind the curtain. I have been behind the curtain once or twice since; and I have seen enough to satisfy me that he and his servant will relieve each other at the window, so as never to lose sight of your house here, night or day. That the parson suspects the real truth is of course impossible. But that he firmly believes I mean some mischief to young Armadale, and that you have entirely confirmed him in that conviction, is as plain as that two and two make four. And this has happened (as you helplessly remind me) just when we have answered the advertisement, and when we may expect the major's inquiries to be made in a few days' time.

"Surely, here is a terrible situation for two women to find themselves in? A fiddle-stick's end for the situation! We have got an easy way out of it—thanks, Mother Oldershaw, to what I myself forced you to do, not three hours before the Somersetshire clergyman met with us.

"Has that venomous little quarrel of ours this morning—after we had pounced on the major's advertisement in the newspaper—quite slipped out of your memory? Have you forgotten how I persisted in my opinion that you were a great deal too well known in London to appear safely as my reference in your own name, or to receive an inquiring lady or gentleman (as you were rash enough to propose) in your own house? Don't you remember what a passion you were in when I brought our dispute to an end by declining to stir a step in the matter, unless I could conclude my application to Major Milroy by referring him to an address at which you were totally unknown, and to a name which might be any thing you pleased, as long as it was not yours? What a look you gave me when you found there was nothing for it but to drop the whole speculation, or to let me have my own way! How you fumed over the lodging-hunting on the other side of the Park! and how you groaned when you came back, possessed of Furnished Apartments in respectable Bayswater, over the useless expense I had put you to! What do you think of those Furnished Apartments *now*, you obstinate old woman? Here we are, with discovery threatening us at our very door, and with no hope of escape unless we can contrive to disappear from the parson in the dark. And there are the lodgings in Bayswater, to which no inquisitive strangers have traced either you or me, ready and waiting to swallow us up—the lodgings in which we can escape all further molestation, and answer the major's inquiries at our ease. Can you see, at last, a little farther than your poor old nose? Is there any thing in the world to prevent your safe disappearance from Pimlico to-night, and your safe establishment at the new lodgings, in the character of my respectable reference, half an hour afterward? Oh, fie, fie, Mother Oldershaw! Go down on your wicked old knees, and thank your stars that you had a she-devil like me to deal with this morning!

"Suppose we come now to the only difficulty worth mentioning—*my* difficulty. Watched as I am in this house, how am I to join you without bringing the parson or the parson's servant with me at my heels?

"Being to all intents and purposes a prisoner here, it seems to me that I have no choice but to try the old prison plan of escape—a change of clothes. I have been looking at your housemaid. Except that we are both light, her face and hair and my face and hair are as unlike each other as possible. But she is as nearly as can be my height and size; and (if she only knew how to dress herself, and had smaller feet) her figure is a very much better one than it ought to be for a person in her station in life. My idea is, to dress her in the clothes I wore in the Gardens to-day—to send her out, with our reverend enemy in full pursuit of her—and, as soon

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as the coast is clear, to slip away myself and join you. The thing would be quite impossible, of course, if I had been seen with my veil up; but, as events have turned out, it is one advantage of the horrible exposure which followed my marriage, that I seldom show myself in public, and never of course in such a populous place as London, without wearing a thick veil and keeping that veil down. If the house-maid wears my dress, I don't really see why the house-maid may not be counted on to represent me to the life.

"The one question is, can the woman be trusted? If she can, send me a line, telling her, on your authority, that she is to place herself at my disposal. I won't say a word till I have heard from you first.

"Let me have my answer to night. As long as we were only talking about my getting the governess's place, I was careless enough how it ended. But now that we have actually answered Major Milroy's advertisement, I am in earnest at last. I mean to be Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose; and woe to the man or woman who tries to stop me! Yours,

"LYDIA GWILT.

"P.S.—I open my letter again to say that you need have no fear of your messenger being followed on his return to Pimlico. He will drive to a public house where he is known, will dismiss the cab at the door, and will go out again by a back way which is only used by the landlord and his friends.—L. G."

3.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, 10 *o'clock.*

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—You have written me a heartless letter. If you had been in my trying position, harassed as I was when I wrote to you, I should have made allowances for my friend when I found my friend not so sharp as usual. But the vice of the present age is a want of consideration for persons in the decline of life. Your mind is in a sad state, my dear; and you stand much in need of a good example. You shall have a good example—I forgive you.

"Having now relieved my mind by the performance of a good action, suppose I show you next (though I protest against the vulgarity of the expression) that I *can* see a little farther than my poor old nose?

"I will answer your question about the house-maid first. You may trust her implicitly. She has had her troubles, and has learned discretion. She also looks your age; though it is only her due to say that, in this particular, she has some years the advantage of you. I inclose the necessary directions which will place her entirely at your disposal.

"And what comes next? Your plan for joining me at Bayswater comes next. It is very well as far as it goes; but it stands sadly in need of a little judicious improvement. There is a serious necessity (you shall know why presently) for deceiving the parson far more completely than you propose to deceive him. I want him to see the house-maid's face under circumstances which will persuade him that it is *your* face. And then, going a step farther, I want him to see the house-maid leave London under the impression that he has seen *you* start on the first stage of your journey to the Brazils. He didn't believe in that journey when I announced it to him this afternoon in the street. He may believe in it yet if you follow the directions I am now going to give you.

"To-morrow is Saturday. Send the house-maid out in your walking dress of to-day just as you propose—but don't stir out yourself, and don't go near the window. Desire the woman to keep her veil down, to take half-an-hour's walk (quite unconscious, of course, of the parson or his servant at her heels), and then to come back to you. As soon as she appears send her instantly to the open window, instructing her to lift her veil carelessly, and look out. Let her go away again after a minute or two, take off her bonnet and shawl, and then appear once more at the window, or, better still, in the balcony outside. She may show herself again occasionally (not too often) later in the day. And to-morrow—as we have a professional gentleman to deal with—by all means send her to church. If these proceedings don't persuade the parson that the house-maid's face is your face, and if they don't make him readier to believe in your reformed character than he was when I spoke to him, I have lived sixty years, my love, in this vale of tears to mighty little purpose.

"The next day is Monday. I have looked at the shipping advertisements, and I find that a steamer leaves Liverpool for the Brazils on Tuesday. Nothing could be more convenient; we will start you on your voyage under the parson's own eyes. You may manage it in this way:

"At one o'clock send out the man who cleans the knives and forks to get a cab; and when he has brought it up to the door, let him go back and get a second cab, which he is to wait in himself round the corner in the square. Let the house-maid (still in your dress) drive off with the necessary boxes in the first cab to the North-western Railway. When she is gone, slip out yourself to the cab waiting round the corner, and come to me at Bayswater. They may be prepared to follow the house-maid's cab, because they have seen it at the door; but they won't be prepared to follow your cab, which has been hidden round the corner. When the house-maid has got to the station, and has done her best to disappear in the crowd (I have chosen the mixed train at 2.10, so as to give her every chance), you will be safe with me; and whether they do or do not find out that she does not really start for Liverpool won't matter by that time. They will have lost all trace of *you*; and they may follow the house-maid half over London if they like. She has my instructions (inclosed) to leave the empty boxes to find their way to the lost luggage office, and to go to her friends in the City, and stay there till I write word that I want her again.

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"And what is the object of all this? My dear Lydia, the object is your future security (and mine). We may succeed, or we may fail in persuading the parson that you have actually gone to the Brazils. If we succeed, we are relieved of all fear of him. If we fail, he will warn young Armadale to be careful *of a woman like my house-maid, and not of a woman like you.* This last gain is a very important one; for we don't know that Mrs. Armadale may not have told him your maiden name. In that event the 'Miss Gwilt' whom he will describe as having slipped through his fingers here, will be so entirely unlike the 'Miss Gwilt' established at Thorpe-Ambrose, as to satisfy every body that it is not a case of similarity of persons, but only a case of similarity of names.

"What do you say now to my improvement on your idea? Are my brains not quite so addled as you thought them when you wrote? Don't suppose I'm at all over-boastful about my own ingenuity. Cleverer tricks than this trick of mine are played off on the public by swindlers, and are recorded in the newspapers every week. I only want to show you that my assistance is not less necessary to the success of the Armadale speculation now than it was when I made our first important discoveries by means of the harmless-looking young man and the private inquiry office in Shadyside Place.

"There is nothing more to say that I know of, except that I am just going to start for the new lodging, with a box directed in my new name. The last expiring moments of mother Oldershaw, of the Toilet Repository, are close at hand; and the birth of Miss Gwilt's respectable reference, Mrs. Mandeville, will take place in a cab in five minutes' time. I fancy I must be still young at heart, for I am quite in love already with my romantic name; it sounds almost as pretty as Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose, doesn't it? Good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams. If any accident happens between this and Monday write to me instantly by post. If no accident happens you will be with me in excellent time for the earliest inquiries that the major can possibly make. My last words are, don't go out, and don't venture near the front windows till Monday comes.

"Affectionately yours, M. O."

CHAPTER VI.

MIDWINTER IN DISGUISE.

TOWARD noon on the day of the twenty-first Miss Milroy was loitering in the cottage garden—released from duty in the sick-room by an improvement in her mother's health—when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices in the park. One of the voices she instantly recognized as Allan's: the other was strange to her. She put aside the branches of a shrub near the garden palings; and peeping through, saw Allan approaching the cottage gate, in company with a slim, dark, undersized man, who was talking and laughing excitably at the top of his voice. Miss Milroy ran indoors to warn her father of Mr. Armadale's arrival, and to add that he was bringing with him a noisy stranger, who was, in all probability, the friend generally reported to be staying with the squire at the great house.

Had the major's daughter guessed right? Was the squire's loud-talking, loud-laughing companion the shy, sensitive Midwinter of other times? It was even so. In Allan's presence, that morning, an extraordinary change had passed over the ordinarily quiet demeanor of Allan's friend.

When Midwinter had first appeared in the breakfast-room, after putting aside Mr. Brock's startling letter, Allan had been too much occupied to pay any special attention to him. The undecided difficulty of choosing the day for the audit-dinner had pressed for a settlement once more, and had been fixed at last (under the butler's advice) for Saturday, the twenty-eighth of the month. It was only on turning round to remind Midwinter of the ample space of time which the new arrangement allowed for mastering the steward's books that even Allan's flighty attention had been arrested by a marked change in the face that confronted him. He had openly noticed the change in his usual blunt manner, and had been instantly silenced by a fretful, almost an angry reply. The two had sat down together to breakfast without the usual cordiality; and the meal had proceeded gloomily till Midwinter himself broke the silence by bursting into the strange outbreak of gayety which had revealed in Allan's eyes a new side to the character of his friend.

As usual with most of Allan's judgments, here again the conclusion was wrong. It was no new side to Midwinter's character that now presented itself—it was only a new aspect of the one ever-recurring struggle of Midwinter's life.

Irritated by Allan's discovery of the change in him, which he had failed to see reflected in his looking-glass when he had consulted it on leaving his room; feeling Allan's eyes still fixed inquiringly on his face, and dreading the next questions that Allan's curiosity might put, Midwinter had roused himself to efface, by main force, the impression which his own altered appearance had produced. It was one of those efforts which no men compass so resolutely as the men of his quick temper, and his sensitive feminine organization. With his whole mind still possessed by the firm belief that the Fatality had taken one great step nearer to Allan and himself since the rector's discovery in Kensington Gardens—with his face still betraying what he had suffered, under the renewed conviction that his father's death-bed warning was now, in event after event, asserting its terrible claim to part him, at any sacrifice, from the one human creature whom he loved—with the fear still busy at his heart that the first mysterious Vision of

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Allan's Dream might be a Vision realized, before the new day that now saw the two Armadales together was a day that had passed over their heads—with these triple bonds, wrought by his own superstition, fettering him at that moment as they had never fettered him yet, he mercilessly spurred his resolution to the desperate effort of rivaling, in Allan's presence, the gayety and good spirits of Allan himself. He talked, and laughed, and heaped his plate indiscriminately from every dish on the breakfast-table. He made noisily merry with jests that had no humor, and stories that had no point. He first astonished Allan, then amused him, then won his easily-encouraged confidence on the subject of Miss Milroy. He shouted with laughter over the sudden development of Allan's views on marriage, until the servants down stairs began to think that their master's strange friend had gone mad. Lastly, he had accepted Allan's proposal that he should be presented to the major's daughter, and judge of her for himself, as readily—nay, more readily than it would have been accepted by the least diffident man living. There the two now stood at the cottage gate—Midwinter's voice rising louder and louder over Allan's—Midwinter's natural manner disguised (how madly and miserably none but he knew!) in a coarse masquerade of boldness—the outrageous, the unendurable boldness of a shy man.

They were received in the parlor by the major's daughter, pending the arrival of the major himself.

Allan attempted to present his friend in the usual form. To his astonishment Midwinter took the words flippantly out of his lips, and introduced himself to Miss Milroy with a confident look, a hard laugh, and a clumsy assumption of ease which presented him at his worst. His artificial spirits, lashed continuously into higher and higher effervescence since the morning, were now mounting hysterically beyond his own control. He looked and spoke with that terrible freedom of license which is the necessary consequence, when a diffident man has thrown off his reserve, of the very effort by which he has broken loose from his own restraints. He involved himself in a confused medley of apologies that were not wanted, and of compliments that might have over-flattered the vanity of a savage. He looked backward and forward from Miss Milroy to Allan, and declared jocosely that he understood now why his friend's morning walks were always taken in the same direction. He asked her questions about her mother, and cut short the answers she gave him by remarks on the weather. In one breath, he said she must feel the day insufferably hot; and, in another, he protested that he quite envied her in her cool muslin dress.

The major came in. Before he could say two words, Midwinter overwhelmed him with the same frenzy of familiarity, and the same feverish fluency of speech. He expressed his interest in Mrs. Milroy's health in terms which would have been exaggerated on the lips of a friend of the family. He overflowed into a perfect flood of apologies for disturbing the major at his mechanical pursuits. He quoted Allan's extravagant account of the clock, and expressed his own anxiety to see it in terms more extravagant still. He paraded his superficial book-knowledge of the great clock at Strasbourg, with far-fetched jests on the extraordinary automaton figures which that clock puts in motion—on the procession of the twelve apostles, which walks out under the dial at noon, and on the toy-cock, which crows at St. Peter's appearance—and this before a man who had studied every wheel in that complex machinery, and who had passed whole years of his life in trying to imitate it. "I hear you have outnumbered the Strasbourg apostles, and outcrowed the Strasbourg cock," he exclaimed, with the tone and manner of a friend habitually privileged to waive all ceremony; "and I am dying, absolutely dying, major, to see your wonderful clock!"

Major Milroy had entered the room with his mind absorbed in his own mechanical contrivances as usual. But the sudden shock of Midwinter's familiarity was violent enough to recall him instantly to himself, and to make him master again, for the time, of his social resources as a man of the world.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," he said, stopping Midwinter for a moment, by a look of steady surprise. "I happen to have seen the clock at Strasbourg; and it sounds almost absurd in my ears (if you will pardon me for saying so) to put my little experiment in any light of comparison with that wonderful achievement. There is nothing else of the kind like it in the world!" He paused, to control his own mounting enthusiasm; the clock at Strasbourg was to Major Milroy what the name of Michael Angelo was to Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Mr. Armadale's kindness has led him to exaggerate a little," pursued the major, smiling at Allan, and passing over another attempt of Midwinter's to seize on the talk, as if no such attempt had been made. "But as there does happen to be this one point of resemblance between the great clock abroad and the little clock at home, that they both show what they can do on the stroke of noon, and as it is close on twelve now, if you still wish to visit my work-shop, Mr. Midwinter, the sooner I show you the way to it the better." He opened the door, and apologized to Midwinter, with marked ceremony, for preceding him out of the room.

"What do you think of my friend?" whispered Allan, as he and Miss Milroy followed.

"Must I tell you the truth, Mr. Armadale?" she whispered back.

"Of course!"

"Then I don't like him at all!"

"He's the best and dearest fellow in the world," rejoined the outspoken Allan. "You'll like him better when you know him better—I'm sure you will!"

Miss Milroy made a little grimace, implying supreme indifference to Midwinter, and saucy

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surprise at Allan's earnest advocacy of the merits of his friend. "Has he got nothing more interesting to say to me than *that*," she wondered, privately, "after kissing my hand twice yesterday morning?"

They were all in the major's work-room before Allan had the chance of trying a more attractive subject. There, on the top of a rough wooden case, which evidently contained the machinery, was the wonderful clock. The dial was crowned by a glass pedestal placed on rock-work in carved ebony; and on the top of the pedestal sat the inevitable figure of Time, with his everlasting scythe in his hand. Below the dial was a little platform, and at either end of it rose two miniature sentry-boxes, with closed doors. Externally, this was all that appeared, until the magic moment came when the clock struck twelve at noon.

It wanted then about three minutes to twelve; and Major Milroy seized the opportunity of explaining what the exhibition was to be before the exhibition began. At the first words his mind fell back again into its old absorption over the one employment of his life. He turned to Midwinter (who had persisted in talking all the way from the parlor, and who was talking still) without a trace left in his manner of the cool and cutting composure with which he had spoken but a few minutes before. The noisy, familiar man, who had been an ill-bred intruder in the parlor, became a privileged guest in the work-shop—for *there* he possessed the all-atoning social advantage of being new to the performances of the wonderful clock.

"At the first stroke of twelve, Mr. Midwinter," said the major, quite eagerly, "keep your eye on the figure of Time: he will move his scythe, and point it downward to the glass pedestal. You will next see a little printed card appear behind the glass, which will tell you the day of the month and the day of the week. At the last stroke of the clock Time will lift his scythe again into its former position, and the chimes will ring a peal. The peal will be succeeded by the playing of a tune—the favorite march of my old regiment—and then the final performance of the clock will follow. The sentry-boxes, which you may observe at each side, will both open at the same moment. In one of them you will see the sentinel appear; and, from the other, a corporal and two privates will march across the platform to relieve the guard, and will then disappear, leaving the new sentinel at his post. I must ask your kind allowances for this last part of the performance. The machinery is a little complicated, and there are defects in it which I am ashamed to say I have not yet succeeded in remedying as I could wish. Sometimes the figures go all wrong, and sometimes they go all right. I hope they may do their best on the occasion of your seeing them for the first time."

As the major, posted near his clock, said the last words, his little audience of three, assembled at the opposite end of the room, saw the hour-hand and the minute-hand on the dial point together to twelve. The first stroke sounded, and Time, true to the signal, moved his scythe. The day of the month and the day of the week announced themselves in print through the glass pedestal next; Midwinter applauding their appearance with a noisy exaggeration of surprise, which Miss Milroy mistook for coarse sarcasm directed at her father's pursuits, and which Allan (seeing that she was offended) attempted to moderate by touching the elbow of his friend. Meanwhile the performances of the clock went on. At the last stroke of twelve Time lifted his scythe again, the chimes rang, the march tune of the major's old regiment followed; and the crowning exhibition of the relief of the guard announced itself in a preliminary trembling of the sentry-boxes, and a sudden disappearance of the major at the back of the clock.

The performance began with the opening of the sentry-box on the right-hand side of the platform, as punctually as could be desired; the door on the other side, however, was less tractable—it remained obstinately closed. Unaware of this hitch in the proceedings, the corporal and his two privates appeared in their places in a state of perfect discipline, tottered out across the platform, all three trembling in every limb, dashed themselves headlong against the closed door on the other side, and failed in producing the smallest impression on the immovable sentry presumed to be within. An intermittent clicking, as of the major's keys and tools at work, was heard in the machinery. The corporal and his two privates suddenly returned, backward, across the platform, and shut themselves up with a bang inside their own door. Exactly at the same moment the other door opened for the first time, and the provoking sentry appeared with the utmost deliberation at his post, waiting to be relieved. He was allowed to wait. Nothing happened in the other box but an occasional knocking inside the door, as if the corporal and his privates were impatient to be let out. The clicking of the major's tools was heard again among the machinery; the corporal and his party, suddenly restored to liberty, appeared in a violent hurry, and spun furiously across the platform. Quick as they were, however, the hitherto deliberate sentry on the other side, now perversely showed himself to be quicker still. He disappeared like lightning into his own premises, the door closed smartly after him, the corporal and his privates dashed themselves headlong against it for the second time, and the major appearing again round the corner of the clock, asked his audience innocently, "if they would be good enough to tell him whether any thing had gone wrong?"

The fantastic absurdity of the exhibition, heightened by Major Milroy's grave inquiry at the end of it, was so irresistibly ludicrous that the visitors shouted with laughter; and even Miss Milroy, with all her consideration for her father's sensitive pride in his clock, could not restrain herself from joining in the merriment

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which the catastrophe of the puppets had provoked. But there are limits even to the license of laughter; and these limits were ere long so outrageously overstepped by one of the little party as to have the effect of almost instantly silencing the other two. The fever of Midwinter's false spirits flamed out into sheer delirium as the performance of the puppets came to an end. His paroxysms of laughter followed each other with such convulsive violence that Miss Milroy started back from him in alarm, and even the patient major turned on him with a look which said plainly, Leave the room! Allan, wisely-impulsive for once in his life, seized Midwinter by the arm, and dragged him out by main force into the garden, and thence into the park beyond.

"Good Heavens! what has come to you?" he exclaimed, shrinking back from the tortured face before him, as he stopped and looked close at it for the first time.

For the moment Midwinter was incapable of answering. The hysterical paroxysm was passing from one extreme to the other. He leaned against a tree, sobbing and gasping for breath, and stretched out his hand in mute entreaty to Allan to give him time.

"You had better not have nursed me through my fever," he said, faintly, as soon as he could speak. "I'm mad and miserable, Allan — I have never recovered it. Go back and ask them to forgive me; I am ashamed to go and ask them myself. I can't tell how it happened—I can only ask your pardon and theirs." He turned aside his head quickly so as to conceal his face. "Don't stop here," he said; "don't look at me—I shall soon get over it." Allan still hesitated, and begged hard to be allowed to take him back to the house. It was useless. "You break my heart with your kindness," he burst out, passionately. "For God's sake leave me by myself!"

Allan went back to the cottage and pleaded there for indulgence to Midwinter, with an earnestness and simplicity which raised him immensely in the major's estimation, but which totally failed to produce the same favorable impression on Miss Milroy. Little as she herself suspected it, she was fond enough of Allan already to be jealous of Allan's friend.

"How excessively absurd!" she thought, pettishly. "As if either papa or I considered such a person of the slightest consequence!"

"You will kindly suspend your opinion, won't you, Major Milroy?" said Allan in his hearty way at parting.

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the major, cordially shaking hands.

"And you, too, Miss Milroy?" added Allan.

Miss Milroy made a mercilessly formal bow. "*My* opinion, Mr. Armadale, is not of the slightest consequence."

Allan left the cottage sorely puzzled to account for Miss Milroy's sudden coolness toward him. His grand idea of conciliating the whole neighborhood by becoming a married man underwent some modification as he closed the garden-gate behind him. The virtue called Prudence and the Squire of Thorpe-Ambrose became personally acquainted with each other, on this occasion, for the first time; and Allan, entering headlong as usual on the high-road to moral improvement, actually decided on doing nothing in a hurry!

A man who is entering on a course of reformation ought, if virtue is its own reward, to be a man engaged in an essentially inspiriting pursuit. But virtue is not always its own reward; and the way that leads to reformation is remarkably ill-lighted for so respectable a thoroughfare. Allan seemed to have caught the infection of his friend's despondency. As he walked home he, too, began to doubt—in his widely-different way, and for his widely-different reasons—whether the life at Thorpe-Ambrose was promising quite as fairly for the future as it had promised at first.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Two messages were waiting for Allan when he returned to the house. One had been left by Midwinter. "He had gone out for a long walk, and Mr. Armadale was not to be alarmed if he did not get back till late in the day." The other message had been left by "a person from Mr. Pedgift's office," who had called, according to appointment, while the two gentlemen were away at the major's. "Mr. Bashwood's respects, and he would have the honor of waiting on Mr. Armadale again in the course of the evening."

Toward five o'clock Midwinter returned, pale and silent. Allan hastened to assure him that his peace was made at the cottage; and then, to change the subject, mentioned Mr. Bashwood's message. Midwinter's mind was so preoccupied or so languid that he hardly seemed to remember the name. Allan was obliged to remind him that Bashwood was the elderly clerk whom Mr. Pedgift had sent to be his instructor in the duties of the steward's office. He listened without making any remark, and withdrew to his room to rest till dinner-time.

Left by himself, Allan went into the library to try if he could while away the time over a book. He took many volumes off the shelves and put a few of them back again—and there he ended. Miss Milroy contrived in some mysterious manner to get, in this case, between the reader and the books. Her formal bow, and her merciless parting speech, dwelt, try how he might to forget them, on Allan's mind; he began to grow more and more anxious as the idle hour wore on to recover his lost place in her favor. To call again that day at the cottage, and ask if he had been so unfortunate as to offend her, was impossible. To put the question in writing with the needful nicety of ex-

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pression proved, on trying the experiment, to be a task beyond his literary reach. After a turn or two up and down the room, with his pen in his mouth, he decided on the more diplomatic course (which happened, in this case, to be the easiest course too), of writing to Miss Milroy as cordially as if nothing had happened, and of testing his position in her good graces by the answer that she sent him back. An invitation of some kind (including her father, of course, but addressed directly to herself) was plainly the right thing to oblige her to send a written reply—but here the difficulty occurred of what the invitation was to be. A ball was not to be thought of in his present position with the resident gentry. A dinner-party, with no indispensable elderly lady on the premises to receive Miss Milroy—except Mrs. Gripper, who could only receive her in the kitchen—was equally out of the question. What was the invitation to be? Never backward, when he wanted help, in asking for it right and left in every available direction, Allan, feeling himself at the end of his own resources, coolly rang the bell, and astonished the servant who answered it by inquiring how the late family at Thorpe-Ambrose used to amuse themselves, and what sort of invitations they were in the habit of sending to their friends.

"The family did what the rest of the gentry did, Sir," said the man, staring at his master in utter bewilderment. "They gave dinner-parties and balls. And in fine summer weather, Sir, like this, they sometimes had lawn-parties and picnics—"

"That'll do!" shouted Allan. "A picnic's just the thing to please her. Richard, you're an invaluable man—you may go down stairs again."

Richard retired wondering, and Richard's master seized his ready pen:

"Dear Miss Milroy,—Since I left you it has suddenly struck me that we might have a picnic. A little change and amusement (what I should call a good shaking-up if I wasn't writing to a young lady) is just the thing for you after being so long indoors lately in Mrs. Milroy's room. A picnic is a change, and (when the wine is good) amusement too. Will you ask the major if he will consent to the picnic, and come? And if you have got any friends in the neighborhood who like a picnic, pray ask them too—for I have got none. It shall be your picnic, but I will provide every thing and take every body. You shall choose the day, and we will picnic where you like. I have set my heart on this picnic. Believe me, ever yours,

"Allan Armadale."

On reading over his composition before sealing it up, Allan frankly acknowledged to himself this time that it was not quite faultless. "'Picnic' comes in a little too often," he said. "Never mind—if she likes the idea she won't quarrel with that." He sent off the letter on the spot, with strict instructions to the messenger to wait for a reply.

In half an hour the answer came back on scented paper, without an erasure any where, fragrant to smell and beautiful to see.

The presentation of the naked truth is one of those exhibitions from which the native delicacy of the female mind seems instinctively to revolt. Never were the tables turned more completely than they were now turned on Allan by his fair correspondent. Machiavelli himself would never have suspected, from Miss Milroy's letter, how heartily she had repented her petulance to the young squire as soon as his back was turned, and how extravagantly delighted she was when his invitation was placed in her hands. Her letter was the composition of a model young lady whose emotions are all kept under parental lock and key, and served out for her judiciously as occasion may require. "Papa" appeared quite as frequently in Miss Milroy's reply as "picnic" had appeared in Allan's invitation. "Papa" had been as considerately kind as Mr. Armadale in wishing to procure her a little change and amusement, and had offered to forego his usual quiet habits, and join the picnic. With "papa's" sanction, therefore, she accepted, with much pleasure, Mr. Armadale's proposal; and, at "papa's" suggestion, she would presume on Mr. Armadale's kindness to add two friends of theirs, recently settled at Thorpe-Ambrose, to the picnic party—a widow lady and her son; the latter in holy orders, and in delicate health. If Tuesday next would suit Mr. Armadale, Tuesday next would suit "papa"—being the first day he could spare from repairs which were required by his clock. The rest, by "papa's" advice, she would beg to leave entirely in Mr. Armadale's hands; and in the mean time she would remain, with "papa's" compliments, Mr. Armadale's truly—"Eleanor Milroy." Who would ever have supposed that the writer of that letter had jumped for joy when Allan's invitation arrived? Who would ever have suspected that there was an entry already in Miss Milroy's diary, under that day's date, to this effect: "The sweetest, dearest letter from *I-know-who*; I'll never behave unkindly to him again as long as I live?" As for Allan, he was charmed with the success of his manœuvre. Miss Milroy had accepted his invitation—consequently Miss Milroy was not offended with him. It was on the tip of his tongue to mention the correspondence to his friend when they met at dinner. But there was something in Midwinter's face and manner (even plain enough for Allan to see) which warned him to wait a little before he said any thing to revive the painful subject of their visit to the cottage. By common consent they both avoided all topics connected with Thorpe-Ambrose—not even the visit from Mr. Bashwood, which was to come with the evening, being referred to by either of them. All through the dinner they drifted farther and farther back into the old endless talk of past times about ships and sailing. When the butler with-

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drew from his attendance at table, he came down stairs with a nautical problem on his mind, and asked his fellow-servants if they any of them knew the relative merits "on a wind," and "off a wind," of a schooner and a brig.

The two young men had sat longer at table than usual that day. When they went out into the garden with their cigars, the summer twilight fell gray and dim on lawn and flower-bed, and narrowed round them by slow degrees the softly-fading circle of the distant view. The dew was heavy; and after a few minutes in the garden, they agreed to go back to the dryer ground on the drive in front of the house.

They were close to the turning which led into the shrubbery when there suddenly glided out on them, from behind the foliage, a softly-stepping black figure—a shadow moving darkly through the dim evening light. Midwinter started back at the sight of it, and even the less finely-strung nerves of his friend were shaken for the moment.

"Who the devil are you?" cried Allan.

The figure bared its head in the gray light, and came slowly a step nearer. Midwinter advanced a step on his side, and looked closer. It was the man of the timid manners and the mourning garments, of whom he had asked the way to Thorpe-Ambrose where the three roads met.

"Who are you?" repeated Allan.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Sir," faltered the stranger, stepping back again confusedly. "The servants told me I should find Mr. Armadale—"

"What, are you Mr. Bashwood?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir."

"I beg your pardon for speaking to you so roughly," said Allan, "but the fact is, you rather startled me. My name is Armadale (put on your hat, pray), and this is my friend, Mr. Midwinter, who wants your help in the steward's office."

"We hardly stand in need of an introduction," said Midwinter. "I met Mr. Bashwood out walking a few days since, and he was kind enough to direct me when I had lost my way."

"Put on your hat," reiterated Allan, as Mr. Bashwood, still bareheaded, stood bowing speechlessly, now to one of the young men, and now to the other. "My good Sir, put on your hat, and let me show you the way back to the house. Excuse me for noticing it," added Allan, as the man, in sheer nervous helplessness, let his hat fall, instead of putting it back on his head; "but you seem a little out of sorts—a glass of good wine will do you no harm before you and my friend come to business. Whereabouts did you meet with Mr. Bashwood, Midwinter, when you lost your way?"

"I am too ignorant of the neighborhood to know. I must refer you to Mr. Bashwood."

"Come, tell us where it was," said Allan, trying, a little too abruptly, to set the man at his ease, as they all three walked back to the house.

The measure of Mr. Bashwood's constitutional timidity seemed to be filled to the brim by the loudness of Allan's voice, and the bluntness of Allan's request. He ran over in the same feeble flow of words with which he had deluged Midwinter on the occasion when they first met.

"It was on the road, Sir," he began, addressing himself alternately to Allan, whom he called "Sir," and to Midwinter, whom he called by his name, "I mean, if you please, on the road to little Gill Beck. A singular name, Mr. Midwinter, and a singular place; I don't mean the village; I mean the neighborhood—I beg your pardon, I mean the 'Broads,' beyond the neighborhood. Perhaps you may have heard of the Norfolk Broads, Sir? What they call lakes in other parts of England they call Broads here. The Broads are quite numerous; I think they would repay a visit. You would have seen the first of them, Mr. Midwinter, if you had walked on a few miles from where I had the honor of meeting you. Remarkably numerous, the Broads, Sir, situated between this and the sea. About three miles from the sea, Mr. Midwinter—about three miles. Mostly shallow, Sir, with rivers running between them. Beautiful; solitary. Quite a watery country, Mr. Midwinter; quite separate, as it were, in itself. Parties sometimes visit them, Sir—pleasure-parties in boats. It's quite a little net-work of lakes, or, perhaps—yes, perhaps more correctly, pools. There is good sport in the cold weather. The wild-fowl are quite numerous. Yes. The Broads would repay a visit, Mr. Midwinter, the next time you are walking that way. The distance from here to Little Gill Beck, and then from Little Gill Beck to Girdler Broad, which is the first you come to, is altogether not more—" In sheer nervous inability to leave off, he would apparently have gone on talking of the Norfolk Broads for the rest of the evening, if one of his two listeners had not unceremoniously cut him short before he could find his way into a new sentence.

"Are the Broads within an easy day's drive there and back, from this house?" asked Allan; feeling, if they were, that the place for the picnic was discovered already.

"Oh yes, Sir; a nice drive—quite a nice easy drive from this beautiful place!"

They were by this time ascending the portico steps; Allan leading the way up, and calling to Midwinter and Mr. Bashwood to follow him into the library, where there was a lighted lamp. In the interval which elapsed before the wine made its appearance, Midwinter looked at his chance acquaintance of the high-road with strangely-mingled feelings of compassion and distrust—of compassion that strengthened in spite of him; of distrust that persisted in diminishing, try as he might to encourage it to grow. There, perched comfortless on the edge of his chair, sat the poor broken-down nervous wretch, in his worn black garments, with his watery eyes, his honest old outspoken wig, his miserable mohair stock, and his false teeth that were incapable of deceiving any body—there he sat, politely ill at ease; now shrinking in the glare of the

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lamp, now wincing under the shock of Allan's sturdy voice; a man with the wrinkles of sixty years in his face, and the manners of a child in the presence of strangers; an object of pity surely, if ever there was a pitiable object yet!

"Whatever else you're afraid of, Mr. Bashwood," cried Allan, pouring out a glass of wine, "don't be afraid of that! There isn't a headache in a hogshead of it! Make yourself comfortable; I'll leave you and Mr. Midwinter to talk your business over by yourselves. It's all in Mr. Midwinter's hands; he acts for me, and settles every thing at his own discretion."

He said those words with a cautious choice of expression very uncharacteristic of him, and without further explanation, made abruptly for the door. Midwinter, sitting near it, noticed his face as he went out. Easy as the way was into Allan's favor, Mr. Bashwood, beyond all kind of doubt, had in some unaccountable manner failed to find it!

The two strangely-assorted companions were left together—parted widely, as it seemed on the surface, from any possible interchange of sympathy; drawn invisibly one to the other, nevertheless, by those magnetic similarities of temperament which overleap all difference of age or station, and defy all apparent incongruities of mind and character. From the moment when Allan left the room the hidden Influence that works in darkness began slowly to draw the two men together, across the great social desert which had lain between them up to this day.

Midwinter was the first to approach the subject of the interview.

"May I ask," he began, "if you have been made acquainted with my position here, and if you know why it is that I require your assistance?"

Mr. Bashwood—still hesitating and still timid, but manifestly relieved by Allan's departure—sat farther back in his chair, and ventured on fortifying himself with a modest little sip of wine.

"Yes, Sir," he replied; "Mr. Pedgift informed me of all—at least I think I may say so—of all the circumstances. I am to instruct, or perhaps I ought to say to advise—"

"No, Mr. Bashwood; the first word was the best word of the two. I am quite ignorant of the duties which Mr. Armadale's kindness has induced him to intrust to me. If I understand right, there can be no question of your capacity to instruct me, for you once filled a steward's situation yourself. May I inquire where it was?"

"At Sir John Mellowship's, Sir, in West Norfolk. Perhaps you would like—I have got it with me—to see my testimonial? Sir John might have dealt more kindly with me—but I have no complaint to make; it's all done and over now!" His watery eyes looked more watery still, and the trembling in his hands spread to his lips as he produced an old dingy letter from his pocket-book, and laid it open on the table.

The testimonial was very briefly and very coldly expressed, but it was conclusive as far as it went. Sir John considered it only right to say that he had no complaint to make of any want of capacity or integrity in his steward. If Mr. Bashwood's domestic position had been compatible with the continued performance of his duties on the estate, Sir John would have been glad to keep him. As it was, embarrassments caused by the state of Mr. Bashwood's personal affairs had rendered it undesirable that he should continue in Sir John's service; and on that ground, and that only, his employer and he had parted. Such was Sir John's testimony to Mr. Bashwood's character. As Midwinter read the last lines, he thought of another testimonial, still in his own possession—of the written character which they had given him at the school, when they turned their sick usher adrift in the world. His superstition (distrusting all new events and all new faces at Thorpe-Ambrose) still doubted the man before him as obstinately as ever. But when he now tried to put those doubts into words, his heart upbraided him, and he laid the letter on the table in silence.

The sudden pause in the conversation appeared to startle Mr. Bashwood. He comforted himself with another little sip of wine, and, leaving the letter untouched, burst irrepressibly into words, as if the silence was quite unendurable to him.

"I am ready to answer any question, Sir," he began. "Mr. Pedgift told me that I must answer questions, because I was applying for a place of trust. Mr. Pedgift said, neither you nor Mr. Armadale were likely to think the testimonial sufficient of itself. Sir John doesn't say—he might have put it more kindly, but I don't complain—Sir John doesn't say what the troubles were that lost me my place. Perhaps you might wish to know—?" He stopped confusedly, looked at the testimonial, and said no more.

"If no interests but mine were concerned in the matter," rejoined Midwinter, "the testimonial would, I assure you, be quite enough to satisfy me. But while I am learning my new duties, the person who teaches me will be really and truly the steward of my friend's estate. I am very unwilling to ask you to speak on what may be a painful subject, and I am sadly inexperienced in putting such questions as I ought to put; but perhaps, in Mr. Armadale's interests, I ought to know something more, either from yourself, or from Mr. Pedgift, if you prefer it—" He, too, stopped confusedly, looked at the testimonial, and said no more.

There was another moment of silence. The night was warm, and Mr. Bashwood, among his other misfortunes, had the deplorable infirmity of perspiring at the palms of the hands. He took out a miserable little cotton pocket-handkerchief, rolled it up into a ball, and softly dabbed it to and fro, from one hand to the other, with the regularity of a pendulum. Performed

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by other men, under other circumstances, the action might have been ridiculous. Performed by this man, at the crisis of the interview, the action was horrible.

"Mr. Pedgift's time is too valuable, Sir, to be wasted on me," he said. "I will mention what ought to be mentioned myself—if you will please to allow me. I have been unfortunate in my family. It was very hard to bear, though it seems not much to tell. My wife—" One of his hands closed fast on the pocket-handkerchief; he moistened his dry lips, struggled with himself, and went on.

"My wife, Sir," he resumed, "stood a little in my way; she did me (I am afraid I must confess) some injury with Sir John. Soon after I got the steward's situation she contracted—she took—she fell into habits (I hardly know how to say it) of drinking. I couldn't break her of it, and I couldn't always conceal it from Sir John's knowledge. She broke out, and—and—tried his patience once or twice, when he came to my office on business. Sir John excused it, not very kindly; but still he excused it. I don't complain of Sir John; I—I don't complain, now, of my wife." He pointed a trembling finger at his miserable crape-covered beaver hat on the floor. "I'm in mourning for her," he said, faintly. "She died nearly a year ago, in the county asylum here."

His mouth began to work convulsively. He took up the glass of wine at his side, and, instead of sipping it this time, drained it to the bottom. "I'm not much used to wine, Sir," he said, conscious, apparently, of the flush that flew into his face as he drank, and still observant of the obligations of politeness amidst all the misery of the recollections that he was calling up.

"I beg, Mr. Bashwood, you will not distress yourself by telling me any more," said Midwinter, recoiling from any further sanction on his part of a disclosure which had already bared the sorrows of the unhappy man before him to the quick.

"I'm much obliged to you, Sir," replied Mr. Bashwood. "But if I don't detain you too long, and if you will please to remember that Mr. Pedgift's directions to me were very particular—and, besides, I only mentioned my late wife because if she hadn't tried Sir John's patience to begin with, things might have turned out differently—" He paused, gave up the disjointed sentence in which he had involved himself, and tried another. "I had only two children, Sir," he went on, advancing to a new point in his narrative; "a boy and a girl. The girl died when she was a baby. My son lived to grow up—and it was my son who lost me my place. I did my best for him; I got him into a respectable office in London. They wouldn't take him without security. I'm afraid it was imprudent; but I had no rich friends to help me—and I became security. My boy turned out badly, Sir. He—perhaps you will kindly understand what I mean if I say he behaved dishonestly. His employers consented at my entreaty to let him off without prosecuting. I begged very hard—I was fond of my son James—and I took him home, and did my best to reform him. He wouldn't stay with me; he went away again to London; he—I beg your pardon, Sir! I'm afraid I'm confusing things; I'm afraid I'm wandering from the point?"

"No, no," said Midwinter, kindly. "If you think it right to tell me this sad story, tell it in your own way. Have you seen your son since he left you to go to London?"

"No, Sir. He's in London still for all I know. When I last heard of him he was getting his bread—not very creditably. He was employed, under the Inspector, at the Private Inquiry Office in Shadyside Place."

He spoke those words—apparently (as events then stood) the most irrelevant to the matter in hand that had yet escaped him; actually (as events were soon to be) the most vitally important that he had uttered yet—he spoke those words absently, looking about him in confusion, and trying vainly to recover the lost thread of his narrative.

Midwinter compassionately helped him. "You were telling me," he said, "that your son had been the cause of your losing your place. How did that happen?"

"In this way, Sir," said Mr. Bashwood, getting back again excitedly into the right train of thought. "His employers consented to let him off—but they came down on his security; and I was the man. I suppose they were not to blame; the security covered their loss. I couldn't pay it all out of my savings; I had to borrow—on the word of a man, Sir, I couldn't help it—I had to borrow. My creditor pressed me; it seemed cruel, but if he wanted the money, I suppose it was only just. I was sold out of house and home. I dare say other gentlemen would have said what Sir John said; I dare say most people would have refused to keep a steward who had had the bailiffs after him, and his furniture sold in the neighborhood. That was how it ended, Mr. Midwinter. I needn't detain you any longer—here is Sir John's address, if you wish to apply to him."

Midwinter generously refused to receive the address.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said Mr. Bashwood, getting tremulously on his legs. "There is nothing more, I think, except—except that Mr. Pedgift will speak for me if you wish to inquire into my conduct in his service. I'm very much indebted to Mr. Pedgift; he's a little rough with me sometimes, but if he hadn't taken me into his office, I think I should have gone to the work-house when I left Sir John, I was so broken down." He picked up his dingy old hat from the floor. "I won't intrude any longer, Sir. I shall be happy to call again, if you wish to have time to consider before you decide."

"I want no time to consider after what you have told me," replied Midwinter, warmly, his memory busy, while he spoke, with the time

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when *he* had told *his* story to Mr. Brock, and was waiting for a generous word in return, as the man before him was waiting now. "To-day is Saturday," he went on. "Can you come and give me my first lesson on Monday morning? I beg your pardon," he added, interrupting Mr. Bashwood's profuse expressions of acknowledgment, and stopping him on his way out of the room; "there is one thing we ought to settle, ought we not? We haven't spoken yet about your own interest in this matter—I mean, about the terms." He referred a little confusedly to the pecuniary part of the subject. Mr. Bashwood (getting nearer and nearer to the door) answered him more confusedly still.

"Any thing, Sir—any thing you think right. I won't intrude any longer—I'll leave it to you and Mr. Armadale."

"I will send for Mr. Armadale if you like," said Midwinter, following him into the hall. "But I am afraid he has as little experience in matters of this kind as I have. Perhaps, if you see no objection, we might be guided by Mr. Pedgift?"

Mr. Bashwood caught eagerly at the last suggestion, pushing his retreat while he spoke as far as the front-door. "Yes, Sir—oh yes, yes! nobody better than Mr. Pedgift. Don't—pray don't disturb Mr. Armadale!" His watery eyes looked quite wild with nervous alarm as he turned round for a moment in the light of the hall-lamp to make that polite request. If sending for Allan had been equivalent to unchaining a ferocious watch-dog Mr. Bashwood could hardly have been more anxious to stop the proceeding. "I wish you kindly good-evening, Sir," he went on, getting out to the steps. "I'm much obliged to you—I will be scrupulously punctual on Monday morning—I hope—I think—I'm sure you will soon learn every thing I can teach you. It's not difficult—oh dear, no—not difficult at all! I wish you kindly good-evening, Sir. A beautiful night; yes, indeed, a beautiful night for a walk home."

With those words, all dropping out of his lips one on the top of the other, and without noticing, in his agony of embarrassment at effecting his departure, Midwinter's outstretched hand, he went noiselessly down the steps, and was lost in the darkness of the night.

As Midwinter turned to re-enter the house the dining-room door opened and his friend met him in the hall.

"Has Mr. Bashwood gone?" asked Allan.

"He has gone," replied Midwinter, "after telling me a very sad story, and leaving me a little ashamed of myself for having doubted him without any just cause. I have arranged that he is to give me my first lesson in the steward's office on Monday morning."

"All right," said Allan. "You needn't be afraid, old boy, of my interrupting you over your studies. I dare say I'm wrong—but I don't like Mr. Bashwood."

"I dare say *I'm* wrong," retorted the other, a little petulantly. "I do."

The Sunday morning found Midwinter in the park, waiting to intercept the postman on the chance of his bringing more news from Mr. Brock.

At the customary hour the man made his appearance and placed the expected letter in Midwinter's hands. He opened it, far away from all fear of observation this time, and read these lines:

"My dear Midwinter,—I write more for the purpose of quieting your anxiety than because I have any thing definite to say. In my last hurried letter I had no time to tell you that the elder of the two women whom I met in the Gardens had followed me, and spoken to me in the street. I believe I may characterize what she said (without doing her any injustice) as a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. At any rate, she confirmed me in the suspicion that some underhand proceeding is on foot, of which Allan is destined to be the victim, and that the prime mover in the conspiracy is the vile woman who helped his mother's marriage and who hastened his mother's death.

"Feeling this conviction, I have not hesitated to do, for Allan's sake, what I would have done for no other creature in the world. I have left my hotel, and have installed myself (with my old servant Robert) in a house opposite the house to which I traced the two women. We are alternately on the watch (quite unsuspected, I am certain, by the people opposite) day and night. All my feelings, as a gentleman and a clergyman, revolt from such an occupation as I am now engaged in; but there is no other choice. I must either do this violence to my own self-respect, or I must leave Allan, with his easy nature, and in his assailable position, to defend himself against a wretch who is prepared, I firmly believe, to take the most unscrupulous advantage of his weakness and his youth. His mother's dying entreaty has never left my memory; and, God help me, I am now degrading myself in my own eyes in consequence.

"There has been some reward already for the sacrifice. This day (Saturday) I have gained an immense advantage—I have at last seen the woman's face. She went out with her veil down as before; and Robert kept her in view, having my instructions, if she returned to the house, not to follow her back to the door. She did return to the house; and the result of my precaution was, as I had expected, to throw her off her guard. I saw her face unveiled at the window, and afterward again in the balcony. If any occasion should arise for describing her particularly, you shall have the description. At present I need only say that she looks the full age (five-and-thirty) at which you estimated her, and that she is by no means so handsome a woman as I had (I hardly know why) expected to see.

"This is all I can now tell you. If nothing more happens by Monday or Tuesday next I shall have no choice but to apply to my lawyers for assistance; though I am most unwilling to

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trust this delicate and dangerous matter in other hands than mine. Setting my own feelings, however, out of the question, the business which has been the cause of my journey to London is too important to be trifled with much longer as I am trifling with it now. In any and every case depend on my keeping you informed of the progress of events; and believe me

"Yours truly,

"DECIMUS BROCK."

Midwinter secured the letter as he had secured the letter that preceded it—side by side in his pocket-book with the narrative of Allan's Dream.

"How many days more?" he asked himself, as he went back to the house. "How many days more?"

Not many. The time he was waiting for was a time close at hand.

Monday came and brought Mr. Bashwood, punctual to the appointed hour. Monday came, and found Allan immersed in his preparations for the picnic. He held a series of interviews, at home and abroad, all through the day. He transacted business with Mrs. Gripper, with the butler, and with the coachman, in their three several departments of eating, drinking, and driving. He went to the town to consult his professional advisers on the subject of the Broads, and to invite both the lawyers, father and son (in the absence of any body else in the neighborhood whom he could ask), to join the picnic. Pedgift Senior (in his department) supplied general information, but begged to be excused from appearing at the picnic on the score of business engagements. Pedgift Junior (in his department) added all the details; and casting business engagements to the winds, accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure. Returning from the lawyer's office, Allan's next proceeding was to go to the major's cottage and obtain Miss Milroy's approval of the proposed locality for the pleasure party. This object accomplished, he returned to his own house to meet the last difficulty now left to encounter—the difficulty of persuading Midwinter to join the expedition to the Broads.

On first broaching the subject Allan found his friend impenetrably resolute to remain at home. Midwinter's natural reluctance to meet the major and his daughter, after what had happened at the cottage, might probably have been overcome. But Midwinter's determination not to allow Mr. Bashwood's course of instruction to be interrupted was proof against every effort that could be made to shake it. After exerting his influence to the utmost, Allan was obliged to remain contented with a compromise. Midwinter promised, not very willingly, to join the party toward evening at the place appointed for a gipsy tea-making, which was to close the proceedings of the day. To this extent he would consent to take the opportunity of placing himself on a friendly footing with the Milroys. More he could not concede, even to Allan's persuasion, and for more it would be useless to ask.

The day of the picnic came. The lovely morning and the cheerful bustle of preparation for the expedition failed entirely to tempt Midwinter into altering his resolution. At the regular hour he left the breakfast-table to join Mr. Bashwood in the steward's office. The two were quietly closeted over the books, at the back of the house, while the packing for the picnic went on in front. Young Pedgift (short in stature, smart in costume, and self-reliant in manner) arrived some little time before the hour for starting, to revise all the arrangements, and to make any final improvements which his local knowledge might suggest. Allan and he were still busy in consultation when the first hitch occurred in the proceedings. The woman-servant from the cottage was reported to be waiting below for an answer to a note from her young mistress, which was placed in Allan's hands.

On this occasion Miss Milroy's emotions had apparently got the better of her sense of propriety. The tone of the letter was feverish, and the handwriting wandered crookedly up and down, in deplorable freedom from all proper restraint.

"Oh, Mr. Armadale" (wrote the major's daughter), "such a misfortune! What *are* we to do? Papa has got a letter from grandmamma this morning about the new governess. Her reference has answered all the questions, and she's ready to come at the shortest notice. Grandmamma thinks (how provoking!) the sooner the better; and she says we may expect her—I mean the governess—either to-day or to-morrow. Papa says (he *will* be so absurdly considerate to every body!) that we can't allow Miss Gwilt to come here (if she comes to-day) and find nobody at home to receive her. What *is* to be done? I am ready to cry with vexation. I have got the worst possible impression (though grandmamma says she is a charming person) of Miss Gwilt. *Can* you suggest something, dear Mr. Armadale? I'm sure papa would give way if you could. Don't stop to write—send me a message back. I have got a new hat for the picnic; and oh the agony of not knowing whether I am to keep it on or take it off.—Yours truly, E. M."

"The devil take Miss Gwilt!" said Allan, staring at his legal adviser in a state of helpless consternation.

"With all my heart, Sir—I don't wish to interfere," remarked Pedgift Junior. "May I ask what's the matter?"

Allan told him. Mr. Pedgift the Younger might have his faults, but a want of quickness of resource was not among them.

"There's a way out of the difficulty, Mr. Armadale," he said. "If the governess comes to-day let's have her at the picnic."

Allan's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"All the horses and carriages in the Thorpe-Ambrose stables are not wanted for this small party of ours," proceeded Pedgift Junior. "Of course not! Very good. If Miss Gwilt comes to-day she can't possibly get here before five

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o'clock. Good again. You order an open carriage to be waiting at the major's door at that time, Mr. Armadale; and I'll give the man his directions where to drive to. When the governess comes to the cottage let her find a nice little note of apology (along with the cold fowl, or whatever else they give her after her journey), begging her to join us at the picnic, and putting a carriage at her own sole disposal to take her there. Gad, Sir!" said young Pedgift, gayly, "she *must* be a Touchy One, if she thinks herself neglected after that!"

"Capital!" cried Allan. "She shall have every attention. I'll give her the pony-chaise and the white harness, and she shall drive herself if she likes."

He scribbled a line to relieve Miss Milroy's apprehensions, and gave the necessary orders for the pony-chaise. Ten minutes later the carriages for the pleasure party were at the door.

"Now we've taken all this trouble about her," said Allan, reverting to the governess as they left the house, "I wonder, if she does come today, whether we shall see her at the picnic."

"Depends entirely on her age, Sir," remarked young Pedgift, pronouncing judgment with the happy confidence in himself which eminently distinguished him. "If she's an old one, she'll be knocked up with the journey, and she'll stick to the cold fowl and the cottage. If she's a young one, either I know nothing of women or the pony in the white harness will bring her to the picnic."

They started for the major's cottage.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.*

NEW COLLEGE is four centuries and a half old. Once it was not only new, but a novelty, and the wonder of its age. This college, and the great school at Winchester attached to it, were the splendid and memorable work of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who, combining, after the manner of those days, the statesman with the churchman, was the Chancellor, the favorite minister, and the chief diplomatist of Edward III. Loaded with preferment, even to an excess of pluralism, by the favor of his sovereign, he used his accumulated wealth with the munificence which Bacon, childless himself, complacently notes as characteristic of childless men. The founder of New College had originally risen in life and attracted the King's notice by his skill as an architect—a calling not incompatible with the clerical character in an age when the clergy embraced all who wrought not with the hand but with the brain. He had built Windsor Castle; and in founding his own colleges no doubt he gratified the tastes of the architect as well as those of the friend of religion and learning. The chapel, the hall, the cloisters, the tower, the great quadrangle, still bespeak his genius; though the great quadrangle has been somewhat marred by the tastelessness of a later age, which has also added another quadrangle, in wretched imitation, it is believed, of some part of Versailles. Beyond, you pass into a garden remarkable for its fine masses of varied foliage and its vignette view of Magdalen Tower. Skirting the college and garden is the ancient city wall, here in its most perfect state, and most completely recalling the image of the old feudal town. The style of the college is the earliest perpendicular, marking the entrance of Gothic architecture into the last of its successive phases of beauty, and at the same time the entrance of Medieval Catholicism and the feudal system upon the period of their decline. The special studies prescribed by the founder, which are of a classical character, also mark the dawn of the Renaissance in England some time after its light had begun to fill the sky in the land of Petrarch. This was the age of Gower and Chaucer, the natal hour of modern English literature. With the revival of learning was destined to come a great revolution in the religious sphere. But to this part of the movement Wykeham was no friend. In ecclesiastical matters he was a Conservative. He had come into collision with the early Reformation, and with the precursor of Luther in the person of Wycliffe. He dedicated his two colleges to the Virgin, of whom he was a special devotee, and whose image stands conspicuous in more than one part of the quadrangle. He went beyond the previous founders in making peculiar and sumptuous provision for the performance of the Catholic ritual, with its stoled processions and tapered rites, and in enjoining religious observances and devotions on the members of his college. New College is still distinguished not only by the size and beauty of its chapel, but by its excellent choral service. Like many a Catholic patron and promoter of learning in the epoch preceding the Reformation—like Wolsey, like Sir Thomas More, like Leo X.—Wykeham, in fostering classical literature and intellectual progress, unconsciously forwarded the destruction of all that was most dear to him. He warmed into life the serpent (so he would have thought it) that was to sting his own Church to death.

New College had altogether more the character of an Abbey than the previous foundations. Its warden lived with more of the state of an abbot than the warden of Merton and the other colleges of that type. Its statutes prescribed a more monastic rule of life than previous codes. They regulated more narrowly, not to say more tyrannically, the details of personal conduct, and provided for more of mutual surveillance and denunciation. They forbid any student to go beyond the gates any where, except to the schools of the University, without a companion to keep watch over him. They betray an increased desire to force individual character into a prescribed mould. We may gather from their enactments that in those days, as in these, the student was sometimes led astray from the path of learning and asceticism by the sports and

* *Concluded from the May Number.*

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allurements of an evil world; for they strictly enjoin abstinence from gambling, hunting, and hawking. Each member of the college is sworn to observe them by oaths which, by their almost portentous rigor and prolixity, seem to betray the advent of an age when, the religious faith of the world having given way, morality had given way with it, and man could no longer put trust in man.

The University, as has been said, appears to have been in a languishing state when New College was founded. Wykeham obtained for his students the peculiar privilege of being examined for their degrees by the college instead of the University, whereby he meant to raise them to a higher pitch of industry, though the privilege proved, in after-times, a charter of idleness. He also provided for instruction by college tutors within the walls.

In these respects his college was peculiar. It was still more peculiar in its connection with the famous school which, standing beneath the shadow of Winchester Cathedral, casts over boyhood the spell of reverend antiquity. Winchester was the first of our English public schools, and the archetype of our public school system: a system somewhat severe, taking the boy, almost the child, from his home, and throwing him before his hour into a world almost as hard as that with which the man will have to struggle; but the parent, no doubt, of some Roman virtues, and the mistress, in part, of our imperial greatness.

It is probable that the troubles which interfered with the prosperity of the University had been connected with the rise of Wycliffeism. The arch-heretic was himself the foremost of Oxford teachers and the leader of the ardent intellect of Oxford, as well as of its high spiritual aspirations. It was with great difficulty, and after repeated struggles, that the church authorities succeeded in purifying, if ever they did succeed in purifying, the University of this plague; and our first religious test was directed against this the earliest form of the Protestant religion. Among those who had caught the infection was Fleming, the founder of Lincoln College, a venerable and somewhat sombre pile, close to Exeter. Afterward he grew orthodox, was made a bishop, and, becoming a deadly enemy of the party which he had deserted, founded a theological college specially to combat "that new and pestilent sect, which assailed all the sacraments and all the possessions of the Church." These words are not a bad summary of Wycliffeism, a movement directed at once against the worldly wealth of the Establishment and the sacramental and ceremonial system, which failed any longer to satisfy the religious heart. Whether Bishop Fleming's college contributed much toward the suppression of Protestant heresy in those days we do not know. In the last century it produced a group of students of a serious turn, diligent in religious studies and exercises, and on that account the laughing-stock of their fellow-students in a skeptical and scoffing age, at the head of whom was the modern counterpart of Wycliffe—John Wesley.

Facing one way on High Street, the other on the Radclyffe Square, with a fine Gothic front, two quadrangles, and a pair of high towers in debased Gothic style, but very picturesque, stands All Souls College. Over the gateway in High Street are sculptured the souls for whose relief from Purgatory the college was partly founded. Chichele, its founder, was Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of Henry V. Parliament already at that time was moving the Crown to secularize church property and apply it to the defense of the realm. Shakspeare has immortalized the statement of the chroniclers that Archbishop Chichele urged his master to claim the crown of France in order to divert him from attending to these proposals. Some confirmation of this belief may perhaps be found in the statutes of Chichele's college, which command its members, as a duty more incumbent on them even than that of learning, to pray for the souls of King Henry V. and such of his companions in arms as "drank the bitter cup of death" in the fields of that glorious but unjust, and therefore, in its ultimate issue, disastrous war. In after-times, through some unexplained train of accidents, the college became appropriated to men of high family, and the claims of aristocratic connection are still struggling with those of merit for the possession of the institution.

Chichele had been educated at New College, the statutes of which he to a great extent copied. Another son of the same house, who also copied its statutes, was William of Waynflete, Chancellor of Henry VI., and founder of Magdalen College, which stands beside the river Cherwell, amidst its smooth expanses of lawn and under its immemorial trees, the loveliest of all the homes of learning, the richest in all that is dear to a student's heart. Let one whose youth was passed in that fair house pay his tribute of gratitude and reverence to his founder's shade. In this work, we may believe, the spirit of a statesman-prelate, tossed on the waves of civil war, found relief from the troubles of an unquiet time. Under that gateway, when the tracery, now touched by age, was fresh, and the stone, now gray, was white, passed Richard III., with his crime in his heart. The shadow of his dark presence is in the rooms of state over the gateway, which have just been restored by the college to their pristine magnificence. But pass on, under the cloisters, through the quadrangle, with its tranquil beauty, its level floor of green, and its quaint symbolic figures, and you will come to the walk consecrated by the gentle genius of Addison.

The quadrangle, chapel, and hall are the work of the founder. But the tower, which lends grace to every view of Oxford, is believed to be a monument of the taste and of the soaring genius of Wolsey, who was a Fellow of the college, and the occurrence of whose name is ominous of coming change.

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The next foundation, following hard upon Magdalen, is Brasenose, a mass of buildings close under the Radclyffe Library — dark, as much from the discoloring of the stone as from years. As the night of the Middle Ages passed away, and the sun of the Renaissance climbed the sky, more colleges and fewer monasteries were founded. Yet the bishop and the pious knight who jointly founded Brasenose had no misgiving as to the perpetual continuance of Roman Catholic devotions. They did not imagine that a day would come, and that soon, when it would be no longer a duty to attend daily mass, to repeat the *Miserere* and the *Sancta Marie Mater*, to say the *Paternoster* five times a day in honor of the five wounds of Christ, and the Angelical Salutation as many times in honor of the five joys of the Virgin. Yet the patent of their foundation is dated in the third year of Henry VIII.

Pent between Merton and Christchurch—a confinement from which its growing greatness may one day tempt it to escape by migration—is Corpus Christi College. The quadrangle, with its quaint sun-dial, stands as it was left by the founder, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, a statesman and diplomatist, trusted in the crafty councils of Henry VII. We are now in full Renaissance, and on the brink of the Reformation. The name of the college, denoting a strong belief in transubstantiation, and the devotions prescribed in the statutes, show that the founder was (as the holder of the rich see of Winchester might be expected to be) an adherent of the established faith. He had first intended to found a monastery. But his far-sighted friend, Bishop Oldham, said, "What! my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing [praying] monks, whose end and fall we may ourselves live to see? No, no; it is more meet that we should provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning may do good to the Church and commonwealth." To the Renaissance, however, Fox's college emphatically belongs. For the first time the classical authors are distinctly prescribed as studies, and a long and liberal list of them is given in the statutes. Latin composition, both in prose and verse, is enjoined; and even on holidays and in vacation the students are required to practice themselves in writing verses and letters, in the rules of eloquence, the poets, orators, and historians. Greek as well as Latin was to be spoken by the students in the college hall—an enactment which bespeaks the intoxicating enthusiasm excited by the revival of learning. The foundation embraced two classical lecturers for the whole University, and Greece and Southern Italy are especially mentioned as countries from which the lecturers are to be taken. The language of the statutes themselves affects classical elegance, and the framer apologizes for not being perfectly Ciceronian. Erasmus, who had visited the college, said that it would be to Britain what the Mausoleum was to Caria, what the Colossus was to Rhodes. This it has hardly been, but it has produced eminent men; and here Arnold practiced in youthful, almost boyish, debate the weapons which he was afterward to wield for truth and justice on an ampler field.

Pulpit eloquence as well as classical learning was now in vogue, and the Fellows of Corpus Christi College are required, when of a certain standing, to preach in populous cities, and at last, as the crowning test of their powers, at St. Paul's Cross. To preach at St. Paul's Cross went, among other Fellows of the College, Richard Hooker; and those who have read his life can tell with how ludicrous and calamitous a result.

The hour of Medieval Catholicism was now come; but its grandest foundation at Oxford was its last. The stately façade, the ample quadrangle, the noble hall of Christchurch are monuments, as every reader of Shakspeare knows, of the magnificence of Cardinal Wolsey, a true Prince of the Church, with a princely, if not with a pure, heart. Here we stand on the point of transition between Catholic and Protestant England. Wolsey was in every sense the English Leo X.; an indifferentist, probably, in religion, as well as loose in morals, till misfortune and the approach of death made him again turn to God; an enthusiast only in learning; one of a group of men who, by fostering the new studies, promoted—without being aware of it—the progress of the new faith, and built with their own hands the funeral pile of their own Church. He suppressed a number of small monasteries to found Christchurch; and no doubt he felt for the monks—with their trumpery, their gross legends, and their fabricated relics—the same contempt which was felt for them by Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, and all other educated and enlightened men of the time. But he started back, and was troubled in mind, when he found that the eminent teachers whom he had sought out with great pains for his new college were teachers of other novelties besides the classics.

Grand as it is, Christchurch is not what Wolsey intended it to be. Had his design been fulfilled it would have been "Oxford" indeed, and the University would have been almost swallowed up in "Cardinal College," the name which, with a spirit of self-glorification somewhat characteristic of him, he intended to give his foundation. But in the midst of his work he fell; and the King, whom he had served too well, took his wealth and usurped his place as the legal founder of Christchurch, though he has not been able to usurp his place in history or in the real allegiance of Christchurch men. The college, however, though shorn of part of its splendor, was still splendid. In after-times it became—in a social and political sense at least—the first in England; and the portraits which line its hall are a gallery of English worthies in Church and State.

And now over Oxford, as well as over the rest of England—and more fiercely, perhaps,

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than over any other city of England—swept the great storm of the Reformation. The current of religious thought which, left to itself, would have flowed in a peaceful and beneficent stream, restrained by the barriers of a political church, at last burst upon society with the accumulated fury of a pent-up torrent. The monasteries, in Oxford as elsewhere, fell by a cruel though a righteous doom; their beauty was laid desolate. For a moment the colleges were in danger. Our charters were taken from us, and the hungry courtiers, fleshed with the plunder of the monasteries, marked us for their prey. But Henry VIII. was learned, and a friend of learning: after a short hesitation he drove off the pack of ravening hounds, and the charters were given back into our trembling hands. But every thing monastic was rigorously suppressed. The great bell of Christchurch, which Milton heard from his neighboring house at Forest Hill, "swinging slow with sullen roar," was saved from the wreck of Ousney Abbey, the chief monastery of the city.

The revolution was almost as great in the intellectual as in the ecclesiastical sphere. The books of the great school philosophers and divines—of Aquinas, Duns Scotus, the Master of the Sentences—were torn up and scattered about the college quadrangles. They had been the "angelic," the "subtle," the "irrefragable" doctors of their day.

To and fro swept the tide of controversy and persecution from the beginning of the Reformation, under Henry VIII., to the final settlement under Elizabeth. Now Catholics were expelled from their colleges by Edward VI., now Protestants by Mary, and again Catholics by Elizabeth. In Broad Street, opposite Baliol College, a site once occupied by the city ditch, is a spot marked by a flat cross of stone. There Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley died. In the city wall, close by, was their prison-house. While the Protestant divines, Bucer and Fagius, reigned in Oxford the wife of Fagius was buried near the shrine of St. Frideswide, in Christchurch Cathedral. The Catholics, in their hour of triumph, flung out the accursed wife of the heretic from the holy ground. The Protestants, in their turn victorious, mingled her bones with those of the Saint; and the dust of the two remains forever blended together by the irony of fate.

Two colleges, Trinity and St. John's, were founded during the brief Catholic reaction under Philip and Mary. As celibate institutions, colleges, though less distinctively Catholic than monasteries, were still more congenial to Catholicism than to Protestantism, and it was natural that the fashion of founding them should revive with Catholic ascendency. The founder of Trinity, Sir Thomas Pope, was an ardent partisan of the Reaction, and has earnestly enjoined his Fellows to avoid the contamination of the Protestant heresy. He lived to see them make way for Protestants. Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's, was a great merchant, and one of a group whose princely munificence in the endowment of literary or charitable institutions ennobled English commerce in those days. In England, at the present day, a man who has grown rich by commerce generally aspires to found a family. In America, it seems, he still aspires to found an institution.

The Elizabethan era was glorious at Oxford, as well as elsewhere, though the literary spirit of the University was classical, not national, like that which culminated in Shakspeare. The learned Queen paid us a visit, was entertained with classical dramas and flattered in classical harangues; and, at parting, expressed her warm affection for the University. On Shotover Hill, over which the old London Road passed, is a monument marking the spot to which the Heads of Colleges toiled up to meet her, and where, no doubt, there was abundance of ceremony and genuflection. It need scarcely be said that her still more learned successor made the light of his countenance shine upon us. In the great Quadrangle of the Schools, a very noble monument of the late Tudor architecture, upon a façade pedantically adorned with all the Greek orders, sits the effigy of the royal Solomon, majestic as when he drank the rich incense of Bacon's adulation. And be it said that James was, at all events, none the worse for his learning. It inspired him with some beneficent ideas, and redeemed his weakness from utter degradation.

James bestowed on the University the right of sending representatives to Parliament. A questionable boon. For though universities, if they are worth any thing, will make their influence felt in politics, it is not desirable that they should be directly involved in the struggles of political parties. Theirs should be a neutral territory and a serener air.

Exeter College, founded by a prelate of Edward II., was refounded and raised to its present magnificence by Sir William Petre, a statesman of the Elizabethan age, and an upholder of the Spartan theory of education against Ascham, who took the more liberal view. These famous Elizabethan statesmen were all highly-cultivated men. Cultivation without force may be impotent, but force without cultivation is blind. Force without cultivation has produced great effects for the time; but only cultivated men have left their mark upon the world.

Another knight of the Elizabethan age, Sir Thomas Bodley, founded the Bodleian Library, now one of the famous libraries of the world. The book-worm will scarcely find a greater paradise than the good knight's antique reading-room, especially in the quiet months of the summer vacation. If the spirit of learned leisure and repose breathes any where, it is there.

Jesus College was founded in the reign of Elizabeth for Welshmen, the remnant of the old Celtic inhabitants of Britain, who, saved from the Saxon sword by the rampart of the Welsh hills, had in that fastness preserved their national language and character, and do still to some extent preserve them, though railroads

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and other centralizing and civilizing influences are now fast completing the inevitable work of amalgamation. To draw Welsh students to English universities would of course be an object with all who desired the consolidation of the United Kingdom. This was a Protestant college, founded to uphold and disseminate the faith which Lincoln College, its neighbor over the way, had been founded to combat and put down. The Fellows are adjured to prefer Scripture to that which is not Scripture, truth to tradition. They are also directed specially to cultivate, and even to speak, Hebrew—a language which Protestants loved as the key to the Old Testament, and Catholics dreaded as the sure source of misbeliefs. According to the strong partisans of Catholicism, to learn Greek was heretical, to learn Hebrew was diabolical. The lingering love of clerical celibacy, however, betrays itself in a statute forbidding the Principal to marry. It is well known how strong this feeling was in the half-Catholic heart of the Virgin Queen.

Wadham College was founded in the reign of James I., on a site occupied by a monastery of Austin friars. In style it is a mixture of the Gothic college with the Tudor manor-house. In beauty and attractiveness as a home of learning it is second, perhaps, only to Magdalen. It is, moreover, interesting as the last great collegiate foundation of the medieval type, the last creation of that medieval spirit, which, like Gothic architecture, lingered at Oxford longer than in any other place in Protestant Britain. Sir Nicholas Wadham, whose name it bears, seems to have been, like a large portion of the wealthier classes at that time, a waverer in religion. It is said that he first intended to found a monastery abroad, but afterward made up his mind to found a college at home. Upon his death his widow, Dame Dorothy Wadham, fulfilled his design by building and endowing this noble house. The hand of time has touched it with a far higher beauty, especially on its garden side, since its foundress looked upon her work.

Two colleges, Pembroke and Worcester (the latter known to our summer visitors by the beauty of its gardens), are of later date than Wadham; but these grew up to their present goodly proportions out of foundations which, in their origin, were comparatively poor and insignificant.

Meantime a great change had been passing over the character of the University. In the thirteenth century we had been liberal and even somewhat revolutionary, both in religion and politics: we now became at once Tory and High Church. We had been the school of liberty, progress, hope: we now became the school of doctrines most adverse to them all. This was due mainly to the clerical character of the Fellowship, which, the University having been completely absorbed in the colleges, bound her destinies to those of the Established Church and its protector and ally, the Crown. The rule of celibacy, and the somewhat monkish tendencies of college life, also contributed to make Oxford, as she has twice been, the scene of a great Romanizing reaction.

In restoring the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Mary, where the University sermons are preached, we have spared, on historical grounds, an incongruous portico, in the Italian style, which, though built nearly a century after the Reformation, bears an image of the Virgin and Child. This is a monument of Laud, and helped to send him to the scaffold. In the interior quadrangle of St. John's College stand the statues of Charles and Henrietta, placed there by the same hand. Laud was the President of this college. Here he learned the narrow, arbitrary notions of government which he afterward put in practice with such fatal effect upon a more important scene; and here, in angry college controversies with the Puritans, he imbibed the malignant hatred of that sect which, when he had mounted to power, broke out in persecution.

Laud was a University reformer, though in a despotic way. He gave us a new Code of University Statutes, containing, no doubt, some enactments which were useful in their day. But here, too, he was Laud. He completely sacrificed liberty to order. He gave us no power of amendment; and he legally bound upon our necks the oligarchy toward which our once free constitution had for some time been practically tending. We burst his fetters only a few years ago.

During the great civil war Oxford, once almost the head-quarters of Simon de Montfort, was the head-quarters of Charles. The city was in a state of siege. Study ceased. The students were in arms. The Royalist Parliaments sat in our college halls and our Convocation. One seat of learning became the mint. Soldiers trooped in the streets. The college plate was melted down into money; and thus perished, probably, a rare collection of medieval works of art. The monuments of that period are not houses of learning, but the traces of earth-works which united the river Cherwell with the Isis, and protected the beleaguered city.

The victorious Puritans have left their mark on some painted windows and Romish images. The extreme fanatics of the party would have done away with universities and learning altogether, and left nothing but the Bible and the pulpit. But Cromwell was of a different mind. He was no incarnation either of mere fanaticism or of brute force. He had been bred at a grammar-school and at Cambridge. What was more, he had conversed on the highest themes with the choicest spirits of his time. He protected and fostered both universities, and did his best to draw highly-cultivated men from them into the public service. Of course he put Puritans in our high places. But these men promoted learning as well as Puritanism, restored discipline, revived education, and upheld the honor of the University in their day.

Of course Oxford hailed the Restoration. Alas for the depths of servility into which, in

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that her evil hour, she fell! Archbishop Sheldon then reigned over us in the spirit of the most violent Royalism and the narrowest intolerance. The Sheldonian Theatre, in which our Commemorations are held, is his work. Let it do what it may to redeem an unloved and unhonored name.

The Radclyffe Library, rising with its Palladian dome in not unpleasing contrast to the Gothic buildings which surround it, and upon the whole galaxy of which it looks down, is a memorial of the Augustan glories of the reign of Anne, of which even Tory Oxford did not fail to catch the beams. Its founder, Dr. Radclyffe, was the court physician of the time. Less pleasing memorials of the same age are the Chapel of Trinity College, and other buildings, designed by Aldrich, the Dean of Christchurch in that day, a tasteless architect, but a man of liberal culture, and the centre of a group of scholars who made Christchurch illustrious in his time.

And now we come to a period over which every loyal son of Oxford will gladly pass as quickly as he may. The State Church of England during the greater half of the last century was torpid and corrupt, and Oxford shared its torpor and corruption. The only spirit active in the University was that of Jacobitism—a political conspiracy in favor of the heir of James II., and against the constitutional liberties of the nation—destitute, in the case of the Oxford Fellows, even of the redeeming lustre which valor sheds over the self-devoted adherents of a bad cause. Instead of bleeding at Preston and Culloden, these men merely indulged their factious feeling by "drinking the king over the water," in what Gibbon calls the "deep but dull potations which excused the brisk intemperance of youth." In truth the University, in the proper sense of the word, could scarcely be said to live in those days. Her corpse was possessed by an alien spirit of clerical depravity and political intrigue. Learning slept, education languished, university and college examinations became a farce. Life in most of the colleges was indolent, sensual, and coarse. A few names, such as those of Lowth and Wharton, redeemed our dishonor. Christchurch — thanks, chiefly, to the good scholars it received from Westminster school—maintained a position higher than that of the other colleges. But our general history, for seventy or eighty years, was such that we would gladly bury it in oblivion. It is not surprising that a University where duty was dead, where religious faith was a mere prejudice deeply tainted with political bigotry, should have become the mother of skepticism and irreligion, or that the most conspicuous name among the Oxford men of the last century should be that of Gibbon. If we seek architectural memorials of this evil age, they will be found in tasteless masses of modern building, such as the "new buildings" at Magdalen, designed merely as luxurious residences, without any thought of the higher aims of architectural art.

The commencement of the present century, when the mind of Europe had been stirred by the French Revolution, and the great struggles, political and intellectual as well as military, to which it gave birth, witnessed a revival of learning and education at Oxford. Then it was that our examinations were again made effective, that our class-list was instituted, and that Oxford once more became, what she had so long ceased to be, a power in the intellectual world. Then it was that our Cannings and Peels began to arise, and that we began again to send men of worth and high aspirations into the service of the state. Still we were High Tories. At Oxford, in 1814, the Allied Sovereigns celebrated their victory, and a memorial of their visit is seen in the portraits of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, which hang, with that of George IV. between them, in the Sheldonian Theatre. Among the honors and rewards heaped on the Duke of Wellington, the great chief of the Tory party, was the Chancellorship of the University, and at his installation Oxford was the scene of a memorable gathering of his political adherents. It was, in fact, their first rally after their great overthrow.

Scarcely, however, had the intellectual revival of the University commenced when, owing to the clerical and half-monastic character of the colleges, Oxford became the centre of the great priestly and Romanizing reaction in the Anglican Church, of which Dr. Newman was the illustrious leader, and which was provoked by the general progress of liberal opinions in the nation and the victory of Parliamentary Reform. The annals of that reaction belong rather to the history of the Anglican Church than to that of the University of Oxford. But when it was at its height it completely absorbed the intellectual activity of the University, and fatally shattered many a fine mind destined by nature to render high service to Oxford and to the nation, but now rendered useless, except as the wrecked vessel which marks the sunken reef. Of this attempt to revive the faith and the ecclesiastical institutions of the Middle Ages, the architectural additions and restorations in the Gothic style with which Oxford abounds, and which have been made within the last thirty years, are in part the monuments; though they are mainly the fruits of an improved taste in architecture, and a returning preference for the Romantic over the Classical in poetry and art. The Martyrs' Memorial, also — erected near the spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered—may be regarded as, in another sense, a monument of the same epoch. It is the architectural manifesto of the Protestant party against the Romanizing doctrines of Dr. Newman and his disciples.

The secession of Dr. Newman to the Church of Rome closed, in truth, the history of the religious movement of which he was the leader. With him its genius, its poetry, its chivalry, its fascinations for high intellects and spiritual natures passed away. Since that time it has al-

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most lost its spiritual character, and degenerated into a mere State Church combination, the subservient ally of political Toryism, and the tool of the Tory chiefs. Twenty years ago it carried with it almost all the powerful intellects of the University; now it has decisively lost them all. Romanizing extravagances in ceremonial, language, dress, and all that Carlyle calls the "millinery and upholstery" part of the movement, still go on; but these are the freaks and toys of children, not the deliberate efforts of men to master the intellect of the world.

Since the catastrophe of Tractarianism the proper interests of the University have revived, and a more liberal spirit has begun to pervade our society and administration. The Tractarian movement, though itself reactionary, broke up old Anglican and Tory prejudices, weaned active minds from subservience to custom and tradition, loosened the soil in all directions, and prepared the ground for healthier plants to grow. Having trained those who were influenced by it to rest on authority instead of resting on truth, it, of course, at its downfall, left behind it a certain amount of religious perplexity and distress peculiar to Oxford, besides what is generally prevalent in an age of final transition from false authority to rational religion. But this is accidental, and, as Oxford teachers and students brace themselves to their proper duties, it will pass away.

Meantime our course of education, till lately confined to classics and mathematics, is being rendered more liberal and more adequate to the needs of our age by the admission of Science, History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. The Museum, newly built on the north of the city, and the Taylor Institution for the study of modern languages, are the architectural expressions of an onward movement in education almost as important as that which substituted classical literature for the scholastic philosophy in the sixteenth century.

We have also got rid, by the help of Parliament, of the antiquated codes of statutes with which each founder, anxious to perpetuate his own will to the end of time, had prevented the free development and frozen the life-blood of his college. Our case is a warning to others, especially to the citizens of the United States, where private munificence displays itself to so large an extent in the endowment of institutions, against the danger, incident to perpetual endowments, of allowing the gifts of one generation to become the fetters of those which follow. No perpetual foundation should be permitted without a power vested in proper authorities of amending, from time to time, the regulations of the founder, so far as is consistent with his main object, which should always be distinctly stated at the commencement of the instrument of foundation.

At the same time and by the same assistance we shook off, in part at least, the oligarchical government imposed on us by Laud, and recovered in some measure the freedom of action and the power of self-adaptation and development without which no institution can long sustain its greatness.

The friends of Reform and Progress within the University did not call on the central Government for aid without hesitation. All Englishmen are attached to local liberties and jealous of the interference of the central power. We are, moreover, convinced that the great places of national education and learning, as the guardians of interests and principles which are the common heritage of all, should be as free as possible from the influence and vicissitudes of political parties. But it was for emancipation, not for interference, that Oxford reformers appealed to Parliament; and it was in a case where, from the absence of any legal power of amending our statutes, we were unable to emancipate ourselves.

Moreover, from the predominance of the clerical element (the immemorial bane of our greatness), we are subjected, in academical legislation, to an influence more sectional and more injurious than that of any political party not wholly regardless of the general interests of the nation. It is on this account that the friends of liberty at Oxford are obliged again to appeal to Parliament to relieve us from the religious tests, and enable us once more to become the University of the whole nation. Your Oxford guest will not exert himself with the less energy or the less confidence in this cause after having, once in his life, breathed the air, to him so strange, to you so happily familiar, of perfect religious liberty, and learned, from the evidence of his own senses, how false, how blasphemous, is the belief that rational religion is opposed to freedom, or that freedom is injurious to rational religion.

Thus we have traced, though necessarily in a brief and summary way, the history of this group of corporations, and seen the united threads of their existence pass through many successive phases of the national history, and reflect the varying hues, the happy lights, and the melancholy shadows of each phase in turn. We have seen pass before us the long train of Founders, in the characters and costumes of many successive ages: the sceptred Plantagenets; the warrior prelates; the ecclesiastical statesmen of the Middle Ages; the grave knights, bountiful ladies, and wealthy merchants of the Tudor age; the more familiar forms of modern intellect and science. A common purpose runs through and unites the whole, binding the present to all the generations of the past. In the latest buildings we see modern science installed in a home prepared for it by the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages.

It only remains to be said that Oxford, like all the antiquities and glories of England, is yours as well as ours. It is a part of the common heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. I trust that any American who may come to it, either as a visitor or a student, will not fail to be welcomed, as I know by happy experience that Englishmen are welcomed here.

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In Memoriam W. S.

I.

WHAT shall I sing, and how,
Of what I suffer now?
To Nature trust, or Art,
The burden of my heart?

'Tis three weeks now—but *three*,
Since he was here with me:
The dreadful time has flown,
And now I am alone!

I left him in the morn,
(Not knowing how forlorn!)
There, in his little bed,
Weak, sick, but oh, *not* dead!

When I came back at noon,
(Too late, and yet so soon!)
They met me on the stairs,
Like Judgment unawares!

I stopped. "Your Will is dead!"
"It can not be," I said.
It *could*, it *was*—ah, why?
What had he done to die?

I knelt beside his bed,
I kissed his royal head,
His hand, his feet, his arm—
The body yet was warm!

I wept! But did I weep?
Or was my grief too deep?
I only know I cursed,
Pray Heaven that was the worst!

And shall I sing of this?
Or of the dark abyss
In which I grope apart,
Hugging my broken heart?

Not now, whate'er I may
In some far distant day;
Enough what here appears,
Drowned in these bitter tears!

II.

THE Christmas-time drew slowly near,
The happy days we loved to see;
Thrice had we had a Christmas-tree,
The evergreen of all the year.

"What have you brought me?" asked the boy
When I came home at night; and I
Made some, I know not what, reply,
The promise of a future toy.

"You must not ask me any more,"
I said at last; "but wait and see,
When Christmas comes, your Christmas-tree,
For you shall have it as before."

We meant to have a tiny one,
With pendent toys and lighted boughs;
But darkness fell upon the house,
For Death, in passing, took my son!

Nathless he had his Christmas-tree;
For pines within the grave-yard stand,
Above his bed of yellow sand,
Beside the moaning of the sea.

III.

"*Come unto these yellow sands;*"
Not to sing a fairy song,
As when summer nights are sweet,
Keeping time with flying feet;
But to wring your hands,
Now the nights are long,
And the winds of winter blow,
Whirling round the drifts of snow,
Over him who lies below,
Buried (God have mercy!) in the yellow sands.

IV.

I SIT in my lonesome chamber
This stilly winter night,
In the midst of quaint old volumes,
With the cheery fire in sight!

In the darkened room behind me,
My darling lies asleep,
Worn out with constant weeping—
'Tis now my turn to weep!

What do I weep for? Nothing!
Or a very common thing;
That the little boy I loved so,
Like a dove has taken wing!

He used to sleep beside us,
In reach of his mother's hand;
They have moved his bed—ah, whither?
And made him one in the sand!

Why didn't they make mine also?
I'm sure I want to go:
But no—I must live for his mother,
For she needs me still, I know.

For her I must bear my sorrow,
Nor weep—when she can see;
She grieves too much already,
To waste a sigh for me!

V.

YOU think—I see it by your looks—
That I am buried in my books,
Wherein, as when he lived, I find
An easy solace for my mind.

It is not so. I try, indeed,
What charmed me once again to read;
Page after page I turn in vain—
They leave no meaning in my brain.

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I see the words—they come and go,
In dark procession, sad and slow,
Like mourners at a funeral—
I know *who* lies beneath the pall!

I dally with my books, and why?
Read you the reason in my eye:
Because I would do *more* than weep;
Grief, even for *him*, may be *too* deep!

Had *I* been taken, what would *he*,
Dear heart! be doing now for me?
His few tears dried (the blow being new
We'll grant he sheds a tear or two),

He would have smiled as heretofore,
And soon have talked of me no more:
Like other little orphan boys,
He would be playing with his toys!

Should I, a child of larger growth
(You know you called us children, both),
Be, in my grief, less wise than he?
Or you be harder, love, with me?

Then chide not, as you have to-day,
For poring o'er my books, but say,
"His ways remind me of the boys;
For see—he's playing with his toys!"

VI.

What shall we do when those we love
Are gone to their seraphic rest?
Since we must live, what life is best
Before the clearer eyes above?

Shall we recall them as they were,
The day, the hour, the dreadful blow
That, dealt in darkness, laid them low,
The coffin, and the sepulchre?

Or shall we rather (say, we can)
Be what we used to be of old?
Work, one for love, and one for gold—
The tender woman, worldly man?

Shall we be jealous if the heart
Lets go a moment of its dead?
Mistrust it, and revile the head,
And say to all but Death, "*Depart!*"

Or shall we willing be to take
What good we may in common things—
Blue skies, the sea, a bird that sings,
And other hearts that do not break?

What God approves, methinks, I know
(If aught we do approved can be),
But since my child was taken from me,
My only pleasure is in woe:—

My tortured heart, my frenzied head,
For when, as now, a smile appears,
I would be drowned in endless tears,
Or, happier, with my darling dead!

VII.

We sat by the cheerless fireside,
Mother, and you, and I;
All thinking of our darling,
And sad enough to die!

He lay in his little coffin,
In the room adjoining ours;
A Christmas wreath on his bosom,
His brow in a band of flowers.

"We bury the boy to-morrow,"
I said, or seemed to say;
"Would I could keep it from coming
By lengthening out to-day!

"Why can't I sit by the fireside,
As I am sitting now,
And feel my gray hairs thinning,
And the wrinkles on my brow?

"God keep him there in his coffin
Till the years have rolled away!
If he *must* be buried to-morrow,
O let me die to-day!"

VIII.

It looks in at the window,
Divinely bright and far,
The loving star of Venus,
Our little Willy's star!

He used to watch its rising,
As we have done to-night;
Its lustrous, steel-blue twinkle,
Its steady heart of light!

"O mamma, there is Venus!"
Methinks I hear him cry,
As he leads us to the window,
To watch his brighter eye!

And once we saw him kneeling
Before it, in his chair,
Folding his hands together,
And making some sweet prayer!

What did he ask you, Venus?
To take his soul away?
Or, feeling he must leave us,
Perhaps he prayed to stay!

God knows; *you* can not tell us,
And *he* is gone afar;
And we are left in sorrow,
To gaze upon his star!

IX.

What shall I do next summer?
What will become of me
When I draw near my cottage,
Beside the solemn sea?

Along the dusty road-side
I shall not see him run,
To greet his loving father,
So proud to meet his son!

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No longer in the distance
I'll strain my eager eyes,
To catch him at the window,
And mark his sweet surprise.

The gate how can I enter?
How bear to touch the door
That opens in the chambers
Where he is seen no more?

When last I crossed the threshold
(I'm glad I did not take
His dear dead body thither!)
I thought my heart would break.

"My son was here last summer:
He sat in yonder chair;
And there, beside the window,
I kissed his golden hair!"

With every sweet remembrance
There came a burst of tears;
There is but *one* such tempest
In all our stormy years.

I kissed the chair he sat in,
The spot his feet had trod;
I clutched the empty darkness
To pluck him back from God.

O ruined heart and hearth-stone!
What will become of me,
In my deserted dwelling
Beside the dreadful sea?

X.

This book of dirges, if it be
True to the hue of grief in me,
To what I am, my son, for thee,

Will be an endless stretch of plain,
Swept by the dreary autumn rain,
And winds that sob, like souls in pain!

No light, a blind sky overhead,
And every where a sense of dread:
For such my heart is—broken, dead!

XI.

When first he died there was no day
That was not saddened by my tears:
"And 'twill be thus," I said, "for years;
His memory can not fade away."

That first wild burst of grief is o'er,
The spring is sealed of wretchedness;
Not that I love my darling less,
But love, or think of, others more.

They move me as they could not then—
My brain at least, if not my heart;
And so I try to act my part
As patiently as lesser men.

Pale fathers pass me in the street,
Whose little sons, like mine, are dead;
I see it in the drooping head,
And in the wandering of the feet!

XII.

The dreary winter days are past,
The cloudy sky, the bitter blast:
Gone is the snow, the sleet
That glazed each rugged street.

All things proclaim that Spring is near,
Rejoicing in the wakened Year:
Even *I*, whose tears are shed
Above the Winter dead!

Darker than now my death can be,
In that it took my boy from me—
My heart it did not wring
Like this first breath of Spring!

What though the clouds were thick o'erhead,
And Earth was iron to my tread,
Rains poured, snows whirled, winds blew,
And my great grief was new?

'Twas still—if not a solace, yet
Something akin that laid regret.
It hushed my useless moan
To think I was alone!

When drove the snow, the thought would rise,
"It does not blind his little eyes!"
When winds were sharp I smiled;
"They can not stab my child!"

Now Spring is come, I sigh and say,
"He can not see this sunny day,
Nor feel this balmy air
That longs to kiss his hair!"

The tender spirit of the hour
That stirs the sap, and paints the flower,
Enfolding land and sea,
And quickening even me,

So stings my soul, I hold my breath,
And try to break the dream of death,
And stagger on his track
Until I snatch him back!

Great God! if *he* should feel it there,
(Where, *where*—some angel tell me where?)
And struggle so for *me*,
How terrible 'twould be!

R. H. STODDARD.

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BIBLIOMANIA OF THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 785.]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

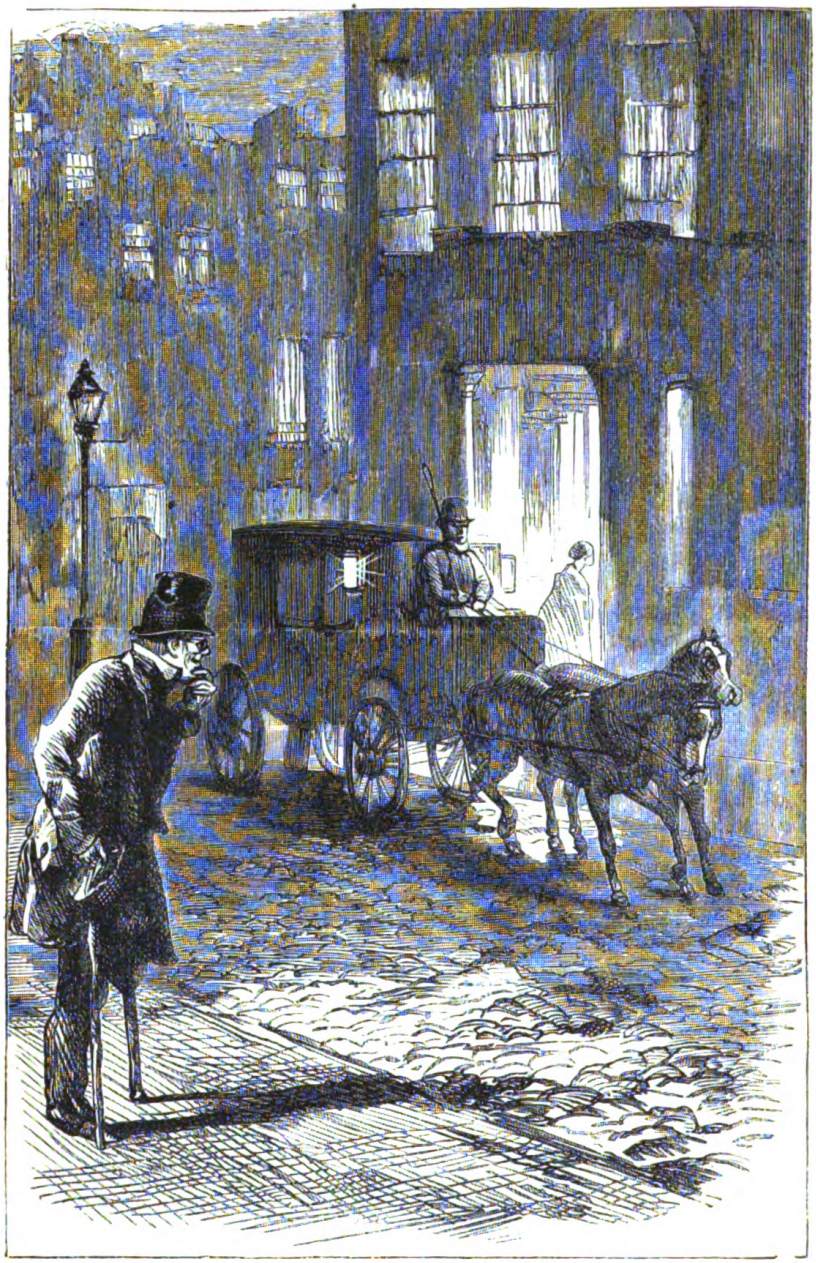
CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY.

THE train of carts and horses came and went all day from dawn to nightfall, making little or no daily impression on the heap of ashes, though, as the days passed on, the heap was seen to be slowly melting. My lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, when you in the course of your dust-shoveling and cinder-raking have piled up a mountain of pretentious failure, you must off with your honorable coats for the removal of it, and fall to the work with the power of all the queen's horses and all the queen's men, or it will come rushing down and bury us alive.

Yes, verily, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, adapting your Catechism to the occasion, and by God's help so you must. For when we have got things to the pass that with

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THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE HOUSE OF BOFFIN.—[SEE MAY NUMBER, PAGE 799.]

an enormous treasure at disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our mercies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity, impossible of continuance. It may not be so written in the Gospel according to Podsnappery; you may not "find these words" for the text of a sermon, in the Returns of the Board of Trade; but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar every one of us.

Old Betty Higden fared upon her pilgrimage as many ruggedly honest creatures, women and men, fare on their toiling way along the roads of life. Patiently to earn a spare bare living, and quietly to die, untouched by work-house hands—this was her highest sublunary hope.

Nothing had been heard of her at Mr. Boffin's house since she trudged off. The weather had been hard and the roads had been bad, and her spirit was up. A less stanch spirit might have

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been subdued by such adverse influences; but the loan for her little outfit was in no part repaid, and it had gone worse with her than she had foreseen, and she was put upon proving her case and maintaining her independence.

Faithful soul! When she had spoken to the Secretary of that "deadness that steals over me at times," her fortitude had made too little of it. Oftener and ever oftener, it came stealing over her; darker and ever darker, like the shadow of advancing Death. That the shadow should be deep as it came on, like the shadow of an actual presence, was in accordance with the laws of the physical world, for all the Light that shone on Betty Higden lay beyond Death.

The poor old creature had taken the upward course of the river Thames as her general track; it was the track in which her last home lay, and of which she had last had local love and knowledge. She had hovered for a little while in the near neighborhood of her abandoned dwelling, and had sold, and knitted and sold, and gone on. In the pleasant towns of Chertsey, Walton, Kingston, and Staines, her figure came to be quite well known for some short weeks, and then again passed on.

She would take her stand in market-places, where there were such things, on market-days; at other times, in the busiest (that was seldom very busy) portion of the little quiet High Street; at still other times she would explore the outlying roads for great houses, and would ask leave at the Lodge to pass in with her basket, and would not often get it. But ladies in carriages would frequently make purchases from her trifling stock, and were usually pleased with her bright eyes and her hopeful speech. In these and her clean dress originated a fable that she was well-to-do in the world: one might say, for her station, rich. As making a comfortable provision for its subject which costs nobody any thing, this class of fable has long been popular.

In those pleasant little towns on Thames you may hear the fall of the water over the weirs, or even, in still weather, the rustle of the rushes; and from the bridge you may see the young river, dimpled like a young child, playfully gliding away among the trees, unpolluted by the defilements that lie in wait for it on its course, and as yet out of hearing of the deep summons of the sea. It were too much to pretend that Betty Higden made out such thoughts; no; but she heard the tender river whispering to many like herself, "Come to me, come to me! When the cruel shame and terror you have so long fled from most beset you, come to me! I am the Relieving Officer appointed by eternal ordinance to do my work; I am not held in estimation according as I shirk it. My breast is softer than the pauper-nurse's; death in my arms is peacefuller than among the pauper-wards. Come to me!"

There was abundant place for gentler fancies too, in her untutored mind. Those gentlefolks and their children inside those fine houses, could they think, as they looked out at her, what it was to be really hungry, really cold? Did they feel any of the wonder about her that she felt about them? Bless the dear laughing children! If they could have seen sick Johnny in her arms would they have cried for pity? If they could have seen dead Johnny on that little bed would they have understood it? Bless the dear children, for his sake, any how! So with the humbler houses in the little street, the inner firelight shining on the panes as the outer twilight darkened. When the families gathered indoors there, for the night, it was only a foolish fancy to feel as if it were a little hard in them to close the shutter and blacken the flame. So with the lighted shops, and speculations whether their masters and mistresses taking tea in a perspective of back-parlor—not so far within but that the flavor of tea and toast came out, mingled with the glow of light, into the street—ate or drank or wore what they sold, with the greater relish because they dealt in it. So with the church-yard on a branch of the solitary way to the night's sleeping-place. "Ah me! The dead and I seem to have it pretty much to ourselves in the dark and in this weather! But so much the better for all who are warmly housed at home." The poor soul envied no one in bitterness, and grudged no one any thing.

But the old abhorrence grew stronger on her as she grew weaker, and it found more sustaining food than she did in her wanderings. Now, she would light upon the shameful spectacle of some desolate creature—or some wretched ragged groups of either sex, or of both sexes, with children among them huddled together like the smaller vermin for a little warmth—lingering and lingering on a doorstep, while the appointed evader of the public trust did his dirty office of trying to weary them out and so get rid of them. Now, she would light upon some poor decent person, like herself, going afoot on a pilgrimage of many weary miles to see some worn-out relative or friend who had been charitably clutched off to a great blank barren Union House, as far from old home as the County Jail (the remoteness of which is always its worst punishment for small rural offenders), and in its dietary, and in its lodging, and in its tending of the sick, a much more penal establishment. Sometimes she would hear a newspaper read out, and would learn how the Registrar-General cast up the units that had within the last week died of want and of exposure to the weather: for which that Recording Angel seemed to have a regular fixed place in his sum, as if they were its half-pence. All such things she would hear discussed, as we, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in our unapproachable magnificence never hear them, and from all such things she would fly with the wings of raging Despair.

This is not to be received as a figure of speech. Old Betty Higden however tired, however footsore, would start up and be driven away by her awakened horror of falling into the hands of

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Charity. It is a remarkable Christian improvement, to have made a pursuing Fury of the Good Samaritan; but it was so in this case, and it is a type of many, many, many.

Two incidents united to intensify the old unreasoning abhorrence — granted in a previous place to be unreasoning, because the people always are unreasoning, and invariably make a point of producing all their smoke without fire.

One day she was sitting in a market-place on a bench outside an inn, with her little wares for sale, when the deadness that she strove against came over her so heavily that the scene departed from before her eyes; when it returned, she found herself on the ground, her head supported by some good-natured market-women, and a little crowd about her.

"Are you better now, mother?" asked one of the women. "Do you think you can do nicely now?"

"Have I been ill then?" asked old Betty.

"You have had a faint like," was the answer, "or a fit. It ain't that you've been a-struggling, mother, but you've been stiff and numbed."

"Ah!" said Betty, recovering her memory. "It's the numbness. Yes. It comes over me at times."

"Was it gone?" the women asked her.

"It's gone now," said Betty. "I shall be stronger than I was afore. Many thanks to ye, my dears, and when you come to be as old as I am, may others do as much for you!"

They assisted her to rise, but she could not stand yet, and they supported her when she sat down again upon the bench.

"My head's a bit light, and my feet are a bit heavy," said old Betty, leaning her face drowsily on the breast of the woman who had spoken before. "They'll both come nat'ral in a minute. There's nothing more the matter."

"Ask her," said some farmers standing by, who had come out from their market-dinner, "who belongs to her."

"Are there any folks belonging to you, mother?" said the woman.

"Yes, sure," answered Betty. "I heerd the gentleman say it, but I couldn't answer quick enough. There's plenty belonging to me. Don't ye fear for me, my dear."

"But are any of 'em near here?" said the men's voices; the women's voices chiming in when it was said, and prolonging the strain.

"Quite near enough," said Betty, rousing herself. "Don't ye be afeard for me, neighbors."

"But you are not fit to travel. Where are you going?" was the next compassionate chorus she heard.

"I'm agoing to London when I've sold out all," said Betty, rising with difficulty. "I've right good friends in London. I want for nothing. I shall come to no harm. Thankye. Don't ye be afeard for me."

A well-meaning by-stander, yellow-legginged and purple-faced, said hoarsely over his red comforter, as she rose to her feet, that she "oughtn't to be let to go."

"For the Lord's love don't meddle with me!" cried old Betty, all her fears crowding on her. "I am quite well now, and I must go this minute."

She caught up her basket as she spoke and was making an unsteady rush away from them, when the same by-stander checked her with his hand on her sleeve, and urged her to come with him and see the parish doctor. Strengthening herself by the utmost exercise of her resolution, the poor trembling creature shook him off, almost fiercely, and took to flight. Nor did she feel safe until she had set a mile or two of by-road between herself and the market-place, and had crept into a copse, like a hunted animal, to hide and recover breath. Not until then for the first time did she venture to recall how she had looked over her shoulder before turning out of the town, and had seen the sign of the White Lion hanging across the road, and the fluttering market booths, and the old gray church, and the little crowd gazing after her but not attempting to follow her.

The second frightening incident was this. She had been again as bad, and had been for some days better, and was traveling along by a part of the road where it touched the river, and in wet seasons was so often overflowed by it that there were tall white posts set up to mark the way. A barge was being towed toward her, and she sat down on the bank to rest and watch it. As the tow-rope was slackened by a turn of the stream and dipped into the water, such a confusion stole into her mind that she thought she saw the forms of her dead children and dead grandchildren peopling the barge, and waving their hands to her in solemn measure; then, as the rope tightened and came up, dropping diamonds, it seemed to vibrate into two parallel ropes and strike her, with a twang, though it was far off. When she looked again, there was no barge, no river, no daylight, and a man whom she had never before seen held a candle close to her face.

"Now, Missus," said he; "where did you come from and where are you going to?"

The poor soul confusedly asked the counter-question where she was?

"I am the Lock," said the man.

"The Lock?"

"I am the Deputy Lock, on job, and this is the Lock-house. (Lock or Deputy Lock, it's all one, while the t'other man's in the hospital.) What's your Parish?"

"Parish!" She was up from the truckle-bed directly, wildly feeling about her for her basket, and gazing at him in affright.

"You'll be asked the question down town," said the man. "They won't let you be more than a Casual there. They'll pass you on to your settlement, Missis, with all speed. You're not in a state to be let come upon strange parishes 'ceptin as a Casual."

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"'Twas the deadness again!" murmured Betty Higden, with her hand to her head.

"It was the deadness, there's not a doubt about it," returned the man. "I should have thought the deadness was a mild word for it, if it had been named to me when we brought you in. Have you got any friends, Missis?"

"The best of friends, Master."

"I should recommend your looking 'em up if you consider 'em game to do any thing for you," said the Deputy Lock. "Have you got any money?"

"Just a morsel of money, Sir."

"Do you want to keep it?"

"Sure I do!"

"Well, you know," said the Deputy Lock, shrugging his shoulders with his hands in his pockets, and shaking his head in a sulkily ominous manner, "the parish authorities down town will have it out of you, if you go on, you may take your Alfred David."

"Then I'll not go on."

"They'll make you pay, as fur as your money will go," pursued the Deputy, "for your relief as a Casual and for your being passed to your Parish."

"Thank ye kindly, Master, for your warning, thank ye for your shelter, and good-night."

"Stop a bit," said the Deputy, striking in between her and the door. "Why are you all of a shake, and what's your hurry, Missis?"

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"Oh, Master, Master," returned Betty Higden, "I've fought against the Parish and fled from it, all my life, and I want to die free of it!"

"I don't know," said the Deputy, with deliberation, "as I ought to let you go. I'm a honest man as gets my living by the sweat of my brow, and I may fall into trouble by letting you go. I've fell into trouble afore now, by George, and I know what it is, and it's made me careful. You might be took with your deadness again, half a mile off—or half of half a quarter, for the matter of that—and then it would be asked, Why did that there honest Deputy Lock let her go, instead of putting her safe with the Parish? That's what a man of his character ought to have done, it would be argueyfied," said the Deputy Lock, cunningly harping on the strong string of her terror; "he ought to have handed her over safe to the Parish. That was to be expected of a man of his merits."

As he stood in the doorway the poor old careworn wayworn woman burst into tears, and clasped her hands, as if in a very agony she prayed to him.

"As I've told you, Master, I've the best of friends. This letter will show how true I spoke, and they will be thankful for me."

The Deputy Lock opened the letter with a grave face, which underwent no change as he eyed its contents. But it might have done, if he could have read them.

"What amount of small change, Missis," he said, with an abstracted air, after a little meditation, "might you call a morsel of money?"

Hurriedly emptying her pocket, old Betty laid down on the table a shilling, and two sixpenny pieces, and a few pence.

"If I was to let you go instead of handing you over safe to the Parish," said the Deputy, counting the money with his eyes, "might it be your own free wish to leave that there behind you?"

"Take it, Master, take it, and welcome and thankful!"

"I'm a man," said the Deputy, giving her back the letter, and pocketing the coins, one by one, "as earns his living by the sweat of his brow;" here he drew his sleeve across his forehead, as if this particular portion of his humble gains were the result of sheer hard labor and virtuous industry; "and I won't stand in your way. Go where you like."

She was gone out of the Lock-house as soon as he gave her this permission, and her tottering steps were on the road again. But, afraid to go back and afraid to go forward; seeing what she fled from, in the sky-glare of the lights of the little town before her, and leaving a confused horror of it every where behind her, as if she had escaped it in every stone of every marketplace; she struck off by side ways, among which she got bewildered and lost. That night she took refuge from the Samaritan in his latest accredited form, under a farmer's rick; and if—worth thinking of, perhaps, my fellow-Christians—the Samaritan had in the lonely night "passed by on the other side," she would have most devoutly thanked High Heaven for her escape from him.

The morning found her afoot again, but fast declining as to the clearness of her thoughts, though not as to the steadiness of her purpose. Comprehending that her strength was quitting her, and that the struggle of her life was almost ended, she could neither reason out the means of getting back to her protectors, nor even form the idea. The overmastering dread, and the proud stubborn resolution it engendered in her to die undegraded, were the two distinct impressions left in her failing mind. Supported only by a sense that she was bent on conquering in her life-long fight, she went on.

The time was come now when the wants of this little life were passing away from her. She could not have swallowed food though a table had been spread for her in the next field. The day was cold and wet, but she scarcely knew it. She crept on, poor soul, like a criminal afraid of being taken, and felt little beyond the terror of falling down while it was yet daylight, and being found alive. She had no fear that she would live through another night.

Sewn in the breast of her gown, the money to pay for her burial was still intact. If she could wear through the day, and then lie down to die under cover of the darkness, she would die independent. If she were captured previously, the money would be taken from her as a pauper who had no right to it, and she would be carried to the accursed work-house. Gaining her end, the letter would be found in her breast, along with the money, and the gentlefolks would say when it was given back to them, "She prized it, did old Betty Higden; she was true to it; and while she lived she would never let it be disgraced by falling into the hands of those that she held in horror." Most illogical, inconsequential, and light-headed, this; but travelers in the valley of the shadow of death are apt to be light-headed; and worn-out old people of low estate have a trick of reasoning as indifferently as they live, and doubtless would appreciate our Poor Law more philosophically on an income of ten thousand a year.

So, keeping to by-ways, and shunning human approach, this troublesome old woman hid herself, and fared on all through the dreary day. Yet so unlike was she to vagrant hiders in general that sometimes, as the day advanced, there was a bright fire in her eyes, and a quicker beating at her feeble heart, as though she said exultingly, "The Lord will see me through it!"

By what visionary hands she was led along upon that journey of escape from the Samaritan; by what voices, hushed in the grave, she seemed to be addressed; how she fancied the dead child in her arms again, and times innumerable adjusted her shawl to keep it warm; what infinite variety of forms of tower and roof and steeple

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the trees took; how many furious horsemen rode at her, crying, "There she goes! Stop! Stop, Betty Higden!" and melted away as they came close; be these things left untold. Faring on and hiding, hiding and faring on, the poor harmless creature, as though she were a Murderess and the whole country were up after her, wore out the day and gained the night.

"Water-meadows, or such like," she had sometimes murmured, on the day's pilgrimage, when she had raised her head and taken any note of the real objects about her. There now arose in the darkness a great building, full of lighted windows. Smoke was issuing from a high chimney in the rear of it, and there was the sound of a water-wheel at the side. Between her and the building lay a piece of water, in which the lighted windows were reflected, and on its nearest margin was a plantation of trees. "I humbly thank the Power and the Glory," said Betty Higden, holding up her withered hands, "that I have come to my journey's end!"

She crept among the trees to the trunk of a tree whence she could see, beyond some intervening trees and branches, the lighted windows, both in their reality and their reflection in the water. She placed her orderly little basket at her side, and sank upon the ground, supporting herself against the tree. It brought to her mind the foot of the Cross, and she committed herself to Him who died upon it. Her strength held out to enable her to arrange the letter in her breast, so as that it could be seen that she had a paper there. It had held out for this, and it departed when this was done.

"I am safe here," was her last benumbed thought. "When I am found dead at the foot of the Cross it will be by some of my own sort; some of the working people who work among the lights yonder. I can not see the lighted windows now, but they are there. I am thankful for all!"

* * * * * *

The darkness gone, and a face bending down.

"It can not be the boofer lady?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again with this brandy. I have been away to fetch it. Did you think that I was long gone?"

It is as the face of a woman, shaded by a quantity of rich dark hair. It is the earnest face of a woman who is young and handsome. But all is over with me on earth, and this must be an Angel.

"Have I been long dead?"

"I don't understand what you say. Let me wet your lips again. I hurried all I could, and brought no one back with me, lest you should die of the shock of strangers."

"Am I not dead?"

"I can not understand what you say. Your voice is so low and broken that I can not hear you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean Yes?"

"Yes."

"I was coming from my work just now, along the path outside (I was up with the night-hands last night), and I heard a groan, and found you lying here."

"What work, deary?"

"Did you ask what work? At the paper-mill."

"Where is it?"

"Your face is turned up to the sky, and you can't see it. It is close by. You can see my face, here, between you and the sky?"

"Yes."

"Dare I lift you?"

"Not yet."

"Not even lift your head to get it on my arm? I will do it by very gentle degrees. You shall hardly feel it."

"Not yet. Paper. Letter."

"This paper in your breast?"

"Bless ye!"

"Let me wet your lips again. Am I to open it? To read it?"

"Bless ye!"

She reads it with surprise, and looks down with a new expression and an added interest on the motionless face she kneels beside.

"I know these names. I have heard them often."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"I can not understand you. Let me wet your lips again, and your forehead. There. O poor thing, poor thing!" These words through her fast-dropping tears. "What was it that you asked me? Wait till I bring my ear quite close."

"Will you send it, my dear?"

"Will I send it to the writers? Is that your wish? Yes, certainly."

"You'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"No."

"As you must grow old in time, and come to your dying hour, my dear, you'll not give it up to any one but them?"

"No. Most solemnly."

"Never to the Parish!" with a convulsed struggle.

"No. Most solemnly."

"Nor let the Parish touch me, nor yet so much as look at me!" with another struggle.

"No. Faithfully."

A look of thankfulness and triumph lights the worn old face. The eyes, which have been darkly fixed upon the sky, turn with meaning in them toward the compassionate face from which the tears are dropping, and a smile is on the aged lips as they ask:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Lizzie Hexam."

"I must be sore disfigured. Are you afraid to kiss me?"

The answer is, the ready pressure of her lips upon the cold but smiling mouth.

"Bless ye! *Now* lift me, my love."

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Lizzie Hexam very softly raised the weather-stained gray head and lifted her as high as Heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEBODY BECOMES THE SUBJECT OF A PREDICTION.

"'WE GIVE THEE HEARTY THANKS FOR THAT IT HATH PLEASED THEE TO DELIVER THIS OUR SISTER OUT OF THE MISERIES OF THIS SINFUL WORLD.'" So read the Reverend Frank Milvey in a not untroubled voice, for his heart misgave him that all was not quite right between us and our sister—or say our sister in Law—Poor Law—and that we sometimes read these words in an awful manner over our Sister and our Brother too.

And Sloppy—on whom the brave deceased had never turned her back until she ran away from him, knowing that otherwise he would not be separated from her—Sloppy could not in his conscience as yet find the hearty thanks required of it. Selfish in Sloppy, and yet excusable, it may be humbly hoped, because our sister had been more than his mother.

The words were read above the ashes of Betty Higden, in a corner of a church-yard near the river; in a church-yard so obscure that there was nothing in it but grass-mounds, not so much as one single tombstone. It might not be to do an unreasonably great deal for the diggers and hewers, in a registering age, if we ticketed their graves at the common charge; so that a new generation might know which was which: so that the soldier, sailor, emigrant, coming home, should be able to identify the resting-place of father, mother, playmate, or betrothed. For we turn up our eyes and say that we are all alike in death, and we might turn them down and work the saying out in this world, so far. It would be sentimental, perhaps? But how say ye, my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, shall we not find good standing-room left for a little sentiment, if we look into our crowds?

Near unto the Reverend Frank Milvey as he read stood his little wife, John Rokesmith the Secretary, and Bella Wilfer. These, over and above Sloppy, were the mourners at the lowly grave. Not a penny had been added to the money sewn in her dress: what her honest spirit had so long projected was fulfilled.

"I've took it in my head," said Sloppy, laying it, inconsolable, against the church door, when all was done: "I've took it in my wretched head that I might have sometimes turned a little harder for her, and it cuts me deep to think so now."

The Reverend Frank Milvey, comforting Sloppy, expounded to him how the best of us were more or less remiss in our turnings at our respective Mangles—some of us very much so—and how we were all a halting, failing, feeble, and inconstant crew.

"*She* warn't, Sir," said Sloppy, taking this ghostly counsel rather ill, in behalf of his late benefactress. "Let us speak for ourselves, Sir. She went through with whatever duty she had to do. She went through with me, she went through with the Minders, she went through with herself, she went through with every think. O Mrs. Higden, Mrs. Higden, you was a woman and a mother and a mangler in a million million!"

With those heart-felt words Sloppy removed his dejected head from the church door, and took it back to the grave in the corner, and laid it down there, and wept alone. "Not a very poor grave," said the Reverend Frank Milvey, brushing his hand across his eyes, "when it has that homely figure on it. Richer, I think, than it could be made by most of the sculpture in Westminster Abbey!"

They left him undisturbed and passed out at the wicket-gate. The water-wheel of the paper-mill was audible there, and seemed to have a softening influence on the bright wintry scene. They had arrived but a little while before, and Lizzie Hexam now told them the little she could add to the letter in which she had inclosed Mr. Rokesmith's letter and had asked for their instructions. This was merely how she had heard the groan, and what had afterward passed, and how she had obtained leave for the remains to be placed in that sweet, fresh, empty store-room of the mill from which they had just accompanied them to the church-yard, and how the last requests had been religiously observed.

"I could not have done it all, or nearly all, of myself," said Lizzie. "I should not have wanted the will; but I should not have had the power, without our managing partner."

"Surely not the Jew who received us?" said Mrs. Milvey.

("My dear," observed her husband in parenthesis, "why not?")

"The gentleman certainly is a Jew," said Lizzie, "and the Lady, his wife, is a Jewess, and I was first brought to their notice by a Jew. But I think there can not be kinder people in the world."

"But suppose they try to convert you!" suggested Mrs. Milvey, bristling in her good little way, as a clergyman's wife.

"To do what, ma'am?" asked Lizzie, with a modest smile.

"To make you change your religion," said Mrs. Milvey.

Lizzie shook her head, still smiling. "They have never asked me what my religion is. They asked me what my story was, and I told them. They asked me to be industrious and faithful, and I promised to be so. They most willingly and cheerfully do their duty to all of us who are employed here, and we try to do ours to them. Indeed they do much more than their duty to us, for they are wonderfully mindful of us in many ways."

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"It is easy to see you're a favorite, my dear," said little Mrs. Milvey, not quite pleased.

"It would be very ungrateful in me to say I am not," returned Lizzie, "for I have been already raised to a place of confidence here. But that makes no difference in their following their own religion and leaving all of us to ours. They never talk of theirs to us, and they never talk of ours to us. If I was the last in the mill it would be just the same. They never asked me what religion that poor thing had followed."

"My dear," said Mrs. Milvey, aside to the Reverend Frank, "I wish you would talk to her."

"My dear," said the Reverend Frank aside to his good little wife, "I think I will leave it to somebody else. The circumstances are hardly favorable. There are plenty of talkers going about, my love, and she will soon find one."

While this discourse was interchanging, both Bella and the Secretary observed Lizzie Hexam with great attention. Brought face to face for the first time with the daughter of his supposed murderer, it was natural that John Harmon should have his own secret reasons for a careful scrutiny of her countenance and manner. Bella knew that Lizzie's father had been falsely accused of the crime which had had so great an influence on her own life and fortunes; and her interest, though it had no secret springs, like that of the Secretary, was equally natural. Both had expected to see something very different from the real Lizzie Hexam, and thus it fell out that she became the unconscious means of bringing them together.

For, when they had walked on with her to the little house in the clean village by the paper-mill, where Lizzie had a lodging with an elderly couple employed in the establishment, and when Mrs. Milvey and Bella had been up to see her room and had come down, the mill bell rang. This called Lizzie away for the time, and left the Secretary and Bella standing rather awkwardly in the small street; Mrs. Milvey being engaged in pursuing the village children, and her investigations whether they were in danger of becoming children of Israel; and the Reverend Frank being engaged—to say the truth—in evading that branch of his spiritual functions, and getting out of sight surreptitiously.

Bella at length said:

"Hadn't we better talk about the commission we have undertaken, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"By all means," said the Secretary.

"I suppose," faltered Bella, "that we *are* both commissioned, or we shouldn't both be here?"

"I suppose so," was the Secretary's answer.

"When I proposed to come with Mr. and Mrs. Milvey," said Bella, "Mrs. Boffin urged me to do so, in order that I might give her my small report—it's not worth any thing, Mr. Rokesmith, except for it's being a woman's—which indeed with you may be a fresh reason for it's being worth nothing—of Lizzie Hexam."

"Mr. Boffin," said the Secretary, "directed me to come for the same purpose."

As they spoke they were leaving the little street and emerging on the wooded landscape by the river.

"You think well of her, Mr. Rokesmith?" pursued Bella, conscious of making all the advances.

"I think highly of her."

"I am so glad of that! Something quite refined in her beauty, is there not?"

"Her appearance is very striking."

"There is a shade of sadness upon her that is quite touching. At least I—I am not setting up my own poor opinion, you know, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, excusing and explaining herself in a pretty shy way; "I am consulting you."

"I noticed that sadness. I hope it may not," said the Secretary in a lower voice, "be the result of the false accusation which has been retracted."

When they had passed on a little further without speaking, Bella, after stealing a glance or two at the Secretary, suddenly said:

"Oh, Mr. Rokesmith, don't be hard with me, don't be stern with me; be magnanimous! I want to talk with you on equal terms."

The Secretary as suddenly brightened, and returned: "Upon my honor I had no thought but for you. I forced myself to be constrained, lest you might misinterpret my being more natural. There. It's gone."

"Thank you," said Bella, holding out her little hand. "Forgive me."

"No!" cried the Secretary, eagerly. "Forgive *me!*" For there were tears in her eyes, and they were prettier in his sight (though they smote him on the heart rather reproachfully too) than any other glitter in the world.

When they had walked a little further:

"You were going to speak to me," said the Secretary, with the shadow so long on him quite thrown off and cast away, "about Lizzie Hexam. So was I going to speak to you, if I could have begun."

"Now that you *can* begin, Sir," returned Bella, with a look as if she italicized the word by putting one of her dimples under it, "what were you going to say?"

"You remember, of course, that in her short letter to Mrs. Boffin—short, but containing every thing to the purpose—she stipulated that either her name, or else her place of residence, must be kept strictly a secret among us."

Bella nodded Yes.

"It is my duty to find out why she made that stipulation. I have it in charge from Mr. Boffin to discover, and I am very desirous for myself to discover, whether that retracted accusation still leaves any stain upon her. I mean whether it places her at any disadvantage toward any one, even toward herself."

"Yes," said Bella, nodding thoughtfully; "I understand. That seems wise and considerate."

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"You may not have noticed, Miss Wilfer, that she has the same kind of interest in you that you have in her. Just as you are attracted by her beaut— by her appearance and manner, she is attracted by yours."

"I certainly have *not* noticed it," returned Bella, again italicizing with the dimple, "and I should have given her credit for—"

The Secretary with a smile held up his hand, so plainly interposing "not for better taste" that Bella's color deepened over the little piece of coquetry she was checked in.

"And so," resumed the Secretary, "if you would speak with her alone before we go away from here, I feel quite sure that a natural and easy confidence would arise between you. Of course you would not be asked to betray it; and of course you would not, if you were. But if you do not object to put this question to her—to ascertain for us her own feeling in this one matter—you can do so at a far greater advantage than I or any else could. Mr. Boffin is anxious on the subject. And I am," added the Secretary after a moment, "for a special reason, very anxious."

"I shall be happy, Mr. Rokesmith," returned Bella, to be of the least use; for I feel, after the serious scene of to-day, that I am useless enough in this world."

"Don't say that," urged the Secretary.

"Oh, but I mean that," said Bella, raising her eyebrows.

"No one is useless in this world," retorted the Secretary, "who lightens the burden of it for any one else."

"But I assure you I *don't*, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, half crying.

"Not for your father?"

"Dear, loving, self-forgetting, easily-satisfied Pa! Oh yes! He thinks so."

"It is enough if he only thinks so," said the Secretary. "Excuse the interruption: I don't like to hear you depreciate yourself."

"But *you* once depreciated *me*, Sir," thought Bella, pouting, "and I hope you may be satisfied with the consequences you brought upon your head!" However, she said nothing to that purpose; she even said something to a different purpose.

"Mr. Rokesmith, it seems so long since we spoke together naturally, that I am embarrassed in approaching another subject. Mr. Boffin. You know I am very grateful to him; don't you? You know I feel a true respect for him, and am bound to him by the strong ties of his own generosity; now don't you?"

"Unquestionably. And also that you are his favorite companion."

"That makes it," said Bella, "so very difficult to speak of him. But— Does he treat you well?"

"You see how he treats me," the Secretary answered, with a patient and yet proud air.

"Yes, and I see it with pain," said Bella, very energetically.

The Secretary gave her such a radiant look, that if he had thanked her a hundred times he could not have said as much as the look said.

"I see it with pain," repeated Bella, "and it often makes me miserable. Miserable, because I can not bear to be supposed to approve of it, or have any indirect share in it. Miserable, because I can not bear to be forced to admit to myself that Fortune is spoiling Mr. Boffin."

"Miss Wilfer," said the Secretary, with a beaming face, "if you could know with what delight I make the discovery that Fortune is not spoiling *you*, you would know that it more than compensates me for any slight at any other hands."

"Oh, don't speak of *me*," said Bella, giving herself an impatient little slap with her glove. "You don't know me as well as—"

"As you know yourself?" suggested the Secretary, finding that stopped. "*Do* you know yourself?"

"I know quite enough of myself," said Bella, with a charming air of being inclined to give herself up as a bad job, "and I don't improve upon acquaintance. But Mr. Boffin."

"That Mr. Boffin's manner to me, or consideration for me, is not what it used to be," observed the Secretary, "must be admitted. It is too plain to be denied."

"Are you disposed to deny it, Mr. Rokesmith?" asked Bella, with a look of wonder.

"Ought I not to be glad to do so, if I could; though it were only for my own sake?"

"Truly," returned Bella, "it must try you very much, and—you must please promise me that you won't take ill what I am going to add, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"I promise it with all my heart."

"—And it must sometimes, I should think," said Bella, hesitating, "a little lower you in your own estimation?"

Assenting with a movement of his head, though not at all looking as if it did, the Secretary replied:

"I have very strong reasons, Miss Wilfer, for bearing with the drawbacks of my position in the house we both inhabit. Believe that they are not all mercenary, although I have, through a series of strange fatalities, faded out of my place in life. If what you see with such a gracious and good sympathy is calculated to rouse my pride, there are other considerations (and those you do not see) urging me to quiet endurance. The latter are by far the stronger."

"I think I have noticed, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, looking at him with curiosity, as not quite making him out, "that you repress yourself, and force yourself, to act a passive part."

"You are right. I repress myself and force myself to act a part. It is not in tameness of spirit that I submit. I have a settled purpose."

"And a good one, I hope," said Bella.

"And a good one, I hope," he answered, looking steadily at her.

"Sometimes I have fancied, Sir," said Bella,

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turning away her eyes, "that your great regard for Mrs. Boffin is a very powerful motive with you."

"You are right again; it is. I would do any thing for her, bear any thing for her. There are no words to express how I esteem that good, good woman."

"As I do too! May I ask you one thing more, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"Any thing more."

"Of course you see that she really suffers when Mr. Boffin shows how he is changing?"

"I see it, every day, as you see it, and am grieved to give her pain."

"To give her pain?" said Bella, repeating the phrase quickly, with her eyebrows raised.

"I am generally the unfortunate cause of it."

"Perhaps she says to you, as she often says to me, that he is the best of men, in spite of all."

"I often overhear her, in her honest and beautiful devotion to him, saying so to you," returned the Secretary, with the same steady look, "but I can not assert that she ever says so to me."

Bella met the steady look for a moment with a wistful, musing little look of her own, and then, nodding her pretty head several times, like a dimpled philosopher (of the very best school) who was moralizing on Life, heaved a little sigh, and gave up things in general for a bad job, as she had previously been inclined to give up herself.

But for all that they had a very pleasant walk. The trees were bare of leaves, and the river was bare of water-lilies; but the sky was not bare of its beautiful blue, and the water reflected it, and a delicious wind ran with the stream, touching the surface crisply. Perhaps the old mirror was never yet made by human hands, which, if all the images it has in its time reflected could pass across its surface again, would fail to reveal sone scene of horror or distress. But the great serene mirror of the river seemed as if it might have reproduced all it had ever reflected between those placid banks, and brought nothing to the light save what was peaceful, pastoral, and blooming.

So, they walked, speaking of the newly filled-up grave, and of Johnny, and of many things. So, on their return, they met brisk Mrs. Milvey coming to seek them, with the agreeable intelligence that there was no fear for the village children, there being a Christian school in the village, and no worse Judaical interference with it than to plant its garden. So, they got back to the village as Lizzie Hexam was coming from the paper-mill, and Bella detached herself to speak with her in her own home.

"I am afraid it is a poor room for you," said Lizzie, with a smile of welcome, as she offered the post of honor by the fireside.

"Not so poor as you think, my dear," returned Bella, "if you knew all." Indeed, though attained by some wonderful winding narrow stairs, which seemed to have been erected in a pure white chimney, and though very low in the ceiling, and very rugged in the floor, and rather blinking as to the proportions of its lattice window, it was a pleasanter room than that despised chamber once at home, in which Bella had first bemoaned the miseries of taking lodgers.

The day was closing as the two girls looked at one another by the fireside. The dusky room was lighted by the fire. The grate might have been the old brazier, and the glow might have been the old hollow down by the flare.

"It's quite new to me," said Lizzie, "to be visited by a lady so nearly of my own age, and so pretty, as you. It's a pleasure to me to look at you."

"I have nothing left to begin with," returned Bella, blushing, "because I was going to say that it was a pleasure to me to look at you, Lizzie. But we can begin without a beginning, can't we?"

Lizzie took the pretty little hand that was held out in as pretty a little frankness.

"Now, dear," said Bella, drawing her chair a little nearer, and taking Lizzie's arm as if they were going out for a walk, "I am commissioned with something to say, and I dare say I shall say it wrong, but I won't if I can help it. It is in reference to your letter to Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and this is what it is. Let me see. Oh yes! This is what it is."

With this exordium Bella set forth that request of Lizzie's touching secrecy, and delicately spoke of that false accusation and its retractation, and asked might she beg to be informed whether it had any bearing, near or remote, on such request. "I feel, my dear," said Bella, quite amazing herself by the business-like manner in which she was getting on, "that the subject must be a painful one to you, but I am mixed up in it also; for—I don't know whether you may know it or suspect it—I am the willed-away girl who was to have been married to the unfortunate gentleman, if he had been pleased to approve of me. So I was dragged into the subject without my consent, and you were dragged into it without your consent, and there is very little to choose between us."

"I had no doubt," said Lizzie, "that you were the Miss Wilfer I have often heard named. Can you tell me who my unknown friend is?"

"Unknown friend, my dear?" said Bella.

"Who caused the charge against poor father to be contradicted, and sent me the written paper."

Bella had never heard of him. Had no notion who he was.

"I should have been glad to thank him," returned Lizzie. "He has done a great deal for me. I must hope that he will let me thank him some day. You asked me has it any thing to do—"

"It or the accusation itself," Bella put in.

"Yes. Has either any thing to do with my wishing to live quite secret and retired here? No."

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"THREEPENN'ORTH RUM."—[SEE PAGE 118.]

As Lizzie Hexam shook her head in giving this reply and as her glance sought the fire, there was a quiet resolution in her folded hands, not lost on Bella's bright eyes.

"Have you lived much alone?" asked Bella.

"Yes. It's nothing new to me. I used to be always alone many hours together, in the day and in the night, when poor father was alive."

"You have a brother, I have been told."

"I have a brother, but he is not friendly with me. He is a very good boy though, and has raised himself by his industry. I don't complain of him."

As she said it, with her eyes upon the fire-glow, there was an instantaneous escape of distress into her face. Bella seized the moment to touch her hand.

"Lizzie, I wish you would tell me whether you have any friend of your own sex and age."

"I have lived that lonely kind of life that I have never had one," was the answer.

"Nor I neither," said Bella. "Not that my life has been lonely, for I could have sometimes wished it lonelier, instead of having Ma going on like the Tragic Muse with a face-ache in majestic corners, and Lavvy being spiteful—though of course I am very fond of them both. I wish you could make a friend of me, Lizzie. Do you think you could? I have no more of what they call character, my dear, than a canary-bird, but I know I am trust-worthy."

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The wayward, playful, affectionate nature, giddy for want of the weight of some sustaining purpose, and capricious because it was always fluttering among little things, was yet a captivating one. To Lizzie it was so new, so pretty, at once so womanly and so childish, that it won her completely. And when Bella said again, "Do you think you could, Lizzie?" with her eyebrows raised, her head inquiringly on one side, and an odd doubt about it in her own bosom, Lizzie showed beyond all question that she thought she could.

"Tell me, my dear," said Bella, "what is the matter, and why you live like this."

Lizzie presently began, by way of prelude, "You must have many lovers—" when Bella checked her with a little scream of astonishment.

"My dear, I haven't one."

"Not one?"

"Well! Perhaps one," said Bella. "I am sure I don't know. I *had* one, but what he may think about it at the present time I can't say. Perhaps I have half a one (of course I don't count that Idiot, George Sampson). However, never mind me. I want to hear about you."

"There is a certain man," said Lizzie, "a passionate and angry man, who says he loves me, and who I must believe does love me. He is the friend of my brother. I shrank from him within myself when my brother first brought him to me; but the last time I saw him he terrified me more than I can say." There she stopped.

"Did you come here to escape from him, Lizzie?"

"I came here immediately after he so alarmed me."

"Are you afraid of him here?"

"I am not timid generally, but I am always afraid of him. I am afraid to see a newspaper, or to hear a word spoken of what is done in London, lest he should have done some violence."

"Then you are not afraid of him for yourself, dear?" said Bella, after pondering on the words.

"I should be even that, if I met him about here. I look round for him always, as I pass to and fro at night."

"Are you afraid of any thing he may do to himself in London, my dear?"

"No. He might be fierce enough even to do some violence to himself, but I don't think of that."

"Then it would almost seem, dear," said Bella, quaintly, "as if there must be somebody else?"

Lizzie put her hands before her face for a moment before replying: "The words are always in my ears, and the blow he struck upon a stone-wall as he said them is always before my eyes. I have tried hard to think it not worth remembering, but I can not make so little of it. His hand was trickling down with blood as he said to me, 'Then I hope that I may never kill him!'"

Rather startled, Bella made and clasped a girdle of her arms round Lizzie's waist, and then asked quietly, in a soft voice, as they both looked at the fire:

"Kill him! Is this man so jealous, then?"

"Of a gentleman," said Lizzie. "—I hardly know how to tell you—of a gentleman far above me and my way of life, who broke father's death to me, and has shown an interest in me since."

"Does he love you?"

Lizzie shook her head.

"Does he admire you?"

Lizzie ceased to shake her head, and pressed her hand upon her living girdle.

"Is it through his influence that you came here?"

"O no! And of all the world I wouldn't have him know that I am here, or get the least clew where to find me."

"Lizzie, dear! Why?" asked Bella, in amazement at this burst. But then quickly added, reading Lizzie's face: "No. Don't say why. That was a foolish question of mine. I see, I see."

There was silence between them. Lizzie, with a drooping head, glanced down at the glow in the fire where her first fancies had been nursed, and her first escape made from the grim life out of which she had plucked her brother, foreseeing her reward.

"You know all now," she said, raising her eyes to Bella's. "There is nothing left out. This is my reason for living secret here, with the aid of a good old man who is my true friend. For a short part of my life at home with father I knew of things—don't ask me what—that I set my face against, and tried to better. I don't think I could have done more, then, without letting my hold on father go; but they sometimes lie heavy on my mind. By doing all for the best, I hope I may wear them out."

"And wear out too," said Bella, soothingly, "this weakness, Lizzie, in favor of one who is not worthy of it."

"No. I don't want to wear that out," was the flushed reply, "nor do I want to believe, nor do I believe, that he is not worthy of it. What should I gain by that, and how much should I lose!"

Bella's expressive little eyebrows remonstrated with the fire for some short time before she rejoined:

"Don't think that I press you, Lizzie; but wouldn't you gain in peace, and hope, and even in freedom? Wouldn't it be better not to live a secret life in hiding, and not to be shut out from your natural and wholesome prospects? Forgive my asking you, would that be no gain?"

"Does a woman's heart that—that has that weakness in it which you have spoken of," returned Lizzie, "seek to gain any thing?"

The question was so directly at variance with Bella's views in life, as set forth to her father, that she said, internally, "There, you little mercenary wretch! Do you hear that? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" and unclasped the girdle

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with a threatening stamp of the foot, the wretched creature protested with a whine.

"Pay five shillings for you indeed!" Miss Wren proceeded; "how many hours do you suppose it costs me to earn five shillings, you infamous boy?—Don't cry like that, or I'll throw a doll at you. Pay five shillings fine for you indeed. Fine in more ways than one, I think! I'd give the dustman five shillings to carry you off in the dust cart."

"No, no," pleaded the absurd creature. "Please!"

"He's enough to break his mother's heart, is this boy," said Miss Wren, half appealing to Eugene. "I wish I had never brought him up. He'd be sharper than a serpent's tooth, if he wasn't as dull as ditch water. Look at him. There's a pretty object for a parent's eyes!"

Assuredly, in his worse than swinish state (for swine at least fatten on their guzzling, and make themselves good to eat), he was a pretty object for any eyes.

"A muddling and a swipey old child," said Miss Wren, rating him with great severity, "fit for nothing but to be preserved in the liquor that destroys him, and put in a great glass bottle as a sight for other swipey children of his own pattern—if he has no consideration for his liver, has he none for his mother?"

"Yes. Deration, oh don't!" cried the subject of these angry remarks.

"Oh don't and oh don't," pursued Miss Wren. "It's oh do and oh do. And why do you?"

"Won't do so any more. Won't indeed. Pray!"

"There!" said Miss Wren, covering her eyes with her hand. "I can't bear to look at you. Go up stairs and get me my bonnet and shawl. Make yourself useful in some way, bad boy, and let me have your room instead of your company for one half minute."

Obeying her, he shambled out, and Eugene Wrayburn saw the tears exude from between the little creature's fingers as she kept her hand before her eyes. He was sorry, but his sympathy did not move his carelessness to do any thing but feel sorry.

"I'm going to the Italian Opera to try on," said Miss Wren, taking away her hand after a little while, and laughing satirically to hide that she had been crying; "I must see your back before I go, Mr. Wrayburn. Let me first tell you, once for all, that it's of no use your paying visits to me. You wouldn't get what you want of me, no, not if you brought pincers with you to tear it out."

"Are you so obstinate on the subject of a doll's dress for my godchild?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Wren, with a hitch of her chin, "I am so obstinate. And of course it's on the subject of a doll's dress—or *ad*dress—whichever you like. Get along and give it up!"

Her degraded charge had come back, and was standing behind her with the bonnet and shawl.

"Give 'em to me and get back into your corner, you naughty old thing!" said Miss Wren, as she turned and espied him. "No, no, I won't have your help. Go into your corner, this minute!"

The miserable man, feebly rubbing the back of his faltering hands downward from the wrists, shuffled on to his post of disgrace; but not without a curious glance at Eugene in passing him, accompanied with what seemed as if it might have been an action of his elbow, if any action of any limb or joint he had would have answered truly to his will. Taking no more particular notice of him than instinctively falling away from the disagreeable contact, Eugene, with a lazy compliment or so to Miss Wren, begged leave to light his cigar, and departed.

"Now you prodigal old son," said Jenny, shaking her head and her emphatic little forefinger at her burden, "you sit there till I come back. You dare to move out of your corner for a single instant while I'm gone, and I'll know the reason why."

With this admonition she blew her work candles out, leaving him to the light of the fire, and, taking her big door-key in her pocket and her crutch-stick in her hand, marched off.

Eugene lounged slowly toward the Temple, smoking his cigar, but saw no more of the dolls' dress-maker, through the accident of their taking opposite sides of the street. He lounged along moodily, and stopped at Charing Cross to look about him, with as little interest in the crowd as any man might take, and was lounging on again, when a most unexpected object caught his eyes. No less an object than Jenny Wren's bad boy trying to make up his mind to cross the road.

A more ridiculous and feeble spectacle than this tottering wretch making unsteady sallies into the roadway, and as often staggering back again, oppressed by terrors of vehicles that were a long way off or were nowhere, the streets could not have shown. Over and over again, when the course was perfectly clear, he set out, got half-way, described a loop, turned, and went back again, when he might have crossed and recrossed half a dozen times. Then he would stand shivering on the edge of the pavement, looking up the street and looking down, while scores of people jostled him, and crossed, and went on. Stimulated in course of time by the sight of so many successes, he would make another sally, make another loop, would all but have his foot on the opposite pavement, would see or imagine something coming, and would stagger back again. There, he would stand making spasmodic preparations as if for a great leap, and at last would decide on a start at precisely the wrong moment, and would be roared at by drivers, and would shrink back once more, and stand in the old spot shivering, with the whole of the proceedings to go through again.

"It strikes me," remarked Eugene, coolly, after watching him for some minutes, "that my friend is likely to be rather behind time if he

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has any appointment on hand." With which remark he strolled on, and took no further thought of him.

Lightwood was at home when he got to the Chambers, and had dined alone there. Eugene drew a chair to the fire by which he was having his wine and reading the evening paper, and brought a glass, and filled it for good fellowship's sake.

"My dear Mortimer, you are the express picture of contented industry, reposing (on credit) after the virtuous labors of the day."

"My dear Eugene, you are the express picture of discontented idleness not reposing at all. Where have you been?"

"I have been," replied Wrayburn, "—about town. I have turned up at the present juncture with the intention of consulting my highly intelligent and respected solicitor on the position of my affairs."

"Your highly intelligent and respected solicitor is of opinion that your affairs are in a bad way, Eugene."

"Though whether," said Eugene, thoughtfully, "that can be intelligently said, now, of the affairs of a client who has nothing to lose and who can not possibly be made to pay, may be open to question."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Jews, Eugene."

"My dear boy," returned the debtor, very composedly taking up his glass, "having previously fallen into the hands of some of the Christians, I can bear it with philosophy."

"I have had an interview to-day, Eugene, with a Jew, who seems determined to press us hard. Quite a Shylock, and quite a Patriarch. A picturesque gray-headed and gray-bearded old Jew, in a shovel-hat and gaberdine."

"Not," said Eugene, pausing in setting down his glass, "surely not my worthy friend Mr. Aaron?"

"He calls himself Mr. Riah."

"By-the-by," said Eugene, "it comes into my mind that—no doubt with an instinctive desire to receive him into the bosom of our Church —*I* gave him the name of Aaron!"

"Eugene, Eugene," returned Lightwood, "you are more ridiculous than usual. Say what you mean."

"Merely, my dear fellow, that I have the honor and pleasure of a speaking acquaintance with such a Patriarch as you describe, and that I address him as Mr. Aaron, because it appears to me Hebraic, expressive, appropriate, and complimentary. Notwithstanding which strong reasons for its being his name, it may not be his name."

"I believe you are the absurdest man on the face of the earth," said Lightwood, laughing.

"Not at all, I assure you. Did he mention that he knew me?"

"He did not. He only said of you that he expected to be paid by you."

"Which looks," remarked Eugene, with much gravity, "like *not* knowing me. I hope it may not be my worthy friend Mr. Aaron, for, to tell you the truth, Mortimer, I doubt he may have a prepossession against me. I strongly suspect him of having had a hand in spiriting away Lizzie."

"Every thing," returned Lightwood, impatiently, "seems, by a fatality, to bring us round to Lizzie. 'About town' meant about Lizzie, just now, Eugene."

"My solicitor, do you know," observed Eugene, turning round to the furniture, "is a man of infinite discernment!"

"Did it not, Eugene?"

"Yes it did, Mortimer."

"And yet, Eugene, you know you do not really care for her."

Eugene Wrayburn rose, and put his hands in his pockets, and stood with a foot on the fender, indolently rocking his body and looking at the fire. After a prolonged pause he replied: "I don't know that. I must ask you not to say that, as if we took it for granted."

"But if you do care for her, so much the more should you leave her to herself."

Having again paused as before, Eugene said: "I don't know that either. But tell me. Did you ever see me take so much trouble about any thing as about this disappearance of hers? I ask, for information."

"My dear Eugene, I wish I ever had!"

"Then you have not? Just so. You confirm my own impression. Does that look as if I cared for her? I ask, for information."

"I asked *you* for information, Eugene," said Mortimer, reproachfully.

"Dear boy, I know it, but I can't give it. I thirst for information. What do I mean? If my taking so much trouble to recover her does not mean that I care for her, what does it mean? 'If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, where's the peck,' etc. ?"

Though he said this gayly, he said it with a perplexed and inquisitive face, as if he actually did not know what to make of himself. "Look on to the end—" Lightwood was beginning to remonstrate, when he caught at the words:

"Ah! See now! That's exactly what I am capable of doing. How very acute you are, Mortimer, in finding my weak place! When we were at school together I got up my lessons at the last moment, day by day and bit by bit; now we are out in life together, I get up my lessons in the same way. In the present task I have not got beyond this: I am bent on finding Lizzie, and I mean to find her, and I will take any means of finding her that offer themselves. Fair means or foul means are all alike to me. I ask you — for information — what does that mean? When I have found her I may ask you —also for information—what do I mean now? But it would be premature in this stage, and it's not the character of my mind."

Lightwood was shaking his head over the air with which his friend held forth thus—an air so

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whimsically open and argumentative as almost to deprive what he said of the appearance of evasion—when a shuffling was heard at the outer door, and then an undecided knock, as though some hand were groping for the knocker. "The frolicsome youth of the neighborhood," said Eugene, "whom I should be delighted to pitch from this elevation into the church-yard below, without any intermediate ceremonies, have probably turned the lamp out. I am on duty to-night, and will see to the door."

His friend had barely had time to recall the unprecedented gleam of determination with which he had spoken of finding this girl, and which had faded out of him with the breath of the spoken words, when Eugene came back, ushering in a most disgraceful shadow of a man, shaking from head to foot, and clothed in shabby grease and smear.

"This interesting gentleman," said Eugene, "is the son—the occasionally rather trying son, for he has his failings—of a lady of my acquaintance. My dear Mortimer—Mr. Dolls." Eugene had no idea what his name was, knowing the little dress-maker's to be assumed, but presented him with easy confidence under the first appellation that his associations suggested.

"I gather, my dear Mortimer," pursued Eugene, as Lightwood stared at the obscene visitor, "from the manner of Mr. Dolls—which is occasionally complicated—that he desires to make some communication to me. I have mentioned to Mr. Dolls that you and I are on terms of confidence, and have requested Mr. Dolls to develop his views here."

The wretched object being much embarrassed by holding what remained of his hat, Eugene airily tossed it to the door and put him down in a chair.

"It will be necessary, I think," he observed, "to wind up Mr. Dolls before any thing to any mortal purpose can be got out of him. Brandy, Mr. Dolls, or—?"

"Threepenn'orth Rum," said Mr. Dolls.

A judiciously small quantity of the spirit was given him in a wine-glass, and he began to convey it to his mouth with all kinds of falterings and gyrations on the road.

"The nerves of Mr. Dolls," remarked Eugene to Lightwood, "are considerably unstrung. And I deem it on the whole expedient to fumigate Mr. Dolls."

He took the shovel from the grate, sprinkled a few live ashes on it, and from a box on the chimney-piece took a few pastiles, which he set upon them; then with great composure began placidly waving the shovel in front of Mr. Dolls to cut him off from his company.

"Lord bless my soul, Eugene!" cried Lightwood, laughing again, "what a mad fellow you are! Why does this creature come to see you?"

"We shall hear," said Wrayburn, very observant of his face withal. "Now then. Speak out. Don't be afraid. State your business, Dolls."

"Mist Wrayburn!" said the visitor, thickly and huskily. "—'*Tis* Mist Wrayburn, ain't?" With a stupid stare.

"Of course it is. Look at me. What do you want?"

Mr. Dolls collapsed in his chair and faintly said, "Threepenn'orth Rum."

"Will you do me the favor, my dear Mortimer, to wind up Mr. Dolls again?" said Eugene. "I am occupied with the fumigation."

A similar quantity was poured into his glass, and he got it to his lips by similar circuitous ways. Having drunk it, Mr. Dolls, with an evident fear of running down again unless he made haste, proceeded to business.

"Mist Wrayburn. Tried to nudge you, but you wouldn't. You want that drection. You want t'know where she lives. *Do* you Mist Wrayburn?"

With a glance at his friend, Eugene replied to the question sternly, "I do."

"I am er man," said Mr. Dolls, trying to smite himself on the breast, but bringing his hand to bear upon the vicinity of his eye, "er do it. I am er man er do it."

"What are you the man to do?" demanded Eugene, still sternly.

"Er give up that drection."

"Have you got it?"

With a most laborious attempt at pride and dignity, Mr. Dolls rolled his head for some time, awakening the highest expectations, and then answered, as if it were the happiest point that could possibly be expected of him: "No."

"What do you mean then?"

Mr. Dolls, collapsing in the drowsiest manner after his late intellectual triumph, replied: "Threepenn'orth Rum."

"Wind him up again, my dear Mortimer," said Wrayburn; "wind him up again."

"Eugene, Eugene," urged Lightwood in a low voice, as he complied, "can you stoop to the use of such an instrument as this?"

"I said," was the reply, made with that former gleam of determination, "that I would find her out by any means, fair or foul. These are foul, and I'll take them—if I am not first tempted to break the head of Mr. Dolls with the fumigator. Can you get the direction? Do you mean that? Speak! If that's what you have come for, say how much you want."

"Ten shillings—Threepenn'orths Rum," said Mr. Dolls.

"You shall have it."

"Fifteen shillings—Threepenn'orths Rum," said Mr. Dolls, making an attempt to stiffen himself.

"You shall have it. Stop at that. How will you get the direction you talk of?"

"I am er man," said Mr. Dolls, with majesty, "er get it, Sir."

"How will you get it, I ask you?"

"I am ill-used vidual," said Mr. Dolls. "Blown up morning t'night. Called names. She makes Mint money, Sir, and never stands Threepenn'orth Rum."

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"Get on," rejoined Eugene, tapping his palsied head with the fire-shovel as it sank on his breast. "What comes next?"

Making a dignified attempt to gather himself together, but, as it were, dropping half a dozen pieces of himself while he tried in vain to pick up one, Mr. Dolls, swaying his head from side to side, regarded his questioner with what he supposed to be a haughty smile and a scornful glance.

"She looks upon me as mere child, Sir. I am NOT mere child, Sir. Man. Man talent. Lerrers pass betwixt 'em. Postman lerrers. Easy for man talent er get drection as get his own drection."

"Get it then," said Eugene; adding very heartily under his breath, "—You Brute! Get it, and bring it here to me, and earn the money for sixty threepenn'orths of rum, and drink them all, one atop of another, and drink yourself dead with all possible expedition." The latter clauses of these special instructions he addressed to the fire, as he gave it back the ashes he had taken from it, and replaced the shovel.

Mr. Dolls now struck out the highly unexpected discovery that he had been insulted by Lightwood, and stated his desire to "have it out with him" on the spot, and defied him to come on, upon the liberal terms of a sovereign to a half-penny. Mr. Dolls then fell a crying, and then exhibited a tendency to fall asleep. This last manifestation as by far the most alarming, by reason of its threatening his prolonged stay on the premises, necessitated vigorous measures. Eugene picked up his worn-out hat with the tongs, clapped it on his head, and, taking him by the collar—all this at arm's-length—conducted him down stairs and out of the precincts into Fleet Street. There, he turned his face westward, and left him.

When he got back, Lightwood was standing over the fire, brooding in a sufficiently low-spirited manner.

"I'll wash my hands of Mr. Dolls—physically—" said Eugene, "and be with you again directly, Mortimer."

"I would much prefer," retorted Mortimer, "your washing your hands of Mr. Dolls, morally, Eugene."

"So would I," said Eugene; "but you see, dear boy, I can't do without him."

In a minute or two he resumed his chair, as perfectly unconcerned as usual, and rallied his friend on having so narrowly escaped the prowess of their muscular visitor.

"I can't be amused on this theme," said Mortimer, restlessly. "You can make almost any theme amusing to me, Eugene, but not this."

"Well!" cried Eugene, "I am a little ashamed of it myself, and therefore let us change the subject."

"It is so deplorably underhanded," said Mortimer. "It is so unworthy of you, this setting on of such a shameful scout."

"We have changed the subject!" exclaimed Eugene airily. "We have found a new one in that word, scout. Don't be like Patience on a mantle-piece frowning at Dolls, but sit down, and I'll tell you something that you really will find amusing. Take a cigar. Look at this of mine. I light it—draw one puff—breathe the smoke out—there it goes—it's Dolls—it's gone—and being gone you are a man again."

"Your subject," said Mortimer, after lighting a cigar, and comforting himself with a whiff or two, "was scouts, Eugene."

"Exactly. Isn't it droll that I never go out after dark but I find myself attended always by one scout, and often by two?"

Lightwood took his cigar from his lips in surprise, and looked at his friend, as if with a latent suspicion that there must be a jest or hidden meaning in his words.

"On my honor, no," said Wrayburn, answering the look and smiling carelessly; "I don't wonder at your supposing so, but on my honor, no. I say what I mean. I never go out after dark but I find myself in the ludicrous situation of being followed and observed at a distance, always by one scout, and often by two."

"Are you sure, Eugene?"

"Sure? My dear boy, they are always the same."

"But there's no process out against you. The Jews only threaten. They have done nothing. Besides, they know where to find you, and I represent you. Why take the trouble?"

"Observe the legal mind!" remarked Eugene, turning round to the furniture again, with an air of indolent rapture. "Observe the dyer's hand, assimilating itself to what it works in—or would work in, if any body would give it any thing to do. Respected solicitor, it's not that. The schoolmaster's abroad."

"The schoolmaster?"

"Ay! Sometimes the schoolmaster and the pupil are both abroad. Why, how soon you rust in my absence! You don't understand yet? Those fellows who were here one night. They are the scouts I speak of, as doing me the honor to attend me after dark."

"How long has this been going on?" asked Lightwood, opposing a serious face to the laugh of his friend.

"I apprehend it has been going on ever since a certain person went off. Probably it had been going on some little time before I noticed it: which would bring it to about that time."

"Do you think they suppose you to have inveigled her away?"

"My dear Mortimer, you know the absorbing nature of my professional occupations; I really have not had leisure to think about it."

"Have you asked them what they want? Have you objected?"

"Why should I ask them what they want, dear fellow, when I am indifferent what they want? Why should I express objection, when I don't object?"

"You are in your most reckless mood. But

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you called the situation just now a ludicrous one; and most men object to that, even those who are utterly indifferent to every thing else."

"You charm me, Mortimer, with your reading of my weaknesses. (By-the-by, that very word, Reading, in its critical use, always charms me. An actress's Reading of a chamber-maid, a dancer's Reading of a hornpipe, a singer's Reading of a song, a marine-painter's Reading of the sea, the kettle-drum's Reading of an instrumental passage, are phrases ever youthful and delightful.) I was mentioning your perception of my weaknesses. I own to the weakness of objecting to occupy a ludicrous position, and therefore I transfer the position to the scouts."

"I wish, Eugene, you would speak a little more soberly and plainly, if it were only out of consideration for my feeling less at ease than you do."

"Then soberly and plainly, Mortimer, I goad the schoolmaster to madness. I make the schoolmaster so ridiculous, and so aware of being made ridiculous, that I see him chafe and fret at every pore when we cross one another. The amiable occupation has been the solace of my life since I was balked in the manner unnecessary to recall. I have derived inexpressible comfort from it. I do it thus: I stroll out after dark, stroll a little way, look in at a window, and furtively look out for the schoolmaster. Sooner or later I perceive the schoolmaster on the watch; sometimes accompanied by his hopeful pupil, oftener pupil-less. Having made sure of his watching me, I tempt him on, all over London. One night I go east, another night north, in a few nights I go all round the compass. Sometimes I walk; sometimes I proceed in cabs, draining the pocket of the schoolmaster who then follows in cabs. I study and get up abstruse no Thoroughfares in the course of the day. With Venetian mystery I seek those No Thoroughfares at night, glide into them by means of dark courts, tempt the schoolmaster to follow, turn suddenly, and catch him before he can retreat. Then we face one another, and I pass him as unaware of his existence, and he undergoes grinding torments. Similarly, I walk at a great pace down a short street, rapidly turn the corner, and, getting out of his view, as rapidly turn back. I catch him coming on post, again pass him as unaware of his existence, and again he undergoes grinding torments. Night after night his disappointment is acute, but hope springs eternal in the scholastic breast, and he follows me again to-morrow. Thus I enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and derive great benefit from the healthful exercise. When I do not enjoy the pleasures of the chase, for any thing I know he watches at the Temple Gate all night."

"This is an extraordinary story," observed Lightwood, who had heard it out with serious attention. "I don't like it."

"You are a little hipped, dear fellow," said Eugene; "you have been too sedentary. Come and enjoy the pleasures of the chase."

"Do you mean that you believe he is watching now?"

"I have not the slightest doubt he is."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

"I forgot to look for him when I was last out," returned Eugene, with the calmest indifference; "but I dare say he was there. Come! Be a British sportsman, and enjoy the pleasures of the chase. It will do you good."

Lightwood hesitated; but, yielding to his curiosity, rose.

"Bravo!" cried Eugene, rising too. "Or, if Yoicks would be in better keeping, consider that I said Yoicks. Look to your feet, Mortimer, for we shall try your boots. When you are ready, I am—need I say with a Hey Ho Chivey, and likewise with a Hark Forward, Hark Forward, Tantivy?"

"Will nothing make you serious?" said Mortimer, laughing through his gravity.

"I am always serious, but just now I am a little excited by the glorious fact that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting evening. Ready? So. We turn out the lamp and shut the door, and take the field."

As the two friends passed out of the Temple into the public street, Eugene demanded with a show of courteous patronage in which direction Mortimer would like the run to be? "There is a rather difficult country about Bethnal Green," said Eugene, "and we have not taken in that direction lately. What is your opinion of Bethnal Green?" Mortimer assented to Bethnal Green, and they turned eastward. "Now, when we come to St. Paul's church-yard," pursued Eugene, "we'll loiter artfully, and I'll show you the schoolmaster." But they both saw him before they got there; alone, and stealing after them in the shadow of the houses on the opposite side of the way.

"Get your wind," said Eugene, "for I am off directly. Does it occur to you that the boys of Merry England will begin to deteriorate in an educational light if this lasts long? The schoolmaster can't attend to me and the boys too. Got your wind? I am off!"

At what a rate he went, to breathe the schoolmaster; and how he then lounged and loitered, to put his patience to another kind of wear; what preposterous ways he took, with no other object on earth than to disappoint and punish him; and how he wore him out by every piece of ingenuity that his eccentric humor could devise; all this Lightwood noted with a feeling of astonishment that so careless a man could be so wary, and that so idle a man could take so much trouble. At last, far on in the third hour of the pleasures of the chase, when he had brought the poor dogging wretch round again into the City, he twisted Mortimer up a few dark entries, twisted him into a little square court, twisted him sharp round again, and they almost ran against Bradley Headstone.

"And you see, as I was saying, Mortimer," remarked Eugene aloud with the utmost cool-

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ness, as though there were no one within hearing but themselves: "and you see, as I was saying—undergoing grinding torments."

It was not too strong a phrase for the occasion. Looking like the hunted and not the hunter, baffled, worn, with the exhaustion of deferred hope and consuming hate and anger in his face, white-lipped, wild-eyed, draggle-haired, seamed with jealousy and anger, and torturing himself with the conviction that he showed it all and they exulted in it, he went by them in the dark, like a haggard head suspended in the air: so completely did the force of his expression cancel his figure.

Mortimer Lightwood was not an extraordinarily impressible man, but this face impressed him. He spoke of it more than once on the remainder of the way home, and more than once when they got home.

They had been abed in their respective rooms two or three hours when Eugene was partly awakened by hearing a footstep going about, and was fully awakened by seeing Lightwood standing at his bedside.

"Nothing wrong, Mortimer?"

"No."

"What fancy takes you, then, for walking about in the night?"

"I am horribly wakeful."

"How comes that about, I wonder?"

"Eugene, I can not lose sight of that fellow's face."

"Odd!" said Eugene, with a light laugh, "*I* can." And turned over, and fell asleep again.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of May. Within the six weeks commencing with the 25th of March are comprised more important events than in any other period of the same length in human history.

Before the middle of March it was evident that the Confederate capital must be abandoned. It was merely a question of time—a few days more or less. Lee's vigorous attack upon Fort Steadman, on the 25th, was less an effort to avoid this necessity than a movement to mask its execution. The disastrous failure of this attempt determined Grant to strike the enemy on his retreat. Sheridan was therefore dispatched, by a wide detour, to strike Lee's right. The series of actions which ensued during the last days of March and the first days of April were noted in our last Record, together with our occupation of Petersburg and Richmond. On Sunday, April 2, Davis, while at church, received tidings from Lee that his lines had been pierced, and that his position was no longer tenable. He left the church, and before night he and his cabinet departed from Richmond, taking with them such specie as they were able to gather from the banks. They left by the Danville Railroad for North Carolina. From Danville, on the 5th of April, Davis issued a proclamation, of which the following are the most important passages:

"The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy....For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammeled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise....We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free....I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy;....that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other Border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

Proceeding to North Carolina, Davis remained for three weeks in the neighborhood of Raleigh, awaiting the course of events. These proving wholly disastrous, he again set off southward. At the latest intelligence Stoneman's cavalry were hard upon his track.

The army of Lee, abandoning Petersburg and Richmond, struck almost due south, with the apparent purpose of gaining Lynchburg, which had been strongly intrenched, and where were large supplies of stores. Before abandoning Richmond, the city was set on fire; the damage done was much greater than was indicated in our last Record. General Ewell, in a published letter, affirms that the conflagration was caused by a mob, against which the city authorities had ample time to make provision by the organization of a competent police force, since they were forewarned that the city would be abandoned; but there seems to be abundant evidence that the place was fired by the rear-guard of the army—whether acting with or without orders may still be considered a matter of doubt. Lee's retreat was made by several roads; and Grant pushed forward his forces in pursuit. The retreat, though somewhat disorderly, was still far from an absolute rout. There was great demoralization and much desertion in the rear and on the flanks; but there was always a solid central core, which opposed a stout resistance whenever assailed. It is yet too early, in the absence of official reports, to undertake to give a detail of the movements of the three days which followed the abandonment of Richmond, or to assign to each officer and division of the army the credit to which they are entitled. The main object of the movements on both sides is, however, evident: Lee wished to gain Lynchburg, and Sheridan wished to intercept him. Lynchburg lies 116 miles almost due west from Richmond. On the morning of the 5th the main body of the Confederate army was gathered near Amelia Court House, 47 miles on its way; while Sheridan, by a wide detour, had reached Burkesville, about 15 miles further west, and directly in the way to Lynchburg. Sheridan

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then sent a brigade, which made a sharp and successful attack upon the enemy's flank; several corps of Meade's army were close at hand; and in the middle of the afternoon Sheridan wrote to Grant, "I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee." Meade, having ascertained the precise position of Lee, on the morning of the 6th moved the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps upon his retreating columns. The Fifth made a long march, but its position prevented it from striking the enemy until he had passed. The Second and the Sixth struck the Confederates near Deatonville, and, after the most severe encounter of the retreat, routed them completely, capturing several thousand prisoners, among whom were Generals Ewell, Kershaw, and Custis Lee. Lee's position was now desperate. His army, reduced by more than a half, was fairly surrounded. Grant, acting upon Sheridan's desire, had come to the front. He saw the state of affairs at once, and knew that it must be equally apparent to Lee. On the 7th he addressed the following letter to Lee:

"GENERAL,—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

To this Lee replied, that while he was not entirely of Grant's opinion of the "hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia," he reciprocated the desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and asked the terms which would be offered on condition of surrender. Grant replied, on the 8th, that peace being his first desire, he should insist upon only one condition: "That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged." He offered to meet any officer appointed by Lee for the purpose of definitely arranging the terms of surrender. Lee rejoined that he did not intend to propose to surrender his army, for he "did not think the emergency had arisen to call for surrender;" he had merely asked the terms of Grant's proposition; "but," he added, "as the restoration of peace should be sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals will tend to that end." He could not, he said, meet him with a view to surrender; but so far as Grant's propositions might affect the Confederate forces under his own command, and lead to a restoration of peace, he should be pleased to meet him at a designated place. Grant rejoined that he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace, and so a meeting for that special object could do no good. The whole North desired peace, and "the terms on which it can be had were well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. I sincerely hope that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life." Lee then requested an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in this letter. The meeting took place on the 9th, when Grant proposed his terms, which were accepted. The negotiation, though conducted verbally, took the formal shape of a written proposition and reply. Grant wrote:

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

Lee replied:

"I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you; as they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

The personal parole given by the officers was in these words:

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities."

Each officer also signed a parole, in nearly the same words, attached to a list of the men under his command. These paroles then received a countersign that the persons embraced in them "will not be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside." The number of men embraced in the various rolls is unofficially stated at something more than 26,000. The entire number of prisoners captured from the army of Lee in the various operations from March 25 to April 3 is estimated at about 30,000, and their loss in killed and wounded is put down at fully 10,000; besides these there were some thousands of stragglers during the retreat. The army of Lee, at the close of March, therefore probably numbered from 70,000 to 80,000, all of whom were actually brought into action. Grant's entire force is roughly estimated at twice the number, of which probably not more than half was brought into actual conflict, though the dispositions were such that in case of need the whole might have been employed.

Our last Record left Sherman in possession of the real point aimed at in his long march from Savannah. This was Goldsborough, North Carolina, 51 miles from Raleigh, and almost in the centre of the State. Two railroads running from this place to Wilmington and Beaufort afforded ample facilities for conveying full supplies to his army. Sherman thought it important to have an interview with the General-in-Chief. Leaving Schofield in command he set off for Grant's head-quarters, near Richmond, which he reached on the 27th. Here he found not only Grant, Meade, and the other leaders of the Army of the Potomac, but the President. His stay was brief: a single day was sufficient to acquaint him with the state of affairs in the region beyond the sphere of his own action, from a knowledge of which he had been in a great measure cut off since January, and to concert future operations. On the

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30th he was again at Goldsborough, finding that full supplies of food and clothing had been brought to his army. On the 10th of April his army set out for Raleigh, which was reached on the 13th, and occupied after a slight skirmish, Johnston falling back northwest toward Hillsborough. Sherman was informed on the 12th of the surrender of Lee; he announced it to his army, adding, "All honor to our comrades in arms, to whom we are now marching. A little more labor, a little more toil on our part and the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated after its four years of bloody war." Vance, the Governor of North Carolina, was captured on the 13th. It is said that he had been dispatched by Johnston to surrender the State, but the order had been countermanded by Davis, who had by this time reached Hillsborough. There could, however, be no doubt that Johnston would surrender upon the same terms that had been accepted by Lee; and a meeting was appointed to be held on the 15th to make definite arrangements. Before these were completed tidings reached Sherman and Johnston that the President of the United States had been assassinated in a theatre at Washington, by a disreputable actor named John Wilkes Booth.

On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, President Lincoln visited Ford's theatre in Washington. He was accompanied by his wife, Major Henry R. Rathbone, and Miss Clara L. Harris. The box occupied by the party is approached by a narrow passage, with a door opening inward. At the end of this passage is a door opening into the box. The box is about twelve feet above the stage, looking directly upon it. Booth, being well known as an actor, having also performed in the theatre, had free access to all parts of the building at any hour, and was perfectly acquainted with all its arrangements, and the ways of entrance and exit. His preparations were carefully made; whether he was aided by accomplices belonging to the theatre yet remains to be shown. Outside of the theatre, near the private entrance to the stage, he had a horse in waiting, and close by was an accomplice, named Harold, mounted and ready to accompany him after his escape from the theatre. A small hole had been bored in the door opening from the passage into the box, through which any one in the passage could have a complete view of the interior of the box. A stout bar of wood was also placed in the passage, by which the outer door could be fastened. During the early part of the performance Booth was seen by one or two persons who recognized him, although he was not dressed in his usual elegant style. He stood for a few moments near the door of the passage, near which was no one who knew him. He then went to the door. As he was opening it the sentinel asked if he knew what box he was entering. He coolly replied that he did: it was the box of the President, who wished to see him. He entered the passage and fastened the door behind him. The box-door had been left open, so that the precaution of boring a hole for observation was not needed, and Booth had a full view of the persons within. Whether by accident or design, the chairs had been so arranged that the inmates were in the positions best suited for his purpose. The President was at the end of the box nearest the door; Mrs. Lincoln sat near him; Major Rathbone was at the other end of the box, at a distance of two or three yards. The faces of all were turned to the stage, and directly away from the door. How long the assassin remained in the passage is not certainly known; probably only a few minutes. It was about half past nine. At this time, as Booth knew, the action of the piece (which was *The American Cousin*) requires the stage to be vacant for a moment. All eyes were turned to the stage, waiting for the entrance of the next actor. At that instant the report of a pistol was heard, and Rathbone turning saw through the smoke a man between the door and the President. He sprang up and grappled him; but the man, making a thrust with a large knife and inflicting a severe wound, wrested himself away and rushed to the front of the box. Rathbone endeavored to seize him again, but only caught hold of his clothes as he leaped over the railings upon the stage. His spur caught in the folds of a flag, and was torn off, and he fell nearly prostrate, receiving, as was afterward discovered, a severe injury. Notwithstanding this he sprung to his feet, brandished his knife, shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," the motto on the great seal of Virginia, and rushed through the coulisses, by passages well known to him, to the rear exit from the stage, before the spectators were aware of what had occurred. The man, however, was identified as Booth by several actors who saw him from the wings. The interval between the shot and the leap of Booth to the stage was hardly thirty seconds. But he had done his work thoroughly. Booth was an expert marksman, and at the short distance could hardly fail in his aim. The ball entered just behind the left ear, driving fragments of bone before it, and lodged in the brain. The President was carried to a private house opposite the theatre. He was unconscious from the moment of the shot. He died at twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of the 15th of April.

Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had been, some weeks before, thrown from his carriage; an arm was broken, the jaw fractured, and he lay in a very critical condition. Just about the time when the President was assassinated, a man presented himself at his residence, saying that he had brought a prescription from his physician, which he must see administered in person. Pushing abruptly past the servant, who hesitated to admit him, he made his way toward the sick-room. Before reaching the room the slight disturbance had aroused several persons in the house. Foremost of these was Frederick Seward, son of the Secretary, himself Assistant Secretary of State. He received a blow from a heavy pistol, which fractured his skull and left him insensible. The man then reached the door of Mr. Seward's room. Within were a daughter of the Secretary and George Robinson, a soldier, who was attending the invalid. Robinson, hearing the disturbance, opened the door and received a passing stab from the assassin, who rushed to the bedside of Mr. Seward and endeavored to strike him with a knife. Robinson grappled with him and a severe struggle ensued. The assailant, a very powerful man, seemed bent upon reaching Mr. Seward. He succeeded in striking him slightly two or three times; but the wounded man managed to roll from the bed to the floor. The struggle had now aroused the house, and the assassin broke away, rushed down stairs, mounted a horse at the door and made his escape. The whole was the work of a few moments. The Secretary of State received wounds, slight in themselves, but dangerous when added to his former injuries; Frederick Seward was unconscious for days; Robinson was severely wounded, as was also a Mr.

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Hansell, a messenger from the State Department, who happened to be present.

The whole detective force of the Government was at once called into requisition to arrest the assassins and unravel the intricacies of the plot. Various circumstances had led to the belief that the assailant of Mr. Seward was John Suratt, whose mother, a resident of Washington, had made her house a rendezvous for disloyalists. Her house was seized. Before daylight on the morning of the 18th a man dressed as a laborer came to the door and was arrested. He said his name was Payne; that he was a common laborer, born in Virginia, and had been engaged to repair a gutter at the house. His statements were unsatisfactory and contradictory. He was found to be in disguise, his light hair dyed black. He was in the end fully identified as the man who attacked Mr. Seward. His true name and character remain to be developed upon his trial.

Meanwhile the energies of the Government were directed to the arrest of Booth. Large rewards were offered for him and his accomplices. After many false starts the detectives, under charge of Colonel L. C. Baker, got upon the true scent. It was ascertained that Booth, in leaping from the box to the stage, had fractured a bone in his leg. Still he was able to rush across the stage, escape from the theatre, mount his horse, and ride off, followed by Harold, who was in waiting for him. He rode some thirty miles into a part of Maryland where the inhabitants are notoriously disloyal. His wounded leg was dressed by Doctor Samuel Mudd, who furnished him with a crutch. Crippled as he was, Booth worked his way for ten days, hiding in swamps by day, and more than once narrowly escaping discovery, accompanied all the while by Harold, who appears to be a weak creature, following Booth as a dog does his master. The pair at length got across the Potomac into Virginia; a few miles more would place them under the protection of Mosby's guerrillas. But the pursuers were now on their track. By means of information volunteered by blacks and extorted from whites the fugitives were traced to the house of a man named Garratt, near Bowling Green. The pursuers, 27 in in number, were led by Colonel Conger. Among them was Boston Corbett, a sergeant in the cavalry. Booth and Harold were hidden in a barn. They were called upon to surrender. A long parley ensued, for the pursuers wished to take the fugitives alive. Harold gave himself up and came out; Booth refused; fire was set to the dry straw in the barn. Booth, brought to bay, wished to sell his life dearly. Leaning upon his crutch, he was in the act of aiming at one of his pursuers, when his fire was anticipated by a pistol-shot from Corbett, who had watched his movements through an opening in the boarding. The ball, striking almost in the place where Lincoln had been struck, passed downward, and, instead of piercing the brain, shattered the spinal column, paralyzing all the nerves of motion, but leaving untouched those of sensation. The assassin lived for four hours, body and limbs paralyzed, yet suffering intensely. After his death the corpse was brought to Washington, fully identified, and then disposed of—how and where no one knows except two persons who had it in charge. He was born in Maryland, and died at the age of 26.

There is every reason to believe that the assassination of the President was only a part of a plan to murder all the leading members of the Government. This plot appears to have been formed by persons holding high positions in the Confederacy. So fully convinced is the Government of this fact that on the 2d of May the President issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada: Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker; and Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay."

Tucker, Sanders, and Cleary have put forth in the Canadian newspapers a denial that they had any complicity in the assassination. How far they and the others are implicated will be developed upon the trial of the many persons now under arrest.

The murder of President Lincoln aroused a feeling of regret deeper than was ever before known in our history. Men and papers who had opposed his policy and vilified him personally, now vied with his adherents and friends in lauding the rare wisdom and goodness which marked his conduct and character. It was decided that his body should be interred at his home in Springfield, Illinois. The long journey was one great funeral procession, lasting from the 21st of April, when the embalmed body left Washington, till the 4th of May, when it was entombed at Springfield. The ceremonies at New York, on the 25th, were by far the most imposing ever known in that city. It was estimated that 60,000 people marched in the procession. The streets through which it passed were shrouded in black. There was hardly a house in the city without an emblem of mourning. By the death of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, elected as Vice-President, became President of the United States, taking the oath of office on the 15th of April.

The news of the assassination reached the army in North Carolina while negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, Mr. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, being present. Thereupon the following "basis of agreement" was entered upon:

"*First*—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.

"*Second*—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to the several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the mean time to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

"*Third*—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"*Fourth*—The re-establishment of all Federal courts in

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the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

"*Fifth*—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

"*Sixth*—The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

"*Seventh*—In general terms, war to cease, a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command, upon condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men, as hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme."

This agreement was at once repudiated by the Government for the following reasons: *First*, It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman; *Second*, It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government; *Third*, It undertook to re-establish the rebel State governments, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of the rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States; *Fourth*, By the restoration of the rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery; *Fifth*, It might furnish a ground of responsibility by the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt consummated by the rebels in the name of the State. *Sixth*, It puts in dispute the existence of loyal State governments, and the new State of Western Virginia; *Seventh*, It practically abolished the confiscation laws; *Eighth*, It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly, and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition; *Ninth*, It formed no basis of true and lasting peace. —Sherman was ordered to give immediate notice of the termination of the truce; the commanders of other departments were notified to regard no truce or order from him respecting hostilities, his action being binding only upon his own command; and Grant hurried on to North Carolina to take charge of matters there. Johnston saw at once that his case was hopeless. He therefore accepted terms similar in effect to those offered to Lee, the main point of difference being that the paroled prisoners were allowed to retain their horses, except those belonging to artillery, their wagons, and five per cent. of their small-arms, in order to protect themselves on their way home. The surrender was made on the 29th of April. It is supposed that the surrender embraces about 30,000 men. The Union army of North Carolina at once set out on its return; two corps reaching Richmond on the 8th of May.

Among the other important events which have marked the month of April is the capture of Mobile, which was surrendered on the 13th, after a combined naval and military attack, which was commenced upon the outer defenses on the 2d. The defenses were captured after hard fighting. In all, the enemy lost about 1500 men killed and wounded, 6000 prisoners, and 150 guns. Maury, the commander, escaped with about 9000 men. Our entire loss during the siege was about 2000.——General Stoneman, of Thomas's Department of the Cumberland, rode into North Carolina and struck the North Carolina Railroad. The most brilliant operation in this raid of 500 miles was the capture of Salisbury on the 13th, after a short and sharp encounter, with 1400 prisoners, and an immense quantity of provisions and stores, which were destroyed.——General Wilson, also of Thomas's Department, starting from Chickasaw, in Alabama, on the 22d of March, rode for 650 miles through portions of Alabama and Georgia, which the war had hardly touched. Selma, in Alabama, a great dépôt, was captured on the 2d of April, with 2400 prisoners and more than 100 cannon. Montgomery, the first Confederate capital, was peaceably surrendered on the 12th. Columbus, Georgia, was captured, after a sharp fight, on the 16th, with 2000 prisoners and 70 guns. Macon was approached on the 21st. Here Wilson was met by a flag of truce from Howell Cobb, announcing the armistice between Sherman and Johnston. This stopped military operations, and before orders for their resumption were received Johnston had surrendered. This brilliant raid, in which 6000 prisoners and 200 cannon were taken, and Confederate property estimated at hundreds of millions was destroyed, cost us in all less than 500 men.

General Halleck, who had assumed the command of the Division of the James, under date of May 3, orders that

"All persons, without regard to their rank or employment in the civil or military service of the late rebel Government, will be permitted to take the amnesty oath, and will receive the corresponding certificate. Those excluded from the benefit of such oath can make application for pardon and restoration to civil rights, which applications will be received and forwarded to the proper channels for the action of the President of the United States. The fact that such persons have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance will be evidence of their intention to resume the status of loyal citizens, and constitute claim for Executive clemency."

General Schofield, in command of the Department of North Carolina, under date of April 28, thus defines the status of the late slaves:

"To remove a doubt which seems to exist in the minds of some of the people of North Carolina, it is hereby declared that by virtue of the Proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1, 1863, all persons in this State heretofore held as slaves are now free; and that it is the duty of the army to maintain the freedom of such persons. It is recommended to the former masters of the freedmen to employ them as hired servants at reasonable wages. And it is recommended to the freedmen that, when allowed to do so, they remain with their former masters, and labor faithfully so long as they shall be treated kindly and paid reasonable wages; or that they immediately seek employment elsewhere in the kind of work to which they are accustomed. It is not well for them to congregate about towns or military camps. They will not be supported in idleness."

On the 29th of April the President issued a proclamation removing all restrictions upon commerce, with the exception of articles contraband of war, in such portions of the Southern States lying east of the Mississippi, embraced within the lines of national military occupation.—Another proclamation of May 9 enjoins upon all naval and military officers, now that the rebellion on land is ended, increased diligence in capturing the rebel cruisers afloat; and adds that, after this proclamation shall become known in foreign ports, retaliatory measures will be adopted against the ships of such nations as extend hospitality to these piratical vessels.——An Executive order of the same date recognizes as the only Government of the State of Virginia (not, of course, including the State of West Virginia) that by which Mr. Pierrepont is Governor, and annuls all the acts of the late rebel State Government.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

A MOST genial and friendly letter to the Easy Chair, dated simply "Home," and speaking tenderly of the late President, reminds us that our great loss is a blow to every home in the country. This peculiar personal affection for Mr. Lincoln was so evident that every orator spoke of it, and with the emotion that attends a private sorrow. No tribute could be so pathetic and so suggestive of the character of the man who had more deeply endeared himself to the heart and fixed himself in the confidence of the American people than any man in our history. Among the inscriptions that were displayed during the days of mourning in the city there was one hung out upon a shop which was touching in its very baldness. "Alas! alas! our father Abraham Lincoln is dead." That was the feeling in all true hearts and homes. It was a feeling which no Cæsar, no Charlemagne, no Napoleon ever inspired. The Netherlands wept with a sorrow as sore for the Prince of Orange, France bewailed with romantic grief the death of Henry Fourth. But the people of Holland and of France were comparatively few, and the relation between the victims and the mourners was that of Prince and subjects. Our leader was one of the poorest of the people. He was great with their greatness. They felt with him and for him as one of themselves; and in his fall more truly than Rome in that of Cæsar, we all fell down.

The month of April, 1865, was curiously eventful in the annals of this country. General Grant moved upon the enemy's works, and Petersburg and Richmond fell. He pursued and fought the retreating army, and the rebel commander-in-chief surrendered. In the very jubilee of national joy the President was murdered. While yet his body was borne across the country by the reverent hands of a nation, his murderer was tracked, brought to bay, shot, and buried in a nameless spot to protect his corpse from wild popular fury. In the midst of the tragical days General Sherman, whom, only last month, the Easy Chair was celebrating as so skillful and resistless a soldier, instead of summoning Johnston to a surrender upon the terms granted to Lee, allowed himself to sign a recognition of the rebel government and to open a future of political discord, while he was yet able to prescribe the simple surrender of an army. The shock of disappointment and regret was universal. The authorities unanimously disapproved his convention. The Lieutenant-General went immediately to the front, and the month which had opened with President Lincoln trusted and beloved, with Davis defended by Lee and his army in the rebel capital, and Sherman confronted by Johnston, and Mobile holding out, closed with the rebel capital in possession of the Government, Lee a paroled prisoner, his army disbanded, Davis a skulking fugitive, Johnston and his army paroled prisoners, Mobile captured, President Lincoln dead, President Johnson at the head of the Government, and the assassin dead and buried.

Through such a succession of great events this country had never so rapidly passed. It swept the scale of emotion. From the height of joyful triumph it sank to the very depths of sorrow; from confidence and pride in a military leader it passed to humiliating amazement, yet not for a moment paused in its work or shook in its purpose, and was never so calm, so strong, so grand, as in that tumult of emotion.

Every man who has been proud of his country hitherto has now profounder cause for pride. Our system has been tried in every way, and rises purified from the fire. No one man is essential to her, however dearly beloved, however generously trusted. The history of the war from May, 1861, to May, 1865, proves that she can not be hopelessly bereaved. The skeptics who have sneered, the timid who have feared, the shrewd who have doubted, must now see that the principles of popular government have been amply vindicated. We have only clearly to understand and fearlessly to trust those principles, and the future, like the past, is secure.

In the earlier days of the war a sagacious foreign observer, resident in the country, said that he feared we were making mistakes perilous to the American principle. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* he thought was a very dangerous political, however necessary a military experiment it might be. But he was answered by another European, who had been a political pupil of Cavour's, that, unlike such an act in other countries, it was here done by the people themselves, and they must be trusted in it, or else the whole American experiment failed. Such power must be used, he said; the crucial test is the way in which it is used. If the people can not use it in a way which shall be permanently harmless, then they are not capable of self-government. O wise young judge! In the whole world no heart will be more sincerely glad, no face more bright with joy, or sadder with sorrow, at the strange April news from America, than yours!

What a May-day! Stricken as all hearts are, what a May-day! Budding and blooming on every hand, hill-side, and meadow, and wood, flushing and glittering with the lavish beauty of the spring, softly gliding over grieving hearts, and with her royal touch healing our varied sorrow, came the Queen of May, for whom the people sighed and the land yearned, came the well-beloved, the long desired, palms in her hand and doves flying before her, and the name of that May-day Queen was Peace.

"Cross the Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd," was the direction given by one who knew, to an inquirer who asked how to find Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. The Easy Chair remembered it on the Sunday morning after the return of the Fort Sumter party, and crossing at an early hour in the beautiful spring day he stepped ashore and followed the crowd up the street. That at so early an hour the current would set strongly toward the church he did not believe. But he was mistaken. At the corner of Hicks Street (if that is the name) the throng turned and pushed along with hurrying eagerness as if they were already too late. There were perhaps thirty persons, and it was but a little past nine o'clock. The street was disagreeable like a street upon the outskirts of a city, but the current turned from it again in two streams, one flowing to the rear and the other to the front of Plymouth Church. The Easy Chair drifted along with the first, and as he went around the corner observed just before him a low brick tower below which was an iron gate.

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The gate was open and we all passed rapidly in, going through a low passage smoothly paved and echoing, with a fountain of water midway and a chained mug—a kind thought for the wayfarer—and that little cheap charity seemed already an indication of the humane spirit which irradiates the image of Plymouth Church. The low passage brought us all to the narrow walk by the side of the church, and to the back-door of the building. The crowd was already tossing about all the doors. The street in front of the building was full, and occasionally squads of enterprising devotees darted out and hurried up to the back-door to compare the chances of getting in.

The Easy Chair pushed forward, and was wheeled by a courteous usher into a convenient seat. The church is a large white building, with a gallery on both sides, two galleries in front, and an organ loft and choir just behind the pulpit. It is spacious and very light, with four long windows on each side. The seats upon the floor converge toward the pulpit, which is a platform with a mahogany desk, and there are no columns. The view of the speaker must be unobstructed from every part. The plain white walls and entire absence of architectural ornamentation inevitably, and not unpleasantly, suggests the bare cold barns of meeting-houses in early New England. But this house is of a very cheerful, comfortable, and substantial aspect.

There were already dense crowds wedged about all the doors upon the inside. The seats of the pew-holders were protected by the ushers, the habit being, as the Easy Chair understood, for the holders who do not mean to attend any service, to notify the ushers that they may fill the seats. Upon the outside of the pews along the aisles there are chairs which can be turned down, enabling two persons to be seated side by side, yet with a space for passage between, so that the aisle is not wholly choked. On this Sunday the duties of the ushers were very difficult and delicate, for the pressure was extraordinary. There was still more than an hour before the beginning of the service, but the building was rapidly filling; and every body who sank into a seat from which he was sure that he could not be removed, wore an edifying expression of beaming contentment which must have been rather exasperating to those who were standing and struggling and dreadfully squeezed around the doors.

Presently the seats were all full. The multitude seemed to be solid above and below, but still the new-comers tried to press in. The platform was fringed by the legs of those who had been so lucky as to find seats there. There was loud talking and scuffling, and even occasionally a little cry at the doors. One boy struggled desperately in the crowd for his life, or breath. The ushers, courteous to the last, smiled pitifully upon their own efforts to put ten gallons into a pint pot. As the hour of service approached a small door under the choir and immediately behind the mahogany desk upon the platform opened quietly, and Mr. Beecher entered. He stood looking at the crowd for a little time, without taking off his outer coat, then advanced to the edge of the platform and gave some directions about seats. He indicated with his hands that the people should pack more closely. The ushers evidently pleaded for the pew-holders who had not arrived; but the preacher replied that they could not get in, and the seats should be filled that the service might proceed in silence. He turned and opened the door. Then he removed his coat, sat down, and opened the Hymn-Book, while the organ played. The impatient people meantime had climbed up to the window sills from the outside, and the great white church was like a hive, with the swarming bees hanging in clusters upon the outside.

The service began with an invocation. It was followed by a hymn, by the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and a prayer. The congregation joined in singing; and the organ, skillfully and firmly played, prevented the lagging which usually spoils congregational singing. The effect was imposing. The vast volume filled the building with solid sound. It poured out at the open windows and filled the still morning air of the city with solemn melody. Far upon every side those who sat at home in solitary chambers heard the great voice of praise. Then amidst the hush of the vast multitude the preacher, overpowered by emotion, prayed fervently for the stricken family and the bereaved nation. There was more singing, before which Mr. Beecher appealed to those who were sitting to sit closer, and for once to be incommoded that some more of the crowd might get in; and as the wind blew freshly from the open windows, he reminded the audience that a handkerchief laid upon the head would prevent the sensitive from taking cold. Then opening the Bible he read the story of Moses going up to Pisgah, and took the verses for his text.

The sermon was written, and he read calmly from the manuscript. Yet at times, rising upon the flood of feeling, he shot out a solemn adjuration or asserted an opinion with a fiery emphasis that electrified the audience into applause. His action was intense but not dramatic; and the demeanor of the preacher was subdued and sorrowful. He did not attempt to speak in detail of the President's character or career. He drew the bold outline in a few words, and leaving that task to a calmer and fitter moment, spoke of the lessons of the hour. The way of his death was not to be deplored; the crime itself revealed to the dullest the ghastly nature of slavery; it was a blow not at a man but at the people and their government; it had utterly failed; and, finally, though dead the good man yet speaketh. The discourse was brief, fitting, forcible, and tender with emotion. It was a manly sorrow and sympathy that cast its spell upon the great audience, and it was good to be there. When words have a man behind them, Emerson says, they are not to be forgotten. There was another hymn, a peal of pious triumph, which poured out of the heart of the congregation, and seemed to lift us all up, up into the sparkling, serene, inscrutable heaven.

The beautiful new building of the National Academy of Design was opened this spring with the fortieth annual exhibition of pictures. The festival of the opening was one of the most striking spectacles we have ever seen. The white building, even upon the outside, sparkled with the flood of light that poured from the door and windows; and ascending the stately steps and entering at the door, which seems the exquisitely-wrought gateway to a realm of romance, the scene was dazzling and picturesque. A noble staircase—such as we imagine in the finest palaces and see in the most sumptuous paintings of Paul Veronese—occupies the heart of the building, and ascends to a range of columns of various marble, which sustain the centre of the roof. A gallery, with a massive balustrade between the columns, extends around the area of the staircase,

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and out of this gallery open the exhibition-rooms. There are five of these; one very large and spacious—a truly magnificent room—along the length of the Twenty-third Street side. The others are smaller, but all convenient and full of the best light. The pictures are hung upon the walls of all these, excepting one, which is devoted to sculpture, and the sides of the outer gallery are also covered with them. But the evening of the opening was devoted to other duties than the study of pictures. Here were throngs of the loveliest toilets—for "full dress" was the prescribed rule of the festival—and here were two thousand people constantly moving through the brilliant rooms. If some group paused before a picture it was as picturesque and bright as the canvas upon which it looked; and the occasional bits of Venice, the palaces, the canals, the sunsets, the gondolas, that flashed upon the walls, seemed only the syllabled refrain of the Venetian poem which the evening was.

Indeed, as you stepped out of the rooms to descend the staircase, the laughing groups in gay dresses coming up and going down, the jeweled ladies in airy laces and brilliant silks and satins leaning upon the balustrades beneath the marble columns, looking over silent, or chatting and laughing, while the band played passionate waltzes below, presented the very scene that the Venetian Paul loved to paint, and which all his lovers so vividly remember.

At nine o'clock President Huntington, of the Academy, with Mr. Bryant and the Rev. Dr. Adams, stepped upon a little temporary dais in the large room, immediately opposite the door and in front of Bierstadt's "Yo Semite Valley," and the hum of the crowd was hushed, while in a fervent prayer the clergyman invoked the Divine blessing upon so fair a work accomplished, and upon the beginning of such influences for the future. He did not say Amen without a touching reference to the common sorrow, and to the universal love for him who had taken his place among the martyrs. And when he sat down President Huntington delivered the address of inauguration and welcome. It was wisely brief, barely alluding to the circumstances under which the building had been erected; but it was cheerful and bright, and ended with a proper compliment to Mr. Bryant. The poet was greeted warmly as he arose and declared frankly that retorting compliments was an art which had been neglected in his education. He then made a very pleasant response, adorned with references to many of the traditional names of the Academy, and to incidents in the lives of some of the noted dead whom he personally knew.

The following passage is a proper introduction to the study of the present exhibition:

"I congratulate you all, therefore, on the completion of a building not one stone of which, from the foundation to the roof, was laid, and not one beam or rafter framed into its place, for any other purpose than the glory of Art. A little while since I was here, and admired the spacious halls and saloons, with their lofty ceilings and the pure light admitted only from the zenith, bringing with it no tinge of color from surrounding objects. Since that time Art has entered with the works of the pencil and chisel, covering the bare walls and occupying the floors with imitations of nature which we view this evening with wonder and delight—the spring, the summer, the autumn, the winter of our brilliant climate disputing the palm of splendor; the blaze of the tropics and the cold light of icebergs brought into a New York saloon; Italian skies glowing beside them; the wild grandeur of our own Rocky Mountains confronting the majestic scenery of Switzerland; manly faces and the eyes of fair women and fresh-cheeked children looking down upon us; scenes from the domestic fireside; glimpses of camp life and the tumult of war, drawn from our own civil strife; and on pedestals, among the crowd of spectators, the works of the statuary, busts that seem to think, and groups which are tragedies and comedies in miniature. When I look round upon these productions of the genius of our countrymen, and compare them with what we produced forty years since, I can not help imagining to myself what must have been the astonishment of a New Yorker of that day, could he have been transported to a spectacle like this from one of the meagre exhibitions of the old and now forgotten Academy of the Fine Arts, made up mostly of pictures which had appeared on its walls from year to year till they palled upon the eye."

The audience hummed and buzzed while Mr. Bryant was speaking, not from any disrespect or indifference, but simply because the throng in the neighboring rooms were moving and murmuring, and perfect silence was impossible. It was a beautiful scene, and no one who was there will ever forget the spectacle of the poet standing in the spacious pictured hall speaking to the brilliant throng, our venerable high-priest of poetry dedicating this noble temple of art upon the eve of a glorious peace.

A CRITIC is a formidable creature, and yet all of us who go to see pictures are really critics. We look at the paintings; we have opinions; we express them. That is criticism. Some of us know very little of nature or art, but we have opinions nevertheless, and the more we do not know, the more vehement we are apt to be. The art-criticisms which we brethren of the pen write for newspapers and magazines are our opinions of the pictures. Some of the artists who do not like what we say tell us gravely that we have no business to have opinions. Alas! alas! that is very probable. But we *do* have them, and what are we to do?

If they tell us not to express them, how are they themselves to become known? how is the excellence of their works to be set forth? Fame is but opinion. That kind familiarity of certain names which the proverb describes as like household words, is only the common consent of good opinion. No, we must speak, we must write, we can not avoid opinions. Criticism is, therefore, a foregone conclusion; and, dear brothers of the pencil and pen, whether we make books or pictures, or merely trace such evanescent lines as these, we must lay our account with favorable or adverse judgments of our work. Let us do all we can to make unfavorable judgments impossible. Then, if they come, our withers are unwrung.

These reflections and exhortations are not difficult for an old Easy Chair who comes tugging and blowing up that splendid staircase at the Academy, and who has no pictures upon the walls. If he had—let him pause a moment to take breath and to decide—if he had, which one of all these six hundred and forty-seven pictures and sculptures would he wish to be his? That is a tremendous question to ask as you reach the top of the staircase and peer curiously around you. It is a question so tremendous that no Easy Chair, who does not wish to

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make six hundred and forty-six enemies, will think of answering aloud.

In a very low whisper, then, let us say that the fortieth exhibition is not a remarkably good one. Some of the artists whose names are very familiar appear in great force; but the number of fine works is not large. The number also of works interesting from their subjects simply appears to us to be small. The war, for instance, so fruitful of picturesque incident, has inspired very few; and some of those lack that patient and complete elaboration which distinguishes such a work as that of Gerome, "the Almek," which we have all seen with delight at Goupil's Gallery during the spring. Of the smaller works of this year we recall most pleasantly Mr. William M. Hunt's "Listeners" (204), and "The Singers" (210), and Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Christmas Time" (376). Mr. Hunt's method is Couture's, which is the very reverse of Gerome's; but the sweetness, the delicacy, the tenderness, the subtle grace of the two works we name are evident to very dull eyes and hearts. They are mellow and rich, and full of imagination. There are no more purely poetic pictures upon the walls. The interior and figures of Mr. Johnson are evidently portraits; but the treatment is so felicitous that there is no sense of figures posing. We see them as Santa Claus might as he peeps through the Christmas-tree. It is a scene of happy, domestic life; and the conscientious care with which the details are wrought is characteristic of the painter of the "Old Kentucky Home." There is another of the smaller pictures which the loiterer will remember. It is Mr. Lambdin's "Love and Loyalty" (224), a scene of the war. It represents a maiden holding her lover's sword to her lips and kissing the blade. He stands by, with a Captain's shoulder-straps, ready to receive it consecrated by her lips; ready to use the sword in the holiest of wars—ready to die rather than yield it. In the outer gallery there is Darley's drawing of "Dahlgren's Cavalry Charge at Fredericksburg" (29). This, too, is admirable. It is full of the wild tumult of the scene. You hear the clatter, the dash, the shouting, the shot. The men and horses live before the eye; yet in all the whirl there is no obscurity or bewilderment for the spectator. It is a thrilling episode of the war from the hand of a master.

But by a curious infelicity the most interesting war picture is hoisted into a panel over the door by which you enter the main hall, and therefore entirely out of sight. From the head of the stairs you look across and see that there is a picture there which is worth attention. You then go to the spot whence you can see it—and it can not be seen. You must stand with your back to the railing, strain your eyes upward, and then you discover that the light glistens across it so as to shut it out from view effectually. If you could possibly see it you would discover it to be a scene in "General Sherman's March through Georgia—his Advance arriving at a Plantation" (86). It is painted by Thomas Nast, and is full of interesting incident and expression. Indeed, its charm is its dramatic expression, and that is entirely invisible in the height and light in which it is placed. At the right of the picture is the mansion-house. The ladies stand upon the piazza and look curiously and disdainfully at the group of officers who approach, cap in hand, evidently full of amused doubt as to their reception. Under the trees upon the right the soldiers and the slaves are fraternizing. One brilliant fellow in red Zouave trowsers imposes by his melodramatic swagger upon the negroes. An old gray-headed Uncle Tom bows low before him; others are bringing forage to offer to their friends; and the women with lifted hands and glistening eyes are plainly saying, "Bress de Lord ob heaven, de Yanks is come!" The contrast of the group of officers and ladies with that of the soldiers and slaves is most effective. The eye steals away between them to the fields and river meadows beyond, covered with busy little parties of foragers and troops and slaves, and full of characteristic incident and landscape. Even the universal military bustle is evidently temporary. The languor and luxuriance of Southern nature is hardly disturbed, and seems with placid disdain to await the departure of the intruders.

There are other delightful pictures, upon which we can not dwell. We expatiate upon Mr. Nast's because he has but the one, and it is entirely impossible for those who have not seen it elsewhere to appreciate its interest here. Mr. Kensett comes out this year in great force. His "Ullswater" (91) is not often surpassed for delicate detail and happy expression. Mr. Cranch's Venetian scenes have a charm for which the romantic city itself may be largely responsible; but his poetic nature is attracted to such subjects by the deepest sympathy. The novelty of form in Mr. Bierstadt's "Looking down Yo Semite Valley, California" (436), and the ease and power of his treatment give the picture an interest which is, however, hardly equal to so large a canvas. The eye and the imagination each ask for a little more.

But a garrulous Easy Chair must stop somewhere, and here perhaps as well as any where.

"HAPPY the bride the sun shines on," is the pleasant old proverb that the heart utters to friends married in June and summer. And when they are young and fair, and the soft skies and the bright flowers and the singing birds are truly the outward signs of their own lives and temper, what gifts but roses and pearls seem fit for them?

That is a question for poets only to answer, and sometimes a poet answers it. Pearls may be bought and roses may be plucked, but a poet who would bring a special offering to a bridal which his whole heart blesses will go beyond gems and flowers. "Love will find out a way." What if he should make robins and bobolinks sing a song of his teaching at the bride's window? Better still, who but he can make other poets sing for her alone? And what would their carols be, peculiar, individual, special, beyond their common singing, but "Over-Songs?"

Such a poet there was; and once when, in the full flush of June, a bridal bower was built upon the green banks of a tranquil river, far inland, such was the choir with which he sang his epithalamium. Preluding tenderly, with a thoughtful, inward, musing music, as if he played softly upon his own heart-strings, he murmured:

> "Who giveth of his song's estate
> Receiveth larger than he gives;
> No lover's privilege so great
> As Laureate's self-rewarding fate
> While love inviolate lives."

After a while there followed a strain like that of the English nightingale—a note that we had all lately heard clear and gushing—now a sweet minor melody whose sadness was only the unsatisfied longing of the heart in spring:

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"When in a May-day hush
Chanteth the missel-thrush
The harp o' the heart makes answer with murmurous stirs;
When robin-redbreasts sing,
We sigh for tardy spring,
And Culvers, when they coo, are Love's remembrancers.

But thou in the trance of light
Stayest the fading Night,
And Echo makes sweet her lips with utterance wise,
And casts at our glad feet,
In a wisp of fancies fleet,
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophecies.

Her central thought full well
Thou hast the art to tell,
To take the sense o' the night and to yield it so;
To set in a cadence bright
The moral of moonlight,
And sing our loftiest dreams that we thought none did know.

* * * * * *

I have no nest as thou,
Bird on the blossoming bough,
Yet forth on thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my soul,
Chanting, 'Forego thy strife,
The spirit outacts the life,
And *much* is seldom theirs who can perceive the *whole*.

'Thou drawest a perfect lot
All thine, but holden not;
Lie low at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;
There might be sorer smart
Than thine, far-seeing heart,
Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied.'"

That is a nightingale which has sung in all our hearts and homes for two years past. You have not heard this song before. You will not hear it again. Listen, then, once more, and answer, if the first part of the singer's name be *Jean*, what is the last?

Is it too low and sad for the bridal choir? Yet it is not sombre: it is only the deep, dark red of the rose's heart. But here is manly music in another tone:

"Good heart, that ownest all!
I ask a modest boon and small:
Not of lands and towns the gift,
Too large a load for me to lift,
But for one proper creature,
Which geographic age,
Sweeping the map of Western earth,
Or th' Atlantic coast from Maine
To Powhatan's domain,
Could not descry.
Is't much to ask, in all thy huge creation,
So trivial a part—
A solitary heart?"

Does it sound strange still, this "Concord" of sweet sounds, too sub a bass for a hymeneal hymn? Yet sturdy pines make the fairest landscape fairer; and here breaks in a firm, clear tenor:

"The day that hears the bridal bell
Should break in cloudless blue;
Its rosier sunset leave behind
A night of stars and dew;
From East to West, o'er all the land,
The jarring noises cease,
And 'mid the nuptial blossoms brood
The sacred dove of peace."

* * * * * *

"These distant thunders shall not cloud
The sunshine of the hour;
These gales of battle withering blow
Across your bridal bower:
From heavens of peace, above the storm,
God's blessing still shall fall
On Love that binds, on Love that heals,
On Love that conquers all."

So might Bayard have sung, hearing afar the hum of battle.

And next a singer with heart's-ease in his hand, musing as he sings:

"A flower worth all the gardens of the East,
And rich enough to be thy husband's dower—
For, having heart's-ease, hath he not enough?
But heart's-ease is a perishable stuff—
A fading flower that hath not long to live—
A mocking gift that is not mine to give.
Yet as I give the emblem I uplift
A prayer that God will add the perfect gift."

Look high: if it were a bird you might see him Tilt on an upper spray, an independent singer, nor heed the thin treble that comes piping in beside him:

"What shall I say? The blithe birds sing
In every bush, on every tree;
And the June air is murmuring
A bridal song for thee."

And as the epithalamium closes a tender voice summons the violets and roses to mingle in the choir:

"O Rose-bud, breathe your breath
Into the soul of June;
And in that fragrant death
Strike living Love's true tune;
Sure that such giving is
Receiving, high above;
For love is sacrifice,
And life is love."

Might this not be Wordsworth's Lucy who sings?

And then the poet who had summoned and led the choir joined hands with them as they surrounded the bower, and sang for them all:

"Ah! life is sweeter than life,
O lover and friend! for her sharing;
And the world's sweetest title of Wife
Will be sweeter than all for her wearing.
Think of her sweet-hearted nature,
And forever exquisite ways!
Child-heart of womanhood's stature,
Born to perennial Mays!
Yes, there is semblance of Eden
For some, here and there;
Angels these lovers are leading
Homeward unaware."

—Was it only a dream of summer? Was it only a vision of the Easy Chair?—these lovers and their bridal bower; this poet drawing the singers into a hymeneal choir; these songs of which some strains are here recorded—was it i' the air only? Was the river nameless, in a region never seen? Or did hands of flesh and blood clasp before the altar, and were these "Over-Songs" from the fullness of sympathy actually sung?

Perhaps—perhaps a delicate, exquisite, illuminated memento of that bower, with all the songs complete, exists, telling no secret but to those who know.

Editor's Drawer.

AT Oskaloosa, Iowa, there is an old gentleman by the name of Ballard, who for several years had been justice of the peace. He resolved to take one of the many positions open for public service in the army, and enlisted as a private in the celebrated "gray-beard" regiment. He was on duty several months in St. Louis, and was detailed as sentinel in front of General Curtis's head-quarters, where he paced his silent beat faithfully during rain and storm. Afterward the Squire was mustered

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out, and General Curtis was "stumping" the State for recruits for the army. The latter had just finished a speech when the Squire approached him very familiarly, saying,

"General, if I was not so old I would enter the service again."

"Ah," says the General, "have you been in the army?"

"Yes, General; you and I occupied the same building in St. Louis."

"Indeed! I don't remember."

"I expect not; for you had the inside and I the out."

It is not often that articles appear in the Drawer from Sherman's web-footed cavalry, but here is something too good to keep. In the battle of March 19, 1865, when four little divisions stood the assault of Johnston's entire army, the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, a portion of Morgan's Second Division of the Fourteenth Corps, were at one time completely surrounded. A reb going from our front toward their line in our rear was astounded at running into a line of Yanks. He was handed over to a soldier as guard over him—a genuine "Bowery boy." The following conversation ensued:

Reb. "Take me to the rear, quick."

Yank. "Can't."

Reb. "Take me behind a tree, then."

Yank. "What's the use; they are firing from both sides."

Reb. "Take me behind two trees, then" (*imploringly*)—"take me to your rear. My good man, don't you know where your rear is?"

Yank (*carelessly*). "No, shoot me if I do; do you?"

The inclosed clip is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a decision rendered in a justice's court, and can be vouched for as a fact. Any one acquainted with the justice would need no voucher to establish the fact of its occurrence:

Swoitzer *v.* Pearsons *et al.*, Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin.

B. Bull for Plaint.
Wm. Dutcher for Def. } Before Justice Baker.

Action brought against defendants for shooting plaintiff's Goose and Gander. Defendants admit the killing, and justified that it was accidental. Court, after hearing the evidence, gave the following able and lucid opinion: It is best always not to be too severe on damages, and yet it is best to give damages to the amount of the plaintiff's claim, and inasmuch as the killing of those geese was wrong by the boys. It is the opinion of the court that the two geese were worth two dollars apiece in the spring of the year, and in all probabilities they would have had twelve goslings, and probably about one half of them would have lived and the other half would have died: and it would not have cost the plaintiff much to keep them until fall, and the goslings would then be worth one dollar apiece, which would be six dollars, and the two old ones two dollars, which would make ten dollars, which is the judgment of the court.

April 4, 1865.

One of our officers in Memphis writes:

We have an Irishman in our regiment who, strange to say, is very fond of "commissary," as the poor substitute for whisky furnished the army is called. He often contrives funny ways to get it. For instance, not long since he brought me a slip of greasy paper, containing a request that my "commissary sergeant would issue to the bearer one *glass* of whisky, to be used by him to make some medicine." Said Pat: "Will your Honor approve that?" I read it and wrote my approval, and thought no more about it until in the latter part of the day I had occasion to visit the barracks of Pat's company, when I saw a huge glass tumbler, which would hold about a quart, and found Pat and his companions a little set up. I went back to my quarters and called for my commissary sergeant, who soon confirmed my suspicions. Pat had produced his "glass" and his approved order and had demanded the whisky, and it had been honored.

The next day Patrick was detailed for fatigue-duty. He came to me all crouched over, with his arms pressed hard across his stomach, and with one of the most sorrowful-looking faces I ever saw.

Said I: "What is the matter with you?"

"Och! an' it's nearly gone dead I am intirely in me poor stomach."

"Ah, you rascal!" said I, "you have your pay now for the joke you played off on me about that whisky yesterday."

"Yes, yer Honor, indade I have; it's the 'rot gut' I've got that will be the death o' me;" and he gave another awful twist of his body, and made another awful face; but all the time I saw the rogue lurking in his eye, and I knew he was trying to sell me again.

Said I: "Pat, you need not put on that *rye* face; you can't fool me again."

"Yer Honor must be mistaken, for doesn't me eyes look *glassy*?"

That was too much for me, and I had to laugh; but Pat did his work.

The keeper of a well-known eating-saloon at the dépôt on a branch road running from the "Erie" north, was some years since, and is still, afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. Several of his friends visited him, one at a time, and told him that unless he gave up drinking it would kill him. At last the doctor, by arrangement, said the same thing, and mine host began to cry, and said, "Jim has been here talking to me about drinking so much, and then Tom came, and after him Sam, and all [boo-hoo!] talking to me about drinking [boo-hoo!], and now you've come; and there isn't nary one of you that considers how dreadful *dry* I am!"

Mr. M——, who lives in the town adjoining this, in Broome County, is very much in the habit of "drawing the long bow." One of his stories is as follows: "Did you never see one of these here hoop-snakes?" "No," says his listener; "I didn't think there was any such thing." "Oh yes," says Mr. M——, "I've seen one. Me and my hired man was down there in the home lot, by the side of the road, and we seen something rolling down the hill, and says I, 'I guess that are must be one of them hoop-snakes coming along.' My hired man he was afeard, and clim up a tree; but I took my hoe in my hand, and went out and stood side of a tree in the road, and when he come along I stuck out the hoe-handle, and he hit it *slap*, and made a noise jes like a pistol; and, Sir, it warn't mor'n a minute afore that are hoe-handle was swelled up as big as my leg!"

One day early in the session of the Nebraska Legislature a motion was made, in Committee of the Whole, that the committee rise and report pro-

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gress. The motion was adopted. Immediately after Mr. M——, from one of the rural districts, assumed a standing position and remained up. The Speaker recognized him, but the standing member said nothing until some one who wanted the floor asked him what he was up for. "Why," said he, "the motion carried for the committee to *rise*, and I'm waiting for the rest to get up!" His manifest knowledge of parliamentary tactics brought all hands down.

MRS. JONES died a few weeks ago. Upon the day of the funeral the house was visited, as often happens, by numbers of persons unacquainted with the deceased or family. One of these strangers stepped to the coffin, with others, to take a last look at the dead, and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "I'm so *disappointed:* I thought it was Mrs. Colonel Jones," an estimable lady of the same name, but another family.

IN your March Number a California Sheriff has a place. I offer you now a California Justice:

Squire W—— resided near Chico, in 1852. A man was sued before his Honor by a neighbor in the matter of a disputed account of some two or three hundred dollars. Counsel was obtained from a distance, and the case duly called on, evidence heard, and the law and facts earnestly presented by respective counsel. It so happened that the two litigants owned what was considered fast "quarter horses," and by chance, on the day of the trial, each came on their race nags.

The Squire was very fond of the sports of the turf, and after the case was closed and submitted, he observed that the evidence was so nearly balanced that he was in doubt, and, to settle the question, his decision was that the parties go down on a track near by and run their horses—judgment to go in favor of the winning horse!

The idea was so novel, and withal so amusing, that attorneys and clients at once consented, and proceeded to try the case, as the Squire expressed it in his instructions to the riders when up, "by the Lever-Power Act, from which there was no appeal."

JUSTICES there have jurisdiction to try cases of assault and battery. Two persons having a quarrel in presence of the Squire, one struck the other, and was at once ordered under arrest. In due time the trial came on, and the defendant was ordered to stand up, and asked to plead whether he was guilty or not guilty. The defendant answered, Not Guilty. This was too much for the Justice, who fancied that his own veracity was officially called in question by the plea, and the poor culprit was fined $100 on the spot for the breach of the peace, and another $100 for contempt, the Justice remarking that he "would learn people how to call the Court a liar!"

LITTLE STELLA is just beginning to talk. Our minister has engaging manners, and is especially a favorite of children. During a sociable call he sang one of those touching, simple melodies which Stella is so fond of hearing. She was very attentive, and stood quite motionless, gazing on his face with her bright, wondering eyes. As he proceeded tears began to glisten beneath the lids, and glide down her dimpled cheeks. After a few minutes of silence, he asked, "Stella, how do you like it!" She answered, promptly, "Oh, very much, Mr. Young, but it hurts my eyes!"

A LOUD call having been made for army surgeons by the examining boards of our State, our ambitious and patriotic young friend, Dr. P——, gave up his lucrative (?) practice, and reported himself at Columbus for examination. The applicants, who were numerous, were each handed a list of printed questions, and they were required to write out answers and hand them in to the Board, who voted on their cases according to the correctness of the answers. Our young aspirant got on swimmingly with his list until he came to Question 23: "Where and what is Scarpa's triangle?" This was a poser. He scratched his head in vain for any recollection of such an anatomical structure. He finally approached the President of the Board, and, pointing to the question, said, "Sir, did you mean to ask that question?" To which the president blandly replied in the affirmative. Our young doctor, putting on a look of fierce indignation, exclaimed, "Will you tell me, Sir, what is the use of asking such a question as that when our country's flag is trailing in the dust?"

CAPTAIN JOHNSON, of our army, home on leave, was telling his aunt (a kind-hearted, simple-minded old lady) about his marches, etc., up and down the Valley, and in the course of conversation happened several times to speak of his men "winning" chickens, fruit, etc., from the way-side farmers. The old lady, being utterly unacquainted with army slang, anxiously inquired what the Captain meant by "winning." The Captain was momentarily taken aback at this question, for he knew the good dame had the greatest horror of any thing like stealing; but recovering, he straightened out his face like a Supreme Court judge's, and says he: "Ah, yes, you don't quite understand, I see. Did you ever read the Army Regulations? No, I suppose not. Well, my dear aunt, paragraph 1677 of the 63d edition provides that when an army is passing through a country the farmers shall not be deprived of their live-stock or other property, except in cases of necessity, and even then they are given a chance for their possessions in this way: If a soldier needs a chicken, for instance, he is bound to 'toss up' with the farmer to decide which shall have it, and" (impressively) "it is really surprising how very generally the 'boys' win."

A WORTHY master of the rod in Maine writes:

During the past winter I have been teaching in the little village of B——, in the lower part of this county, and one day caught my youngest boy, aged twelve, in the act of throwing some paper balls at one of the larger boys. I called him out at once, and taking my pointer in one hand and holding one of his hands in my other, explained to him the painful necessity I was under of administering proper punishment. After duly impressing him with this fact I dropped his hand and wound up as follows: "Now, Arthur, I don't *want* to whip you, so I'll give you your choice between a whipping and sitting with one of the girls." Quick almost as lightning his hand came up, and in a voice eager as one asking a great favor he exclaimed, "*Please to whip me! Oh, please to whip me, Sir!*" The effect was instantly perceived on the school.

GOVERNOR A. G. CURTIN paid a visit in 1862 to the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps.

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While with the —— Regiment, talking to the officers and men in front of the colonel's tent, Company D drum beat the call for dinner. The men, ever ready, fell in in single file for their rations. The Governor, wishing to dine with the boys, called for plate, knife, fork, and tin cup—dishes used at that time by the soldiers—walked toward the head of the company to get in the line, that he might not have to wait until the last to be served. He attempted to get into the line, when a fellow took him by the shoulder and politely pushed him away, saying, "No you don't, old fellow; you take your turn here." The Governor saw the joke, as well as the force of the fellow's argument, and retired with a hearty laugh to the rear of the company, got his dinner (when his turn came), ate it like a true soldier, then left us. Since that time he has had the pleasure of giving the same soldier a lieutenant's commission, and I know he never signed one for a braver or better man.

This comes from Portland, Oregon:

Charles Hone is a druggist in this place, and is a first-rate, genial, good-fellow, and would be decidedly good-looking but for his nose, which is of Titanic proportions, and is the occasion of numerous jokes. A short time since Charley visited the flourishing little town of Salem, and one day while standing on the sidewalk an honest-looking farmer came near, and looking intently at Charley, stopped; then came nearer and stopped again; presently he spoke:

"Say, Mister, ain't you from Portland?"

"Certainly," replied Charley.

"Well, I thought I seen that nose down there," was the answer.

Here is a rather cool letter from a loving wife, yet by no means among the coolest that we constantly receive:

Dear Harper,—It is Bob's birthday the — of ——, and I have taken a fancy to give him a present, not purchased with his money. You see he is constantly giving me presents, and I can not return it, not even the value of a new handkerchief, unless with the money he gives me. And although I have enough at any time, unquestioned, to buy what I would like to give him, still I thought it would be so different if I could only feel that it was my money.

This is why I have written this little story, and if you will please send me something for it, *whether you publish it or not*, why then I can get Bobby's present.

There's a dear old Harper! *Do* be generous. I shall spend just what you send and no more; and then I will write and tell you what I bought, and what Bob said, and all about it. And you will not wait, will you? for I want to buy it this month. What shall it be?

P.S.—Bob must not know any thing about it.

It strikes *us* that if we should "send something" in case we did not publish the story the present to Bob would be from us, not from the affectionate wife.

Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, has had many a good joke at other people's expense, and he will excuse us for telling of an incident that occurred in the village of Canterbury, Connecticut, while he was pursuing his law-studies with Judge Judson.

The farmers were accustomed to have evening parties during the winter season, to which the Judge's students were invited, Prentice among them, when the young men "went home with the girls." One evening they had a party something more than a mile from the village, and among the girls was one E—— S——, who was not particularly interesting; and while the guests were "putting on their things" in the entry with only one candle, Prentice, eager to go home with one of the pretty girls, locked in with E—— S——, supposing he had the arm of one of the most interesting girls of the place, and rushed out of the house, followed by the rest of the company. While walking along Prentice tried all the means in his power to engage his lady in conversation, but to no avail. Her answers were Yes or No—none other could he get. Finally, giving up in despair, he turned round to one of his companions and asked, "Who have I got here?" His companion, seeing the joke, left him as wise as ever. So on they went till they got to the village, and on through the village till they had walked something more than half a mile beyond, when Prentice made bold to ask his lady where she lived. "Oh! we live back at the village." So they turned about, and Prentice took her home. But that was not the last that he heard of it; the circumstance was thrown in his teeth very often, and he was obliged to cry for quarter.

One of the "escort corps" with the Western emigrant trains writes to the Drawer from Oregon:

Those who have crossed the plains can not have failed to notice these two facts, viz., the extreme scarceness of wood and prevalence of high winds. Consequently it was often difficult to pitch the tents, and still more difficult to keep them so, especially when tent-pins were scarce. The breakage or loss of a tent-pin was a serious casualty. One afternoon there arose one of those sudden gusts of wind so common on the plains, and away went the tents, snapping the tent-pins as if they had been pipe-stems. One of the escort proceeded to gather up the broken fragments of the pins, and lay them in a row; then, with mock solemnity and head uncovered, said to those who had gathered round, "An opportunity is now given to those who wish to see the remains." The laugh which followed the undertaker's happy hit put us in a good humor again, if it did fill our mouths with sand.

Inclosed please find a correct copy of notice posted at Muncy Station, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania:

"Feare notes on all hoo consorn we as supervisor from clinton township give notes that all hoo hald them loaks in the road bittwen Peter Bergers house and Peter Keltner store have to moove them within six day from this day march the 9 1865 and if thare are not mooved till the 20 or then we will sellem on that day for township purpos all what is within 17 feet the supervisors."

The Act of Congress of May 6, 1864, prescribing a new system for ascertaining the tonnage of vessels, causes considerable perplexity, not only among shipowners and seamen, but also Government officials. At a port on the east end of Long Island is an inspector of customs—a king among his fellows, if not a Solomon in wisdom—who visited the port of New York and learned it all. Upon his return he condescended to explain the mode of measurement to several intimate friends, and had a great deal to say about the "transversaria." Our good and worthy Postmaster, a more *lettered* man, told him there was no such word as "transversaria" to be found either in Webster or Worcester, and asked an explana-

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tion, but received only ridicule for his want of knowledge. Another friend coming in also questioned the correctness of the word, when our "Coastwise Inspector," as he sometimes signed himself, gravely informed him that it was a "legal term," and consequently not much used. Our friend, the inspector, when in New York, had heard the two words *transverse area* pronounced rapidly, and, supposing them one word, had been betrayed by the euphonism into using the "legal term" too often.

A FORMER Colonel of one of the bravest veteran regiments from Indiana, when just out, had occasion once to march his regiment, then in column, through an opening in a fence a little to the right of the point in front of them. The order, fresh in his mind from Hardee, came thundering forth, "Right or left OB-LI-QUE, as the case may be—march!"

ANOTHER order, from the commander of a Kentucky regiment, though perhaps exhibiting less recollection of "The Tactics," was given in a form to be understood. The idea was to deploy at skirmishers: the order was, "Get up there on the hill, and scatter out as you did yesterday!"

A LOT of us were sitting, one fine spring day, in the office of Dr. W——, in the city of B——. We were talking and smoking quietly, when suddenly a something rushed in, gesticulating violently, and giving utterance to the most outlandish sounds. This individual—for we found out he *was* a man—merits a little description. He was a cross, evidently, between a Jew, a Dutchman, a Gorilla, and a Lunatic; and he looked like an old clo'man, a peddler, a tinker, a confidence man, and a dollar-jewelry man, massed and rolled into one. And what a nose he had!—*too long* for any description.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor!"—he spoke in the vernacular this time—"I bese in a heap of troubles! Yes, a big heap!"

"What is it, Snitz?" said Dr. W——. "Baby sick?"

"Oh no, Doctor, worser'n dat!"

"Any of your children sick?"

"Worser'n dat!"

"Then your wife must be very sick?"

"No, no, Doctor; tousand times worser'n dat!"

"Snitz, my friend," said Dr. W——, "if there is any thing the matter, and you want help, you will have to be cool, and tell me the trouble direct and to the point."

"Vell, my goot Doctor, I tells you my troubles, and sees if you helps me. Doctor, you knows I bese one goot, hard working, honest man. I picks up rags, and scraps, and things, and I bese one goot man. One day, down on the wharf, I finds one pair old pants, and I puts 'em in my pag, and I goes on, and when it comes night I goes home, and I looks over my tings what I finds; and den, Doctor, vat you tinks, in de pocket, de watch-pocket, of de old pair pants, I finds one piece paper, and, my goot Doctor, he bese one hunder tollar greenback. Oh, den I feels so goot! and I says to me, Now, Snitz, I makes your fortunes! And de next morning I goes down to de wharf, to Mr. Smit and Brown's; and Mr. Brown he know me, and he say, 'Vell, old rags, vat can I do for you?' and I say, Mr. Brown, I want to buy one hunder tollar wort stock; and I buys my stock of ginger-bread, and Bolong sausage, and combs, and cough medicine, and lots of tings, and I goes up to W——, where de army is, and I sells every ting tear, and I cheats de soldiers, and I makes 250 tollar, and den—"

"Stop a minute, Snitz," said the Doctor; "what sort of stuff was that cough mixture?"

"Very goot medicine, Doctor; I never tastes him. I buys him for four tollar for one tozen bottles, and I sells him for one tollar a bottle, and de soldiers all likes him, and ven dey trinks him dey laughs and dey sings, and sometimes, ven dey trinks too much of de medicine, dey don't walk straight, and—"

"Oh!" says the Doctor, "'Tangle-foot.' Go on."

"Vell, Doctor, I goes back to de city, and I buys more stock, and comes back again, and I makes more monies; and I keeps on so a long times, and all de times I sells very tear; and after while I goes down to buy more stock, and I have plenty monies, plenty, my tear Doctor. I has dree tousand five hunder tollar, and I goes down to Mr Smit and Brown, and I tells Mr. Brown I buys so much stock, and *dis* time Mr. Brown he say, my tear Mr. Snitz, I am so glad to see you. You takes a glass goot wine with me, and I takes him. Vell, I comes back, and I'ze very lucky, and I sells every ting, and I has six tousand tollar. My goot Doctor, I tells you every ting. I has my money, and I gets on de train to come home, and we starts, and all is well; but pretty soon, bime-by, someting goes just like this—Boomp!—and we stops still, and then about one hunder tousand peeble on de great big white horses, with a great big brass band, who plays dis song:

"'Who's been here since I been gone?
Who's been here since I been gone?'

"Oh, Doctor, it was de blame *Secesh!* and pretty soon one big man come to me, and he say, 'Who are you?' and I say, 'My goot frient, I am a poor, hard-working, goot man, and I lives in B——, where I supports my wife and my dirteen childers, and my faders and my mudders, and my grandfaders and my grandmudders.' And he say, 'What are you doin' h'yar?' and I say, 'My goot frient, I bese the Sanitary Commission, and I comes up to W—— to help the soldiers what be shot.' And *den I lie a little*, and I say, 'I'm all right; when I gits de chance I helps de gray soldier better than de blue soldier.' And den he look in my eye, and he say, 'Gammon!' and den, my goot Doctor, I shake, and den he say, 'Nosey, whar's yer pockit-book?' Oh, den, mit a big brass pistol he takes my six tousand tollar!"

Is it necessary for me to say that we all contributed, and in a moment raised the sum so cruelly stolen, and made Mr. Snitz once more serene? Oh no; of course not. But I'm in error. Tom Shunt didn't give any thing—except his advice. Said he,

"Snitz, son of thy father, hearken unto me; be not cast down, but let thy heart rejoice. Why, old cock," says Tom, lapsing into everyday English, "you've got a fortune about you now; it's right before your eyes. Don't you see it?"

Snitz shakes his head.

"He knows it not!" cries Thomas. "Why, with that nose you ought to smell out every thing in the world, and under it either, for that matter. An idea strikes me—go in the oil business; with your nose you can find the petroleum, and I can say you are a *good borer*—in fact, I consider you a great *bore!* Take my blessing, Snitz, and go in for 'ile!'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Idaho Territory sends to

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the Drawer some sketches to illustrate the beauties of legal practice in that embryo State:

Peter B. Smith is one of the judges in Idaho Territory, and in his peculiar way is a very original and eccentric personage. During a term of court held by him at Idaho City, in Boise County, not long since, a number of laughable incidents occurred, in which his Honor figured as the most prominent personage.

On one occasion two attorneys had an important motion to argue before the Court. Long before the first had concluded his two-and-a-half-hours' argument the Judge began to show evident signs of weariness; and soon after the second had commenced to reply the judicial head, upon which the hopes of both contestants were solely placed, declined upon the Judge's breast, and remained *in statu quo* for about half an hour. Silence prevailed in the court-room, and an occasional faint sound, suspiciously resembling a semi-snore, was the only audible interruption to the legal gentleman who was arguing his client's case. Finally arousing to consciousness, the Judge slowly raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and, after an apparently vain effort to comprehend the condition of affairs, slowly and dubiously asked the counsel speaking: "Judge S——, which side of this case are you argerin on?" It is needless to add *that* argument was not much farther "in linked sweetness long drawn out."

He was an excellent Judge for applicants for divorces, seldom or never failing to grant a decree to the party applying, particularly if a woman. One case of this nature coming on for trial before him, after repeated efforts of counsel for the defense to obtain a continuance, the evidence given by one of the witnesses for the plaintiff being trivial and immaterial, the plaintiff's counsel persisted in asking leading questions. To one of these one of the attorneys for the defendant objected.

"State the grounds of your objection," said the Court.

"May it please your Honor, I have fourteen distinct and separate grounds of objection to that question in the form in which it is put by the learned counsel, any one of which, if decided in my favor, will be fatal to the question in that form, the first and least of which is that it is leading the witness," replied the attorney.

"The Court will hear you argue those grounds of objection, Mr. M——," urbanely replied the Judge.

"I do not desire to consume unnecessarily the time of the Court, and would therefore prefer not to argue all the grounds of objection stated at length," answered the counsel.

"The Court will *compel* you to argue," responded the Judge, with severe dignity.

"In that case I have only to observe, preliminarily, that the argument of each of those fourteen grounds of objection will require two and a half hours. The first, may it please the Court, as already stated, is—"

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn this Court; the Court is going to the theatre to-night, and it is now past the time," exclaimed the Judge in dismay; and Court was accordingly adjourned.

There was a very large calendar of civil causes, and one attorney was extremely pertinacious in making repeated applications to have a particular case in which he was interested set for trial. At length, the Judge becoming wearied with him, said, "The Court will sit to hear that case, Sir, at precisely twelve o'clock to-night." When twelve o'clock P.M. arrived the anxious attorney repaired to the court-house, but all was as dark as the tomb of the Capulets. The Judge was at the theatre, and could never be prevailed upon again during the term to set that case.

In a New England village they hold a monthly prayer-meeting for our gallant soldiers, taking contributions for the sick, etc. At one of these, while the first Wilmington expedition to take Fort Fisher was under way, it was proposed to offer prayer for its success; but one enthusiastic brother, who was a great believer in Butler, arose and remarked, in substance, that it was well enough to pray for some of the other objects of the war, but as for the Wilmington expedition, *that* was a sure thing! The poor man must have felt bad at the result, but he was right at last—and "all's well that ends well."

A correspondent in Omaha, Nebraska, writes to the Drawer:

In the District Court Records of Douglas County are the proceedings of a meeting of the bar, which was convened to express their views and pass resolutions in reference to the death of Judge Hall, Chief Justice of Nebraska. After eloquent eulogies, and the usual resolutions of condolence, it was resolved that the proceedings and resolutions be spread on the journal of the court by the secretary, which was accordingly done. The entry concluded as follows: "On motion of J. M. W——, Esq., the *funeral* adjourned *sine die!*"

From Dubuque, Iowa, a friend writes:

A well-known lawyer of this city being sent for to counsel some men accused of horse-stealing, in the jail at Waverley, Bremer County, in this State, was sent for also by an Irishman in another room in the same prison.

"Well, Pat, what do you want with me?"

"Your Honor, I just heard there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"An' what should I want wid you but to get me me out of this."

"And what are you here for?"

"Just for burglary I belave they call it?"

"And what is the testimony against you?"

"And niver a bit at all. Only I tould the Justice of the Pace meself that I did it."

"Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here."

"An' is it that you say? Sure, now, and in the counthry I came from nivir a bit would they kape any body in jail *on such a thrifling ividence as that!*"

I am an old resident of Oregon, and was for many years a constituent of Jo L——, at one time Oregon's greatest politician. I propose telling the readers of the Drawer one of his electioneering dodges, and how nicely he got caught at it. Uncle Jo was about to make a speech to the unterrified on Long Tom, and stopped at Tom Brown's for dinner. He knew Tom to be a little shaky—in fact, quite inclined to be anti-L——, and Uncle Jo determined to bring him over. As soon as he entered the house he commenced his usual tactics: "Well, God bless you, Mrs. Brown! how do you do, and how are all the little ones?" After kissing the dirty brood all round,

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he asks for mother's pipe. "If there is any thing I do like, it is to smoke mother's pipe; it's got some strength into it, and does a feller some good. By-the-by, Mrs. Brown, they say Tom is going to vote agin me. I hope he won't. He and I have fit Indians together up on Rogue River, and camped out in the mountains, and been good friends and Dimercrats ever sence we came to Oregon."

Presently dinner is ready, and they have pork and beans, of course. Mrs. Brown is sorry they have nothing better. But says Uncle Jo, "You could not have any thing better; bless your soul, we don't have any thing half so good in Washington. Why my friend the President would give half his salary to get such beans as these. Have you got a pint you could spare?—I would so like to take them to him for seed!"

"We've got bushels of them," says Mrs. Brown.

"Well, now, how lucky! If you will do up a pint of them, I will put them in my saddle-bags and take them on to Mr. Buchanan, and I would not be surprised if it were the means of Tom getting one of the best offices in the State."

So the beans were put up and stowed away in Uncle Jo's saddle-bags, and Tom's vote and influence were made all sure.

In about a week Tom and his wife go up to Eugene, to visit Tom's sister, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Jo had been there, and made a first-rate impression. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Brown "What a nice gentleman Squire L—— is; so kind and sociable like; and then he thinks so much of Smith! Would you believe it, he brought us a pint of beans all the way from Washington, the very kind the President has on his table!"

At this Mrs. Brown begins to smell a very big mice. Says she,

"Mrs. Smith, what kind of beans is them he brought you from Washington?"

"Oh they are nice beans; twice as large as our white ones, with a pinkish eye."

"I thought so!" says Mrs. Brown. "May I see them beans?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Smith. "I have them in the bag with the garden-seeds."

The beans were produced, still tied up in a piece of Jane Brown's calico dress. This produced an explosion. Brown and Smith at once became anti-L——, and worked hard to defeat him. Messrs. Brown and Smith were a host in themselves. They canvassed Long Tom and Eugene so thoroughly that Uncle Jo had not the ghost of a chance in those precincts.

When the rebels began this fight they thought they had us, and it was a safe thing. Now they are in the same fix with the men who caught a bear. Two men were out hunting, and a bear came on them so suddenly that they dropped their guns and took to their heels. One of them climbed a tree, and the other managed to get the bear by the tail, and ran round and round as the bear turned and tried to get him. At length the man cried out to his friend in the tree, "I say, John, come down and help!" "Help! What can I do?" "Why, help me let go of this bear!"

The Rev. G—— B——, whose wit and eccentricity gave him a wide notoriety in these parts, was an inveterate *smoker*. At one time, being in attendance on a Convention at Quincy, he fell in company with the Rev. C——, who was an intense hater of the weed. The latter, after delivering himself freely to a company of the brethren about tobacco chewers and smokers, in ignorance of B——'s weakness, appealed to him to sustain his views. "Certainly," said B——; "you are right, brother; I agree with you entirely; for I never see a cigar that I don't feel just like *burning it up!*"

In 1854 and 1855 Colonel C. A. May, U.S.A., was in command of the frontier post Fort M'Kavitt, Texas, about two miles from which place there was a settler named Shellenberger, who was as verdant a specimen of the genus *homo* as could be found in the State. The said Shellenberger was very troublesome to the Colonel, often begging him to send out scouting parties to hunt up horses, etc., stolen from him by the Indians. The Colonel, after several attempts to recover his stolen property without success, finally refused to be humbugged any more by him.

One morning (after the Lipan Indians *had* stolen two fine horses from old Shellenberger) I was accosted by him, and after relating the facts of the theft of his horses he said, in a very emphatic manner, "Tell Colonel May that if he don't send out a scout after my horses I will write to General Washington, and he will make him do it."

The following was told to the Drawer by a friend who says he was an eye-witness to the affair:

Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the dépôt at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The General, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with,

"Yees 'll not be goin' in there."

"Why not, Sir?" asked the General.

"Becase thims a leddies caer, and no gintleman 'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it.

"Yes," replied the General, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh! bother your schtaff!" was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate, an' schtick yer schtaff out the windy."

Captain C——, of Hadlyme, Connecticut, had a very *clever* man in his employ, by the name of Marsh. One day he came alongside the ship in a small boat; a line was thrown to assist him in reaching the deck. When nearly up the rope parted, and he fell back into the boat. Says the Captain, "Marsh, did it hurt you much?" He replied, whining, "I never was hurt so bad *in so short a time!*"

Andy K—— was a butcher in Louisville some years ago, and supplied steamboats on the river with meat. One day he was met by Captain John M'D——, a steamboat agent, who informed him that the steamer *J. H. Done* (which was indebted to Andy a large amount) would be down the next day, as he (M'D——) had just received a telegraphic dispatch from Brooks, the clerk, to that effect.

"I don't believe it," said Andy.

"Well, there is the dispatch," said Captain M'D——, showing it.

"That's a fact," said Andy; "*that's Brooks's handwriting as sure as a gun!*"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXII.—JULY, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARLESTON.

PRISON-LIFE.

IT was during the fight of May 6, in the Virginia Wilderness, while taking an order to General Owen, whose command held an advanced position, immediately after the Second Corps had been flanked by Longstreet and compelled to fall back to the ground it occupied in the morning, that I was made a prisoner. Pushing as rapidly through the dense woods as it was possible to do on foot—for to ride was almost out of the question—directed principally by the sound of musketry, which was rapidly increasing, upon rising a slight knoll I was greeted by the whiz of half a dozen musket-balls, all of which, most fortunately, passed overhead, and the requests to "Surrender," "Come in here, Yank," and others, the meaning of which could not be mistaken, some couched in terms more expressive than elegant. A look revealed a line of battle scarcely a rod from me, and that any attempt to retreat was certain death. My sword

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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was taken from me, and I was hurried to the rear. The firing momentarily increased, and almost immediately afterward was continuous along the whole line through which I had just passed. After finding the provost marshal the guard turned me over to him. My name, rank, and position were noted down, after which a series of questions were asked as to the movements of our troops, etc., but finding me rather taciturn, I was soon left to my own reflections, which were not of the pleasantest. Stretched at the foot of a tree, under guard for the first time in my life, I tried to realize my position. It matters not under what circumstances a man is captured, he can but feel immensely disgusted with the prospect before him; and while consoling himself with the thought that it is one of the misfortunes of war, will immediately look around for an opportunity to "slope." None presented itself to me; but an individual did, as I lay cogitating the chances, with the query, "How much for them spurs, Mister, you won't want 'em no more?" I turned and saw a surly-looking officer, to whom—feeling the sarcasm of his remark and the necessity of having as much money as possible—I replied, "Ten dollars." He offered five, and, much as it was against my nature to compromise with a rebel, the bargain was closed. Here, in connection with my first sale, let me say that these men excel any Connecticut Yankee I ever met in driving a sharp bargain, and every prisoner is haunted from his entrance into until his exit from the Confederacy to know if he has not this or that article to sell or to trade. Knowing their peculiarity in this respect, I determined to make the most of it, and afterward, at Lynchburg, sold my watch, a common silver one, which would not run, for one hundred and fifty dollars. Staff officers could sell their buttons at the price of two dollars and a half each, and the gold lace from their trowsers at corresponding rates. Fortunate are those who fall into such hands as permit them to sell, instead of robbing them of every thing they possess, as is most frequently the case.

Prisoners, both officers and men, continued to be brought in, until a sufficient number were collected, when we were ordered to fall in, and were marched further to the rear under a strong guard. Never shall I forget that short march of four miles. Tired and exhausted from the continued exertions of the three previous days, by excitement and hunger, with clothes torn and face scratched, I plodded along the dusty road, under a scorching sun, subjected every where to the abuse and remarks of lines of rebels, past which we marched. On arriving at Carter's store, where were the head-quarters of General Lee and General Stuart, we were added to the number of those previously captured, and I was accosted by a Confederate officer, who desired to hear of some acquaintances in our army. I knew several of them, which led to further conversation, and an acquaintance which never will be forgotten. This officer was Major Fitzhugh, of General Stuart's staff, and he was shortly joined by Major Richardson. They kindly invited me to their quarters, and shared with me their soldiers' fare and their blankets; and that night, on the bosom of mother earth, I was oblivious of friends and of foes. I was furnished with breakfast on the following morning by these gentlemen, and remained with them until noon; but among all those with whom I was that morning brought in contact I heard no discourteous word, no remark designed to give or at which I could take offense.

At noon of that day (the 7th) we started for Orange Court House. Major Fitzhugh gave me a lunch, and placed a horse at my disposal, sending an orderly to bring him back; introduced me to Captain Brown, who was to have charge of us; and, as if all this was not enough, inquired if I needed money, and offered to loan me whatever I might require. Fortunately this latter proof of his generosity it was not necessary for me to accept; but the horse was most thankfully taken; for a march of five-and-twenty miles on such a day would have been for me an impossibility, especially as I found that I had received a severe bruise on the thigh on the previous day, and was quite lame.



JUST CAPTURED.

Major Fitzhugh had himself been a prisoner in our hands, had been kindly treated, and was desirous to reciprocate. Certainly nothing which I can say can express my gratitude to him for his hospitality and kindness. All

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were offered as only a true gentleman can offer them, with such tact as to cause me to forget for the time being the relations between us; and I can only hope that it may be in my power, after this war is over, to reciprocate, or at least to meet with him and express my appreciation of his acts.

Captain Brown was disposed to make the march to Orange Court House as comfortable as possible, halting often to give the prisoners rest and allow them to get water. At a house where we stopped a lady brought out to the Captain a pitcher of ice-water. I heard the pleasant sound of the ice rattling against the vessel, and longed to place my lips and draw a draught therefrom, looking with envy at him as he drank. Perhaps the lady saw the longing in my eyes; at any rate she said, "We must be kind to the Yankees when they are prisoners. Ask some of the officers to have some." That cup of cold water will not grow cold in my memory. May it bring its reward!

We reached our destination at ten o'clock that night, and upon entering the office of Major Bridgeford I met General Shaler, and by him was introduced to General Seymour. Both had been made prisoners during the day. This meeting was for me a most fortunate one, as from that time until June 10 we were companions in misery, and to them I am indebted for much which rendered my captivity more endurable. That night we shared one blanket in a corner of the old court-house.

The next morning, the 8th, rations of bacon and hard-tack were issued to us, but through the courtesy of Surgeon Claggit, of the Confederate army, we had a breakfast of "soft" bread and coffee. On the morning of the 9th we were ordered once more to "fall in," and were marched to the dépôt, where occurred an incident worthy of note. Around the building many poor fellows were lying wounded, one wearing a cap which bore the badge of one of our corps. An officer, taking him for one of our men, stooped and spoke to him, whereat one of the "relief committee" present, seizing the cap, threw it from him, and hurled such a volley of invective at the wounded man as utterly amazed us, telling him he would kick him out of the house if he had any thing Yankee about him.

We were packed in cattle-cars, and after waiting two long hours started on our rough trip to Gordonsville, and, arriving there, were placed in a barn. A handful of meal and two small fish were furnished each of us, which, without facilities for cooking, were rather inappropriate rations. So instead of supper we consoled ourselves by making the old rafters ring with "Rally round the Flag" and the national airs, much to the disgust of the "Johnnies," whose orders to "dry up" we did not see fit to regard. At 9.30 P.M. we were turned out and marched to the dépôt, put into very comfortable passenger-cars, and arrived at Lynchburg about ten o'clock the following morning, where, in a warehouse on the principal street, we found about one hundred officers lodged in one room, dimly lighted and poorly ventilated by two windows in the rear, which overlooked a small yard, where we were permitted to go during the day. Eleven of us were assigned to the front-room, affording us a view of the street, some amusement, and plenty of air. The week we were detained here was devoid of interest. We existed merely. The bread and bacon were barely eatable. We succeeded in exchanging some greenbacks, at the rate of one dollar for ten of Confederate currency, and making some purchases, among which were a towel for eight dollars and a comb for five.

On the evening of the 17th we were started for Macon. The trip was made in passenger, box, and cattle cars, packed to their utmost, and those who could not be jammed inside were put on the top. The time occupied in changing cars and waiting at the different stations were the only relief we had from this close confinement—the only chances to stretch our cramped limbs and get breaths of fresh air; yet even then we could not always procure water, which we needed more than either. The journey occupied six days, one day and night being passed in the Danville prison, and one night in Charlotte, where we were turned into a vacant lot, ten feet below the level of the street, all over which the water stood in pools.

In the morning I was refreshed both in body and in spirit by the gift of fresh bread, with a cup of milk, from a lady, who remarked, "I wish I had enough for all." The little kindnesses, trifling though they may seem, are the bright spots in the prisoner's life, the oasis in his desert, showing him the sun through the black cloud over his head. As a companion picture, let the reader imagine the lady—for such she doubtless was considered, judging by her surroundings—who stood upon the piazza of her house, and testified to her love by shaking both her fists at us as we were marched through the town.

We made a short stay at Augusta, and through the kindness of Captain Bradford, Provost Marshal—a son of the Governor of Maryland—a few of us were permitted to go into the city, where we made a few purchases, besides indulging in the luxury of green peas, fresh bread and butter, and a taste of the "ardent," for which we paid seventy dollars. At the dépôt a number of gentlemen, former acquaintances of the Generals, hearing of their presence, called; among them was ex-Governor Cummings of Utah.

Arriving at Macon we were taken to the office of Captain Tabb, commandant of the prison, where the date of our capture was registered, with our names, and our pockets gone through with in a very unceremonious manner. Our self-constituted banker permitted us to draw on him once a week to the amount of ninety dollars (Confederate), taking our greenbacks at the rate of one dollar for four and a half Confederate scrip. On entering the prison, which is situated on the old fair grounds, we were surrounded by

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FRESH FISH.

its inmates, who were anxious to see if they had any friends in the new arrivals, and to hear the news. As my eyes roved over the motley crew, hatless, coatless, shoeless, in every stage of shabbiness, and heard the cry of "Fresh fish!" as they surged around us, I could scarcely believe that they were officers, and that we, who were now comparatively well clothed, might become like unto them. The cry of "Fresh fish," which is raised upon the entrance of every new lot of prisoners, originated, I believe, in Libby, and is probably a Shaksperian quotation from Henry the Eighth, and occurs in the dialogue between the old lady and Anne Bullen. "And you (O fate!) a very fresh fish here."

The prison grounds comprise about three acres, surrounded by a high fence, outside of which a platform runs around, upon which the sentinels are posted every ten feet. Inside, about three yards from the fence, is another, called the "dead line," which prisoners are not allowed to approach or to touch under penalty of being shot. There is but little shade; but excellent water was supplied by pumps, and a spring filled sunken tubs, at the lower end of the grounds, where we bathed and did our washing. Our shelter consisted of sheds, or rather roofs of boards, from fifty to a hundred feet in length by twenty wide, which had been built by the prisoners, who were provided with the requisite tools, nails, and lumber. One structure, a little better than the rest, was used, when necessary, for a hospital, and one end partitioned off for general officers. To facilitate the drawing of rations, the getting of wood and water and our letters, the prisoners divided themselves into squads of one hundred each, under charge of the senior officer, who was assisted by an adjutant and commissary. These squads were subdivided into messes, each having a commissary, the cooking being done by the members in turn. The ration here consisted of bacon and corn meal, or for these were substituted a little rice, or a few brown beans, with occasional issues of salt, molasses, and vinegar in homeopathic doses. From the sutler we could purchase a few articles, berries, and vegetables at exorbitant prices. For cooking utensils the following were given each squad of a hundred men: eight skillets (or Dutch ovens with covers), thirteen mess-pans, four wooden buckets, and four camp-kettles; and much ingenuity was displayed in the building of chimneys and ovens. Corn pones and cakes were the standard dishes; and if practice makes perfect, every officer there can ring all the changes on corn meal, from hasty-pudding down, and put Parker to the blush. Cooking out of doors in the



INSIDE THE STOCKADE, MACON.

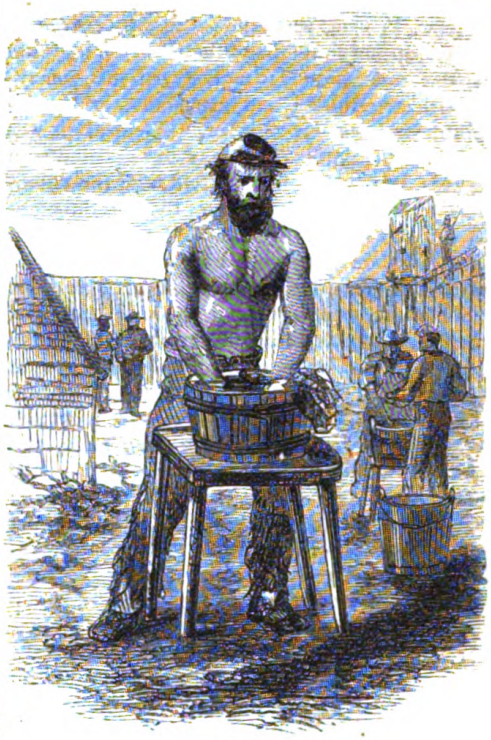
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hot sun, the rain, or the wind, every soldier knows is not conducive to amiability; but there for the first time I learned it by experience, and henceforth have no sympathy for cross cooks with home facilities. How many times have I laughed to see my mess-mate get excited over the dinner he was endeavoring to prepare, wipe the perspiration from his face, and give vent to his opinion of green wood, rice which would not boil, and meat which would never grow tender; and how often has he had his revenge as I poked over fires which would not burn, scorched my fingers, or smouched my only shirt! If an occasional pan was kicked over, and the remains of yesterday's dinner was produced for to-day, the mess understood it, and sympathized with instead of scolding the cook.

The number of prisoners increased while I was in Macon, but unfortunately the accommodations did not; consequently many were compelled to go without any shelter. The commandant, Captain Tabb, had neither energy nor principle, was addicted to the use of spirits, at which times he was more arbitrary than ever, and was, in fact, utterly unfitted for the position. He once, at the request of a prisoner, took a watch and chain to sell for four hundred dollars—not less. After a considerable time, when questioned as to the matter, he said he had sold them for two hundred dollars; and upon being asked how he came by the chain, which he was then wearing, said the purchaser gave it to him. After such an explanation the officer demanded the return of his property, or the four hundred dollars, threatening to expose the affair unless it was complied with; upon which Captain Tabb abused him most shamefully, and then had him "bucked" for several hours, after which the articles were restored. We were all very glad when we were relieved from the petty annoyances to which he subjected us, by his being superseded by Captain Gibbs, a gentleman, who, although very strict, made us no promises he did not intend to fulfill.

An incident occurred shortly after Captain Gibbs assumed command which did not encourage us to hope we had fallen into better hands. Just at dark of the 11th of June an officer of the Forty-fifth New York Volunteers, returning from the spring where he had been bathing, was shot by one of the guards and lived but a few hours. Those who were near could assign no reason for the act but the intention to commit a deliberate murder, as he was not near the "dead line." The senior officer in camp wrote Captain Gibbs, requesting an investigation of the circumstances, and the communication was returned with the following indorsement, "Such investigation as may by me be deemed proper will be made in this case; and it shall be more complete than in the cases of Confederate officers murdered by negro troops at Fort M'Henry and elsewhere."

Cooking, eating, washing, and mending occupying but a comparatively small portion of the day one seeks in every direction for amuse-



WASHING.

ment or occupation, and Macon was in these respects like the other places in which I was subsequently confined. The papers were soon read; and filled, as all Southern papers are, with stupid invective, pompous bombast, or garbled accounts of battles, they were not very amusing. Later in the year, while Sherman was on his way to Savannah, and we were eager for every word of news good or bad, the papers were withheld from us. Books, whether strangers or old friends, were always welcome. Some took up the study of the languages, some tried to rub up mathematics, some sketched or gave lessons to others, some practiced music, formed glee clubs, or bought violins and flutes with which to accompany the singers. All the games of cards, chess, etc., were the quiet pastimes, while the more active were cricket, wicket, quoit-pitching, gymnastics, and wood-splitting, which, owing to the crowded condition of the ground, were more rarely indulged in. There were three chaplains among us, and services were held on Sunday and once at least during the week, which were well attended. Captain Tabb was once so impudent as to request that the prayer for the President of the United States would be omitted; but no notice was taken of the insult.

Our surgeons, of whom there were a number, examined and prescribed for those who answered the "sick call," and the medicines were sent in from the hospital outside the stockade, or the seriously ill were sent there. The scarcity of surgeons and of physicians is very much felt in the South, and the supply of medicines, even among their own soldiers, entirely unequal to

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the demand. At our request one of our number, Dr. W——, was allowed to take charge of our prison hospital—just alluded to—a building capable of accommodating forty patients, together with the nurses and attendants, who were volunteers from our number. Application was made for the parole of some of our enlisted men for this duty, but it was refused, and the volunteers from among the officers did the duty nobly and faithfully. A small shanty was built for a cook-house, an oven in which wheat-bread was baked every day, and such supplies as could be obtained were procured through the rebel surgeon, who was nominally in charge. Sometimes for a week there would not be medicines of any kind in the hospital. The most plentiful was a sort of bitters, made from native roots and barks, which was considered a good tonic, and a kind of opium was also manufactured by the women. Whisky was occasionally to be had; quinine, worth $400 the ounce, very seldom; in short, many a life was lost there, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been prolonged could proper drugs have been obtained. The prevailing diseases were dysentery, malarial fever, typhoid, and scurvy; the first, in all its varied forms, existed to a fearful extent; and it is safe to say that two-thirds of our number were suffering from it, in many of whom it assumed a chronic form, which only change of air and diet can cure. It was always a matter of surprise to me that we escaped contagious sickness; for our low diet, want of vegetables, and the bad air consequent upon our crowded condition, seemed to supply all the requirements and make that type of disease inevitable. Unsupplied as the hospital was with the necessities which the ills of the flesh demand, it was quiet, neat, and clean, with cotton beds raised from the ground, and for these reasons a haven of rest for the sufferers. I speak from experience, for an attack of fever compelled me to become an inmate during the month of July.

Before entirely recovering from my indisposition I left the hospital in company with many others, some of whom were scarcely able to bear the change, in order to make room for some twenty of our enlisted men who were suffering from wounds, and had been brought from some other hospital and laid in the open space before ours. Only a few days previous a lot had been sent off to Andersonville, of whom Dr. Parker remarked at the time that it would be the means of their death. And yet he sent them away.

I must not forget the Fourth of July which we spent in the Macon prison. We welcomed it with hearty cheers and the national airs, and at ten o'clock A.M. assembled in and around the main building—sung the Star-Spangled Banner, after which prayer was offered and speeches made by different officers. While we were singing a tiny American flag, which some one had evidently carried as a keepsake, was raised over the crowd, and, after the chorus, was greeted with nine cheers as hearty as ever came from the throats of those who have fought under its stars and stripes. While Colonel —— was in the midst of his remarks he was interrupted by the officer of the day with orders from Captain Gibbs for us to disperse. Immediately he was seen some one cried, "Put that flag out of sight!" To which Colonel —— replied, "Don't touch that flag!" In response to which remark a murmur of approbation rose from every one present, as they glanced from the flag to the officer, who, after delivering his order, looked up at it for an instant, hesitated, then turned about and retired to his quarters. I do not think it would have been safe for him to have attempted to take it down, and he certainly had good sense not even to suggest its removal. I wish that every Northern Copperhead could have heard the remarks of loyal men there that day. Many of them had been for more than a year in Southern prisons and dungeons—some for a part of the time in close confinement and irons; yet they uttered no words against the integrity of the Government, spoke not of compromise, breathed no complaint; but counseled the same patriotism which led them into the field, the same submission, even unto death if necessary, in the full assurance that, whether death came to them there, or in the thickest of the fight, they would be remembered among those who laid their lives on Freedom's altar.

Toward the latter part of July it was rumored that we were to be removed to Charleston and Savannah, and soon a lot was sent away. About this time Stoneman made his famous raid, and another lot were started on the 29th inst., but brought back for fear he would recapture them. Great was the excitement among us about this time, which was brought to a climax on the 1st of August, when General Stoneman and his staff were added to our number. On the 11th of August, in company with about six hundred others, I was started for Charleston. Packed in box cars, fifty officers and five guards in each, we suffered intensely from heat and thirst.

One of the best plans that was perhaps ever matured by a company of prisoners was arranged to be carried into operation on a train that went a few days before ours. A secret society was organized, with initiation oaths, pass-words, and grips; the members divided into companies and squads, with proper officers, and maps of the country were obtained, to be ready when opportunity offered for escape. Such an opportunity, it was decided, was to be found while being taken to Charleston, and the work of each squad was determined upon and matured. At a preconcerted signal, to be given at some way-station, the guards inside and outside the cars were to be seized, their arms and ammunition secured; while another party, familiar with the working of an engine, were to secure the engineer, fireman, and guard on the locomotive, and another look out for the artillery, in case there should be a gun on a platform car in rear of the train, as was customary. The overpowering of the sentinels in and upon the cars was a very easy matter, for they were

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Georgia militia, many of whom would not even have made a show of resistance, and some of them did that night lie down and sleep, leaving their muskets at the disposal of any one; and I am informed that, in several instances, their cartridges were emptied from their boxes in anticipation of the work. The train, in event of success, was to have been stopped near Pocotaligo Bridge, from which General Foster's lines might easily have been reached, being then only ten or twelve miles distant. But the signal never was given. Why it was not I have never heard explained; but it is said that some word or act put the officer in charge on his guard, and that he run the train at the top of its speed, without a stoppage, directly to the city.

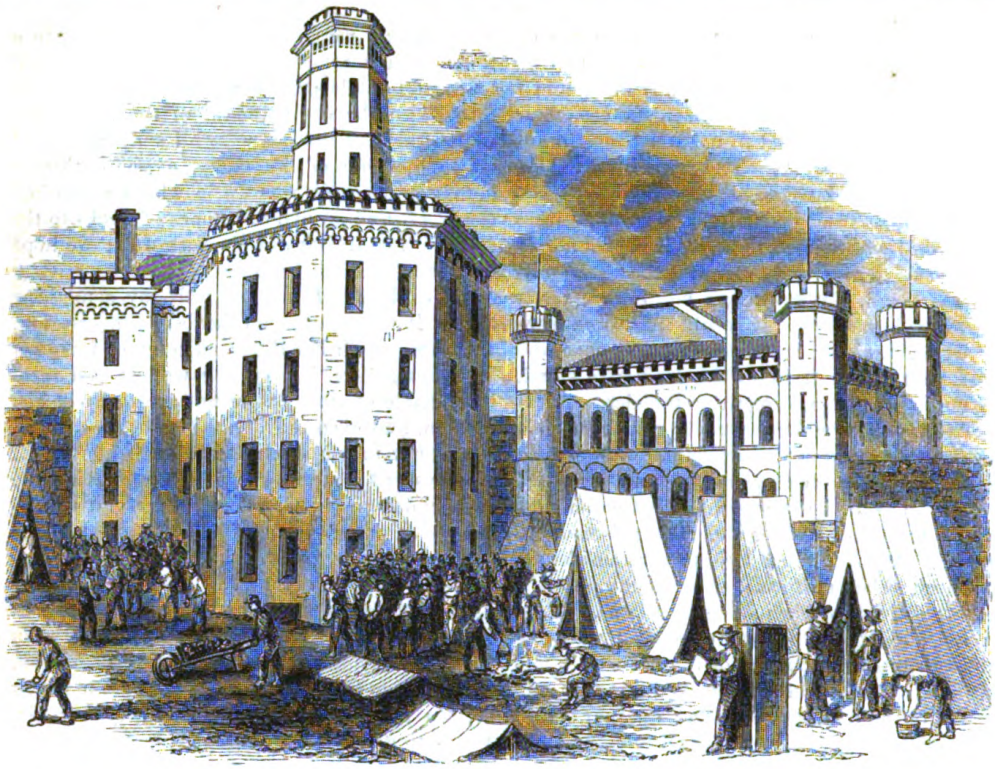
The thoughts which are always uppermost in a prisoner's mind are of exchange and escape; and could the many projects which are discussed or put in train be successful, the Confederacy would have few besides the sick prisoners to guard. At Lynchburg two, to my knowledge, procured rebel uniforms, walked out past the guard, and safely reached our own lines. While *en route* to Macon several escaped by cutting holes through the bottom of the car and jumping out. At Macon one blacked his face and passed out as a negro workman; another bribed the colored driver of the sutler's wagon, and was taken out in a box; while a third clung under the body of the same wagon, and succeeded in getting away. It was quite safe to bribe any of the guards and procure a gray uniform, and quite as easy to get outside the prison grounds, but the trouble only then commenced, the distance to be traveled before reaching a place of safety being very great. Men were compelled to seek somewhere for food; and unless they could meet some of the slaves—who were almost invariably friendly, and ready to lend all the assistance in their power—were liable to be betrayed; besides which, the news of all escapes were spread throughout all the region round, and men turned out with blood-hounds to hunt the game, delighting in the sport; so that of all who started but a very few succeeded in accomplishing their object.

Tunneling was tried to a great extent. In all I presume eight or ten were commenced, and three were projected at one time—all to come out at different points. The work, of course, was only carried on at night, and as the tools used around camp in the day were carefully removed at dark, the only implements were knives, spoons, tin cups, and the hands. Only one could work at a time; and it may be imagined that, in a hole two feet square or thereabouts and six feet underground, it was any thing but light work. The mouth of the tunnel was in some one of the sheds, and easily covered during the day, while the dirt taken out was scattered about in the various dirt-heaps, or where the wells were then being dug, or thrown into the brook. Two of these tunnels were brought to completion, so that they might have been used any night; but it was deemed safe to wait until the third and largest was finished, and we confidently expected that in a few mornings some seven hundred of us would be running at large, when some one, to obtain favor with the commandant of the prison, revealed the plot, and we were all suddenly called off to one end of the camp, a guard thrown across, and search was made which unmasked our work, and dashed our hopes of weeks to the earth. The traitor did his work well; we hope his reward was all he asked.

Of exchange I may as well say something here. It was a perpetual theme of conversation, and rumor with her thousand tongues was ever busy among us. Even the wildest and most improbable of stories were not unworthy of discussion, and even the breathing of the word, if it was but to ask some one to exchange a pair of trowsers for a pair of shoes, would bring the cry—which would be taken up far and near—"Louder on exchange!" In Charleston the excitement was greatly increased by the exchange of fifty general and field officers in August—that of the surgeons and naval officers in September, as well as the arrangement between General Sherman and Hood. Once at Macon, and again at Charleston, attempts were made by certain men to get up petitions, asking Mr. Davis to allow a committee to be paroled and sent North, to represent to our Government the "fearful condition of our enlisted men" confined in Southern prisons. I am proud to record that both were failures; that the majority refused to petition on the ground that their faith in our Government was sufficient for them to believe it was doing all for the best; and although that at Macon was forwarded on a minority—a very small minority—of names, it was never heard from. At Charleston the second attempt originated with an officer whose term of service had expired; but at a meeting called he and his friends had some home truths thrust upon them, and were informed, if they were previously ignorant, of certain duties which, as officers of the army, they owed to their country—the result of which was that no more petitions were heard of. Here the majority testified in something more weighty than words to their loyalty, to their willingness to remain, to end their lives in captivity, if those who were at the head of affairs thought it best for the cause that there should be no general exchange, or if one could not be arranged without conceding a point to the enemy. On "special exchanges" the feeling was almost universal in their condemnation. Not that any of us were not glad to get away under that rule, but we could not but pity those who have been there eighteen months, and had seen tens, twenties, and thirties leave them—men who had not been there perhaps thirty days. The same principle is involved in the exchange of fifty as of fifty thousand; and why then should not those who have been so long sufferers be taken in preference to those just arrived?

We reached Charleston on the morning of

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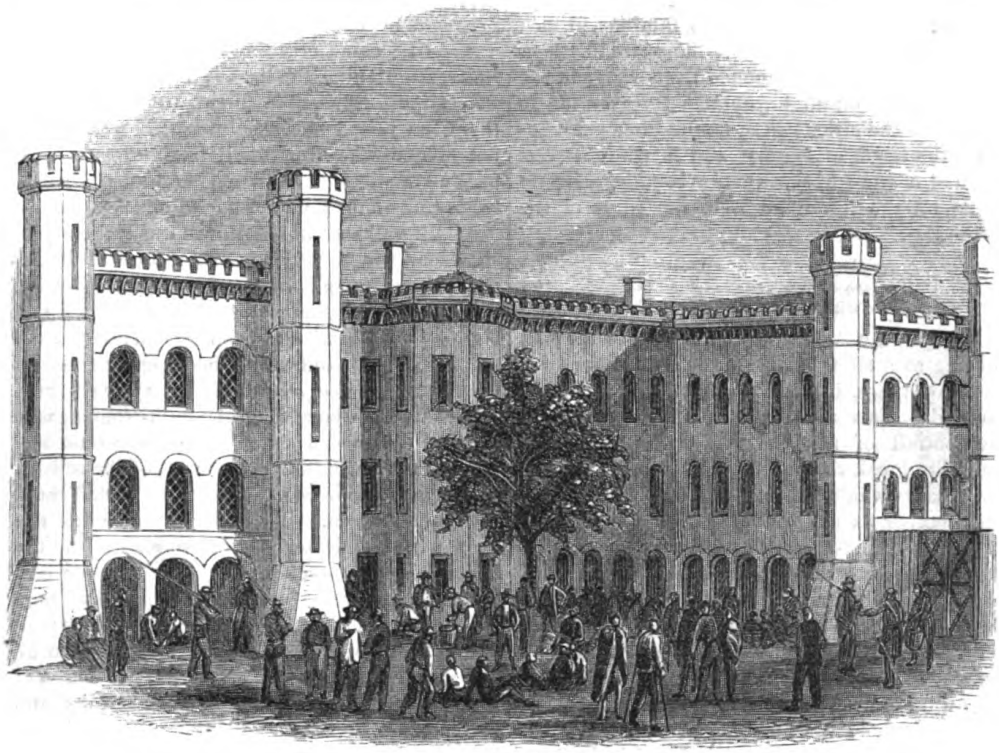
JAIL-YARD, CHARLESTON.

August 13, and were kept waiting a long time in the street, when I procured some fresh figs, bread, and milk, and, seated on the curb-stone, made an excellent breakfast. We were marched to the work-house, "counted in," and as the heavy grated doors closed behind us, I realized for the first time what it was to be in durance vile. The work-house (from the *outside*) is a fine-looking building, built on three sides of a square, with two towers which give it quite an imposing appearance. It is built entirely of brick. My curiosity never prompted me to wander through its labyrinth of corridors, staircases, and halls, for knowing it was all cells above and dungeons below ground, a little of that style was sufficient. Turn with me from the main entrance, ascend a dark, narrow, spiral staircase — admitting the passage of but one at a time—to the second-floor, and into the cell with heavily grated windows, which is the space allotted to four Yankee officers, constituting "one mess." There is neither chair nor table, the floor is both our seat by day and our bed by night. Here we passed seventeen days, and wretched days they were. Our only cooking utensils were a small tin pail, which one of our number fortunately brought with him, and an old hoe which we picked up, and fried both cakes and meat upon. The water was scarce and bad, with poor facilities for washing and bathing, while the yard was so filthy that we cared not to avail ourselves of the permission to enter it.

The sutler charged exorbitant prices for every article, and little chance for purchasing outside was afforded. Books we had not, nor could any be had, amusement of all kinds seemed denied, and I was always glad when night came that I might seek oblivion in sleep, although to seek was not always to find, for myriads of mosquitoes and oppressive heat generally kept me tossing until, worn out, I slept from exhaustion. Well remembered are the nights passed upon that floor, with the beautiful harvest moon pouring her light through the gratings, shining ever quietly, no matter whether I smoked and thought, tossed and fretted, or slept and dreamed. Near by the work-house is the jail, into the yard of which we could look, from the left wing, and the sight of the three hundred and odd prisoners there assured us that our lot was not the hardest, and afforded a trifle of consolation. They were associated with characters of all descriptions, thieves, assassins, prostitutes—both black and white; many living in tents in the yard, many without any shelter, and those with whom we communicated complained of short rations, which we were not subjected to, for ours were what might be called sufficient, and of fair quality, including frequent issues of meat.

Three hundred of our officers were in the Marine Hospital, on the same square, which rumor proclaimed to be a very nice place, and as many more were at the Roper Hospital, where I was anxious to go that I might meet and be with my friends. Not receiving any reply to numerous applications for my removal, I had about given up the hope of change, when the welcome order

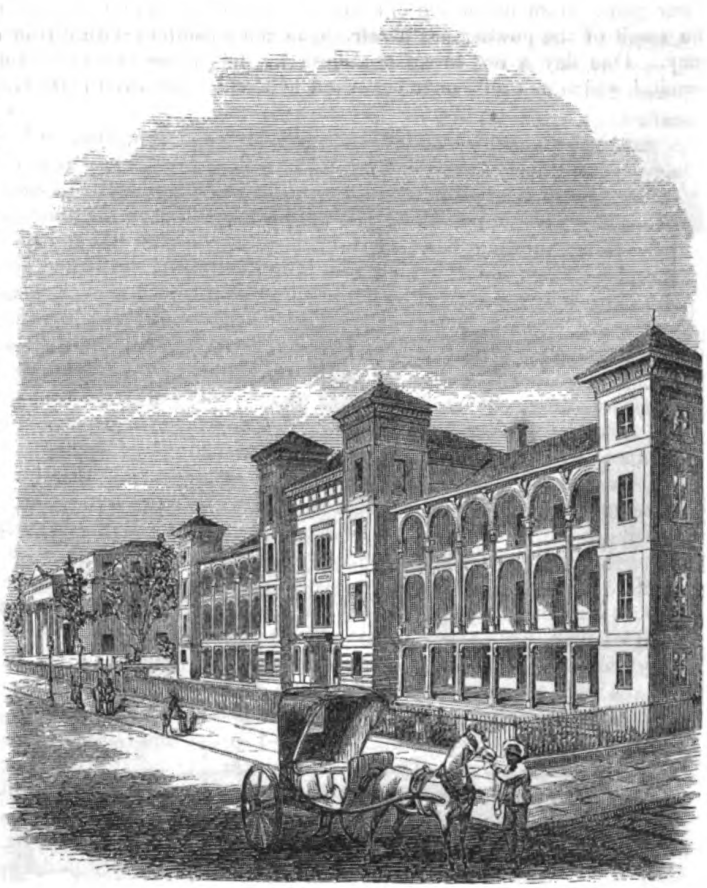
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WORK-HOUSE, CHARLESTON.

came, and the evening of September 4 found me within its walls.

The Roper Hospital is a brick structure, finished in mastic, on the corner of Queen and Marych streets, is three stories in height, with a tower at each end, and one on either side of the centre door. A garden extends the entire front of the building, is inclosed by an iron fence, and gave evidence of former care and cultivation; but weeds and plebeian shrubs were fast crowding upon the rare trees and plants it contains. In the rear is the Insane Asylum, where some officers were quartered, and of which we had full range; and on the right is the Medical College. We were permitted to burn the gas until nine o'clock P.M., which luxury we fully enjoyed and appreciated, serving as it did to make the evening pass quickly and pleasantly. I should not omit to speak of the long piazza at the front, on which I have spent so many hours with my pipe for my companion.



ROPER HOSPITAL, CHARLESTON.

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The burned district was the foreground of the picture which there became so familiar to me; and on the moonlight nights the weird shadows which fell around the smoked ruins were, in the dead quiet of midnight, enough to carry me in dreams to the cities whose foundations were beyond the reach of history, and in whose streets the foot of the traveler alone resounds. Dimly rising on the left hand were the ruins of the Cathedral.

> "A crumbling tower now remains
> With scars of fire and water stains,
> To show where stood the house of God."

Beyond, the Ashley flowed calmly to the sea, shining as a silver sheet; and gazing now here and now there, into the shadow or far away to the light, I sat and thought, with nothing but the footfall of the sentinel or his cry "All's well!" to break the stillness. But no, there was sometimes an interruption, and a not unpleasant one, coming as a flash far off in the horizon, and soon as a heavy, dull rumble to the ear. It was a gun; perhaps the Swamp Angel, perhaps from Wagner. Away up among the stars the practiced eye may discover the iron messenger which it sends, and follow it as you would a meteor, in its ascent, its graceful curve, and its downward flight, until, coming so near that it makes one hold his breath, you hear the whiz, the crash, and the explosion. Yet I bade these fearful visitors welcome, for they are just from "our guns," from under the old flag, and even the smell of the powder has a refreshing tendency. One day a fire broke out close by the hospital, which was no sooner perceived by General Foster than he opened all his guns. The prisoners crowded to the windows, and as shell after shell came crashing down in close proximity, frightening the darkey firemen so that it was almost impossible to get any work out of them, we raised cheer upon cheer, which were not abated when one shell burst directly over us, and a piece came whizzing into the room, wounding slightly one of our number.

"Our market" at the Roper was quite an institution, and a very important one, as it improved our diet and preserved our health thereby. Prisoners, as a general thing, "go to bed and rise with the lark," and from early dawn flocked to the front gate to buy the morning papers—the *Courier* or *Mercury*—price twenty-five cents. After the news-boys came the milk-women, who for one dollar and a half per quart would sell any quantity, watered to the taste (of the seller), with which the bread at one dollar a loaf could be washed down. Later in the morning the women and children begin to collect on the opposite curb-stone with eggs, butter, potatoes, fruits, yams, ground-nuts, dumplings, and pastry, and there until night a brisk traffic would be kept up through the medium of the men of the guard who were off duty. If we had not funds to buy we could trade off our rations, and at least get a change of diet. Who will not long remember "old Aunty" sitting behind her waiter of shrimps, or basket of potatoes, her pleasant "good-mor'n, massa," and her genial smile inviting your custom; or neat, tidy Sarah at her table covered with pies, cakes, etc.; the black-eyed little Mary and her companion Vir-



MARKET OPPOSITE ROPER HOSPITAL.

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DELIVERING THE MAIL.

ginia ready to run to the store, or take the clothes of those who reveled in more than one suit out to the washer-woman; and "see me quick and le'me go," as the old thin-faced black wench, who was always cross and in a hurry was called, because of her frequent exclamation?

We were "on 'Change" there—not dabbling in stocks, and little interested in the price of gold, but getting the gossip from the women and the guards, enjoying our pipes, or eating pies, fruit, or nuts. At Charleston our money was not taken from us—those who had a balance in "the bank" at Macon when they left have it there yet—their banker not having remitted as he promised to do. Greenbacks we exchanged for five and six to one, gold at nineteen and twenty. Some prisoners, to increase their income, took up the trades: and there was a tinman, who stripped all the gutters off the building to make tin pails; a tailor, who sowed tares and reaped wheat in the form of bread; a shoemaker, who cared for our soles—for a consideration; and a barber, who beautified our other extremity—all of whom were very useful and valuable members of the community. We received our mails more regularly, another inexpressible comfort. When I went there no letters had reached me from home since my capture, and others had been many months in anxious expectation and suspense, knowing there must be letters lying somewhere in the Confederacy for them. Ah, those letters! Can any one ever tell what they are to a prisoner, those short pages of love, of consolation, of condolence? One little page! but to him it contains more than is written thereon with the pen. It brings the touch of the father, the voice of the mother, the breath of the beloved, perhaps the prattle of children, or it may bring volumes of sadness. In answer, the little you are permitted to write seems of no use; and when you remember that there can be no privacy about it, no respected seal, one great charm is removed, and confining yourself to plain matter of fact you feel it scarcely worth while to send it when finished. The cry, "Fall in for the mail!" was the first intimation we ever had of their arrival, and then came a rush. Books, games, mending, cooking, and eating were left unfinished and uncared for; drowsy sleepers are aroused by their companions; and all clustered around the door where stood the man with the precious documents in his hands. As soon as quiet ensued he commenced to call the names, to which every fortunate man there present cried Here! and in response to others some one would answer "in work-house," "the hospital," or "the jail," and not unfrequently came the reply—half-stifled—"dead." The letters all distributed, the happy men turn away to find some quiet place in which to read theirs, and to talk over the news with some friend, and the disappointed ones to book, work, or sleep, to chew the bitter cud and nurse a hope for better luck next time.

About the first of October the yellow-fever made itself known in our midst. That we should be instantly moved not humanity alone but the sanitary condition of the city demanded, and

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immediate steps were taken toward that end. The order was to me unwelcome, for I knew another place could not be found where so much comfort could be had, so much kindness shown us, as in the Roper Hospital. On the 5th of October about six hundred of us were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move, and immediately a busy scene commenced, for every one was determined to take away every article of property he possessed. Fortunate it proved that we did so. The market-women turned out *en masse* when they got wind of the proceeding, and, as we made our last bargains, we were greeted with, "I'se right sorry you'se gwine, massa," or "Old aunty done used up now, massa," and similar expressions of regret; and well they might regret our departure, for our stay had been no small profit to them.

Certainly no such motley crew as ours ever passed through King Street before. Moving-day in New York is not to be spoken of in comparison. Every thing we had purchased, or that had been given us, in the line of furniture and of cooking utensils, were brought along. Chairs, stools, tables, kettles, pans, and pots, were strung upon poles, or thrown over our shoulders, while here and there appeared a darkey who had been impressed and loaded for the occasion, and in the rear of the column followed two wagons loaded with "sundries." At the dépôt we were packed in box-cars after the usual manner—the whistle shrieked, and we were "off from Charleston." Many made their escape that night by jumping out the doors, or knocking the boards off from the ends of the cars.

Early the next morning we arrived in Columbia, and were corralled near the dépôt, exposed to a scorching sun, from which we could find no shade. Most of us had no rations, and naturally were quite hungry, rushing eagerly after every lot of bread brought for sale. One young lady, who was looking at us from a house near by, seeing our desire for something to eat, burst out crying, exclaiming, "Poor fellows, they are so hungry!" God bless her for a kind, sympathizing heart!

I saw in a box-car near by a family of refugees from Tennessee living, consisting of father, mother, five children (two of them young ladies), and an aged grandmother. The furniture and neatness of their poor shelter, as well as their conversation and manners, gave evidence that they were people of refinement who had seen happier days. I afterward found that theirs was no unusual case, and saw a train of thirty cars occupied by the same class of unfortunates. In the afternoon we were moved a short distance, and placed under the guard of the cadets from the military school, who, although boys, were well-drilled soldiers, reminding me more of our own men than any I had seen in the South. One of our number received a severe illustration of their discipline in the shape of a bayonet wound in the back, for passing outside the line to get a melon. At night a severe rain storm came up, and we were soon soaked through, and remained so, unable to sleep, but consoling ourselves with song until the morning, when *one* hard-tack was issued to each man (for which, I venture to say, each man was thankful), and that was our breakfast.

At about 10 A.M. we were marched three miles beyond the town, and turned into a lot of about five acres of what had been a pine grove, but most of the trees had been cut down. The guard and artillery—two pieces—were posted, and we were in our new camp—an open field without shelter or means of providing it; many without coats or blankets, and here we looked forward to the winter—especially those in ill health—as a cheerless, hopeless prospect. There was neither wood nor water to be had in camp, and only six were permitted to go out at a time for either, and the same rule applied to attending the calls of nature; and when it is remembered that there were some 1500 prisoners, the harshness of this rule will be evident. Later, the guard was thrown out so as to take in the brook and wood. At first we had to pick up all the wood we burned; but after some weeks about a dozen hatchets and axes were furnished for the use of all, which were found very useful, although the largest portion had not strength enough to use them very effectually. Some, who were very sick, were taken to the hospital in the town, where for a time they were well cared for; but one afternoon they were turned out to make room for some of their own wounded, marched the three miles to the camp, and turned in among us to endure or to die; which, I think, our captors little cared.

To provide shelter was naturally the desire and work of every one, bringing into play Yankee ingenuity, and what in the army surpasses even that in the architectural line—soldier's ingenuity, which resulted in the erection of shanties above ground and shanties below ground, of boughs, of limbs, of bark, of blankets—if men were lucky enough to have them to spare—and of old bedticks from the Roper, all thrown together promiscuously, presenting a singular although not unpicturesque appearance, and forming a labyrinth through which, I learned by experience, it was not easy for a man to find his way after dark. I should not omit to say that there were a few huts, built substantially of logs, by men able to use and understanding how to use the axe, in which were fire-places and chimneys built of mud and sticks, but they were few—the palaces of the city of poverty. The shanty of "my mess" was a bedtick arranged over a pole in the form of a tent, the sides and back thatched with pine boughs. It was a well-ventilated chateau, and would leak when it rained; when we would rob our bodies of blankets to protect ourselves from the droppings—thinking cold alone was preferable to cold and wet together—turn in, and lie close to keep up the warmth, and, as we "let it rain," ponder the remark of Mrs. Partington, "This is a checkerberry life."

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SHANTIES, COLUMBIA.

We saw but little of people from the outer world, or heard but little from it. Never were we more isolated. Even "exchange stock" fell far below par, and only the freshest "fish" invested. "Escape stock" was lively, and up to November 5, 301 officers realized on it. Many more had tried their fortunes, but had been recaptured; in fact, they were escaping and being brought back every day. The chances of reaching our lines were very small, for the distance was very great and the people on the alert with blood-hounds ever ready for the scent; and for a man in poor health it was an undertaking not lightly to be entered upon, even though the prize sought was freedom, escape from the jaws of death. Yet almost every one pondered it more or less, and had sketches and maps, more or less finished, of the surrounding country. All the old dodges heretofore alluded to were tried; and many ran the guard at night, so that it was no uncommon thing to hear sharp firing at some part of the line for a few moments any dark night. Two officers were killed, and several wounded in their attempts, and one night they wounded two of their own men. Our favorite method of escape was for men, who had not taken parole, to go for wood, to mix in with those who had done so, and after getting in the woods, their friends would cover them with boughs or with leaves, and there secreted they would remain until after dark. I have known a hundred officers to go out in one day in that way, provided with rations and blankets, their parties and plans all made up. This led to the strengthening of the guard and the extension of their beats, making their distance from the "dead line" so great that to run the gauntlet was next to impossible. The following order was also communicated to us:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, S. C., GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, *November* 17, 1864.

"*Colonel Means, commanding Federal prisoners at Columbia.*

"The Lieutenant-General directs that you report to these head-quarters the name of every officer and man who escapes from your custody. Also, that you notify the Federal officers that they *must give their parole* not to attempt to escape, or they will be confined in a *pen*, in the same manner the privates now are.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. C. GILCHRIST,
"Actg Asst. Adjt.-Gen'l."

No attention was paid by the officers to this remarkable order, for we knew that although their power to abuse, as well as their disposition so to do, was limitless, they could not compel us to take such a parole, and we did not, although we knew nothing but the want of a "pen" would prevent the execution of the threat.

Our rations consisted of three pints of meal, half a pint of rice, one pint of bran or grits, one table-spoonful of salt, and a pint of sorghum for five days, and while ostensibly for five days it had to last into the sixth, and sometimes the seventh, or we went hungry. Went hungry! that will convey no idea to the reader; for we went hungry all the time. I should say, we had to do without. Of meat I saw not an ounce during my stay. They gave us two ounces of soap for twenty days, and as I have lately seen a communication from a Confederate officer in our hands who complained of not being furnished with candles, I desire to throw some light on Southern customs, and say that, except when burning the gas at Roper, we knew no light save that which the common Father gives alike to the prisoner and the free.

For a steady diet, day after day, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, corn meal and sorghum is not the most palatable of food. It was enough to make the well sick, for the sick it was almost sure death. Imagine a man sick with fever or diarrhea eating a piece of corn bread, or a dish of mush and molasses! And yet it was this or nothing, for although, as elsewhere, there was a sutler, we never had any money delivered to us if it was sent us from home, and of course could not patronize him for any luxuries.

The treatment received by our prisoners at the hands of our enemies, although presented to the public in the papers of the day, has never been portrayed in colors sufficiently vivid, and the fiendish natures of those men who are set to kill them by inches, to torture them to death, have never been set forth in words. In fact, I doubt if language is capable of conveying the horrors of the sufferings of many. Our soldiers in the field say, and say truly, that those at home can never comprehend their hardships;

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what it is to march all day, to lie down at night wet and hungry, or be put on picket in the howling storm; and if these, which have become so familiarly talked of, are not understood, save by experience, how can starvation be portrayed in comprehensive sentences? The sight of some poor wretch, shrunk almost to a skeleton, and weak as a child, as he is brought on shore at Annapolis, may rouse the mind to the realities of what thousands are bearing; to the truth that day after day scores of our brave men, for whom no thanks and no rewards we can offer are too hearty and generous, are "passing the flood to join the host upon the other side."

On the 8th of December the welcome news was communicated to a number of us that we were to be paroled; news we scarcely dared believe, even after signing the documents, so many had we seen disappointed, and never can I forget the despondency of one poor fellow, who had been eighteen months a prisoner and expected to accompany us, when he found his name erased from the list. At noon of the 9th we bade adieu to our companions and to "Camp Sorghum," not without feelings of sadness while thinking of the wretchedness they were left to endure. The very sick ones were put in mule-teams, the rest trudged joyfully to the dépôt, where we packed ourselves in the box-cars with a good grace and were started for Charleston. On the 10th we were taken on board the steamer *Laura*, a boat which had run the blockade the previous week, and was intended (so a Confederate officer told me), as a companion for the *Tullahassee*, and was to bear the name of the *Fly-by-Night*.

Never will any of us forget the moment when steaming down the harbor we came in sight of our fleet. We cared not for the rebel rag over our heads then, for we already felt that Freedom's banner was floating o'er us. We commenced to sing the Star-Spangled Banner, interlarding verses and chorus with cheer upon cheer, until the whole vessel was a scene of the wildest excitement, in which the invalids joined with superhuman strength, as if with the sight of the flag virtue had been inhaled, and their diseases had gone out of them. The excitement reached its height when Colonel Mulford appeared; and soon the exchange was completed and we were treading the deck of the *George Leary*, from which some of us were next day transferred to the propeller *United States*, and weighing anchor put to sea. To Captain Shear, and Mr. Hanning the purser, and to their wives who were with them, the entire number of passengers are indebted for the kindest attention. To the sick they were unremitting, supplying them from their own private stores, making them teas, soups, etc., and doing every thing in their power to render them comfortable until we arrived in Annapolis, on the evening of the 14th, and felt ourselves again in "God's Country."

THE SONG OF THE CURE.

WITH tresses disheveled and damp,
With eyes suggestive of weep,
A woman lay in her morning pack
Trying in vain to sleep.
Soak! soak! soak!
A water-nymph to be sure,
And still with a voice of mermaidian pitch
She sang this song of the Cure.

Bathe! bathe! bathe!
From morn till dewy night,
And bathe! bathe! bathe!
Till life is diluted quite!
It's O! to be a duck
With very amphibious taste,
To float through life, and to drown all pluck
In a wide and watery waste.

Bathe! bathe! bathe!
Till the starch is out of us gone;
Bathe! bathe! bathe!
Till our hopes sink one by one;
Sitz, and shallow, and sponge,
Sponge, and shallow, and sitz,
Till our senses make a plunge
And our brain dissolves by bits.

O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're washing out,
But the color from our lives.
Soak! soak! soak!
At a fearful rate each day;
Could Noah look in, he'd think
The deluge was to pay!

Bathe! bathe! bathe!
Till our dispositions "*rile*;"
And bathe! bathe! bathe!
Till some of us strike "*ile*."
Flow, galvanic, and sitz,
Sitz, galvanic, and flow,
Till our brain is ready to swim,
And "half-seas over" we go!

O to be water-proof,
To drip and drizzle no more—
To find our feet one day
Set firmly on the shore!
But no! this can not be;
We're melting in floods too fast;
No hope is left for you and me,
But becoming Naiads at last.

With tresses disheveled and damp,
With eyes suggestive of weep,
A woman lay in her morning pack
Trying in vain to sleep.
Soak! soak! soak!
A water-nymph to be sure;
And still with a voice of mermaidian pitch,
In tones so low, and soft, and rich
She sang the song of the Cure.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, 1865.

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WASHOE REVISITED.

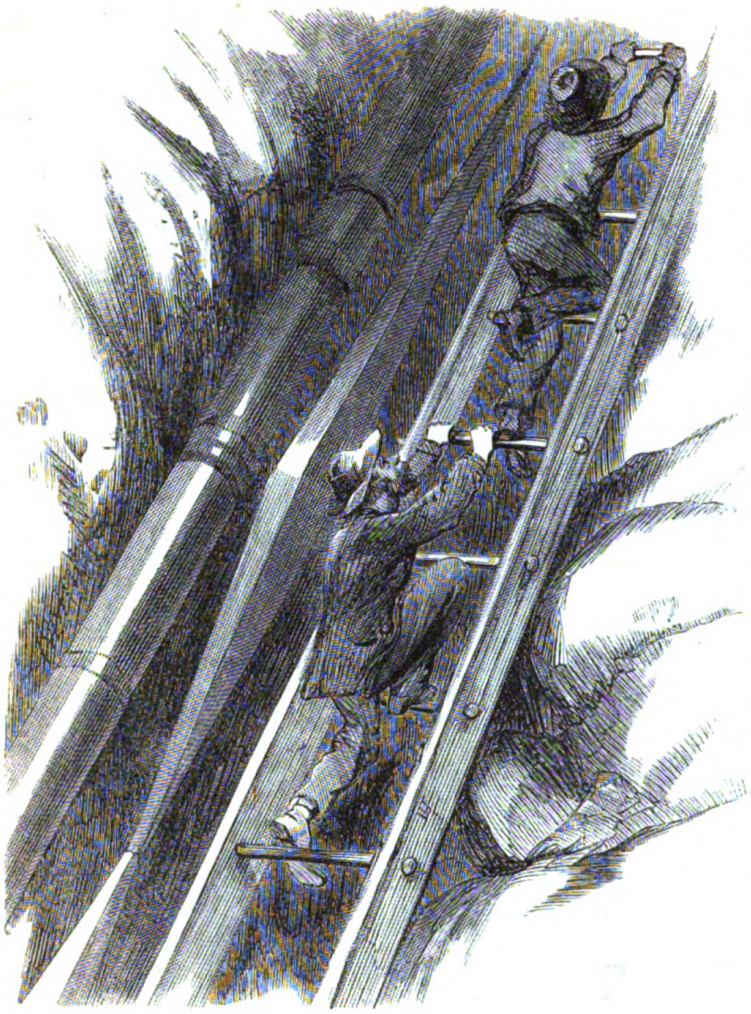
[Third Paper.]

WHEN you visit a friend in the country he usually displays his interest in your pleasure by inviting you to take a walk in his garden. He shows you his fruit trees and cabbages; dilates upon the productive qualities of his soil; surprises you with the growth of his pumpkins; excites your astonishment by the magnitude of his squashes; and if you happen to be interested in stock, takes you by the arm, conducts you to the back-yard, and shows you his fancy boar or improved style of ram. Some hospitable gentlemen connected with the Ophir, having none of these attractions about their premises, invited me, on the occasion of a visit, to take a ramble through their subterranean garden. This is a compliment paid to visitors from distant parts of the world, and is considered a satisfactory substitute for the civilities available in other



VIEW FROM REAR OF OPHIR WORKS.

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A SHAFT.

places. It was a little trying to the muscles, they admitted, but would amply repay me for the trouble. As to risk, it was trifling. Visitors to other mines now and then got their skulls crushed, or tumbled down shafts and were mashed, or became nervous and fainted into the machinery; but nothing of the kind was common in the Ophir. As a preliminary measure I was kindly furnished with a suit of rough outer-garments, somewhat dilapidated by frequent contact with different colored ores, and the drippings of candles and whitewash, but good enough for general protection. Into this ancient suit I speedily dived, and was so disguised that when I looked in the glass my first impulse was to turn round and knock down the miserable satire that stood in my boots. I was next provided with a candle and directed to hold it between my fingers, so as to reflect the light from the palm of my hand. Thus accoutred, we climbed a bit of a hill, and entered a hole somewhere, which we began to descend single file by means of a ladder. At the end of the ladder was a small bit of ground to stand on; and then another hole in the ground and another ladder. All along the range of these various ladders was a shaft, in which a ponderous piece of machinery appeared to be engaged in hoisting out water from the bottom of the mine. The holes through which we descended were so narrow that it was sometimes difficult to tell which was the ladder and which was the machine; but I continued to keep a firm grip of the ladder and let the machine look out for itself. When we got into this last hole, we squeezed through a trap-door and went down still further by another ladder that led to another, and then another, and so on till we reached another. I have no idea how many ladders there were. All I know is, they stand very straight up, and keep fearfully close to the machinery that drags up the water. I saw a good deal of rock and earth by holding the candle close to the sides of the subterranean excavations through which we passed. Whether the rock contained the silver, or whether the silver was contained in the loose earth, or whether they both contained it together, is a matter not to be recklessly or inconsiderately divulged. The interests of this mine are so extensive and multifarious that no man who values his reputation will jeopard it by disclosing facts which must either elevate stock to the detriment of purchasers, or depress it to the detriment of sellers. I therefore keep my own counsel. This much I may state: that the scientific gentleman who accompanied me was continually holding his candle against the dripping rocks and banks of earth and ejaculating: "There! you see it; hornblendic, feldspathic—graniferous! Casings distinctly marked—Dip forty-five degrees. Here again—very rich! Don't you see it? And here! and here again—eh?" I certainly saw something. The reader will kindly consider me speechless with amazement. What I did see in those subterranean tunnels; the gloomy passages through which I navigated in pursuit of the scientific gentleman, whose motions were frightfully rapid; bobbing my head against timbers and sharp points of

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overhanging rock; doubling up and twisting around corners; the piles of ore, more or less valuable, that I stumbled over in striving to catch up with my learned friend; the color of the veins that dazzled my vision under the inspiration of his disquisitions on the feldspathic and hornblendic; the prodigious quantity of something in that line that darkened the highways and byways must remain at the present writing a profound secret.

A memorable tour that was. Never in this world can I forget the Ophir! Once when I was at the bottom creeping through the bowels of the earth, some cars laden with ore came rumbling along. "Stand aside, gents!" cried somebody, and I tried to stand aside. But who in the world can stand aside when there is scarcely foot-room for a goat? Here was a passage about five feet wide, at least three of which was taken up by the railway and cars, and the rest by heavy timbers. I hugged a dark, wet wall; it was not near so comfortable as other substances I have hugged in my day. The cars scraped by; my bones were not crushed, and that was just all. Pleasant place that for a promenade! To be rolled out, squashed, or cut in segments may be a very trifling contingency to scientific gentlemen and experts; but I prefer the contemplation of the heavenly bodies from the surface of the earth.

I really can not remember how many dismal passages we went through. We explored the sixth story, the fifth, and several others, which had the same general aspect of mud and mineral. In one shaft the workmen above were pitching down loose earth and rocks to be run out through a tunnel. This we climbed by means of a very long ladder. It was good exercise for body and mind. The ore came tumbling down more or less all the time, and I had faint hopes some large mass would not fall on my head before I reached the top and carry me to the bottom. The accidents that occur in this way are numerous. Recently two miners, ascending a shaft in one of the mines, were struck by a dog and crushed to atoms. They were 175 feet from the bottom, and were going up in a tub. The dog tripped in attempting to run across the mouth of the shaft, and struck them at a distance of over 100 feet from the surface, carrying all before him. In another place we enjoyed a view of the wreck caused by the caving in of the Mexican. Here, to be sure, was a crush of matter! Timbers shivered and wrenched to splinters; rocks and masses of earth tumbled into chaos! Even where we stood the massive beams that supported the tunnel were imbedded in each other by the tremendous weight of the mass above, which never ceases to bear down upon them. It appeared to me that it settled as I gazed upon it. Beams of timber eighteen inches square seemed to offer but a feeble resistance to such a crushing weight. That this whole tunnel must cave in sooner or later is my deliberate conviction. Miners, like sailors, grow to be indifferent to danger.

When the Mexican caved in there was a concussion of air in the Ophir that knocked down several of the workmen. One man, in the confusion of the moment, rushed frantically through

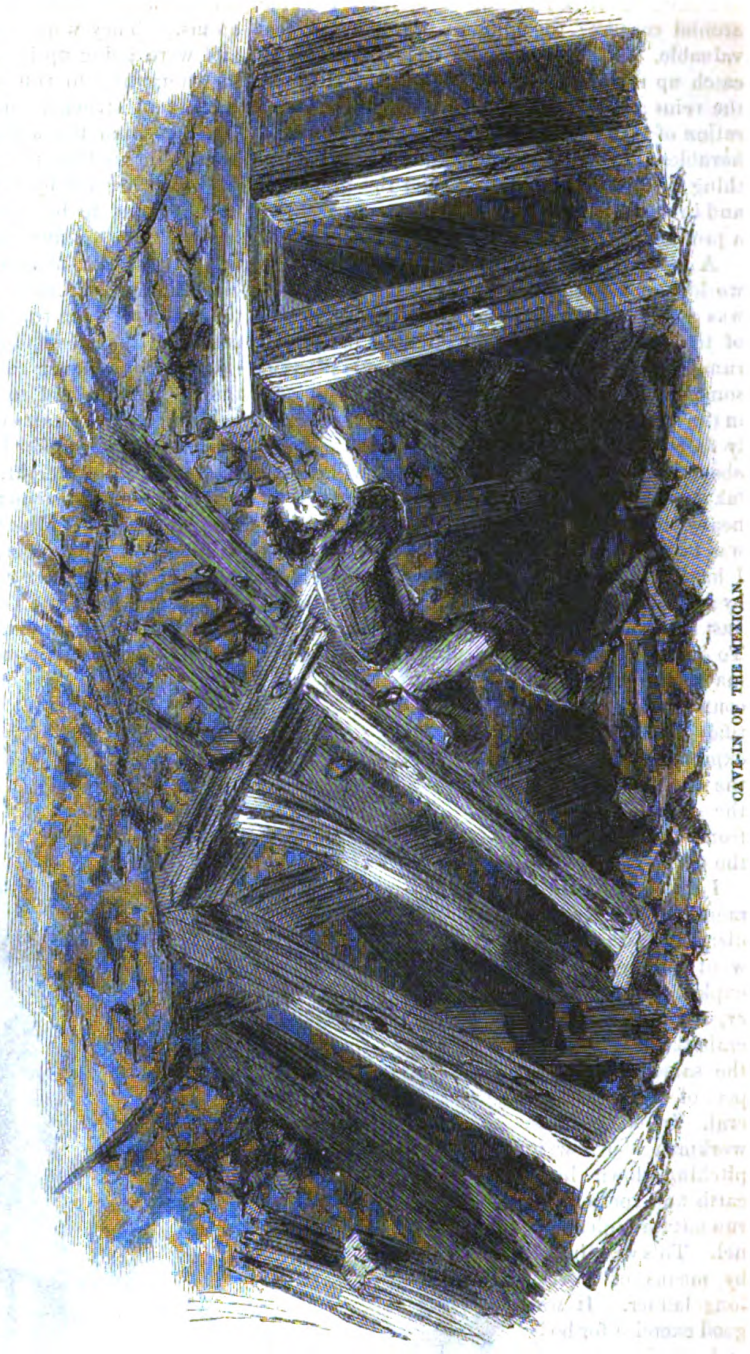


"STAND ASIDE, GENTS."

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the falling mass of earth and timber, and, strange to say, escaped with a few scratches and bruises. He must have passed through 100 feet of this chaotic mass. The spot was pointed out to me, and I must say had my informant not been a scientific gentleman, given to mathematical demonstrations, I must have doubted the story. Timbers, rocks, and earth are crushed together in one vast conglomerate of rubbish. It is scarcely conceivable that even a rat could creep through it; yet this man escaped, and is now boring into more earth for a living.

Having seen all the wonders of the Ophir, I was kindly permitted to select three modes of reaching the upper crust of the world: to climb up the ladders again, or be dragged up the "incline" by a steam-engine; or be hoisted up a shaft in a wooden bucket by means of a hand-windlass. The ladders I had already enjoyed; the incline I did not incline to, from a vague notion that the machinery might keep on turning after I got to the top and drag me into it, or snap the rope and send me whizzing to the bottom again; so I elected to be hoisted out by the hand-windlass. Dispensing with the bucket, I put my foot in a noose of the rope; was hoisted away; bobbed against the sides of the shaft; scraped through a trap-door, and deposited on the landing-place. It was an interesting tour, and I was thankful to my friends, but more thankful still to Providence when I breathed once more the fresh air and enjoyed the pleasant sunshine of the outer world.



CAVE-IN OF THE MEXICAN.

Every city has its chronic nightmare, whether in the shape of flood, fire, earthquake, or pestilence. Every community is, or deems itself liable to some special calamity. The citizens of Virginia are troubled with a one-ledge theory. It is the nightmare of property-owners—the special calamity that threatens ruin to the speculators in Wild Cat. Naturally enough it is unpopular among the masses. No man who aspires to public honors can by any possibility succeed on the one-ledge theory. He must believe in a multiplicity of ledges; he must be sound on the Comstock as a basis, and sound on the great family of ledges supposed to exist in its neighborhood. The owner of feet in the Comstock can afford to be a one-ledge man, provided he has been successful in quieting the rival claims of squatters who have dipped into his

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GOULD AND CURRY COMPANY'S REDUCTION WORKS.

spurs; but he is interested in the prosperity of the city, and therefore will best consult his interests by being a many-ledged man. The editor of a newspaper may have doubts on the subject—if editors ever have doubts on any subject—but he can have no doubt about the policy of retaining his subscribers and his advertising patronage. The more ledges the more companies, and the more companies the more notices of assessments. Hence it is the interest of the majority to put down and demolish the one-ledge theory; and hence it is popularly considered absurd, anti-democratic, monstrous, and diabolical. Nevertheless, although there are few so daring as to violate the general sentiment on this subject, the question, with the vitality of a seven-headed dragon, is continually springing up as much alive as ever, and can't be burned or flooded out either by fires of invective or oceans of vituperation.

As an interesting feature in human nature, I may be permitted to say that, in general, you may determine a man's status by his views on this subject. Original owners in Comstock are one-ledgers by nature and instinct whatever they may be by policy. Owners of outside claims,

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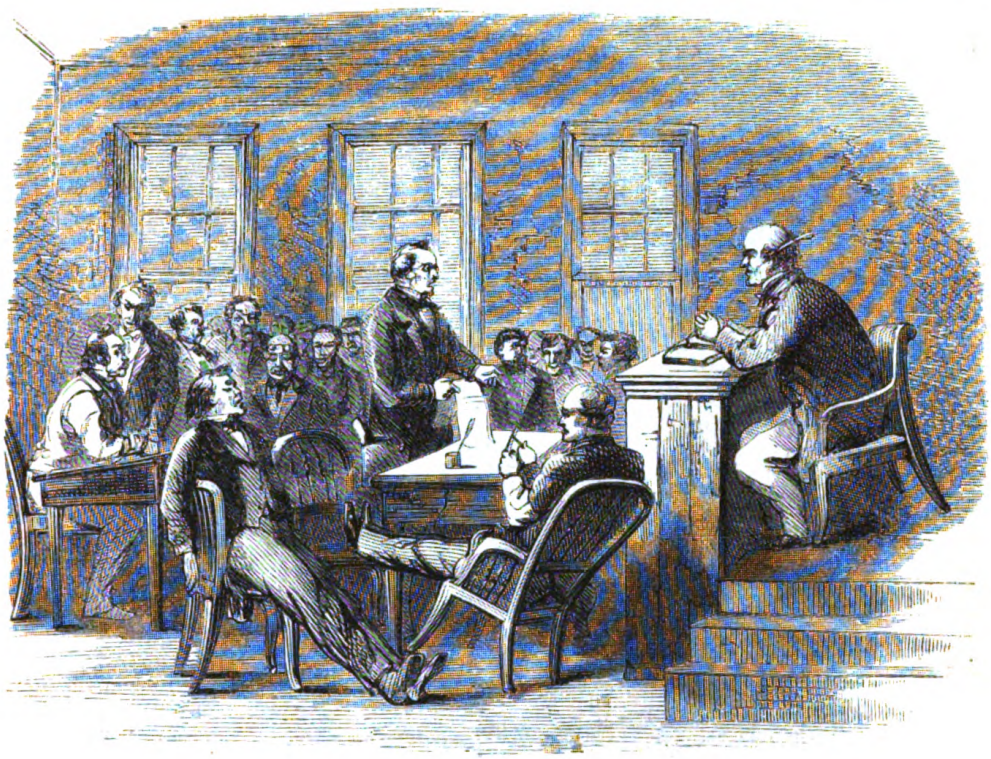
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

proprietors of building sites, merchants, shopkeepers, traders, and speculators are many-ledgers under the all-powerful stimulus of interest. For myself, I have my private views, but my public sentiments assimilate with those of the many-ledgers. It is the best policy for a man who doesn't own a foot in a single ledge. If the mines in Mexico and South America are confined to one well-defined vein, as geologists contend, what does that prove? Simply that nature adopts certain specific laws in Mexico and South America. If trees grow there with their branches and fruits in the air, is it any reason why trees should not grow in Washoe with their branches and fruits in the ground? Silver mines in Mexico and South America may have one way of doing things, and silver mines in Washoe another. I am disposed to go it strong, therefore, on the many-ledge theory. I believe there are many ledges in Washoe. At all events there are many companies based upon ledges.

This complication of adverse interests gives rise to endless litigation. The records of the courts are crowded with suits, and every suit breeds another brood of suits. The halls of justice are crammed with litigants. Companies are pitted against companies, and individuals against individuals. Uncle Sam, who owns all the mines, magnanimously stands aloof and enjoys the fight over his own property. The whole district is racked with litigation. It is sapping the vitals of the community. There is money enough spent in law to build the Pacific Railroad. The whole trouble arises from the superabundance of legal counsel. Whenever a lawyer in California, from misfortune, incompetency, whisky, or any other cause, falls into a depression of finances, he straight-away gathers up his books and starts for the silver regions. Acute by profession, he scents the remedy from afar. These gentlemen must have silver: they can't help it—must have it; and to have it must have litigation. Two evils therefore beset the Washoeites — many ledges and many lawyers. Either they must be everlastingly in court and submit to final exhaustion of all their precious ores, or pay these needy members of the bar what the world owes them, and let them travel. I don't doubt they will go somewhere else in the vicinity of silver. Pay them fifty thousand dollars apiece, and then raise a fund for the subsistence of absentees, and pay them for staying away. I venture to say such a course would obviate the first grand trouble. After that a court might be organized consisting of three Digger Indians. Keep them from fire-water, and my word for it, their decisions would be as satisfactory as any rendered by the most learned judges. It is true they might be corrupted by whisky; red blankets and cotton shirts might cause them to waver from the paths of rectitude; a string of beads to some favorite squaw might affect the eye or the understanding of the most stolid Digger; a bucketful of "hogadie" might confound the perceptive faculties of the great Winnemucca himself; but human nature must be taken as it is. The highest dignitaries in the land are subject to temptation. The Washoeites complain that their Bench is corrupt; they abuse their judges; hint in pretty strong terms that when a judge receives a heavy bonus of feet for services in the great cause of justice, other parties give more and get it all; in short, they raised such a hubbub last year that the judges resigned in disgust. I don't blame them. It would be impossible for them to satisfy every body. If they are honest men—and I have no reason to doubt it—they could render no decision which would not make them unpopular with the disappointed party. What the Washoeites need most is, judges who will be faithfully dishonest and honestly faithless.

So bitter are the feuds resulting from conflicting claims, under the one-ledge and many-ledge theories, that a summary method of settling disputes not unfrequently usurps the functions of the Judiciary. An enterprising class of the community, known as the "roughs," may be relied upon in any emergency. For a reasonable consideration these accommodating gentlemen will espouse any cause, however hopeless in the eye of the law. Their habits of life

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THE SMOOTHS.

are such that no conscientious scruples, touching questions of right and wrong, have the slightest influence over their acts. Most of them have killed from ten to a dozen men each in bar-room affrays, gambling difficulties, or murders of a general character; and to be "quick on the trigger" is their greatest boast. Without any particular line of business, save to frequent public places and look up casual jobs, they are recognized as Professional Blood-letters, and treated accordingly with great consideration by the peaceful members of the community. It is regarded as something of an honor to be intimately acquainted with the most noted of these sanguinary Professors. I am on terms of friendship with several of them myself, and regard the leader, who lost his nose in a recent bloody fight, as a gentleman of great personal suavity. I take special care, however, not to irritate him by any difference of opinion touching the various subjects that come under discussion during our social intercourse. It usually costs me four bits to remove a shadow from his brow, and a dollar or more to get him enthusiastic in his reminiscences of human butchery.

During my third visit (last year) there was considerable excitement about town in consequence of the resignation of the judges, and an expected collision between the "roughs" in the service of two rival companies. One company squatted upon the premises belonging to another. The case did not admit of question, so far as I could see. It was an unjustifiable trespass without the shadow of right. But lawyers saw difficulties, and while they were busy concocting briefs and making learned speeches the squatter company was digging into the bowels of the earth and extracting precious ores that belonged to the other party. On the very day, and at the very hour, when it was confidently expected that two hundred men would come in collision, far down in the gloomy cavities of the earth, it was my fortune to be a visitor at the principal mine. The Superintendent invited me to explore it—adding, as an inducement, that his "roughs" were all ready, and there was momentary prospect of a bloody subterranean battle. His life had been threatened the day before by one of the squatter "roughs," but it was probably insured: at all events, the prospect of losing it did not seem to give him much concern. I must confess the proposition to go down a hundred and fifty feet under the earth and witness a bloody fight within the limited space of a drift or a tunnel was novel if not attractive. There was no getting over it—I had to go.

The expected battle-ground, on our side, was occupied by as imposing a body of "roughs" as I had ever seen assembled together. They sat loosely and pleasantly on the dripping rocks, smoking their cigars, gossiping about the last free fight, and evidently enjoying the prospect of the business in hand. A gang of miners was picking and hammering into the disputed portion of the ledge. Another gang, backed by another body of "roughs," belonging to the squatter company, was picking and hammering on the other side. About three feet of rock separated the rival factions. I could distinctly hear

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THE "ROUGHS."

the noise of the picks through the thin layer of rock. It was a very curious and impressive scene on our side; and doubtless was equally so on the other. The whole available space was not over six or eight feet in width by the same in height, and what range there might be through the adjoining tunnels or drifts which were wrapt in darkness. A faint flickering halo from sundry candles, pasted with sticky mud against the rocks, dimly lighted the walls and casings of the mine, and shed a ghastly hue over the faces of our fighting men, to whom I was personally introduced by the Superintendent. Their features were in admirable keeping with the place and the occasion. One man had the end of his nose bitten off; another was ornamented with a magnificent scar across his cheek; a third had lost three fingers; a fourth was pitted with buckshot; and so on. All men of mark; all notoriously crack fellows in their way, which was evidently, from the variety of pistols and knives with which they were garnished, a very bloody way. I was especially pleased with a wax-faced gentleman, with a square chin, a pig-eye, and a stove-pipe hat. He was "on it" or I greatly misjudged his countenance.

"Gentlemen," said I, with all the deference due to such famous characters, "I see you're on it."

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"You bet," was the answer.

"When do you expect the fight to come off?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, any time, when they bust through that there wall. Guess they ain't eager for it. Likely as not they'll fizzle."

I made no comment upon this suggestion; but personally had no objection to the fizzle. It was not a pleasant place to be caught in a bloody affray. Balls fired through a tunnel only six or eight feet square, or into a drift with a solid bank of rock at the end, would be likely to hit something. I was not interested to the extent of a leg or an arm, much less a foot.

As if to keep up a pleasant state of expectancy, blasts were let off now and then, causing a startling concussion of the air and a perceptible tremor of the earth. It is due to the cause of humanity to say that the rival factions always notified each other by certain signals when they were about to let off a blast, having no desire to take a snap judgment upon their enemies.

Between the picking and blasting, darkness and gunpowder, pistols, knives, and bloody conversation, unkempt miners and ferocious roughs, with a sprinkling of grit from overhead and the plashing of water underfoot, I think the most rigid casuist will hold me blameless for whispering to the Superintendent, "This is a devil of a queer place; let's get out of it. Don't you smell brimstone?"

Unfortunately for the interest of my sketch the fight did not come off. The difficulty, I believe, was referred to one of those honest gentlemen in whom every body has confidence until his decision is made known. He may be a member of the bar or a member of the church; his character stands unimpeached before he makes his report. As a referee he is bound to decide according to the law and the evidence. But his report makes an explosion. Law and evidence suit some people and don't suit others, and referees have different modes of interpretation. It is a thankless, though it may be a profitable business. I will not say that the decision in the present case was not according to the law and the evidence; but it surprised me nevertheless. A friend of mine, who claimed to be in the Legitimate, sold out after he heard the decision. He would have made money had he sold out before.

The American is not the only race subject to trouble in the various operations of mining. Even the Celestials, who occupy the neglected nooks and corners of the mineral regions, have their share of adversity and disaster in the pursuit of wealth. Whenever they strike a good claim it belongs to some white man. He may never have seen or heard of it, or may have abandoned it and gone elsewhere; but if "John Chinaman" strikes it rich he comes back or sends his partner to take possession. The Digger Indians are learning the great lesson of civilization from their American benefactors. Driven from gulch to cañon in their own country, they see that "Melican man" claims mines and minerals on general principles, and, like him, they despise an inferior race. They hate the Chinese because "Chinaman squaw; no kill Injun like Melican man!" They seem to look upon the Celestials as a base imitation of the Indian race, without the redeeming quality of bravery. Hence the Diggers are singularly bitter in their hostility to these miserable interlopers, and tax them without mercy, or kill them whenever they get a chance. One Indian chief and his band made several thousand dollars last summer by following up the Chinese and compelling them, by force of arms, to pay taxes for the privilege of working the mines. Poor John is taxed by the State, by the Government, by every white pilgrim who jogs along with pick and shovel, by his own people, and finally, by the Digger Indians. Sometimes he rouses himself up to a spirit of resistance against the exorbitant claims of the latter, and then ensues a scene to which no pencil save that of Hogarth could do justice.

The aboriginal tax-collectors come along stealthily—one, two, or three at a time, till ten or a dozen of them are gathered about the camp of the Celestials. Their arms consist of a bow and arrow, and a rude club or a spear; and their costume is seldom more than a deer-skin, or a ragged old blanket, with the merest pretense of a cincture round the loins. A wretched tatterdemalion set they are—poor, thriftless, and dirty; in no respect like the warrior chiefs of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, or the braves of the Hon. Augustus Murray. Still there is fight in them if pushed to the bank. Their contempt for the Chinese is sublime. Having no knowledge of the Mongolian language, it becomes necessary that they should speak English, which is the available means of communication with the trespassers.

"Say, John!" says the Digger Chief, "what you do here?"

"Me workee. Who you?"

"Me Piute Cappen. Me kill plenty Melican man. Dis my lan'. You payee me, John. No payee me, gottam, me killee you!"

"No got—velly poor Chinaman; how muchee you want?"

"Fifty dollar."

"No got fifty dollar—velly poor. Melican man he catchee Chinaman; he makee Chinaman pay; no got fifty dollar. Melican man—"

"D—n Melican man! me no sabbe Melican man! Me Piute Cappen. S'pose you no payee me fifty dollar me killee you!"

Generally the money is paid, after many protests and various lamentations; but where the Digger force is small, and the Celestials numerous, the cry of battle is raised, and then comes the tug of war. When Greek meets Greek the spectacle may be very impressive; when Chinaman meets Digger it is absolutely gorgeous! Negotiation has been prolonged without issue; the English language has been exhausted; the fight is inevitable. From every hole in the earth the valiant Celestials rush forth, armed

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DIGGERS COLLECTING TAXES.

with picks and shovels, tin pans, platters, gongs, and kettles—every thing that can be made available for warlike purposes in the emergency of the moment. They beat their pans, blow their wind instruments, shriek, shout, laugh, make horrible faces, and perform the most frightful antics, in the hope of striking terror into the ranks of the foe. In every conceivable way they tax invention to make themselves hideous; poke their tongues out; double themselves up; hop on one leg; squat on the ground like frogs; rush furiously toward the enemy, and furiously retire. The hills and forests resound with their barbarous cries and the deafening clatter of their tin kettles and gongs. Meantime the Diggers are not idle. Adepts in the artifices of barbarian war, they are in no degree intimidated by the ferocious demonstrations of the enemy. A pistol or a shot-gun has its terrors, but they are up to the flimsy substitute of loud noises and empty threats. While the foe is thus wasting his vital powers upon the air, Digger goes in with his clubs, spears, or bows and arrows. A few pricks of the barbed instruments generally ends the battle—save when the Celestial party can muster up an old shot-gun or a

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pistol, in which case they fight with heroic desperation, and sometimes come off victorious. But a pistol or gun in the hands of the enemy brings them to terms very speedily—and thus are they forced to pay the tax that breaks the camel's back. It ought to be a consolation to them to know that they do it for the benefit of civilization. Every dime they pay benefits some white whisky-dealer in Virginia City or Carson, or some other civilized place.

I have mainly confined myself in the foregoing sketches to a delineation of the characteristic features of Virginia City and its surroundings, during the excitement which prevailed in the latter part of 1863; reserving for another and more serious paper a detailed account of the mines and mills. The progress of Washoe has been unexampled in the history of mining. No country of which I have any knowledge has made so rapid an advance, and with so little benefit to capitalists or individuals. That there is great wealth of mineral in the country is beyond question, that a very bad use has been made of it, so far, is equally undeniable. In 1860, the amount of bullion shipped from Virginia City was $40,000; in '61, $130,000; in '62, $220,000; in '63, $7,000,000, and in '64 the shipments probably reached $10,000,000; yet San Francisco is nearly bankrupt by its Washoe investments, and Virginia City is no better off, save in this—that what is lost there falls upon outside speculators.

Allow me now, as the result of careful observation and grave deliberation, to whisper a word in your ear, gentle reader. Do you own stocks in the Ophir, the Savage, the Chollar, the Gould and Curry, the Potosi, the Yellow Jacket, or other prominent leads, and would you like to know what you had better do with them—whether sell them or hold on to them? I will tell you candidly; if the stocks were mine, I'd—think about it! Are you the possessor of a few thousand dollars which you'd like to invest to good advantage, and would it be a promising speculation to invest in one of the three companies on the Comstock ledge, that pays dividends at the present writing? Now, I'll tell you candidly what I would do if I had a few thousand dollars to spare—I'd start on a foot tour through Tartary, and wind up with a camel-ride through Persia!

FACES.

I WAS standing between the two when I heard it; between the two faces of my two ideals; between two types of what a mighty human life could be. On my right was the shadow, but faintly streaked with light; on my left, the steady radiance of one emerged victorious from the cloud. Involuntarily I was saying to myself, "Poor Dante!" "Great, grand Luther!" looking meanwhile from the one to the other, hardly knowing which pleased me better.

"The face is the index of the soul"—this is what I heard. It certainly was not the originality of the remark which startled me. At another time it might have seemed very trite. It may have been that it answered an unuttered question in my mind—Whether character may be safely estimated from the mere outward appearance. Or perhaps it was its peculiar fitness to the time and place.

I said it startled me; but more startling was the train of thought it suggested. In an instant my feelings of deep love and sympathy were changed to profound admiration and a sort of awe. It frightened as well as humbled me to think of the giant soul which had looked forth its passion, sorrow, and joy from eyes like mine, and of the lips which had uttered such bold, brave words before a host of enemies; lips human as mine own, yet seeming hardly human when touched with divine inspiration.

Ah!—thought I—between us, Luther, what a great, deep gulf is fixed! Only in one point can I approach you; but that one point will soon be broad enough to conceal all differences. In the day when we bow before the throne both faces, yours and mine, will look equally dim before the brightness of the Father's glory!

And Dante—I crept away from Luther to look up to him. Then I could not fear. Infinitely above me in intellect, his soul was too intensely human to leave me very far below. Again I said, Poor Dante! The proud, passionate features are softened by much suffering, but the lines of doubt and weary longing Faith alone can take away! You and I have much more in common. You could not quite penetrate within the veil. Just in the act of tearing it away, you heard, "Touch not with hands unclean!" You were too earthly yet to grasp the mysteries of the Beyond; your eyes too weak to bear the dazzling splendor of heavenly revelations!

What a leap! to come from features marked with soul-beauty almost superhuman, down to features marked not even by positive ugliness; features plain, plain beyond all dispute! What a leap, to come from Luther and Dante down to myself! And yet one can not always walk in the clouds. The descent to the commonplace will and must be sudden and jarring, however carefully one may let himself down. Therefore, omitting all intermediate steps, passing by wondrous beauty and faces endowed with minor gifts, I come at once into the valley—not the valley of humiliation—I spare myself and the mirror opposite that trial; but into the valley where I find the generality of faces—nothing remarkable in the eyes of the great world.

I went into a school-room one day filled with strange girls. That story of grace and beauty being impersonated in maidenhood, and reaching their climax in a group of maidens, I immediately set down as fabulous—a mere myth. At the first glance I should have imagined them all fashioned in the same mould, enough difference being allowed in the coloring to distinguish them.

I cast in my lot with the group. A year aft-

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ter, comparing my first and present impressions, I analyzed one of the unnoticed, common faces. How could I ever have called it common! To be sure, the eyes were gray, but the soul behind them was loving, trustful, brave. Nor were the less important features either those of a Venus or a Hebe; yet to me they were radiant with beauty. Ah, how I loved that face! I loved it far, far too well. I remember when Death set his seal upon it, and froze to stillness the last, holiest expression of her features. That—thought I—is the face that she will rise with! Looking upon it, the angels themselves will smile as they fling the gate a little wider open, and Christ the Lord will murmur, "Thou art mine!"

And it was not merely faces dear to me which assumed new aspects as I learned to know them. The whole school-room had become a little busy world alive with the passions that come up upon the surface of life. Sometimes, daring to dive through the billows, I had even caught the glimmer of the pearls below.

Truly Carlyle was wiser than I when he said, that in the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away with him. If Raphael, that wonderful soul-painter, must leave something behind in his search for the minutest beauties, how can I, with coarse, unpracticed eyes, hope to discern these hidden things? Therefore, fearing to lose myself immediately in such a delicate maze of expressions, I will attempt to touch only upon several phases of the human countenance universally acknowledged to be true pictures of the soul.

Perhaps sorrow is the most familiar. I, with the rest of mankind, have received and seen my portion. I remember when the terrible news came. I was sitting by the window, alternately looking at the sunshine without and within. They were chatting—my brothers and sisters—in that pleasant undertone which accompanies only pleasant talk. Very fair they looked to me; young, innocent, untouched with grief or care. You could have told it from the sweet lines about the mouths, and the bright lustre of their happy eyes. Even a stranger would have known that life had been as yet an easy, pleasant thing. I was sitting thinking thus, when, glancing opposite, I saw a face which I had never seen before; the same features, but that which makes the face, the whole expression, was one entirely foreign to our walls. It was not agony. Even that would have been better. I thought of a dark cloud—dark with the fiercest, blackest rains—and I knew that it was soon to break, that duty was forcing out the storm. I waited and he spoke. He told it. Not a groan, not a cry. Our tears and hearts alike were frozen. Only our eyes seemed to dilate with the new, strange terror as we looked at one another, and white rings to shape themselves about our lips. It was more than common grief; that would have poured forth in words its bitterness; this bound itself all up into our faces. What little, little faces to contain a world of woe!

And yet we have to thank God that sorrow is not without its complement; that, on the whole, the scales are pretty nearly balanced. To be sure we, wayward, selfish children that we are, hardly notice the measure of joy when full to overflowing, and when the superabundance is the other way wonder why Our Father fills it so very, very full.

I think the picture of the most perfect, unalloyed joy is found in the face of a little child. Indeed I think that childhood is the only period of life in which one can feel, I am *perfectly* happy; where there is not the lurking shadow of a sorrow or a dread. Not that children are without their troubles. I have not got so far beyond "Where the brook and river meet," that I can say that and think that I speak truth. But their cares are light and transient. It is possible to fling them off entirely.

Analyze a child's face. Round, fat, fair. No wrinkles; none of those deep, ugly lines that mark an inward warfare. No weariness or languor either, as if one had lived his happiness away and wanted only to get through. Nothing is seen but little shadows, appearing and vanishing as quickly, to break the monotony.

With this lack of keen and heavy sorrow, which they are so blessed in, comes also another lack. Human nature certainly is capable of a higher enjoyment than mere freedom from care and suffering. This negative happiness is not suited to an earnest, fighting man. There can be nothing in a child's countenance to thrill or charm you. It wants the look

> "Such as soul gives soul at length,
> When, by work and wail of years,
> It winneth a solemn strength."

The strength and peace interspersed with and crowning the life-struggle are proportioned to this "work and wail of years."

The steps are many and steep which lead from pure to intense happiness—up from the blank joy of a baby's face to the expression of that joy which "passeth understanding." Between these—the baby's and the saint's—we find faces embodying the advanced joys of earth. Grand they are of their kind indeed; feeble only when compared with the joy of him who "seeth the invisible."

Love, it is said, irradiates every feature, banishes other intruding expressions, and reigns supreme over the entire countenance. My little experience certainly confirms this truth. Wisdom and sense usually take flight very willingly, I believe—that is, if the simpering smile of gratified vanity and the complacent smile of a petty ambition are granted to belong to true love. If not, and the word be used in a restricted sense, there is very little to be said upon the subject, as the eye of the public is seldom permitted to behold the transfiguration.

The various expressions of Affection are more common, and if less exquisite, are not without rare beauty.

Among the family affections, perhaps that of a mother manifested toward her little helpless

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child is the most beautiful. Just as tightly she binds her love around it just as firmly she ties her life and hopes down to it, as if the baby-soul were able to give back an answering devotion. It is such a sweet, holy expression, that of the mother-love—the very reflection of the baby's own for meekness, but withal so strong; so able to breast the storms and brave the tempests of life for her little one. With the feeble humanity clinging about her, her frailty becomes might, her fear boldness.

Filial affection ranks hardly inferior in beauty of expression. I watched a little child one day gazing with a sort of adoration upon the face of its fair young mother. Somebody remarked that by the love of years he could not repay or equal the love of his mother to him. How passionately he resented it!—vowing to prove it false. And when—he going up the hill, she down; his boyish face becoming strong, her womanly face weak—that vow turned to action, the adoration growing day by day, until he could worship the real face no longer, worshiping only the glorified, as he saw it through the adamantine walls reflected on the jasper sea—then, indeed, I thought, has he not proved it?

The gratification of lofty ambitions gives to the countenance the expression of one of the grandest of earthly joys, though it should hardly be called gratified ambition which raises the face of the poet so far above the common level. That enraptured look—half delight, half consciousness of victory—comes when he is able to tune to harmony the dreamy, floating music of his brain, and to grasp the shadowy forms of ideal images, moulding them with his delicate touch to perfect symmetry. Even then it is very pleasant to behold the multitudes lifting up their heads and shouting pæans of praise to his name—the multitudes, less fortunate, whose lips will open to no melody, who can only echo back his songs—he standing far above, meanwhile, looking with a kind of godlike scorn upon the plain below.

At length we come to the joy of joys. It has outstripped freedom from care, love, ambition. Far, far up it stands; so far that it is only half earthly; so far that it partakes of the heavenly. Not by its own beauty does the face of the saint surpass us. It looketh down transfigured by the light of God's countenance, that light before whose radiance all falsehood and uncleanness hide away. It is not until the sun of life is very nearly set—until the billows of pride, passion, and earthly hope have rolled away, and the face, looking over the ocean, sees only calm low tide—that it can wear this expression of habitual bliss and peace. Our faces, flushed and eager in the morning and noontide heat, changing with the surging billows, present a strange mixture of earth and heaven.

If I shrink abashed while I behold with rapture the expression that a finite face may wear, how would I dare, if near enough, to gaze upon the Infinite? But I forget that no face can be called finite, and that I,

> "Made like God, and, though undone,"

am

> "Not unmade for love and life."

I forget that originally God created us in "His own image," and that if we enter in the gate we shall again be like Him. I forget that all the expressions of our earthly features approaching the heavenly will remain, changed only as they are glorified.

Would that my face might be among the sanctified—that mine might be among the number from which pride, prejudice, and passion are uprooted, fit only to glance up and meet his smile!

Ah, that face of faces! that face where the perfection of beauty dwells! Sometimes I seem to see it faintly, looking down upon me through the mists of woe—the mists which are too black and thick for any gaze but the Divine to pierce. I fancy that the meek eyes pity me, and that the glory of the halo round the head softens before my anguish. It is very sweet, this dim appearance, comforting and strengthening my soul. I know that I could not bear more, and yet the yearning to behold it plainly will not leave me till denied or satisfied, until I either sink

> "Where myriad faces, like one changeless face,
> With woe, not love, shall glass me every where,
> And overcome me with mine own despair;"

or rise where there are no more clouds or shadows, where Luther, Dante, and the many multitudes, flinging off disguises, shall stand before me as they are, while I, with new, ethereal eyes, shall look upon them and my Lord not as in a vision, not as in a glass, darkly, but as if seeing face to face.

RELICS.

HERE'S a withered leaf, a faded flow'r.
A ring, and a lock of hair,
Laid in a casket of sandal-wood,
And carefully treasured there.

Is it not long since the lid was raised,
And why is it opened now?
Ah! turn to that frail, fair, lifeless form,
And look on that death-cold brow.

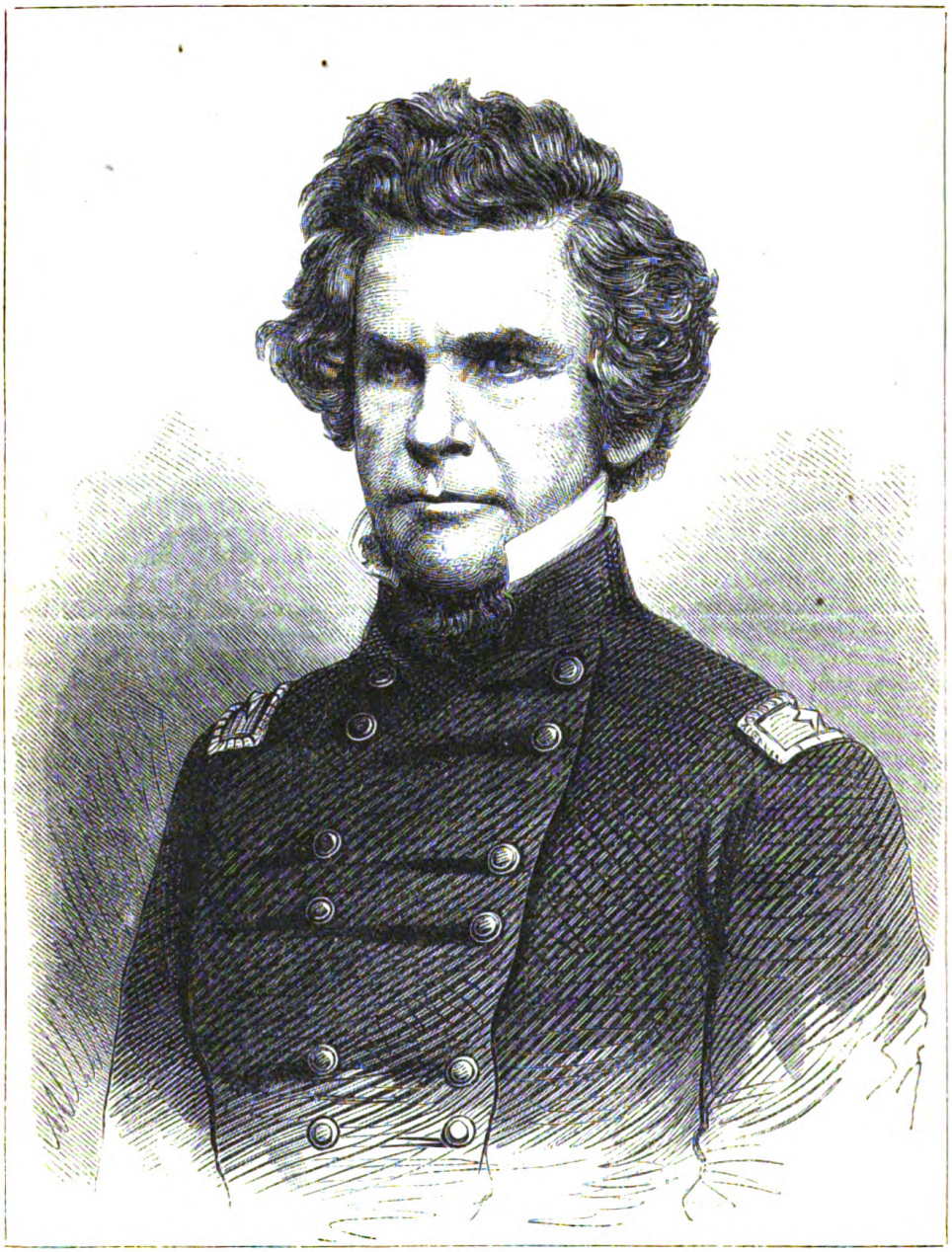
Though we never knew her history,
They tell of a human love
Which, to us, may remain a mystery;
But surely 'tis known above.

Just look at the relics treasured there,
And what is the tale they tell?
That a woman's love is tried and true
Until death shall break the spell!

The dark lock comes from a youthful brow.
Where the eyes beamed tender love.
'Tis fancy the portrait draws for me,
For the truth we can not prove.

Now shut them up from the light of day,
Turn gently the silver key,
The corpse and casket together laid
In one quiet grave shall be!

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ORMSBY M. MITCHEL.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VIII.—A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

The War in Tennessee.—General Mitchel's Plans.—The Bold Enterprise.—Penetrating the Rebel Lines.—Adroit Seizure of the Locomotive.—The Flight.—The Pursuit.—Capture of the Adventurers.—Their Sufferings.—Trial and Execution of Eight.—The Escape of a Party.—Final Exchange of Survivors.

ONE of the most chivalric and daring deeds performed during the civil war in America, was enacted by a band of twenty-four young men in Georgia in the month of April, 1862. General O. M. Mitchel was then marching across the State of Tennessee, having descended from the Ohio, and was aiming for Chattanooga, a strategic point of great importance. There was a very important railroad which ran from Memphis, on the Mississippi River, to Charleston, South Carolina, on the Atlantic coast. This road passed through the important points of Corinth, Huntsville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta, Georgia.

General Mitchel, with his division, was at

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the time lying at Murfreesborough, and was moving on to Shelbyville, a very pleasant town on Duck River. The rebels held Chattanooga and the railroad from that place to Atlanta. Thus troops and munitions of war could easily be transported from one of these important points to the other. Could we succeed in cutting the railroad between these two points and in destroying the bridges we might then seize Chattanooga before reinforcements could be sent from Atlanta for its relief. We should thus gain possession of all of East Tennessee. The rebel army would be cut in two. And, indeed, injury would be inflicted which seemed almost to threaten the very existence of the Confederacy.

It was not possible at that time to send an army by a long march to attack the rebels, who were stationed in considerable force along the road, and to take it from them by main force. The most feasible plan was to send a detachment of bold men, in the common dress of the country, on a secret expedition to burn the bridges. The only way in which this daring exploit could be accomplished was for the adventurers to work their way through the rebel lines to Atlanta, there seize by surprise a locomotive, urge it at its fullest speed toward Chattanooga, stopping only to apply the torch to the bridges behind them, and to rush on by Chattanooga till they reached a point of safety within our army lines near Huntsville, to which point General Mitchel was rapidly moving.

A deed of more perilous and romantic courage has perhaps never been undertaken. The results to be attained were commensurate with the hazards of the adventure. The *Southern Confederacy*, a prominent rebel journal, commenting upon the enterprise, says:

"The mind and heart shrink back appalled at the bare contemplation of the awful consequences which would have followed the success of this one act. We doubt whether the victory of Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this one *coup d'état*. It is not by any means certain that the annihilation of Beauregard's whole army at Corinth would have been so fatal to us as would have been the burning of the bridges at that time by these men."

Twenty-four young men of established reputation for intelligence and bravery were selected for the chivalric adventure. In parties of two and three, in citizen's dress, they met at an appointed rendezvous in a grove near Shelbyville, Tennessee. It was Monday the 10th of April, 1862. Here they matured their plans. Assuming that they were Kentuckians, disgusted with the Government of Abraham Lincoln, and that they were seeking an asylum in the South, they broke up into squads of three or four and traversed as rapidly as possible the sparsely settled country to rendezvous on Thursday, the 13th, at Chattanooga, in the midst of one of the thronging encampments of the rebels. The distance to be traveled on foot was a little over one hundred miles. Through multiplied difficulties and many hair-breadth escapes they worked their way along over the rugged spurs of the Cumberland mountains until they reached the Tennessee River, nearly opposite Chattanooga.

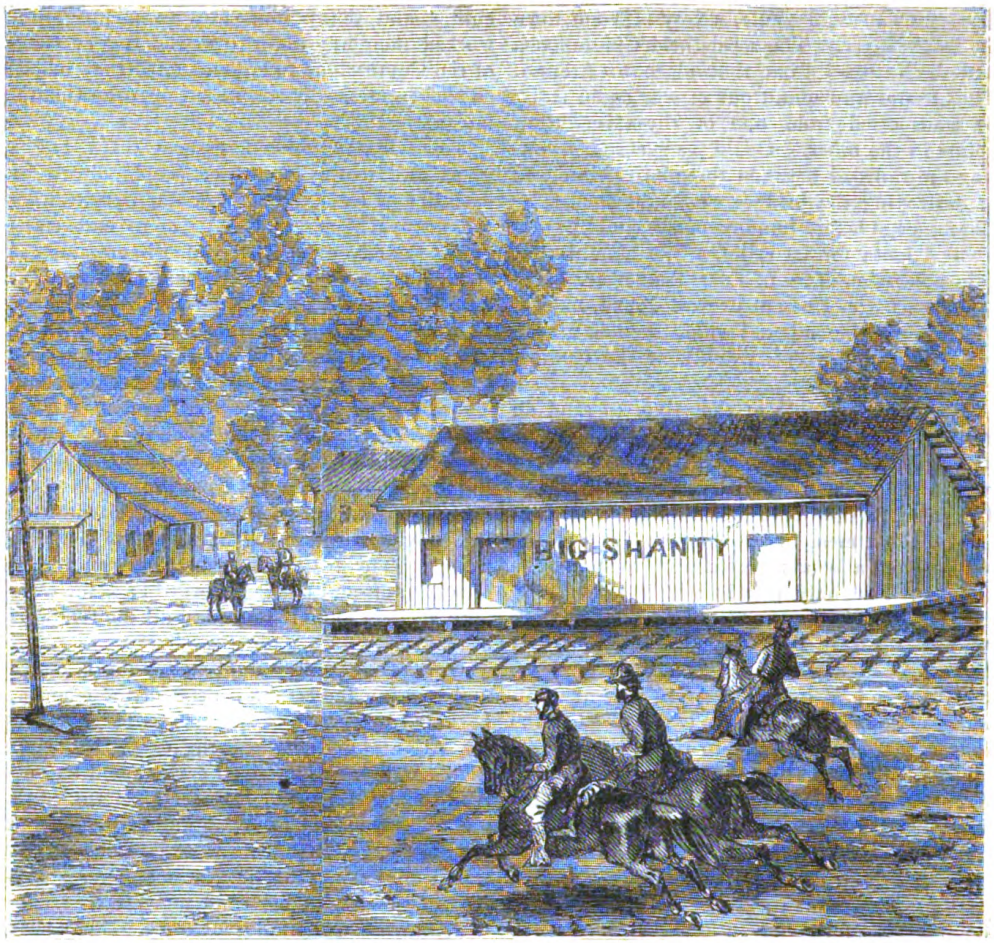
There was a horse ferry-boat there, and a great and motley crowd of people drawn by curiosity or the exigencies of war were waiting to be conveyed across. After many embarrassments the adventurers succeeded in crossing the river, having eluded all the surveillance of the patrols and guards. The news had just reached Chattanooga that General Mitchel had taken possession of Huntsville, on the railroad, scarcely one hundred miles west of their encampment. These tidings created great excitement and almost consternation in the rebel ranks. Chattanooga had been until about that time a small, unknown village, buried from the world in the midst of towering mountains, and situated on the eastern or rather southern bank of the Tennessee. The little town presented an air of great tumult and bustle, crowded as it then was with soldiers and civilians and all the followers of an army.

Our adventurers, mingling with the crowd and wearing the common dress of the country, hastened to the dépôt, purchased their tickets for Atlanta and entered the cars. Some of their comrades had arrived earlier, and had already taken a train of cars for Marietta, but a few miles this side of Atlanta. It was late in the afternoon. The cars were crowded mostly with soldiers, so that there was scarcely standing room. The rebels had just received false news of some astounding victories. They were greatly elated. As the cars rolled along jokes, laughter, and oaths rang through the night air.

Marietta was the point at which they were to take the cars preparatory for their bold achievement. At midnight the cars reached that station. The party repaired to different hotels, having arranged to meet in the dépôt at four o'clock in the morning, to take the train going back to Chattanooga. J. J. Andrews, of Kentucky, a man of extraordinary character, and who was perfectly familiar with the South, was chief of the expedition, and managed all its details with great sagacity. By the casualties of the journey two of the young men were absent, and there were but twenty-two who took passage on the train.

A short ride brought them to a station called Big Shanty. There was at this place an encampment of nearly ten thousand conscripts. Here the cars stopped for a few moments while the engineer, conductor, and many of the passengers stepped into an eating-house for refreshments. Andrews rose from his seat and said, calmly, "Let us go, boys!" Mingling with the crowd of passengers, and of course attracting no attention, they moved forward leisurely to the head of the train. Two of them, W. W. Brown and William Knight, from Ohio, were accomplished railroad engineers. One of the men

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BIG SHANTY STATION.

stealthily uncoupled the baggage cars, upon which the rest had clambered from the remainder of the train, while the two engineers, who were at their post, pulled open the valve and put on all steam. In less time than we have taken to describe it the locomotive was rushing forward at its highest speed. There were four or five rebel regiments within forty rods of the spot from which the locomotive started. We may imagine the bewilderment with which they gazed upon the receding engine as it disappeared in the distance.

Our brave adventurers were too much exhilarated by the excitement of the hour to observe the amazement with which the sudden flight of the engine was regarded by the thousands who were grouped around. Onward they rushed, with almost lightning speed, in silent sublimity of emotion too deep to find expression in smiles or words. Thus far every thing had succeeded according to their most sanguine expectations. With some anxiety, however, they looked upon the telegraph wires, running along by their side. Though they had taken the precaution to start from a dépôt where there was no telegraph station, still it was a matter of much moment that as speedily as possible they should cut the wires.

Having run about four miles they stopped, and while one of their number, John Scott, of Ohio, climbed the pole and sawed off the wire, others tore up a rail to retard any pursuers. They were now all overjoyed with their success, and warmly they congratulated each other with the prospect of the triumphant termination of their chivalric enterprise.

Andrews had taken the precaution to ascertain what down trains he had to pass, and where to pass them. There was, as they supposed, but one train for them to meet on that day. But in consequence of some military necessity the rebels had put on that day two special trains. When they had arrived at the point where the down train was to pass, quite to their consternation they found that it bore a red flag, thus announcing that another train was following behind. They had, however, still the track for a little time to themselves, and they moved along slowly, for they were ahead of time, to a side track where they were to wait for the special train to pass.

Thus they lost twenty-five precious minutes. It was an awful loss. The pursuers were now upon their track. As soon as the waited-for train was in sight, and they were just ready to

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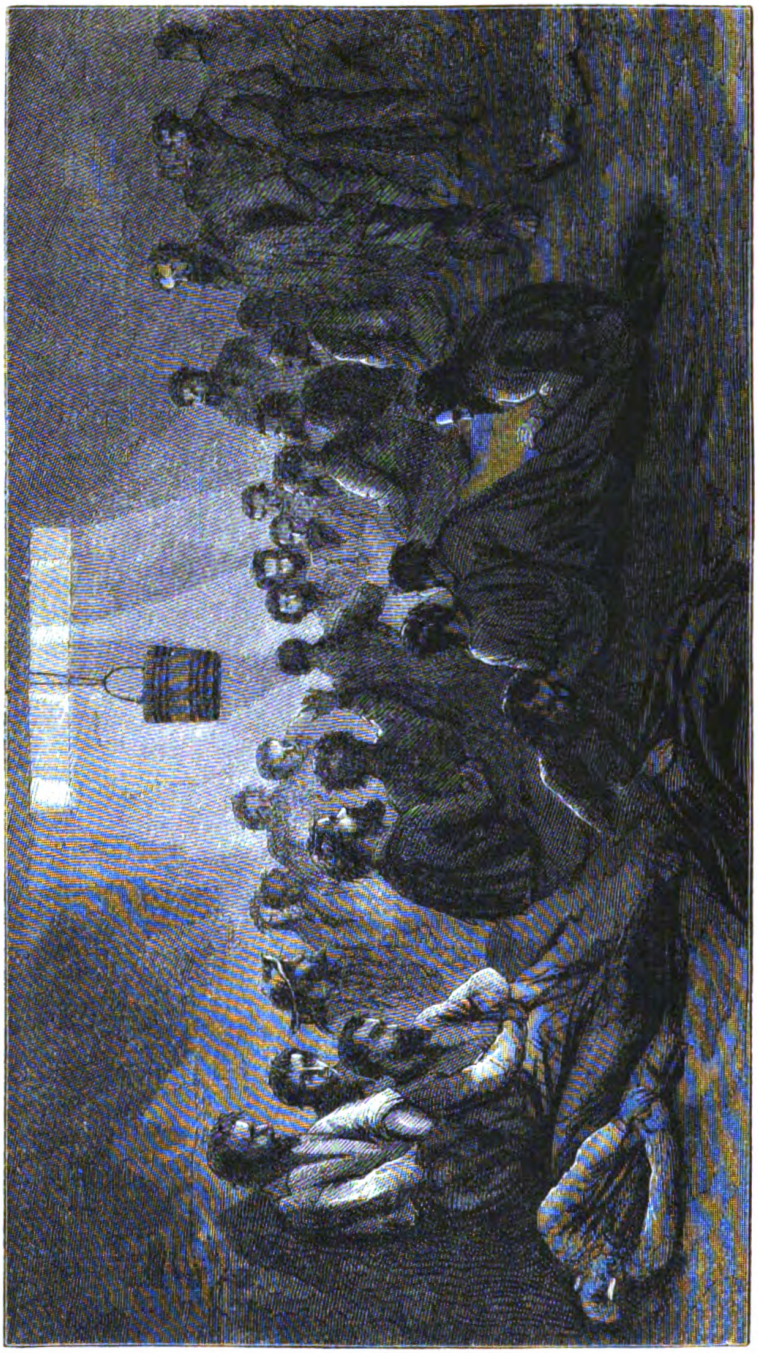


CAPTURE OF THE FUGITIVES.

push on with renewed velocity, much to their dismay they saw that this train also bore a *red flag*, announcing still another train behind. They, however, pushed on to the next station, hoping there to pass the train. In the mean time they cut the wires between the two stations, and hurriedly threw such impediments as were at hand behind them upon the track. Just as they were trying with almost the energies of despair to wrench up one of the rails, they heard the whistle of an engine in pursuit. With frantic strength they broke the rail in two and threw the fragment upon their car as they sprang upon it.

Encouraged by the hope that this would delay their pursuers for some time, they rushed onward and reached a spot where they passed the down-coming train in safety. They now goaded their engine to its utmost possible speed; at times attaining a velocity of sixty miles an hour. Still the foe crowded closely behind. No longer was there any thought of burning the bridges or tearing up the road. Indeed only a miracle could enable them to escape with their lives. Onward and still onward they dashed, passing stations and villages with meteoric speed and roar, exciting amazement in all beholders as

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THE PRISON AT CHATTANOOGA.

they witnessed the apparently terrific flight of the locomotive, followed with equal velocity by an engine with three cars attached, loaded with excited soldiers.

After running in this manner about one hundred miles their wood and water gave out, their oil was expended, and the foe was in sight. They were then within about fifteen miles of Chattanooga. Their pursuers were close upon them. Their situation was desperate, and there was no alternative before them but to leap from the train and take to the woods, each one to save himself as he might. They jumped from the car while still in motion, and running, some to the right and others to the left, were soon dispersed through the forest of pines. Escape, however, was, under the circumstances, almost hopeless.

It was Saturday the 12th day of April. It so happened that there was a regimental muster near by, and many planters were present with their horses and blood-hounds. This whole force of soldiers, planters, and hounds was immediately put upon the pursuit of the fugitives. By means of these fierce dogs, who had been trained in the pursuit of the unhappy slaves,

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every one of these heroic adventurers was captured. There was one orphan boy, Jacob Parrott, only eighteen years of age. He belonged to the Thirty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. When seized by the infuriated rebels, who manifested a degree of ferocity which would have disgraced savages, they took the poor boy, bent him down almost double over a large stone, and while four of the "chivalry" held him down in that stooping posture, by his hands and his feet, a rebel officer, in a lieutenant's uniform, with a raw hide laid upward of a hundred lashes upon his bare back. A riotous crowd were shouting around, all the time clamoring for his blood. A rope was brought with which they insisted that he should be hung. Three times during the progress of this merciless scourging it was suspended, when they demanded of the heroic young patriot that he should divulge the names of his comrades, the designs of the expedition, and especially the name of the engineer who ran the train. But all the torment which their savage ingenuity could devise could not extort any confession from him. They only ceased their brutal work when they found that the task of subduing their victim was hopeless.

The twenty captives, when taken, were all thrust into the negro jail at Chattanooga. They were thrown into a damp, dirty, miserable cell half underground, as gloomy as the world-renowned *oubliettes* of the Bastile. This dungeon was thirteen feet square. In this room over thirty victims of Southern barbarism were crowded together. Many of them were Southern men, who, for the "crime" of refusing to join in rebellion and treason, had been subjected to almost every conceivable outrage. The only entrance was by a trap-door opening from the floor above. Two small windows thickly barred with iron let in a few rays of light and scarcely air enough to support life. The horrors of the "black hole" in Calcutta were unsurpassed by those endured in this miserable dungeon. There was not space enough for all to lie down together, and these heroic men, whose sublime daring should at least have won respect, were exposed to barbarities which were a disgrace to the nineteenth century. There is not a civilized nation on the globe which would have treated prisoners of war, or even the most loathsome criminals, with cruelty so revolting. But slavery had converted the South into a state of semi-barbarism.

The pursuit, as described by the rebels, must have been nearly as exciting as the flight. The conductor and engineer of the train were quietly breakfasting in the Big Shanty Hotel, at Camp M'Donald, when to their indescribable amazement the locomotive with the baggage car took its flight. The rebels seem ever to have been inspired with an instinctive consciousness of the audacity of the Yankees. It was at once surmised that this was a chivalric adventure of their terrible foes. The engineer, conductor, and foreman of the wood department, immediately started upon the run, apparently chasing the engine, which was whirling away at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This at first excited the most boisterous shouts of laughter from the thousands of soldiers who were standing around.

But the pursuers knew well what they were about. Having run about three miles they came to a hand-car. This they seized and pushed forward with new speed. When they came to an up grade they pushed it before them. On the down grades they could advance with great velocity. At length they came to a place where the patriots had torn up a rail. In their eagerness, not noticing this, they were all thrown, car and men, pell-mell on one side of the road. The car, however, was uninjured, and no bones were broken. The car was replaced on the track, and the rebels were again in full pursuit.

Thus they pushed on for twenty miles, till they came to Etowah Station, where there chanced to be a locomotive fired up and all ready for a start. This they seized. Putting on a full head of steam they soon reached Kingston, where they learned that the adventurers were but twenty minutes ahead of them. Here they found a locomotive capable of much higher speed, which was fired up, waiting for the arrival of a passenger train, when it was to proceed by a branch road to Rome.

A large number of soldiers and planters had now joined them with swords, revolvers, and muskets. Aided by their fresh engine, and with their little army, onward they now flew with almost the speed of the wind. The obstructions which the fugitives threw behind them upon the track were speedily removed. At length they came to a place where three rails had been torn up and carried away. They could drive their locomotive no farther. With great promptness and energy they abandoned the engine; ran along the track two miles; met the down freight train near Adairsville; reversed the train; ran back to the station; switched the train off upon the side-track; turned the engine, and rushed on to Calhoun.

Here they gathered a new force of armed men to pursue the fugitives, a telegraph operator, and workmen to repair the road. Again they were rushing forward with almost frenzied speed. As they were turning a curve they caught a glimpse of the now crippled engine they were pursuing scarcely a mile ahead of them. The adventurers had stopped a moment to tear up the track. Hearing the approach of the foe they sprang upon their car, and again sped away. The pursuers pressing on in hot haste came to the spot were the rails were torn up. Their workmen, with the necessary tools, instantly tore up the rails behind them, and replaced those which were taken away.

The flight and the chase were now exciting beyond all power of words to describe. The locomotives were frequently in sight of each other. The engine of the patriots was rapidly failing. Wood and water were nearly gone, and the unoiled boxes were almost melting with heat. In this their extremity they uncoupled two of the box cars, and left them to retard the

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THE PURSUIT.

pursuers. But the energetic pursuers pushed the cars before them to the first turn out, and were soon within four hundred yards of their victims. Only then our adventurers leaped from their car and took to the woods.

We now return to the prisoners in their dismal dungeon.

Their trap-door was opened twice a day, when their food was let down to them in a bucket. There were no opportunities for washing clothes or person. There was no permission to leave the dungeon for any of the wants which these frail bodies require. They were, of course, soon covered with vermin. The heat in that almost tropical region, where so many were huddled together, was so insupportable that they were often obliged to strip themselves entirely naked to be able to bear it. In addition to all this they were cruelly handcuffed, and with trace-chains, secured by padlocks around their necks, were fastened to each other in companies of twos and threes. Such was the treatment, in the American village of Chattanooga, on the beautiful banks of the Tennessee, of the noblest of American citizens, for the crime of loyalty to the Stars and the Stripes.

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The prisoners descended into this cell by a ladder, which was then drawn up. Many of the victims of these rebel atrocities were Tennessee Union men, the noblest men of the State. Their food consisted of a small piece of meat, and a little flour mixed with water and baked, presenting a substance about as hard and indigestible as lead. The rebels rifled the pockets of the captives, leaving not a solitary copper behind.

Mr. Andrews, the leader of the railroad party, was a man of unusually heroic and noble character. After several weeks of imprisonment an order came for twelve of the captives to be sent to Knoxville for trial. Andrews, with several of his comrades, was left behind. A week after the departure of those who were taken to Knoxville an officer came into the prison and carelessly handed to Andrews his death-warrant. He made a desperate attempt to escape, but was recaptured, the whole force of the garrison at Chattanooga being sent in pursuit of him, aided by blood-hounds. After suffering more than can well be imagined, torn and bleeding he was taken back to Chattanooga, and so heavily chained that he could scarcely move. As there was danger that General Mitchel might make an advance upon Chattanooga his execution was ordered to take place at Atlanta. He was taken there in the cars, exposed all the way down to jeers and insults from the brutal people who frowned around. Tottering beneath the weight of his clanking chains, he walked to the scaffold. Through the whole trying scene he displayed the firmness of the patriot.

"Boys," said he to his comrades, as they were taken from him to be carried to Knoxville, "if I never see you here again try to meet me on the other side of Jordan."

Physically he was one of the noblest specimens of manhood. As he was swung from the scaffold his great weight so stretched the rope that his feet touched the ground. The wretches got some shovels and dug away the earth beneath his feet. Thus this patriot and Christian died. He was but thirty-three years of age, and was to have been married in the very month in which, by traitorous hands, he was hung.

The twelve who were removed to Knoxville were arraigned for trial, one by one. They were brought before a court-martial, one each day, the trial lasting about an hour. They were charged with being spies, and were allowed to employ counsel. The defense was, that being in citizens' clothes did not take from them protection belonging to citizens of war, since the Confederate Government authorized all the guerrillas in their service to wear citizen's dress. Moreover, it was a common custom for them, whenever it would serve their purpose, to dress their troops even in the United States uniform. It was also urged that the object of the expedition was purely a military one, for the destruction of communications, which was lawful according to the rules of war.

The defense was apparently so conclusive that several members of the court-martial, who had some humanity still remaining in their bosoms, called upon the captives and assured them that, according to the laws of war, they, under the circumstances, could only be regarded as prisoners of war, and not as spies. It was proved that they had entered the rebel camp not as spies seeking information, but to accomplish a definite object which war allowed.

After seven of the captives had been tried the rapid advance of General Mitchel upon Chattanooga broke up the court-martial, as all the officers composing it were compelled to hasten to their regiments to resist his march. Knoxville was also threatened, and the captives were hurriedly removed to Atlanta. The ferocity which has characterized the conduct of the rebels throughout this war has always been incited by those men in high stations who were its leading spirits. The remorseless despotism at Richmond was determined that no clemency on the part of the court-martial should spare the captives.

On the 18th of June the clanking of the swords of some officers was heard ascending the stairs of the prison at Atlanta. The door was thrown open, and the seven young men, who had been already tried, were called into another room. One, who was so sick of fever that he could not stand, was lifted from his cot and supported, with tottering steps, out of the room. In a few moments they returned, with their hands tied behind them, and with the announcement that they were immediately to be led out to execution. Not a moment was allowed to bid adieu to their comrades, to write a parting word of love to mother or sister, or even to fall upon their knees and implore the pardon and sustaining grace of God. The young men were entirely unprepared for this dread announcement, for they had scarcely a doubt that they were to be regarded as prisoners of war. One of them exclaimed in anguish to a friend, "Oh! try to be better prepared when you come to die than I am!" Another, who had been a merry, thoughtless boy, cried out in agony, which touched all hearts but those of his unfeeling executioners, "Boys, I am not prepared to meet Jesus. I *know* that I am not prepared." Another, Samuel Slavens, who had left a young family in his native State, was heard to murmur with trembling voice, "Wife—children—tell—" when emotion overwhelmed him and he could say no more. John Scott had been married but three days when he entered the army. As he thought of his young bride he could only clasp his hands in speechless agony. Marion A. Ross, of Ohio, seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength. His cheek glowed and his eye flashed with animation. Fully comprehending the sublimity of the sacrifice he was making, he said, with firm voice, "Tell them at home, if any of you escape, that I died for my country, and did not regret it."

All this occurred in a moment. "Come,

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hurry up there!" exclaimed the brutal marshal who stood at the door with other officers; "come on, we can't wait." Samuel Robinson, of Ohio, the young man who was too sick to walk, was hurried away with the rest. The death-cart was at the door. The seven captives were crowded into it. A company of mounted rebels surrounded them. When placed upon the scaffold with ropes around their necks George D. Wilson, of Ohio, asked permission to speak a few words. His request was granted, probably with the expectation that he was to make some confession. In eloquent words, and with Roman heroism, this young American citizen then said:

"I have no hostile feelings toward the Southern people. Their rulers, not they, are responsible for this rebellion. I am no spy, but a soldier regularly detailed for military duty. I do not regret dying for my country, I only regret the manner of my death. You may all depend upon it that this rebellion will yet be crushed down. You will all regret the part you have taken in it. The time will soon come when the flag of our Union will float over our whole undivided country, and over the very spot where this scaffold now stands."

There were about four hundred of low, uncultured men, such as compose the rank and file of the rebel army, surrounding the gallows. With oaths and ribald jests they assailed the patriots. As the platform fell five only were seen struggling suspended in the air. Two ropes had broken, and William Campbell of Kentucky, and Samuel Slavens of Ohio, fell to the ground bruised, bleeding, and almost insensible. Soon they slightly recovered and begged that a few moments might be granted them that they might pray for the forgiveness and the help of God. The request was insultingly refused. New ropes were provided. They were again dragged upon the scaffold and launched into eternity. The mob shouted, and dispersed to drink themselves drunk in their merriment over hanging these "Yankee Abolitionists."

The four captives who were left in the prison behind, simply because their trial had not yet taken place, in gloom unspeakable soon saw the cart return empty, thus announcing that the terrible tragedy was finished.

The energetic movements of General Mitchel kept the rebels in a constant state of alarm. The surviving captives were frequently moved from one prison to another, and there was no time to convene another court-martial. They were most of them collected in the jail at Atlanta. The execution of their comrades and the peril to which they were exposed of meeting at any day the same fate, so affected them that by a unanimous vote they established morning and evening prayers. Each one in turn, as they all kneeled together, offered his brief and fervent petition. A more touching scene can not well be imagined, or one which more impressively shows what a support true religion is to the human soul in the hour of sorest trial. There was a Methodist clergyman in Atlanta by the name of M'Donnell, who was very kind to these men, lending them books and speaking to them words of Christian sympathy. We mention this that should any of our soldiers chance to meet him, they may remember his kindness to their imprisoned brethren. The negroes were as ever the firm friends of our soldiers. They were unwearied in their endeavors to help the captives, even exposing themselves to cruel scourgings that they might befriend them.

After writing most of the above I chanced to come across a little book, entitled "Daring and Suffering," written by Lieutenant William Pittenger, of Ohio, who was one of the adventurers in this heroic enterprise, and who, after many hair-breadth escapes, succeeded in reaching friends and home. In his interesting narrative he gives a minute detail of those scenes of which here we can give but a brief sketch.

"We had friends in the waiters of the prison, though their faces were black. They assisted us by every means in their power. It was not long till they found that there was nothing we desired so much as to read the news; and they taxed their ingenuity to gratify us. They would wait till the jailer or some of the guard had finished reading a paper and laid it down and then slyly purloin it. When meal time came it would be put into the bottom of the pan, in which our food was brought, and thus handed in to us. The paper had to be returned in the same way to avoid suspicion. For several months it was only through their instrumentality that we could obtain any definite information of what was going on in the world without.

"Having found the negroes thus intelligent and useful, far beyond what I had supposed possible, I questioned them about other matters. They were better informed than I had given them credit for, and knew enough to disbelieve all the stories the rebels told. When the whites were not present they laughed at the grand victories the papers were publishing every day. They imagined that all the Northern troops were chivalrous soldiers, fighting for the universal rights of man. They never wavered in their belief that the Union troops would conquer, and that the result of the victory would be their freedom. I never saw one who did not cherish an ardent desire for freedom, and wish and long for the time when the triumph of the national forces would place the coveted boon within his grasp."

The months rolled heavily along, and summer and autumn passed sadly away. Many plans were talked over by the survivors, now fourteen in number, for attempting an escape. But they were guarded with such vigilance that no plan could be presented which did not seem utterly desperate. At length the provost marshal came into their room one day and informed them that he had received a letter from the Secretary of War at Richmond, inquiring why all the party engaged in the railroad adventure

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UNDER THE FLAG.

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had not been executed. And soon they received intelligence that another dispatch had come ordering their immediate execution. The frantic struggles of despair now became prudence. They seized their jailer, gagged him, wrenched from him his keys, rushed down stairs and sprang upon the guard, tore their guns from them, scaled the walls, and ran for the woods. The whole garrison in Atlanta was immediately in commotion. A regiment of cavalry was started off in pursuit. Their chivalric commander, Colonel Lee, said,

"Don't take one of the villains alive. Shoot them down, and let them lie in the woods for the birds and hogs to eat."

Eight of the heroes escaped. J. A. Wilson and Mark Wood, both from Ohio, after adventures as marvelous as were ever detailed in the dreams of romance, pushing south directly through the densest throngs of rebeldom, at last reached the Gulf of Mexico, where they succeeded in getting beneath the protection of the Stars and Stripes, on a United States gun-boat. J. R. Porter and John Wollam, also from Ohio, ran in a westerly direction. Traveling by night and hiding by day, after a month of hunger, toil, and peril which no pen can describe, they reached Corinth, where the national banner received them under its protecting folds. M. J. Hawkins and D. A. Dorsey, both also from Ohio, after wandering through the woods for three weeks, traveling only by starlight, living upon roots and raw sweet-potatoes, finally aided by Union men, whom they found scattered through the mountains, reached Somerset, Kentucky, from which place they were transported to their regiments, where they were received as from the dead. Two, W. W. Brown and William Knight, also from Ohio, were never afterward heard from. They probably perished of hunger and exposure in the woods. All the rest, six in number, were recaptured.

It was now October. As the jail was not deemed a safe place for their confinement they were removed to the city barracks, where their situation was much less uncomfortable. Several Union Tennesseeans were imprisoned with them. Weeks of the dreary monotony of prison-life rolled on. One day, when in the lowest depths of despondency, they were roused to almost a frenzy of joy by the tidings that they were exchanged, and were immediately to be sent to the Union lines. On the 3d day of December, a bitter cold, wintry day, our captives, in only summer clothing, and those ragged and threadbare, were placed in a box-car, and, almost perishing with cold, were borne over the frozen roads toward Virginia. After a long ride, in which they suffered excessively from hunger as well as cold, they reached Richmond. It was the 7th of December, 1862. To their infinite disappointment they found that they had been deceived. Instead of being exchanged they were placed in Castle Thunder, the Bastile of the South. Here they remained in bitter confinement during the months of December and January, hope every day growing more and more faint. They had no fire, very scanty food, and scarcely any clothing. It seemed to be the endeavor of the barbarian rebels to kill them by the lingering tortures of starvation and freezing. In view of the sufferings inflicted upon them one of their jailers was overheard to say, influenced by a spark of humanity which still remained in his bosom,

"If you want to kill the men, and I know the rascals deserve it, do it at once. But don't keep them there to die by inches, for it will disgrace us all over the world."

In March it was announced that arrangements had been made for a general exchange. The joy this excited no tongue can tell. On the 17th of March an officer entered the prison in the evening, and stated that our captives, with several others, were to leave the next morning in a flag-of-truce boat, to be conveyed to the American lines.

"The evening," writes Mr. Pittenger, "was one of wild excitement. Nearly all acted like men bereft of reason. Their joyousness found vent in vociferous cheers, in dancing and bounding over the floor, in embracing each other and pledging kind remembrances."

Early the next morning they took the cars, and at City Point were received into a flag-of-truce boat—the *State of Maine*—over which the Star-Spangled Banner was gloriously floating. Down the James and up the Potomac they went, their hearts throbbing with joyous excitement. Here they met with that honorable reception which they so richly merited. Each one received a beautiful medal in commemoration of his heroic though unfortunate adventure. All their arrearages were paid, the money taken from them and other property of which they had been robbed were refunded, and a purse of a hundred dollars placed in each one's hand. They then received a furlough to visit their friends. Before they left Washington they were received by the President, who greeted them with his characteristic fatherly affection.

The names of these young men should be handed down to posterity with honor. We give them as we find them recorded in the very interesting personal narrative of William Pittenger. Eight of them were executed. Their names were J. J. Andrews, Kentucky, and William Campbell, George D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrack, Samuel Slavens, Samuel Robinson, and John Scott, all from Ohio. The following, eight in number, who were also from Ohio, escaped in October, though the first two mentioned probably perished in the woods, as they were never heard from. They were W. W. Brown, William Knight, J. B. Porter, Mark Wood, J. A. Wilson, M. J. Hawkins, John Wollam, and D. A. Dorsey. The following six were finally exchanged: Jacob Parrott, Robert Buffum, William Bensinger, William Reddick, E. H. Mason, and William Pittenger.

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INTRODUCTIONS.

THERE is one subject concerning which the American people labor under a most grievous error. I allude to their general and indiscriminate passion for introductions. Not introductions to books, which are very good things in their way, provided they be not too long; but introductions to persons—forcible abductions, so to speak, of a human being out from the jurisdiction of his or her rational inclinations without the preliminary form of an extradition treaty.

If there be one inherent right of man which should be respected under any and every form of government — imperial, constitutional monarchic, patriarchal, or elective—it is the undoubted prerogative of each individual to have a voice in the selection of his acquaintances. An old Spanish proverb says, "Tell me who your associates are, and I will tell you what you are;" and yet, in the face of the universal credence attached to this saying, a man's character and reputation are, in our great republic, entirely at the mercy of every ruthless monomaniac of whom he may have the slightest possible knowledge.

The worst feature of this great social evil is that it increases in a geometrical progression with x for a ratio. The common but surprising problem relating to a barter, founded on the number of nails in a horse's shoes, is a trivial impertinence compared with the stupendous proportions soon assumed by one's range of acquaintances in a large city under the hideous system that prevails. For instance—you have the ill luck to meet one John Smith some day at one of your usual resorts. Smith was, perhaps, a college classmate, or a fellow-clerk in a counting-house (before you rose to your present commercial eminence); or, peradventure, he is a client, or a patient (if a learned profession claim you). At all events, Smith is a fact; a disagreeable one, it may be, but none the less a fact. Smith is, of course, delighted to see you, and, after a few anxious inquiries touching your health and "your folks," avails himself of the opportunity to "make you acquainted" with Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, three friends of his, who happen to be with him on that occasion. If you should be residents of the same city, the chances are that you will meet Smith nearly every day, and that, at each meeting, he will present you to a fresh batch of "friends;" for such fellows as he are popular men, and seldom go abroad without picking up a few desultory companions. This is bad enough; but it is only a beginning to your catalogue of undesired introductions. Each of Smith's friends has as large a circle of acquaintances as the original poisoner of your social existence; and, go where you will—to a hotel, to a reading-room, in cars, steamboats, banking-houses, restaurants —in town or country—you are sure to meet some one of Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Company, and as sure to be presented to some half dozen more of *their* friends, until your brain reels, and you envy the position, social and physical, of St. Simon Stylites as one precluding introductions except through a speaking-trumpet. If you be of a nervous temperament, you are forced to shun public promenades and other "busy haunts of men" by the momentary fear that some "yesterdated" acquaintance may grapple with you, and parade his arm-in-arm vulgarity in odious companionship for dreary hours; or —horrible idea! — even thrust upon you still others of his cognizance and kidney.

This is the most appalling phase of the epidemic in question; but there are other forms of the disease less grave as to their effects upon the reputation of the sufferer, but involving an even more acute pang at the time of infliction. Prominent among these is what may be termed "Ball-room Borgianism"—a sacrificial ceremony wherein the lady of the house officiates as high-priestess, and immolates defenseless male youth upon the altars of unresponsive Wall-Floras. You find upon your library table a crested missive, through whose copper-plated medium Mrs. Hautevolée requests the pleasure of your company on Monday the —th instant, at 9 o'clock. Dancing, R. S. V. P. Knowing that the adorable Euphrasia will be there, you have, veraciously and conventionally, "great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Hautevolée's polite invitation for Monday evening next, and Bridget receives particular directions about "doing up" your white cravat with the embroidered ends, and the elaborate shirt-bosom you brought from Paris. A week passes, filled with entrancing visions of Euphrasia and Fairyland; murmured rapture in the mazy waltz; delicious intercourse of souls in the conservatory's leafiest nook; sweet sounds and floating perfumes; and at last Monday evening comes. Who that sees you enter those resplendent rooms can realize the anxious care bestowed upon that *dégagé* costume—the *ars celare artem* adroitly manifested in the easy tie of the white cravat with the embroidered ends? Who among that throng of worldly votaries can know that beneath the elaborate shirt-bosom a swelling heart crinkles the superjacent starch with palpitating tremor? The saloons swarm with lovely girls; a vanishing perspective of gauzy robes and flashing jewels is indefinitely reflected in opposing mirrors; soft, languid music steals through the air, rising and falling in the hum of conversation; the "world" is there with its hopes and fears, its intrigues and enmities; but what are all these to you? Your eyes, your ears, your thoughts are centred in Euphrasia; Euphrasia, who sits yonder, more bewitching than ever, being terribly bored (you feel sure) by that stupid, conceited puppy, Bliffins, whom you remember when his father kept a small shop in the "thread-needle" line of business, and whose intelligence, education, and fortune you are confident are very much overrated. Being a man of the world, you are, of course, too diplomatic to address the object of your devotion at once; your policy (worldly schemer that you are) is to wait until the earlier crowd shall have dispersed; to

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be dutifully polite to ladies present who have invited you to their parties, and ingratiatingly attentive to those who may invite you hereafter; and then, when supper-time arrives, to offer her your arm; to minister to her wants; to struggle fiercely for her refection; and afterward to thrill through three blissful hours of "German cotillion" with her as partner. You pass her, therefore, with a bow and an expressive glance, and enter upon your routine of "business," artfully contriving, as midnight draws near, to remain unencumbered by confining your civilities to such fair beings as are certain to be claimed by other admiring swains.

Finally, the supper-room doors swing open, and the reward of all your toil seems close at hand; your are hastening to where Euphrasia's delicate kid glove awaits your protecting broadcloth, when the hostess arrests your progress, and, like a civil highwaywoman, robs you of your birth-right of free agency, and remorselessly snatches from your grasp the prize for which you have waited and served so long. She "wants to introduce you to a very sweet girl who doesn't know many gentlemen, and who has no partner for the 'German.' Would you kindly see that she gets some supper?" Resistance is futile. You know that there is no escape; so, with a gulp of resignation, you suffer yourself to be handed over to the custody of an immature seraph with pronounced collarbones and a freckled complexion, whose vocabulary consists mainly of monosyllables, and whose comprehension has never soared higher than the level of a school history. She feeds voraciously at supper (how different from the delicate daintiness of Euphrasia!), and when the "German" commences you discover that she dances execrably, and puts water on her hair. To add to your anguish, Euphrasia (doubtless reserving herself for you) is for some time without a partner, but finally dances with the brutal Bliffins, whom you watch, eight couples away, grinning and basking in the light of her smile, while you, the legitimate heir to that happiness, are exiled to the arid promontories and sterile plains of the seraph's mind and body.

But if an "arbitrary arrest," such as the foregoing, be reprehensible, even when made by the high official authority of the hostess, what language can adequately anathematize the still more aggravated instances of kidnapping constantly perpetrated in "society" by brothers, cousins, uncles, and guardians of unattractive debutantes? The hand that traces these lines has scores of times been clasped with hypocritical fervor by felonious men who sought a victim to whom they might transfer the incubus of some forlorn female relative, and whom, once lodged within her desperate clutch, they would leave to his fate throughout the weary night, pursuing the pleasures of their own emancipation in heartless indifference to the languishing captive.

Can no species of social *habeas corpus* be devised for the relief of such cases of distress? Is there no law to prevent such flagrant breaches of the peace of mind? The minor miscreant who robs you of your purse, or he who illegally restricts your personal liberty in the outer world is condignly punished by the laws of the land; but what are their crimes compared with the offense against the nobler inner man, involved in these fashionable garrotings?

Many people consider it a point of good-breeding to present each of their visitors to all the rest; and, consequently, every new-comer on their "reception days" is formally retailed out to some dozen or fifteen previous arrivals. This may occasionally produce some awkward complications. Cardovan and I fell out some ten years or more ago. (Oh, Sophronia! there are scars which never, never fade.) From that time to this a mortal enmity has been between us. We glare defiance at each other in the streets, and each is to the other gall and wormwood; and yet scarce a month passes wherein we are not introduced by some well-meaning person at whose house we chance to meet. To me the oft-repeated form has lost its bitterness; but I can see his coarser nature wince under the chilling courtesy with which I recognize his presence. By continued practice I have succeeded in imparting to my "delighted to make your acquaintance, Sir," a barb which I can see rankle in his plebeian soul; and my adolescent anguish is amply revenged.

A trustful mind, unlearned in the world's vile ways, might innocently imagine that by refraining from the outer intercourse of society, and adopting an eremitical course of life, these persecutions could be avoided. Vain delusion! You may forego the privilege of breathing the free air of heaven; you may shun your fellow-men, and resign the sphere of lovely woman's inspiring influence; you may forget old acquaintances, but you can not escape new ones. Popular solicitude will be aroused by your absence from your wonted resorts, and objectionable interlopers will "just drop in to see how you are," each one "taking the liberty to present a friend who happened to be passing with him." Should you be so utterly unfortunate as to possess a tastefully furnished house, a valuable picture, a fine group of statuary, a cabinet of coins or conchology, or any other attraction to public curiosity, your fate is sealed. "Not at home" is an entirely ineffective barrier against inroads. Every one who has ever had the most distant intercourse with you will bring scores of country connections to examine the interesting features of your domicile, and they troop from garret to cellar, hunting you down in any place of concealment you may have resorted to, and forcing upon your hospitality a crowd of prying inquisitors, each of whom will probably within the week presume upon this formality to act as cicerone to a party of his own selection.

At your club you are pursued by the same relentless ill-fortune. A visitor from another city, perhaps, brings a letter of introduction to you,

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and as the simplest mode of disposing of him, you inscribe his name upon the list of club guests. Now, one would suppose that to the most ordinary comprehension it would be self-evident that the fact of your neglecting to avail yourself of the facilities offered by club life to form the acquaintance of some of your fellow-members of long standing, must necessarily arise from disinclination on one side or the other; but the very first demonstration of gratitude on the part of your invited guest is to introduce you to the man whom, of all others, you have most sedulously striven not to know.

Illustrations of the nuisance under consideration could be multiplied *ad infinitum*; but I trust that enough has already been said to impress upon my kind readers the importance of speedy and thorough reform; not precluding the inauguration of an intercourse between persons likely to prove mutually agreeable, but branding the want of tact which imagines it necessary to inflict an abominable formality upon even the worst assorted members of the human family.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

ONE day I was in a carver's shop doing a little job (he let me use some of the tools, for he knew my father, and where he belonged, and so he always made me welcome there) when I overheard Mr. Price talking with somebody about his boy—I don't mean his son, for Mr. Price was an old bachelor, but the boy who worked in his shop—about his having gone away unexpectedly, and how much he missed him, when it flashed upon me that here was the place I ought to be, and not playing at toy-making for Miss Amelia any longer, but getting a good trade, and one that would be agreeable to me, like this of carving.

Oh, such a vision of Work as rose up before my mind when this thought took possession of me! I seemed to leap into manhood and labor at once, and buildings which never have been built, and shops full of toys which *have* since been filled, rose up before me, and made me as happy as I suppose any fellow ever was.

I stood there fussing with the lathe, pretending to work, until the men had done talking, and the man who didn't belong there had gone away, and Mr. Price was left alone. He was looking down at his work over his spectacles, carving a rose from a block of wood, all as if the thing was alive, and he got the fragrance of its breath. It was a good thing he wasn't looking at me, for I had time to recover myself, and think again; and when I had thought again I saw no reason for changing my mind, and so spoke out.

"Mr. Price, is there any other boy coming here to take John Tresham's place?"

"I don't know, Benjamin," said he.

"Take me, Sir," said I.

"You, Ben—what for? Do you want to learn carving and starving, eh?"

"I've got to be a carver," said I; "my mind is made up to that."

"Then, if your father is willing, I don't know what's to hinder," was the answer he made, God bless him!

I spoke to father and mother that same night. Father was the first to answer me, and he only put me off. He said—and I can see at this moment how afraid he was to speak for fear that whatever he said on such a business would be the wrong thing, not the right—

"There's your mother—what does she say about that?"

I turned at that to mother. She was looking at me with a kind of surprise she couldn't get the better of. She didn't want to say it outright, but father's words seemed to make it necessary she should, and so she said:

"I was in hopes, Benjamin, that it would be put into your heart some day to be a preacher." That was all. She wouldn't have said any more if she had thought that my mind would be changed by her talk. That was the SPIRIT's work, not hers. She would take upon herself none of His rights and powers, not even to bring about the thing on which her heart was set.

She had never spoken about this wish before; but I found, after a minute or two, when I could collect myself, that it did not very much surprise me to hear her telling it. The words had even a familiar sound, as if I had heard her speak them before, but I never had. That made me slow about saying,

"Mother, I don't feel called that way; and I *do* feel called into Mr. Price's shop. You want me to be upright and honest before God and man—that's what you've taught me; and I know I have more fitness for carving than for preaching. Don't there seem to be a leading?"

"Yes," said my mother, "I can see it, Benjamin;" and there she dropped the business. It was a disappointment, but I could bear to think of it, feeling sure it saved her from a greater; and she met this in a way she met all the advances of Providence, with a gentleness, not of *resignation* (I should hate the word if it thrust itself for use in here), a gentleness of *trust*, that made the Lord love her for it, I am sure.

After a while my father said,

"Is it all settled between you two?"

Mother answered, "Yes."

"How?"

"Benjamin will go to Mr. Price." I couldn't say one word.

Then said he, "Be sure, Ben, you know what you're about now. If you are going to be a carver, *be* one. Stick to the business. Learn it all—every thing you can about it. Be a thorough-going carver, instead of a thorough-going gardener, for that's what *I* expected you to be."

So you see I had three pretty good jobs on my hands when I went with Mr. Price. I had to satisfy my mother, my father, and myself, that my choice was the right one. I must preach the gospel of Beauty better than I could have preached the gospel of Providence or of

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Nature, and must work my way to the place I meant to fill; so that in future times, whenever any body spoke of carving—from architectural decoration to a lady's coral ornaments—my name would rise up, because there should be none like it for deserving or for honor. Well, does any young worker aim at less? Pity his mean ambition!

Sometimes when I went home (my father's cottage was in one corner of the Higbee grounds) I saw little Amelia. She lived out of doors in the summer, and had the laying-out and decoration of some of the grounds that were being brought under cultivation from their rough wild state. She *thought* she had, I should say; for her father gave her the privilege, and my father confirmed it; only you need not suppose that he yielded his judgment, and taste, and authority, as head-gardener and keeper of the grounds, to hers. But he always conceded that she had a wonderful "sense of fitness" and of form, and said he would as soon talk over his plans about the grounds with her as with half the gardeners with whom he was acquainted.

It was a great satisfaction to be able to show my patterns to Miss Amelia, and get her to praise them, and talk over the designs. I believe she thought I had performed a miracle when I showed her some ornamental devices of my invention. It wasn't long after that Mr. Higbee sent a chest of tools to father's, and said they were for me. Miss Amelia was to be thanked for that, I knew. When I thanked her, she said, when I had leisure, she expected I would make some little ornament for her out of my own head.

Be sure I found the leisure! I made two bracelets for her, one of pearl and one of coral. This work took time enough. Perhaps they wouldn't have been done so soon, or so well, but for the spur I had, hearing of Mr. Price's advantageous offer to begin business in New York. He had made, through me, the acquaintance of an architect of reputation, who was often down at Mr. Higbee's place. I mean Mr. Lefarge, who was building the great cathedral.

This gentleman left some orders one day for things I had to execute. I knew when they were finished, if I never knew it before, that I was at the right kind of business.

It wasn't long after this that Mr. Price began to ask me a good many questions about my father and mother; and at last out came the question whether I could be spared away from home, off and on, as well as not. I made a leap for life, when I'd taken one good look at the man, and told him if he was going away I must go where he went. That pleased him, for he said right out, as if his own mind were now settled on the business, "Then we must be picking up without losing any more time. Lefarge wants us in New York on his cathedral. The job will be a fortune to us; for we shall do our work well, and that's the true beginning."

Among my first thoughts about this business was this one: "What will Miss Amelia say?" The next thought was, of what consequence to her where I am or what I do?

After it was settled we should go—and it was not settled in my mind until I had father's and mother's consent, for I was their only son and child—I gave every spare moment to working on the bracelets.

One of the last evenings of my stay there I was walking round the grounds, with the trinkets in my pocket, when I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen on the lawn. Of course, I thought, Miss Amelia is with them. And just as certainly it was no place for me, for these people were her father's guests, and nothing beside business would ever take me through the grounds where these were strolling for pleasure.

I turned back in the path to retrace my steps when I saw the party; and there was Miss Amelia coming on foot up the carriage-road, with her hat in her hand and her muslin skirt gathered up on her right arm from the dew.

She was the fairest creature that God ever made!

"You here, Benjamin!" said she, stopping to say the words. Then she stopped a little longer. "What a long time it is since I have seen you on the grounds!"

"It will be a longer time, I am afraid," I said, "before I shall see the lawn looking so beautiful again."

"Why I think it looks so every night," said she. "What do you mean? There isn't any thing going to happen, is there?"

"Nothing to any one but me," I said; "and I am only going away."

"Going away, Ben! Where are you going?" said she.

"We are going to move our factory to town, that's all. We have so much to do. And we are going to—"

"When?" she said; and she spoke as if she didn't like the plan at all.

"In a day or two. Mr. Lefarge is hurrying us very much."

"Oh, are you going to work for him?" she asked, as if the business now looked different, and a singular expression appeared upon her face that was remarkable and unaccountable to me.

I answered her question, and then I told her that I had finished some little ornaments for her, and that I hoped she would like them, for it wasn't probable I should be able to do any more in a great while.

"Oh, let me see them—quick, Ben!" said she. "They expect me back every moment."

I showed her the two bracelets, one of pearl, the other of pink coral. The flowers were lovely, I may say.

"Oh, how elegant!" She fastened them round her wrists, and her face looked pale, I thought, as she bent over them, and told the flowers, as if they had been consecrated beads.

"If I keep your work you must keep mine," said she; and she took a ring from her finger, and a pin from the lace ruff she wore about her

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neck, and laid the dainty things on the cover of the box which had held her bracelets, and so presented them.

I was amazed, and she could not help seeing it. She now seemed softly pleased. Her face paled and flushed again—that adorable face! She was going through a good many emotions and excitements new to her.

"I shall leave this kind of work for you," said I. "Yours is twice as fine as mine is. I'll carve church ornaments, and things like that sort. Did you truly make these things?"

"Things!" said she, half in sport—yet there was a jealous sound in her voice. One is a *rose*, the other a *forget-me-not*. Can't you see it, when it's carved right there before your eyes?"

"Yes, to be sure," said I, humbly enough.

"If you are going to do larger work so am I," she said. "I am going to carve in stone; and if you only carve in wood, my work will last longest."

"We shall be good rivals then," said I; "for I'm going to work in stone, too, whenever I choose."

"We shall always be good friends, and never rivals," said she, looking away from me. "Good-by, Ben. I must go. See, I am wearing your bracelets."

I felt proud when I saw them fastened round her wrists, but I should have felt a greater pride if she had put them in her pocket. But no; she was going on from me to join the party of ladies and gentlemen on the lawn, who would all admire my work of course, and wonder at it—think it "very ingenious."

They would not know as well that I carried away with me trinkets over which her brain had toiled as well as her little hands.

We two workers belonged to spheres as different as those represented by the Court of St. James and that of the King of Dahomey, or Griswold's Republican Court and some others since that time.

I went into a print-shop that evening to get rid of the rain, but more particularly some fellows who were talking on the sidewalk, and in a recess I found a little picture of Raphael in his studio, where he is making a copy of the face and attitude of a peasant woman, who is holding her child, for Madonna del Sisto.

While I was examining the print it seemed to me that I could see the end of the sitting. Raphael having made his study, there was nothing more for the woman to do but to walk out from his studio, and down the sunny street, with her baby in her arms, to the poor little cottage where she lived—and goodness knows what sort of husband was waiting there for her to come cook his dinner! She could afford to loiter. She had most likely done no more that day than wait the painter's leisure and his mood. And what if she never *did* another thing in this world? She had *been*. She had grown up to this womanhood. She had borne this child. And the great painter—that young man who was dead at thirty-seven—had put their faces upon his canvas, and into the heart of the world. To work miracles. More than I have heard accredited by Mother Church.

I don't know why, but it came into my head to wonder why Miss Amelia couldn't be content with being; it seemed to me almost a misfortune that she too should be disturbed, with all the rest of the world, by this passion for doing.

While I stood there in a dream, I felt Mr. Lefarge beside me, though I had neither heard nor seen him come.

"Ah, Clews!" he said, "busy yet? Always at work, I suppose. Well, have you decided when you will be in town?"

He had heard our decision about that already. But I told him it over again. When I stopped he said, "Yes," and went right on, as if that wasn't the point after all.

"I have been looking at some pretty ornaments you carved," said he; "very pretty, indeed! Do you do much at that sort of thing?"

"Never any more of that sort than you've seen," I said, "if you mean the bracelets I made for Miss Amelia."

"You don't mean to confine yourself to that business, though, ever?"

"Indeed no," I said; and I was so angry at the way he asked the question that I did a foolish thing, I'll own—for I did it just for vanity—I pulled Miss Amelia's box from my pocket and showed him, *him* the dainty ring and brooch. The next moment I repented.

"Where did you get these?" said he, quickly enough, and his brown face turned white as brown could turn.

"I didn't carve them myself," said I, mad at myself as well as him by this time.

"I know that," said he. "How came you by them though?"

I was going to give him the answer I thought such a question deserved, and that would have been a wise way of beginning business with an employer like him! I said, "Honestly, any way, Mr. Lefarge."

"Oh, I don't doubt that." Then he added, as if he hated to say the words, yet couldn't help saying 'em, "I suppose Miss Amelia gave them to you. I saw her wearing such trinkets."

I bowed my head, and hated him from that moment.

"I'll give you any price you've a mind to ask for them," said he pretty soon, looking mighty indifferent though.

"What for?" said I.

"Curiosities, of course. The work of a clever little girl."

"Oh, they're more to me than that," said I. "She wouldn't sell my bracelets."

He laughed at that boast, and the laugh made me madder than I was before.

"I don't suppose she would do such a vulgar thing," said he.

And that was his way of setting her up in heaven, and casting me down to—dust.

I tried to have some talk with Miss Amelia

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before we moved away. But there was no opportunity. Well, we went to New York, and began our cathedral decorations, and Mr. Lefarge was satisfied with them. I put that down first among the results, because no amount of praise our work obtained elsewhere gave us the same satisfaction his did. He beat all for making you think *while you were with him*, though you might change your mind about that the minute his back was turned, that his opinion and praise were worth more than any other person's.

The carving was all done at our shop—the altar and pillar and gallery decorations, the pew ornaments—every thing. Long before the work was finished we had orders from private builders sufficient to keep us busy for a year to come. And we had now quite an extensive establishment, employing many hands. I had all the designing to do; it had come gradually into my hands—for Mr. Price was better pleased with my success than with his own.

I had invited father up to see the improvements we had made in our shop, and he promised to come. But I didn't expect him so long as there was such a thing possible as outdoor work, when, on one of the brightest of October days, he walked into the shop in his best hat and coat, but with a look on his face that said he hadn't come to town to visit us, or to see our improvements. He pretended that he had, and I showed him about, and he made believe admiration of every thing; but the minute that was all over, and we were alone, I said,

"Father, what has happened?"

He paused a minute before he answered:

"Ben, we're all broke up at St. David's."

"Why, where is mother?" Oh, what a fear was in that question, lest the evil, to this day averted, might have fallen upon us as a thief in the night!

"She is there. Oh, it's nothing like that, Ben, or I couldn't bear it. But they're all broken up at the place. Do you know what has become of them?"

"Why, father, no. Become of them! Do you mean Mr. Higbee's family?"

"Yes; they're gone."

"Oh! come to town earlier than usual this fall. Isn't that it, father?" He shook his head. "Gone a journey, perhaps?"

"I tell you they're GONE," said he. "Cleaned out! Not a hide or hair of 'em left. What's that for, Ben? What's it mean?"

I was so utterly confounded that I couldn't answer another question, when in came the paper carrier, and left the evening's *Globe*.

"Look there," said father, "perhaps that will tell you something. Mr. Higbee was a man of count enough, I should think, to be noticed, if he fell through."

I looked through the sheet. My father was now seated in one of our new leather-cushioned chairs by the window; he had dropped into it just for the sake of support, and not for the luxury of the thing. He waited, while I looked the paper up and down, and never would have broken the silence, I believe, if I hadn't said at last,

"You're right. He is missing. He has not been seen on 'Change now for three days. And if he has left St. David's—"

"They're all gone."

"Then he's gone because he chose to. It's supposed he has had great losses. Impossible to say how many persons share his ruin."

"Read it out," said father.

And I read, "It is currently reported that Alexander Higbee, Esq., sailed with his family in the *Persia* for Europe on Wednesday. We understand that the splendid country seat belonging to this gentleman at St. David's has recently passed into the hands of another party. Mr. Higbee's departure was unlooked for, and perhaps it will account for the hitherto unaccountable fluctuations of last Monday's markets." Monday's quotations were then referred to, and the article closed with a most significant allusion to the "hitherto" unblemished reputation of the man who had been like a king in the halls of the exchange.

"Is that all?" asked my father, looking up at me with eyes that had not brightened, while I read those questionable sentences. I could find nothing more, and told him so. Then he arose.

"Where now, father?"

"Home, Ben, home."

I never argued with him. Mr. Price happened to come in just then, and I told him I was going to St. David's with father, who by this time had gone the distance of a block down the street.

I followed and overtook him, thinking of what he had told me, and I had read, with grieved and bitter thinking.

A gentleman who was in the same car with us got out at our station. He stood on the platform looking round him as if he didn't know which way to go; but the moment he saw father he advanced toward us. And that I have seen done a hundred times, and over. It is what is called attraction, I suppose. Father was full of it.

When he came quite close he asked my father if he could direct him to Alexander Higbee's place? I told him, while father stood looking at him, that we were going there.

This gentleman, we soon discovered, was a new-comer, not only at St. David's but New York. He was a pale little thing, who might inherit a fortune you would think, but never could provide one for himself. But he had done it. He went into the market the week before we saw him, and bought, and bought, and bought. Men thought he was a Government official from the way he went on, and so they bought as he did; and here he was! he had cleared out two of the oldest men on 'Change—and he told me, afterward, he was through with that business. Among other remarkable things Mr. Higbee had turned over this magnificent place to him!

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He liked the place, that was very clear, by the way he would stop and look about him now and then as we walked along through drive and path. But it was a toy he didn't know what to do with: he said so, in just so many words. Perhaps he would come there and live sometime, he said, though there were a good many things he preferred doing first. Whatever *he* did, he hoped my father, who had brought the place to perfection, and that was true, would continue to take charge of it, and feel his own interest in it. I liked him for the way he treated father. To have heard him go on—oh, but he was a wise one! Little and innocent though he looked, you would have supposed that father owned the place, and was the host that night.

Before he went back to New York it was all arranged between them that father was to take charge of the grounds as he had always done, and to receive the same salary for his services that he had agreed for with Mr. Higbee at their last settlement.

While they were arranging these matters I had a talk with John Bangs, who might have been my father's twin brother, they were so intimate in friendship.

It was dark when we got through our talk, and I went back home. Father and mother were sitting in the porch, and father was smoking.

I was too full of what John had been telling me to mind clattering like a war-horse into the sweet quiet of that place: out it came like a cannon-ball, for I was charged and red-hot.

"Father, I've been hearing that you had a pretty heavy loss by Mr. Higbee. Is it so? Has John Bangs told the truth?"

Father looked at mother before he answered, as much as to say, "Shall I?" And whatever he read in her face—how well he had learned all its signs and tokens!—he said,

"Yes, Ben; true enough. He had about all our money, and there's nothing to show for it."

"The devil take him!" said I. I grew hot enough the moment the words were out of my mouth; for I had cursed him, and I meant to do it. But he was Miss Amelia's father! My father did not rebuke me; he merely said, "Nobody can ever make me think that Mr. Higbee is a dishonest man."

I had heard men in town, who never lost a cent by Mr. Higbee, say he was dishonest as the devil, and I own that this was now my own opinion.

But father and mother preferred to think that they had shared with Mr. Higbee in his evil fortune rather than that they had been wronged by him. They let their three thousand dollars go without a whimper, and when they prayed for those "who travel by land and by sea," I have no doubt they thought of these travelers, and wished them pleasant voyaging.

We had no rest day or night now, such a driving time with our decorations. For all at once Mr. Lefarge apprised us that the cathedral was to be opened for service on such a festival; he had promised it to the Society, and we *must* be through with our work by that time. Mr. Price looked at me, and I looked at him, when we received these orders; and Mr. Price said, as indignantly as I ever heard him speak to any one, "Why, Lefarge, we shall kill Clews, if we don't do any thing else! You never said any thing about Christmas before. I thought we should have till Easter at least!"

"You *did* say Easter, Mr. Lefarge," said I, encouraged by Mr. Price's words. And indeed "Easter" was the word on his tongue continually through all the first six months of our work there. He looked black when he answered, "You can do it easily enough. Put more hands at the work. Clews, you are getting finical. You elaborate too much. Better effects are produced by grander and simpler outlines."

"Very well," I said, when I could speak; "I'll endeavor to elaborate less." I knew the town had talked my carving over, and what it said about my designs. It would take more than Lefarge to put the memory of that beyond my reach or my mother's, who was now content with my preaching.

An hour or two afterward I saw Mr. Lefarge go up the ladder and walk along the scaffolding. I followed right after him, in order to get the measurement of a certain lofty niche. I had a rule for measuring in my hand. As I stepped on the scaffolding Mr. Lefarge drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and a letter with it, which fell through a crack in the scaffolding to the floor of the church. A boy was picking up shavings on the landing below me, and I sent him down after the letter, thinking that it might be of importance, and there were always a lot of boys gathering the chips, etc.—workmen's litter—in their baskets down below. The lad went down and up while I have been writing about it. "Fill your basket full as it can be crammed," I said to him; and I told him where he would always be sure to find the best of the kindling stuff. But that was better pay than I could afford to give for such a thrust as I had the next moment, for the letter I held in my hand was mailed St. David's, on the day of the Higbees' departure, and Miss Amelia, no other body in this world, addressed it. I had seen her handwriting. She did that perfectly, as she did every thing. He was coming down the scaffolding just now; in a minute more he would come so near I couldn't pocket the letter without exciting his suspicion when he should discover his loss. He came nearer; do you think that I could pocket it? I said:

"Mr. Lefarge, you dropped this when you went along; one of the boys brought it up from below."

He looked at me before he touched the letter. Then he said, "Thank you, Clews!" thrust it into his vest, and went on. No! I am glad that when I grew so dizzy I sat down, and that I did not tumble from the scaffolding and break my neck that day.

The work we had contracted to do for Le-

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farge was to be paid for on completion. Will you believe that the week after the cathedral was accepted he went off to Europe without having paid us a cent!

We hadn't spared ourselves working for him. Had bought the best material to work with, and there he had gone off, leaving us in the lurch, and taking all the credit.

It ruined us for the time. Our shelves were emptied, and our counters stripped *bare*. That was not the worst of it. When Mr. Higbee went away with father's money it had been a comfort to all of us to think that he had invested a thousand dollars in our concern. But now—where was the thousand dollars?

Mr. Price dismissed his clerks, and would have advised me off, if he could have done so. But I said I had embarked with him for this voyage, and would continue with him, and share his fortunes, and help to right him again, God willing, and he needn't talk any more about the sinking ship; we weren't going to sink or founder, or any thing of the sort. So we took a small shop on a corner, and began again.

I had been so much taken up with my own work in town that I hadn't made many acquaintances. There was a young fellow, a bank-note engraver, however, with whom I had formed a friendship that seemed likely to last. He had been with his uncle, who was a chemist, for several years; but this handicraft, in which he finally perfected himself, had held out all manner of fascination to him, and he had lost no opportunity for perfecting his knowledge of engraving. He was a fine draughtsman to boot.

No knowing how long he would have gone on with his uncle had not the shop taken fire and burned up one afternoon.

I saw young Fargo a few days after this happened, and he said, gravely enough,

"You see, I am out of jail."

"What are you going to do with your liberty?" said I.

"I won't abuse it, I promise you," said he; and he took out of his pocket-book a roll as big around as your finger, and said,

"Turn these over, and tell me what you think."

They were the finest designs in pencil and in ink you ever saw.

"I think you are going to be an engraver, and furnish your own vignettes, and so forth. You will soon be rich enough."

Then he told me he had engaged with Wolff and Co. for twelve hundred dollars a year, and was certain to make as much more by extra work. And I said:

"What do you want of so much money, though? If you get your salary, and are satisfied with that, you can do better with your time, I should think, than work every minute."

"Oh yes, you say that!" he laughed. "How much time do you give, yourself, to any thing but work?"

"But I'm older than you are, and longer at it. Besides, I'm in debt. And you haven't got into the thick of things yet. When you do once you'll see how hard it is to get out again. Better take my advice, and *keep* out." Just as if he would!

He changed his boarding-house not long after we had this talk, and then we seldom met.

Sometimes, after the shop was shut, he came in—"for a breath," he said—and lounged about for a few minutes; but then he was off again. He had his own way about that.

I never cared about seeing my friends every hour of the day, or for settling up my account with them once in twenty-four hours. Give a long rein, say I. When you need your friend he will find it out, and come, like as not, without your having made a sign. If he *is* your friend the road is clear of rubbish and of all obstructions between you and him, and the telegraph wires always in good working order. There are some wanderers circling this globe who, as often as their eyes turn in this direction, think of me, I know; and they and I have the perfect understanding that these oceans and mountains can be rolled together any day like a scroll, by the omnipotence of Love.

I liked to believe in Adrian Fargo. Whenever we encountered each other I was aware of the tonic. After a little talk with him, when I went about my business again it seemed as if the works had all been freshly oiled. He had the most wonderful good-nature; was buoyant as air itself; and he had a way of walking and looking that might have made you say, Here's a fellow who thinks he owns the world, and seems mighty glad over it. And indeed I am not sure but that such was his conclusion. Don't one of the apostles say some such thing as that? And who laughs at an apostle, I should like to know?

I used to say to Mr. Price that nothing Ad Fargo could do would astonish me; but I was obliged to take that back one evening when I came into the shop just after I had put down the shutters and got myself ready for a little quiet reading.

"Are you in there, Ben?" said he, from the outside. "Let me in, Ben."

It was some time since I had seen him, and *any* time he was better than a book to talk with, having warm blood in his body and bright, living eyes in his head; and I hurried to let him in. It was raining fast, and he had come without an umbrella. When he took off his cap and shook his long black hair and laughed, I loved him for being so beautiful, as if he had been a girl.

"What in the world are you doing, sitting here all alone?" said he. "Ain't you getting awful pokish, Ben?"

"Oh! then you're sorry to find me in?" said I.

"Maybe so."

"That isn't the reason I staid; I expected you."

"Yes—there! Of course you did. You knew

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I was going to bring something pretty to show your greedy eyes."

"To be sure! Produce."

By some legerdemain he had now standing on the palm of his hand, which was extended toward me, a knight belonging to a set of chess-men, of elaborate design and exquisite finish. The image was cut in pearl.

"Where in the world did you get this?" said I.

"Secret," he answered, walking off to the counter; and leaping upon it lightly as a cat, he ensconsed himself there, his head supported by a show-case.

"How many have you done?"

"The set," said he; "and how much will you pay for it?"

"You don't mean you want to sell it?"

"Why don't I then? I do, from the bottom of my heart."

"But you can never get what the thing is worth."

"Oh, of course not! But then we might come somewhere within sight of it. Come, make me an offer, Ben."

"Why didn't you bring the whole company?" said I. "Royalty and all the goodly crew?"

"Sure enough," said he. And here he produced from his coat pocket a small wooden box, which he lazily lifted over his head toward me. "Be careful," he said, "though they're well packed. They could be carried round the world without damage. I'm the best packer on earth. When I can't do any thing else I'm going to hire out at one of the great toy factories. I found out the way myself, too. But it's nothing when you have the knack. You get *that* when you're born."

So he talked on. Meanwhile I was unpacking the box. And it would have surprised any body not familiar with such management of space as was here exhibited, to see how these things were stowed away.

I set the men in order on one of the show-cases, kings, queens, bishops, castles, knights, pawns, a royal stately company, every image a gem of art.

It was really a wonderful array.

From looking at them I took another look at Adrian, and what I saw made me say,

"No wonder you look haggard. But though you are so willing to work yourself to death, of course, I don't see when you find the time for making these things."

"Wise thing for you to say!" he answered. "If you *wanted* to do a dozen different things from what you do every day, you'd find time for 'em all, wouldn't you? Come! Make us an offer. What d'ye think?"

"Think! I don't know what to think. You say I shouldn't be surprised, but I am. I can't make an offer. I never saw such work. I don't know what it's worth. But see here! Suppose you leave the box here a day or two. I'll have Grant in to see it, and some of those fellows. They'll give more than I should dare offer. And more than you'd ask likely."

"Well," said he, "then I'll leave them. But you must put them in your safe nights; and if any body asks you who made the set say you don't know. For you don't, and I'm not going to tell you."

"I don't want you to. The person who did these has done a great many other things he thinks are worthless, I dare say. Advise him to pack 'em up and send 'em to me."

"Oh yes," said Adrian, as indifferent as though very likely he would need to be reminded of his promise a dozen times before he fulfilled it. But wasn't that a pretense? I thought it was. When he was gone I made a study of the chess-men—they claimed and required it. More and more I wondered.

I showed them to Gray next day, and he made an offer of three hundred dollars for them. I reported this to Adrian. He stared at me, made no answer, and I began to suppose the offer was contemptible. Finally he said,

"I'll take it."

Gray was delighted, and left an order for another set, at the same price.

Adrian looked grave at this. Thought it doubtful whether it could be done—said, finally, "Impossible!"

But he came to me a few hours afterward, and said, if there was no special hurry for the things, and six months would be allowed, though they *might* be done in far less time, he didn't know but the job might be undertaken.

"Good-by, then, for six months," I said. "You and I see mighty little of each other in these days. And what a ghost you look like, Adrian! I should think you were married and done for. Got a wife like a millstone round your neck. You sha'n't make those chess-men, sitting up all night to keep her in pin-money! Hasn't she eyes in her head?"

He broke out laughing, and stalked away across the shop. "You're a trump," said he. "Badger me out of my life till you get my promise to do a thing—and then, I sha'n't do it!"

But he couldn't laugh off the impression that had forced itself upon me: trouble of some sort, anxiety, disappointment, some manner of evil, was making another kind of man of Adrian Fargo than I had expected.

But when he saw me looking at him that way, with a question in my eyes he didn't mean to answer, he replied to my investigation with a quiet smile that seemed to exhibit a triumphant sense of safety, and I couldn't help saying to myself—"You goose! That's the way to find out what's to pay with a fellow like him! Let him know you *think* there's something to discover, and then pitch into him!"

I was mad at myself, for I supposed now that I had put an end to his old frank ways and openness of speech. Whatever disturbed him he hadn't taken me into his confidence, and did not now intend to.

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I saw him a week or two afterward in the street, just at nightfall, when he did not see me, and was shocked at the change that had taken place since he was in the factory. He looked pale and gloomy, as if plagued by ill-health or sorrow. Now he was sound to the heart of him. Ah, that word *heart*—it tripped me. If it couldn't be body-ail, then it must be heart-ail that had brought down this genius.

One evening I went to see the Ravels. And who should come into the aisle close to which I sat but Adrian Fargo, leading a little girl by the hand. I thought he must have seen me by the sudden way he disappeared, for the suspicion had taken hold of me that his old friend was the fellow he wanted to keep at the greatest distance in these days.

Much good the performance of Gabriel Ravel did me that evening! I was thinking every moment of what I had seen at the door. Now, *you* may think it wasn't any thing so very remarkable that he should have come to such an exhibition, and have brought a little girl with him, and you are right. Any father and mother, I suppose, would have trusted him in that place, or any other, with their children. And he was such a child himself, little folks couldn't help loving him. It wasn't for that, but because the instant my eyes fell upon the child I felt a chill, and was like one arrested by an apparition in the middle of a race. My thoughts ran back a dozen years and more, and I was not Benjamin Clews, carver and sculptor, but only Ben, a gardener's lad, roving the Higbee grounds.

I saw that same little girl days afterward up in the balcony of an old brick house that had once been an elegant mansion, but had long since lost its glory. She was watering some plants from a tiny watering-pot. How did I know her at that distance? Because my mind was so full of her. There are faces you recognize without any trouble when they look down upon you from the very heights of heaven.

I took the number of the house down in my note-book, and it wasn't out of my way to go round that corner and that block as I went to and from the factory. I carried some toys with me in my pockets from that time, and fain would have made a Peter Parley of myself, if so her Highness could have been lured down to the sidewalk.

One day I saw her on the grass-plot of the little court-yard belonging to that building. She had dropped a plaything, and was looking for it in the grass. And the street-gate was open, for a man had just driven in a load of coal.

I pretended I had some business with the coal-man—she told me he had gone into the basement. Then I asked her if she had lost any thing. And she said she had dropped something from the balcony; and presently, when she saw that I was assisting in the search, she said politely that it was a chisel, but I needn't mind. At last I found this chisel.

"But what in the world can you do with such a thing?" I said, as I gave it to her.

"Oh, nothing—much," she answered. Then I told her that I worked with a chisel too. And she looked at me more friendly, and asked me what things I made. Pretty things for good children I told her. And I produced some trifles from my pocket by way of evidence.

"Oh!" she said; and then she checked herself, and the real child-delight passed off from her face. She assumed reserve and indifference, hard to reconcile with what I knew was in her mind.

"Your chisel can't be a very good one to work with," said I; "it looks dull. You had better let me bring you a new one. And then if you will show me what you can make perhaps I shall be able to teach you some pretty things."

She shook her head.

"Why not?" said I.

"For mamma would not like it."

"Let me go and ask mamma. Of course we must not offend her," said I.

She reflected a moment. She was sorely tempted. Then she said, "*I* will go ask her, Sir."

I hadn't much confidence in the result of this asking. Every thing the child said seemed to have been said under protest. But I waited.

By-and-by I looked up and saw my little maid standing in the balcony, waving down her little handkerchief at me. She may have called to me, but the coal-man was making such a clatter with his load I didn't hear her. But as soon as I saw her I also heard. That fine little childish voice was powerful to make a path for itself to me.

"No, I thank you, Sir," she said, and then she ran in.

Well, I had got off without asking the question on my tongue's end—whether she was Mr. Adrian Fargo's little girl.

I didn't ask him the question either when he came to the shop next time. There was no pretense to gay spirits this time—he was the man of business through and through, and any thing like bantering or jesting was out of the question. I declare I think I could have joked as easily with the judge on the bench, standing before him on trial for my life.

"Oh," said he, "I'm glad to find you in, but I didn't much expect it. Are you busy?"

"Nothing doing if you want me," said I.

Thereupon he drew toward him two or three paper-weights, and spread out on the counter what appeared to be a chart.

"This is a plan for the new light-house," said he, hurriedly. "Just listen a minute."

"I've nothing else to do," said I.

"You good fellow!" he said, stopping short and looking at me fixedly; and I saw that the tide was setting toward me strong. Yes, he saw that I was waiting for him.

Then he proceeded to point out the advantages of his plan over the five hundred which he supposed had been already presented. And he had all that argument over and over again, as if he meant to fix it in my mind.

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"Do you see?" he asked for the twentieth time, as he went on from point to point of his special pleading.

"I see that it all seems very right," said I.

"And you see the *great* point, don't you, that from the nature of the situation a building adapted to this new light is the only one desirable?" he asked, anxiously.

"It really seems inevitably and invincibly true on your showing, Adrian," said I.

"Then say so."

"To whom?"

"To Captain Sound, for one. He's in the Navy-yard. He's dogged to death, as I happen to know, by fellows with their 'proposals.' But do you go down there, and I know you'll get a hearing. Tell him a friend of yours offers the plan through you. You've got influence in that quarter. You needn't think I haven't seen it."

"If you're thinking of Miss Alice Sound," I said, "you've made as great a mistake as you will make if you live a thousand years. But I know the Captain very well, and if you tell me that this plan is really the best that can be made, I shall believe it, and I'll stand by you in it, and do what I can."

So he gave me another lesson and went off, certain I should get the plan accepted. And before he went he gave into my charge the paper containing "Sealed Proposals."

I said nothing about this business to Mr. Price, of course; but he came round to my table an hour or so after Adrian's visit, and stood there so long I had to ask him what was wanting.

"Something queer has happened, Ben. I don't know as I ought to tell you. Is there any man you have a spite against on earth?"

I thought that question over a few minutes, and went on with my filing. At last I said,

"Yes, there may be one. But I don't think there's another."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Price, and he sat down.

"Lefarge," said I.

"Oh, bless you, haven't you got over that old difficulty yet?"

"No. For I can't forget the fever he gave you, and what a muss he made of our business for us," I said. "There were workmen who suffered because for months and months we couldn't pay them a cent on a dollar of what was owing to 'em."

"But, Ben," said Mr. Price, "though it was a great inconvenience all round, didn't every thing come out right in the end? Did we really lose any thing by him?"

"Nothing but time, and spirits, and reputation. And money, plenty of it."

"Oh, well, you have got over all that long ago. And we've paid interest and principal every dollar we owed."

"Yes."

"And I'll prove to you," he said, "that you haven't really any grudge against Lefarge. I've seen him. You can if you like to. And when you have seen him, come tell me what has become of your hatred."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he is brought to a pass where a man must pity him if he has a human heart in him."

I started up at these words. And I believe that when I threw down my tools dear old Price thought I was malignant as the devil, for he sat back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands, as if he were afraid to look at me.

"Where did you see him?" I asked.

"He was in the Navy-yard. Seemed to be sunning himself," said Mr. Price. "Ben! Ben Clews!"

"Well, Sir."

"There's one thing you'll never be likely to forget. You are your father's son," he said, softly.

"And Mr. Price's partner. You don't take me for a monster truly, Sir?"

"Go on," said he; and I know he added, "Grace go with you."

I was going to see Captain Sound on Adrian's business, I said to myself as I went along. And what a pity, it did seem to me, that the fellow couldn't stick to one thing, but must harass himself about a dozen different occupations!

After I had left the shop I went back and asked Mr. Price if he had spoken with Lefarge.

He said No; that at the time he saw Lefarge he was himself in great haste, and that when he had leisure to look for him he did so, but could not find him. He was sure, however, that he had made no mistake.

The first man I saw in the Navy-yard when I came out of Captain Sound's office was Mr. Lefarge.

Oh but he was in a wretched plight, and the most wretched-looking gentleman it has ever been my fortune to look upon! Had I not been looking for him I should have passed him without recognition, as he certainly would me.

As I came near him he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and leaned against a lamp-post for support. I thought he must fall and die there. Mr. Price was right. No danger that even enmity would have any thing like vengeance to execute here.

When his coughing fit was over Lefarge tottered toward a bench in the yard and sat down. Pretty soon I strolled that way, and I sat down not far off. On the stone-wall to our right was posted this advertisement, "For full particulars of the loss of the *Argand* see this morning's *Herald*." The poster was an old one, but by some chance remained entire yet.

It was natural enough that two men in the Navy-yard, sitting in front of those staring capitals, should call to mind and to speech that terrible shipwreck on the coast, which had thrilled the heart of the nation and sent distress and despair into more than a hundred families.

It was the loss of the *Argand* that had revived

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the subject of the light-house, I conjectured, and my mind was full of it since Adrian's visit.

I said something to Lefarge about the ship and the projected light-house, and at that his eyes flashed fire. It was a pretty comment, he said, on the way things were managed by Government that a light-house had never yet been built upon that coast; and I agreed with him.

"Only," I said, "the coast is an awful one. Perhaps no competent architect has volunteered his service yet."

"You're wrong there," said he. "I know a man who sent in the best proposals that could be made a month ago, and not a word of answer can he get. It's scandalous! For these proposals were advertised for, Sir."

"Has he any friends at court?" I asked, feeling that I had got myself into a box; and yet, if I could have done so, I don't know that I would now have taken myself out of it and away, I felt so curious about his proposals. For I knew at once, of course, that the man he spoke of was himself. He made an angry answer to my question. He said,

"Isn't it enough if you send in the best plan possible?"

"Oh," I said, "you may send in the best plan possible for *you* to make; but the judge has to decide whether others that are better may not be sent in. The public mind has been instructed sufficiently of late as to the nature of the coast and the requirements which should be made of a builder."

"What difference does that make?" said he. "Put an atlas before a blind boy and what'll he learn by it? An architect can build that light-house, and nobody else can."

"If we had Lefarge here," said I, "perhaps you wouldn't say that to him—I mean in the same kind of way; for you talk as if there weren't more than one architect in the country. And if he was about I suppose there wouldn't be."

I couldn't help saying it. He was a dying man. He looked like misery, and in my secret soul I felt that I had deprived him of a last consolation; for I did not doubt as to the report Captain Sound would make in reference to my "Sealed Proposals."

"Did you ever know this Lefarge?" said he.

"Oh yes," I said; "I worked for him. I am a carver by trade. I furnished him with some little things in the way of ornamenting his buildings. He built better than any man I know of."

I spoke but the truth. Two tears gathered in his wretched eyes and went rolling down his miserable cheeks. He was not conscious of them. He was more conscious of me.

"Who are you?" he said, turning on me shortly.

"Why, I am Benjamin Clews," said I. "Folks say so."

"You wouldn't know Lefarge if you should see him again," said he.

"I would like to have that tried," said I.

At that he turned around on the bench in a helpless, desperate way, and faced me, and groaned. Could I crush a worm? I gave my hand to him and said,

"This is too bad, Sir. You've been very ill."

He sobbed at that. After a while he grew more composed, and among the first things he said was this:

"You know Captain Sound, Ben. You had charge of the interior decorations of the new buildings—you and old father Price, I hear. Just say to him you wish he would examine my papers. Even if they've got to be declined—the devil!—it would be worth a man's while to know it. You could speak a good word for my plan: you did just now—God bless you!"

I said I was afraid it was too late for such a service. He asked me why. I told him I had just been presenting a friend's plan, and using what little influence I had in that direction.

Every tint that had relieved his face of ghastliness forsook it when I said that. I had the comfort of feeling that I had relieved a dying man of hope, and that man—Lefarge.

"I was thinking," said he, "if I secured this contract I should be in a situation to pay you and Mr. Price what I owed you when I went away. I went unexpectedly to myself," he said, "as well as to you. Principal and interest, compound interest, I always meant to pay."

"Oh, never mind about that—it's outlawed, and forgotten—we don't need it—we don't want it," said I.

Then he felt a little more comfortable. He was too feeble to hold an idea long that concerned any thing or body except himself; his aching self controlled him—no triumph of spirit here; and he told me that he had been sick all winter. He was just able to get about the house again when he heard of the wreck, and the thought came to him that a light-house should be built without delay. Since then there was the advertisement for Proposals; and now it seemed that all the ships that sail the ocean were going to be allowed to try their chance at destruction before the light-house would be built.

There was a question on my tongue; and I had the courage to ask it. I felt that here was the man who could answer it, when, as if he read it in my face, or felt it approaching, he got up, steadied himself, and said he had some business down the yard with the superintendent; that he only sat down to rest from his coughing; but he deemed it good luck that he had done so, seeing we had found the chance to speak to each other. And so he was gone. I arose when he did, and went off in the opposite direction. I felt as if I had stood on the other side of the Judgment-day. And oh, if a man's blessing could revoke the curse of God, what living man with a heart in him could refuse to speak it!

Mr. Price needn't ask me again if I had a grudge against any mortal, or cherished a spite against any.

The next day Captain Sound came into our factory and called out,

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"Number Ninety-nine has the contract."

"Whose is that?" I asked; for I stood nearest the door, and saw him first, and was the only man who understood him.

"The one presented last," he answered. "Half past four P.M., Wednesday."

I recognized my hour.

"Come down to the yard when you can," he said again. And off he went.

I was down there in the course of the next hour. Lefarge was sitting in the same place where I left him yesterday. He must have risen up and followed me, and I left the door of the Captain's office open when I entered—just as I found it.

"What did you want with me, Captain?" said I.

"Oh, Ben, you're there? You've got your contract? Now go and have a good time. You're in luck. That's all."

"You're satisfied, then, Captain Sound?" I said.

"Satisfied! Well there, have I knocked you in the head? Didn't you want what you've got? Hang these fellows, *they're* never satisfied. The cormorants!"

"You like it, then?" said I, over again.

"Do I look, Sir, as if I had been bought and sold any number of times? If I hadn't thought your plan the best, what reason have you for supposing you would have got the contract?" The Captain cooled off after he had thus delivered himself, and said, more quietly, "There's nothing to be compared with your drawing. An idiot might see that at a glance. Yours was the very thing I have been waiting for. But I had begun to give up hoping for it; and the fact is, there's another one here I was going to put my fist on, if yours hadn't come in the nick of time. And, by jolly! there was a curious likeness between the two. No collusion though, I suspect."

"Whose was the next man's, Captain Sound?"

"That's telling. But seeing it's *you*, the name signed was Lefarge," answered the Captain, while he gave me the official certificate of Accepted Plan.

Was this a victory?

When I went out of the office into the yard a breath could have knocked me down. I looked around for Lefarge; to my joy he was nowhere to be seen. I could not have encountered him at that moment with the Acceptance in my pocket.

I found that Adrian had been in to see me during my absence. And but for work that kept me on the run about the factory for a couple of hours, I should have gone in search of him at once. But before I was ready he came in again. I showed him the certificate.

"You just missed being too late," I said. "Another man's plan would have been accepted by this time. So you must feel happy for three. Yourself, him, and me."

"But ours is the best plan possible," said he, gravely.

"So Captain Sound thinks. I know little about such matters," said I.

"Did he say any thing about the other fellow's?"

"He says it was almost like ours. There was a little variation. But that little variation gave us vast advantage."

"You don't know who the other belonged to?"

"Yes, I do. But it's a secret. Can you keep one?"

"Try and see."

"Lefarge."

"Lefarge? What may that mean?" he asked, looking very blank.

"It means our architect has turned up again. Why, I've told you about *him* often enough!"

"Oh yes," said he, beginning to remember. "He built the Cathedral, didn't he?"

"Yes, he built some famous monuments for himself; pity he wasn't buried under them long ago." And I told him how, after I saw Captain Sound yesterday, I came across Lefarge, and our talk, and how he wanted me to use my influence in his behalf. Which seemed horrible to me.

It seemed not less so to Adrian. "Clews," said he, "it's a crazy world. It's a great hospital. We're all sick unto death."

Now, I suppose that if the ninety-nine unfortunate presenters of Plans for the new Lighthouse could have heard the man who had the Accepted Proposal in his pocket saying that, they would all have consented that at least there was one crazy fellow at large.

While we were talking a sailor out of the Navy-yard came into the shop and looked around.

"Mr. Clews," said he, when he saw me at last, and he hurried up to me, "can you come back to the yard again?"

"What's going on now?" I said.

"Nothing. Only the man you was talking with down there on the beach yesterday, he's gone and jumped off the long pier."

"Who's that?" exclaimed Adrian.

"Lefarge," said I. And if my face was white when I said that, his was whiter listening to it.

"Where is he, Gould?" I asked.

"I took him to Number 6," said Gould.

We were now on the sidewalk hurrying toward the Navy-yard. Adrian too.

Lefarge must have followed me to the Captain's office and overheard our talk there. That was my conclusion. And when I missed him on my return, it was because, unable to endure my triumph, he had run away to die.

Adrian, walking ahead of us, seemed more in haste to get down to the yard than either of us behind him. He looked back, and asked the sailor if any doctor had been called to look after Lefarge, and was answered with a full blast of, "Lord, yes, Sir! We had three of 'em there in less than half an hour. They all 'greed that

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the leap he took would 'a put the breath out of his body. Why he's naught but skileton."

True enough, the man was dead. And what should we do with him? I was considering when Adrian came up and beckoned me to the door of Number 6, which was a store-house looking toward the river. We stood there for our conference.

It was hard for him to begin—hard to show himself the hero he had been developing since I first knew him.

"You've got to know it now," said he. "Lefarge was her husband. She has been supporting him by her work. I don't know how long. Months and months though. Till he was able to get up and crawl about again. I was boarding in the same house with them. When things came to the worst she let me help them. She made those chess-men, and she's made bushels and bushels of toys, carving—" He burst into tears. I felt like lightning, but somehow I said it, that he was talking about Miss Amelia, I supposed. He said, Yes. And Lefarge, I said, is the father of that little girl?

"What little girl? Yes! yes! You mean little Amelia. But what shall we do with him?"

"I suppose you will have to go and tell her that I have killed her husband. And that will kill her, most likely."

"You haven't killed him any way," Adrian answered. "He killed himself. Several times over. No matter about that. He has the contract. And nobody else. I made that little variation—I knew that one or other would get it after that. Why couldn't he wait? She has got to know about this wretched business."

"Go tell her then," said I. "And you may say something for me. There's father down at St. David's in the old place. I will go and get him and mother ready; and there's the burial-place on the grounds. She will remember it. If she wants that—body—buried in such a lovely spot—"

That *was* what she wanted.

And so we buried him down there.

But I haven't told this story to end it with a funeral. The best story of all ends with resurrection, and new heavens, and new earth, and into our own little affairs that divinest copy may well be introduced, if we aim at any thing like perfection.

All this time Adrian Fargo had been bearing in secret such a burden; through the heat of the long, joyless day had not fainted under it, but had manfully carried it; and he had his reward.

Oh, Madonna! I can never think that when *you* went from Raphael's studio it was to be a hewer of wood, a drawer of water; to know hunger, and cold, and rascality. But it may have been so.

I have almost forgotten how Miss Amelia looked when I saw her at the old place again, after her husband's funeral, nursed by my mother, *living* in the cottage so long as she chose to stay there—what she came to be at last, under all the influences that combined to make life new to her again. I told you once she was the fairest body that God ever made. Well, she justified and she justifies my words. Yes, my lady (and I'll own I mean Miss Alice Sound), to the contrary, it is so. Does not Adrian say so? And is *he* no judge?

GARDEN PHILOSOPHY.

I CONFESS to having been moved to throw out these stray thoughts on the wisdom of the garden not in the usual way of the poets and essayists who have made the subject so charming. Not in blooming June nor ripe September, but in dull November, after quitting the country for the city, and in the midst of the bustle and passion of the great electioneering campaign, the fit came upon me while looking at the luscious apples and brilliant flowers upon the tables of our Horticultural Society; and had it not been for this lovely spring day, this essay might have been a kind of digest of the remarks upon the Garden as an Educator that were then thrown out *impromptu* at request of friends, while the Democracy were listening to their pet orators in the great hall below, and thundering out at times applause so deafening that the prize Nonesuches on the table seemed to deepen their blushes, and the radiant cactus to tremble in its sensitive petals at the din, as if spirits of Paradise were appalled by an outbreak from the pit below. But that bluebird's song and these bursting buds have given my pen a fresh start, and I quit the old notes and write from a more vernal inspiration.

It is very pleasant to go among the farmers, florists, and fruitmen—and I will not forget that November réunion now—they are so full of love for their soothing, delightful pursuit, and so ready to give the help of their experience to every kindly seeker as to be quite winning to us men of books. I confess, however, to some little misgiving when asked to enlighten them, in view of my small doings as an amateur cultivator. I am afraid that our few acres have been more a sink of money than a mine, and that our crop of health and pleasure, when compared with our account of outlay and income, would bring more than a smile to the faces of the thrifty husbandmen who are willing to hear a scholar talk of flowers, fruits, and trees with great respect, and take it for granted that his practice is as good as his theory, and his thrift keeps pace with his taste. I am afraid to say how much our potatoes and eggs cost us as compared with the market-price; yet sure I am that we got our money's worth, for health and enjoyment that are priceless come into the estimate, and no money could tempt us to part with the harvest of delights that every year yields from our garden. The most thrifty farmer or nursery-man is always ready to forgive an amateur a considerable share of

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improvidence if he has only the true love of nature; and on that ground I am able to hold up my head among these good people, and talk and write as one of their gentle craft. What is said will have more point if we consider the philosophy of the garden as a school of science, a workshop of art, and a gallery of beauty and sociality.

Consider, first, the school that is opened to us among the plants. The place itself is a marvelous lesson, for it sets before us the first form of organic life, and teaches us how nature rises in vegetation from the earths of the mineral kingdom through the world of plants up to meet the realm of animal organization with man at its head. The garden is thus mediate between the mineral and the animal world, and has a wonderful chemistry of its own that transforms soils of sand, loam, gravel, and clay into the juices and fibre of flowers, shrubs, and trees. The last great discovery of chemistry brings out this power in clearer light by teaching us to see that all atoms of organic existence consist of but two general classes, the crystalloid and the celloid; and it is with vegetation that nature passes from the crystalloid to the celloid, and begins to build up her wondrous architecture of living things. How this is done we do not know. We see that the crystals of sand and limestone are dissolved and transformed into the starch and gluten of wheat and corn; but our chemical laboratories vainly try to make the change with all their science and art; and all their retorts, and acids, and blow-pipes have never been able to make bread or bread-stuff—not even an atom of starch or gluten—out of earth. Plants are ordained of God to work this transformation from crystal to celloid, from mineral to vegetable, and each plant has its own line of succession from the beginning, and does its wonderful work in its own way, and with the same costume and implements as at the beginning.

The study of the various soils themselves becomes most interesting in itself and its correspondences. A man of observation may learn wisdom for himself and his children by considering the qualities of his land and what they stand for. The mind is sometimes thick and clayey, or light and loamy, or drifting and sandy, or hard and gravelly—and in each case needs as specific treatment as the soil. Sometimes, too, the good yield of most forbidding soils gives us most encouraging hopes for unpromising children and youth. I once had five hundred loads, chiefly of clay, carted from a dirty swamp-hole to fill up a bog, and was frightened to see such an unsightly vacancy in the first locality and such a cold, barren surface in the second. But the empty hole soon became a pretty pond, and the dismal clay smiled and laughed itself into a green and luxuriant meadow. Who will despair either of soils or souls after such an experience?

Then what a lesson a man may learn from the marvelous variety of growths in his garden. Saintine, the author of that charming story of a flower in a prison-yard, has lately died, and the grateful earth might fitly bloom out violets, lilies, and roses upon the grave of so loyal a lover of nature and man. If his prison-hero found a world in that one plant that pushed its way up between the stones, and became the subject of that lovely prose-poem, we surely are more favored, and we all have field enough for our survey and our pleasure. The little plots of a few square feet with vine and roses behind our city houses, or the broad acres of our great park, give us all our botanic garden, where we may be wiser with Ray, and Goethe, Linnæus, and Jussieu, if we will. If the naked eye soon exhausts its range in our little field of vision, try the microscope, and what wonders disclose themselves beneath our feet and give enchantment to the very dust we tread! I once passed the rambling hours of a week in the country in this way, peeping into the grounds at the risk of being thought crazy, and was ashamed of my old ignorance and astounded by the new-found wisdom. Even in the hard paths under our feet there was a world of hidden beauty—flowers of most exquisite tint and form; and never more reverently did I quote Wordsworth's lines that tell us, "Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar."

When we walk through a garden of any magnitude we are surrounded with such a multitude and variety of growths as to be almost oppressed with those riches, and we find it hard to classify them under one dominant law. The lichens and mosses, the ferns and funguses, the trailing and climbing vines; the flowers of all hues and forms, the esculent plants so various, some ripening their fruit under ground and others lifting it into the air and light; the clover and the grasses, the trees deciduous and evergreen of all sizes and shapes, from the low juniper to the soaring elm—what a world is thus set before us! and how shall we bring all this motley crowd of growths to any sort of order, and arrange them under any satisfactory system? This question has not only perplexed simple observers of nature like ourselves, but even the shrewd masters of botanic gardens; and it is still not wholly clear by what marks plants are to be classified. It is still the ruling habit of popular speech to classify plants under the heads of trees, shrubs, and herbs according to their mere size. But careful observation shows the folly of this arrangement, by showing that plants of the most various dimensions belong to the same organic family; the bamboo, thirty feet high, being a kind of grass, and the lowly harts-tongue being of the same general division as the great tree-ferns that rival the palm. But when the error of this superficial system was seen it took years for naturalists to hit upon the true criterion. The system of Rivinus, in 1690, was based upon the formation of the corolla or circlet of flower-leaves. The system of Kamel, in 1693, depended upon the characteristics of the fruit alone, while Magnol, in 1720, looked to the calyx or outer envelope as well as to the corolla; and at last Linnæus, in

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1731, drew his system from the variations in the stamens and pistils or the reproductive organs of the flower. We were brought up to believe in this last system, and some of us remember well how we used to plod over its pedantic terms, and write them again and again from set copy into our writing-books at school. Before Linnæus, however, a sagacious Englishman, Ray, had a glimpse of the better science of vegetation, and in 1703 had grouped plants either as flowerless or flowering, and had subdivided the flowering into dicotyledons and monocotyledons, according as the germ is nourished by two or one seed-lobe. The idea of Ray waited for its complete development till the time of Jussieu, who presented the first principles of his Natural System to the French Academy of Sciences in 1773, and finished his great Exposition of this system in 1789, eleven years after its commencement. His system with some modifications now prevails, and plants are divided into the *asexual* or flowerless and the *sexual* or flowering. Without puzzling our readers with learned terms, it is better to take them out into the garden and teach them how to see for themselves the leading characteristics of plants. Consider, first, such as are asexual or flowerless. These are of two kinds: first, those that have stems and leaves undistinguishable, such as the sea-weed, the fungus, the lichen; secondly, those that have leaves and stems distinguishable, such as ferns and mosses. There can be no difficulty in understanding at once these two classes of the first order of plants; for any toad-stool or mushroom shows us a plant both flowerless and without distinguishable leaves and stem. Pluck, moreover, a leaf of fern of any kind, and instead of flowers or seeds, you will note on the back of the leaf little elevations that look like barnacles, and from these come the spores that propagate the plant. Thus you have the two classes of flowerless plants.

I am willing to be laughed at for quaintly simplifying the second and principal order of plants, the sexual or flowering; and once amused an intelligent and good-natured audience by producing a cornstalk and a stick of sassafras as specimens of the two orders of the second of the two great divisions. All the plants that are most important to us are either of the cornstalk or the sassafras family. Perhaps it is best, however, to take a more familiar specimen than the sassafras, and we will hold up the cornstalk and the maple branch before our readers as specimens. The cornstalk is a somewhat homely creature, but has the most distinguished relatives, and is of the family of the grasses, lilies, and palms. All our cereals are of this family, and without its help man and beast must come near starving. The characteristic marks are obvious. The cornstalk grows from within and is *endogenous*, and, moreover, the germ is fed from only a single cotyledon or seed-lobe. In this as in the other plants of its class, there is no clear distinction between the wood and the bark.

Pass to the other or *exogenous* class of the same grand division of flowering plants, and we have, as in the maple and all our forest trees, and most of our fruits and flowers, the constant mark of the formation of the wood from without inward, so as to record each successive season of growth in the rings of the trunk or branch beneath the bark which is distinct from the wood. The germ, moreover, in growing is nourished by two seed-lobes instead of one. It is interesting and instructive to carry these simple principles in our mind as we ramble through our groves, and orchards, and garden with pruning-knife and microscope in hand. We soon find ourselves becoming tolerable botanists without crazing our heads with a catalogue of outlandish names. We can train even our little children to read this grand yet obvious alphabet of nature, and tell whether a plant belongs to the flowering or flowerless division; whether to the family of toad-stools, mosses, and ferns, or to the family of grasses and trees; and to decide to which branch of this last great family it belongs—whether to the grass and cornstalk tribe, or to the tribe of maples and roses. When we have found the place of a plant in the grand division, and its general class, it is interesting to hunt up its especial order and tribe, and say exactly what it is in common phrase. Here, for example, we have a clump of oaks of various kinds, big and little, that have colonized that corner of our ground. Cut off a branch or twig from each. Ascertain by the wood that it belongs to the grand division of flowering plants, and to the first class exogenous and dicotyledonous, and then trace it out to the second subdivision of plants without corolla, and to its order, according to Loudon, among the *urticeæ* with rough points or stinging hairs, and see its odd affinity with the nettle that gives the order the name; or, as other botanists have it, we may rank it with the *cupuliferæ* or cup-bearing trees among the chestnuts, and beeches, and hazels. Thus we have fixed the place of the oak according to the natural system. Then we can compare the leaf and wood with those of other oaks described in the catalogues or plates, and tell just what kind of oak it is. Every such search will teach us a great deal, and if we have a good botanist at hand great is the gain. A plain farmer who has learned the trees and shrubs by heart is an admirable colleague to the botanist, and may tell us at once what a plant is before the scholar can study it out, and may rid us of a vast deal of trouble by teaching us by its common name where to look for our full scientific description. I am half ashamed to say that in our own little domain there are still many wild plants that I can not call by name, nor identify with any of the descriptions and plates in my books. Very likely that solid farmer or his buxom wife or pretty daughter, whom we sometimes pass on their way to the village, might wholly dispel our darkness by a word as familiar as any in the kitchen and herb garden to the rural population.

We know very well that the knowledge which

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is generally sought from the garden is not of the scientific kind, and gardening is a very different thing from botanizing. It is not safe, of course, to base our cultivation upon learned classifications; and he would be a funny horticulturist who should portion off his grounds after the system either of Linnæus or Jussieu, and insist on keeping by themselves all plants not found in the same botanic classes. This rule would compel us to keep the cucumber and pumpkin away from the corn, and forbid the rose to show its lovely head near the green turf which best sets off its beauty, or to mate with the lily that so completes its charm. We must bring economy and taste as well as science to bear upon our garden before we combine all desirable variety with unity, and integrate the differences of our vegetation by a judicious singleness of aim. In this way we reach the practical economy of gardening, and are able to bring our science into the service of our art. The true economy must, of course, have in view both utility and beauty, for there can be no good garden without both elements; since the potato-patch and currant and raspberry bushes are none the less profitable by being neatly and even prettily arranged, and the winding paths through fresh lawns or under shady trees are full of healthful influence, strengthening the limbs by inviting exercise, and cheering the spirits by various aspects of loveliness.

As to the complete idea of the garden, the estimate must differ as our point of view or aim differs. If we were writing for a prince with ready millions at command, we might perhaps take Lord Bacon's estimate, and say that thirty acres are not too much for a prince-like garden, without including the forest park or farm. It is easy to see how his plan might be adapted to modern taste, and made quite charming, by doing away his absurd Dutch squares, and set circles, and cumbrous carpentry. If laid out literally by his plan, his thirty acres would become a magnificent baby-house, and confirm his own remark, "that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately rather than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." His four acres of green in the entrance, with two long walks in covered alleys on either side, would be a dismal affair without trees or shrubs to cheer the eye and relieve the loiterer from the necessity of hiding under the covering of carpenter's-work, twelve feet high, to escape the glare and heat of the summer sun. Nor do we see much charm in his artificial mound (in the middle of the twelve-acre garden proper), thirty feet high, for "some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass." His heath of six acres in the rear, which he would have "formed as much as may be to a natural wildness," is more to our modern taste; and the only trouble with this portion is that, instead of our having all the wild beauty by itself, and all the regular beauty by itself, the two should be intermingled, and the broad lawn should border on charming flower-beds, of various growths, and romantic shrubbery in studied freedom; and art and nature should do their best to help each other.

The case with us, however, is that we are not to devise princely methods of magnificence, but republican plans of economy; and the garden that we have in mind must needs be one that comes within the average means of lovers of nature in America. Any man of moderate means may own a few acres, and treat it according to the most approved principles of economy and taste. We who are not farmers wish, of course, to do as much as we can with our little domain, and expect, if possible, to unite the advantages of park and orchard—flowers for the eye and vegetables for the table. We wish to have the largest crop of market value and landscape beauty. Our rule of utility may be summed up in a single sentence, and be said to be that method of gardening which secures the most products of the best quality suited to our needs through the year, and so produced as to draw out, without exhausting, the various and alternate powers of the soil. To carry out this rule, even in a kitchen-garden of half an acre, will be no small study and discipline to the shrewdest calculator and economist. Books have been written on "Our Farm of Two Acres," "Four Acres," and "Ten Acres." I shall be glad to see as good a book as these on "Our Garden of One Acre," or "Half," or "Quarter of an Acre." I have so humble a sense of my own attainments in these economics of gardening that I will not pretend to be overwise, but be more ready to remember the constant comfort and health of our unfailing supply of fresh vegetables through the season, than to school our readers in the art of money-making out of carrots and potatoes, strawberries and grapes.

The economics of the beautiful I am more free to speak of, and am quite sure that beauty is far nearer to us, if we will seek it, than is commonly supposed. The great secret is to follow the lead of nature, and try not to overlay nature by ambition, and not to fall into poor artifice in our search for art. The idea of God in nature is obvious. He unites ever difference with unity, and always brings together a large array of various elements around some central purpose. The great universe, our solar system, our earth, or any large prospect on its surface, or, if we specify particular objects, we may say that a tree, a bird, an animal, or, above them all, a human body, these manifest wonderful diversity of parts in unity of aim—and the study of creation opens an inexhaustible school of beauty. The nearer the garden comes to the variety and unity of nature so much the better for its completeness. There, as in nature, the lines of beauty and utility should be mingled; and while we should not be ashamed to plant our esculents and even our fruit trees in straight rows, we should study to secure the curve of grace wherever we can consult taste, and allow the generous eye and the easy foot to

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move in the line of beauty. He is happy who can have enough of flowing or living water in his grounds to help him to dream of the lake, the river, and the ocean; enough of rise and fall on the surface to relieve the scene from monotony, if not to suggest the images of the hills and cliffs of his romantic rambles or reveries; enough of lawn and grove to unite the charms of the open meadow with the forest shrubs; flowers, shrubbery, and orchard enough to present the useful and the beautiful in judicious harmony, and to help the master and his friends to discern distinctly the hand of God—the All-wise and the All-lovely—in the domain. I believe most sincerely in making the garden thus a microcosm, an epitome of nature, a chapter out of the great Cosmos. We read that Father Adam heard the voice of God in the midst of the garden, and our faith is that the same God is with us; and with all our illumination we are wretched scholars if we have not learned to hear His word as it speaks to us amidst the flowers and trees. Lord Bacon well says, "God Almighty planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." Base surely is the mind that forgets Him in this purest of pleasures, or fails to see His wisdom and goodness in its riches.

One glance at the *science* of horticulture prepares the way for looking at the *art*, and so we pass from the garden as a *school* to regard it as a *work-shop*. It is certainly the oldest of work-shops—older by far than the carpenter's or smith's—and the place where man learned to earn his bread by the sweat of the brow. Strength surely is born of this labor, and the working power of the race comes mainly from the tillers of the ground. Without undertaking to call farm labor wholly blessed, or to think it altogether a luxury to work ten hours a day in the broiling sun, we may surely say that no form of muscular activity is more beneficial than that which belongs to a judicious round of gardening. It compels us to take every attitude, and call every muscle into use. We read of, and sometimes see, ingenious calisthenic exercises that are so contrived as to bring the whole body into healthy motion, but no artificial ingenuity can compare with gardening as a gymnastic exercise. What variety of implement, posture, and movement there may be in a single morning's work! We may sit, or stoop, or walk, or stand, with rake, hoe, trowel, spade, or plow. I certainly never knew what muscles I had till bringing them out in this various work. There is a great deal that a gentle hand may do, and grace as well as health attends the fair woman who plays the Flora or Pomona of the domain, and tends her flowers, vines, and trees, as a good housewife only can do. Beauty is lovelier at this task than at any play; and a rational man on the way to matrimony might be more readily won by the charming contrast between the delicate hand and foot of the fair amateur gardener, and the brown earth and useful trowel or pruning-knife, than by the brilliant belle of the ball-room with its surfeit of splendors and its monotony of unbroken display. There is nothing, moreover, better for a sedentary man, or student of delicate habit, than moderate practice in the garden. There is variety enough to keep his attention, and effort enough to stir his blood, quicken his senses, and point his purpose. He may profitably try once in a while the harder forms of labor, and learn from experience what hard work is. Let him go at the stones of the little or large quarry with sledge-hammer and crow-bar, or try his hand with the axe at felling some dead or doomed cedar or sycamore, and his aching flesh and bones, and panting breath, and swelling veins will soon teach him his limitations, give him new respect for his rough comrades at the business, and read him a new version of the old Latin saw, "Non omnes omnia possumus," or, "We can not all do all things."

Skill as well as strength is found in tilling the ground, and the horticulturist who is master of his art need not hang his head before any adept in accomplishment. To be able to adapt each plant to its soil and conditions, to train and prune, to bud and graft, and perform all the nice offices of gardening, with the attendant supervision of fowls, cattle, and horses, and the due prevention of blights from the elements and ravages from noxious insects, requires a rare union of aptitudes and crafts, and seems almost to call for all handiworks and vocations in one. Some persons have a charmed touch for trees and flowers. A good nursery-man has his own gift of nature as well as training, and there is something more than superstition in the legend of St. Rosa of Lima, one of our few American saints of the canon, who is said to have had such witchery over vegetation that the roses and lilies bloomed out at her approach. Some temperaments are certainly in peculiar harmony with plants, and seem to be loved by them as well as to love them. Perhaps there may be something in the influence of animal electricity over the growth of vegetation that may explain the apparent marvel, though I am not one of those who insist upon explaining all faith away by the materialist's creed or no creed.

If we add the skill of horticulture to the rugged health that belongs to outdoor labor in the wholesome air of the country, we certainly have a work-shop worthy of the school which should prepare us for it. Little as the rural population come up to the proper standard of their privileges, we may be quite sure that we need them to recruit our exhausted city vitality, and that our great towns would miserably degenerate without constant reinforcement from the bone and sinew, the fresh blood and brain of the green fields. So far, indeed, as the science of health and the art of living are concerned the city has the advantage; and were it not for our better knowledge of medicine, ventilation, bathing, cooking, etc., we might all languish and die, until a fresh migration came in from the bush. Undoubtedly the best science as well as

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art is to be found in the great centres of life, and if we therefore receive much from the country we are bound to give much in return, and carry our culture and knowledge into the villages and fields.

There is probably no piece of ground in the whole land better worth seeing than our Central Park, that work-shop of so much labor and studio of so much art. We ought to rejoice in it not only for its direct pleasures, but for its influence as a model garden upon the whole nation. Every man's acres ought to be lovelier for that careful and magnificent enterprise and achievement. There is something there for every man to learn, whether for the millionaire bent on laying out his princely acres wisely, or the thrifty workman who would know what is the best vine to trail over his cottage or the best shade trees to set before his door. The element of beauty is evidently becoming more and more a popular study with us, and the taste for landscape-gardening is making more general advances in America than any other art except music, which goes so well along with it and seems to call for it as the song of the bird calls for the grove and the flowers, "whose breath," says Lord Bacon, "is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand."

The beautiful arts are brought before us by this illustration in their two classes—the arts of the hand, that appeal to the eye, and the arts of the voice, that appeal to the ear. Now surely the garden is the *atelier* for both classes of arts, and on the one hand invites architecture, sculpture, and painting, and on the other hand rewards music, poetry, the drama, and eloquence. We must have some kind of building there, and any man of the least taste can play the architect upon some rustic bower, even if he has too much good sense or modesty to venture upon planning his own house or stable or conservatory. One may be well amused at the effect that may be produced by a little money, where there is plenty of rustic timber. I built two rough arbors several years ago, which cost but twenty and thirty dollars, and now that the vines have covered them they have risen into romantic beauty, and no costly summer-house of the old, artificial pattern can compare with them for a moment. My favorite retreat in the heat of the summer days is in the least costly of the two; and the pomp of millionaires seems ridiculous when I sit with some noble book in hand under the shelter of my twenty-dollar study, with stately oaks and walnuts around, with chirping birds and chattering squirrels, keeping company with the ceaseless murmur and rustle of their leaves. Last year I tried my hand at a statelier structure, under the spur of a generous gift, and with the help of a young student of architecture, who is now winning honors in the great school of architects in Paris. His drawing was charming, but the thing itself is more so; and the rustic tower with five pointed arches, on its stately rock foundation, is a picturesque feature of the whole neighborhood, and is intended to bear aloft our sacred flag with the holy symbol of our faith. The cost was only about two hundred dollars at the worst of all seasons for building, and in common times it might have been built for little more than half that sum. Who will laugh at me for erecting three handsome buildings for two hundred and fifty dollars? Let him laugh who wins. I am willing to be laughed at by any body who will get more beauty and enjoyment for less money. Our acres are enriched for our lifetime, and our summers are idealized for a sum of money which might be easily spent upon a ball-dress or a dinner.

Sculpture as well as architecture belongs to the garden. It is well to have means to set up fountains, vases, and statues, for these do much to fill out and integrate the landscape. But little wealth is needed to bring the sculptor's eye for mass and form and light and shade to bear upon the prospect. Every grove and clump of trees or shrubs is a study in form and grouping. Swedenborg says that trees represent men; and whether he is right or not, we know that the finest statuesque effects may be produced by due selection and massing of trees and shrubs, so as fitly to combine and contrast the drooping willow or elm with the spire-like fir or hemlock, or the rounding maple or oak. At night the eye, in some respects, enjoys still more the sculptor's art of giving beauty and grandeur to mass and form. In our little domain it was a new revelation to me years ago, when I began to walk at evening in our groves of cedars and maples and oaks, and to note the sky-line of shadow and light which so brought out their expression. The place had a solemn, grand, cathedral look; and two or three cedars that had no particular charm in the daytime rose up into romantic beauty then, and their tips seemed to be ready to volunteer to be built into the walls of some old minster, in order to complete or repair the work of the glorious dreamer among the builders of the ancient times. The landscape-gardener must needs be a sculptor in taste if not in talent, and so arrange buildings, walks, lawns, trees, water, shrubbery, and all things in the view as to give all the true measure and proportion, and bring out new power and charm under all the changing lights and shades of nature. Every man of common sense practices the same art, however, when little conscious of it; and he who trains a woodbine upon a stately tree, or an ivy upon a solid wall, belongs to the illustrious craft that ranks Phidias and Michael Angelo among its princes. He is a sculptor not in dead wood or brass or stone, but in materials quite as ready to obey the call of taste and imagination, and give those effects of form and light and shade that lend the handiwork of the chisel its power and charm.

And who shall tell the capacities of the garden for the painter's art, with its display of figure, color, and perspective. Landscape gardening is landscape painting, with a stouter instrument than the pencil, indeed, and with richer

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and more living colors than any on the pallet. It may be that the material is so near at hand, and often so ample as to leave little to the invention of art; and he sometimes treats nature most generously who most scrupulously lets her alone in beauty unadorned, and thus adorned the most. But generally the loveliest ground needs clearing and arranging. In fact, rural art is never so perfect as when it brings out nature; and culture of the soil, as of the soul, reveals the fairest of its capacities, and lights up the face with its best expression. You must first be able to see your ground properly, and so also to see from it into the distance. If your garden is a wilderness of nature, where you can hardly see a rod before your face, you are not master of your domain; for you can not, either by sight or by imagination, take in its extent or richness, nor own it with your eye, that most imperial of the senses. True art will not show the whole at once, but what it does show will imply the rest, as the hand or foot implies the whole body. The thicket that you let remain will combine with that which you cut away to give the due proportion of seclusion and openness, and your pruning-knife or bush-hook well plied will sometimes do wonders in bringing your tangled wilderness into the proportions of a picture. One of our great painters showed me a few days ago a picture on canvas twelve feet by seven, which embodied only a week's work, and was a noble sketch of a storm in the Rocky Mountains, with all the features of snow-capped peaks, majestic cliffs, highland lakes, browsing deer, running brooks, stately trees, and gentle flowers. If he had been two months at work upon the piece the result before the eyes would be enough to show for the labor and time. Yet I have seen more marvelous transformations than that wrought by the knife and axe. Cut away a few bushes and branches within that grove on the hill, and there is a full view, a grand picture, of the sea, with its changing waters, and its rich effects of storm and calm, moonlight and sunlight, now with broad and unbroken surface, and now all alive with vessels under steam or sail. I have seen an arbor that Eve might not scorn made in a couple of hours by clearing out the interior of a thicket of alders and young cedars, opening a lovely carpet of ground pine under foot, and preparing the way for the woodbine, the clematis, and the honey-suckle to run up the bushes of the encircling walls, and to cover them with their rich and ever-varying festoons and arabesques.

The proper application of the principles of perspective to any little domain as simple as ours may not shame any painter's art, and what has already been done there is enough to show that the pruning-knife is ally to the pencil, and both may minister to the spirit of beauty. The element of color, too, needs careful treatment, and is much under command of taste and imagination. The hues of nature, indeed, we do not create; but we find them, and not as the painter finds them, in parcels assorted and labeled at his order, but in natural combination. The rose is not of a single red, nor the pink or the violet of a single pink or violet shade. But there is great choice in the selection and grouping of flowers, shrubs, and trees, so as to bring out the true melody and harmony of color. We may call color the music of the light, and, as in music, we may find in color melody and harmony. That rose, with drooping head and blushing cheek, has its own native air or melody, like the song of the robin or bluebird; and that fuschia, with pendent and jeweled drops, seems to answer the rose's queenly air with her own gentler tones. But group the whole array of plants of color duly, and what harmony is the result! Sometimes different clusters or beds of well-chosen flowers seem to answer each other like the responsive choirs of the cathedral; and it may not be altogether conceit to say that in a well-concerted garden you may have all voices of color music, from the deep base of the ruddy rose to the thrilling soprano of the violet. We need to take account of all the changes of season and periods of vegetation to bring out the proper effects of color, and the good gardener will sow his seed and arrange his flowers so as to leave no month uncheered from the time when the bluebird pipes on the advance-guard of spring, and pecks at the swelling buds of the maple, to the time when the sere and yellow leaf gives such glory to autumn, and the snow-bird is seen on his way to summer skies. All the hues of nature, of course, should be made to contribute their part to the pictured series of months, and great account should be made of the constant features of the landscape, such as the evergreens and the mosses and the rocks that give such charm to winter when summer life is no more.

The vocal arts can not fail to feel the power of the haunt thus prepared for them in the landscape; and music, poetry, the drama, and even eloquence, are ready to catch inspiration from the arts of rural architecture, sculpture, and painting. Nature surely gives us music enough to call out our voices; and it is no slight to the birds to practice their art on true principles, and make their wild melodies the prelude to the finer melodies and harmonies of the voice, the flute, the harp, or piano. We hear of chamber concerts and academy concerts. Why not have garden concerts more frequently? I have certainly sometimes thought even the organ-grinder a godsend in the country, and have there listened with delight to the old strains that I would have closed my ears against in the city, so much does nature set off art, and the trees and flowers ask to be interpreted into music. And as to poetry, we are all ready to be poets in the country; and if our fancy is dull of itself, and has no Pegasus of its own to ride, it is quite ready to mount upon the pillion of some favored son of the Muses, and ride with him into the heaven of ideals. How much poetry has been written in or about the garden every library is proof,

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and Parnassus can never be a paved city. Even the policies and passions, the lights and shades, and follies and aspirations of city life come most to mind in the country, as they see the battle best who look upon it from some tranquil hill away from the din and smoke. The drama, too, belongs to the garden; and he who has the true eye may see tragedy and comedy all about him in the airs and attitudes, the loves and the quarrels of insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts, and the various play and mien of the more rational tenants and ramblers of the domain, with their walks and talks, their work and play. It is a good place, too, for actual dramatic scenes, especially for pastoral life, and there are many parts of our great dramatists that can be charmingly enacted in groves or dells, or among flower-beds and grassy lawns. Last year a little association of amateurs of letters spent a day with us in the country, and amused themselves and us with recitations. Among other selections they gave us the melancholy Jaques with his companions in the great scene in the Forest of Arden. The famous words "All the world's a stage" gave our little dell, with its canopy of oaks, elms, and walnuts, quite a Shakspearian dignity, and we were not at all ashamed to have such a scene brought to such a theatre. Nor would glorious Will himself have thought the performance altogether poor.

As to eloquence, the garden speaks for itself, and is sure to make its true friends and lovers speak; and the finest of all speech—that which calls for two parties only, and is very likely to fix the destiny of both—flows more freely and willingly there in some charming arbor or shady walk than in the city drawing-room or promenade. What sacred eloquence the garden may inspire none will deny who revere Him who bade us consider the lilies how they grow, and taught the hidden wisdom of the seed and the soil.

I have been anticipating the last branch of our subject, and have implied that the garden may be a gallery of elegant resort, a saloon of society and conversation. Why should not more stress be laid on this idea?

There is something in the place itself that favors companionship; and when left to ourselves, away from the distractions of the world, we make friends of books or find them in our neighbors. We feel our social nature more when less surfeited with society, and made to hunger and thirst for its nurture and refreshing. There is something, too, in the ready walks and various paths and scenes that invites conversation. The tongue insists on alternating with or relieving the active foot, and the eye, in time satiated with seeing, asks for the voice to give the listening ear its turn. The garden makes Peripatetics of us all, and after we have walked half an hour we are impatient to read or talk the next half hour, and keep up the balance between body and soul.

Then what socializers are fruits and flowers by their taste and beauty! The pear, peach, apple, cherry, and all the smaller fruits of flavor, seem to be half soul and half body, and to mediate between the spirit and the flesh. Who cares to eat fine peaches or strawberries by himself? We must share the treasure, like a choice poem or sparkling paragraph. All persons of gentle culture have this feeling, and every good-hearted man, however rough his hand, is no stranger to it. How obvious it is in all fruit-growers at their gatherings! and although the quantity of the choice fruit under view may be small, they insist upon sharing it in good fellowship. It may be a single choice apple or pear for the whole dozen of amateurs; but out comes the pocket-knife, and all have a fair portion. I believe that the growing of fine fruits has introduced a new element into society, and has made the taste of good things to educate the higher taste that feeds on the beautiful, and brings men together in the fellowship of refinement and intelligence. The strawberry, the raspberry, the peach, and the pear have been great civilizers in America, and their work is not done as yet.

The more express beauties of the garden carry out this work, and there is something wonderfully assimilating in all scenes and objects of pure taste. Flowers are wine to the eye, and they who enjoy them find themselves won to genial companionship, that softens and exalts and does not inebriate. When combined with the various charms of the landscape they have a certain enchantment, and the rose or the honeysuckle is a precious poem when it interprets our old homestead or our pet haunt. Then how comparatively small the cost of much of this rare beauty. Buy a dozen or two of roses or phloxes of choice kinds, as you can for some two or three dollars a dozen, and see what will come of them. What exquisite bloom in those bush-roses, in that splendid *Chateaubriand*, that luxuriant *Mrs. Elliott*, that stately *Pius IX.!* and what witchery in those climbers that run like roguish imps upon every thing that will hold them, and are Puck in frolic and Ariel in aspiration! Those phloxes, I confess, amaze me by the perfection of their color and the continuance of their bloom. For two months that *Valery* has charmed us with its rich Magenta clusters, and that *Alba perfecta* has soothed and even evangelized us by those petals of exquisite white, with its interior of pink, as if love and purity were blending together, and the pure in heart were flaming into rapture as they begin to see God. Yet the twelve phloxes cost less than a good bottle of wine, and for two months their cups have been full of nectar, and now are filling again.

Dear reader, I must break off before I have wholly done; and should I say all that comes of itself to the pen on this theme, you might tire of my prattle if you were not moved to take up the word for yourself, and in your own garden at this charming season ramble and dream, and speak out what you and fair nature so well understand together without need of any go-between.

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

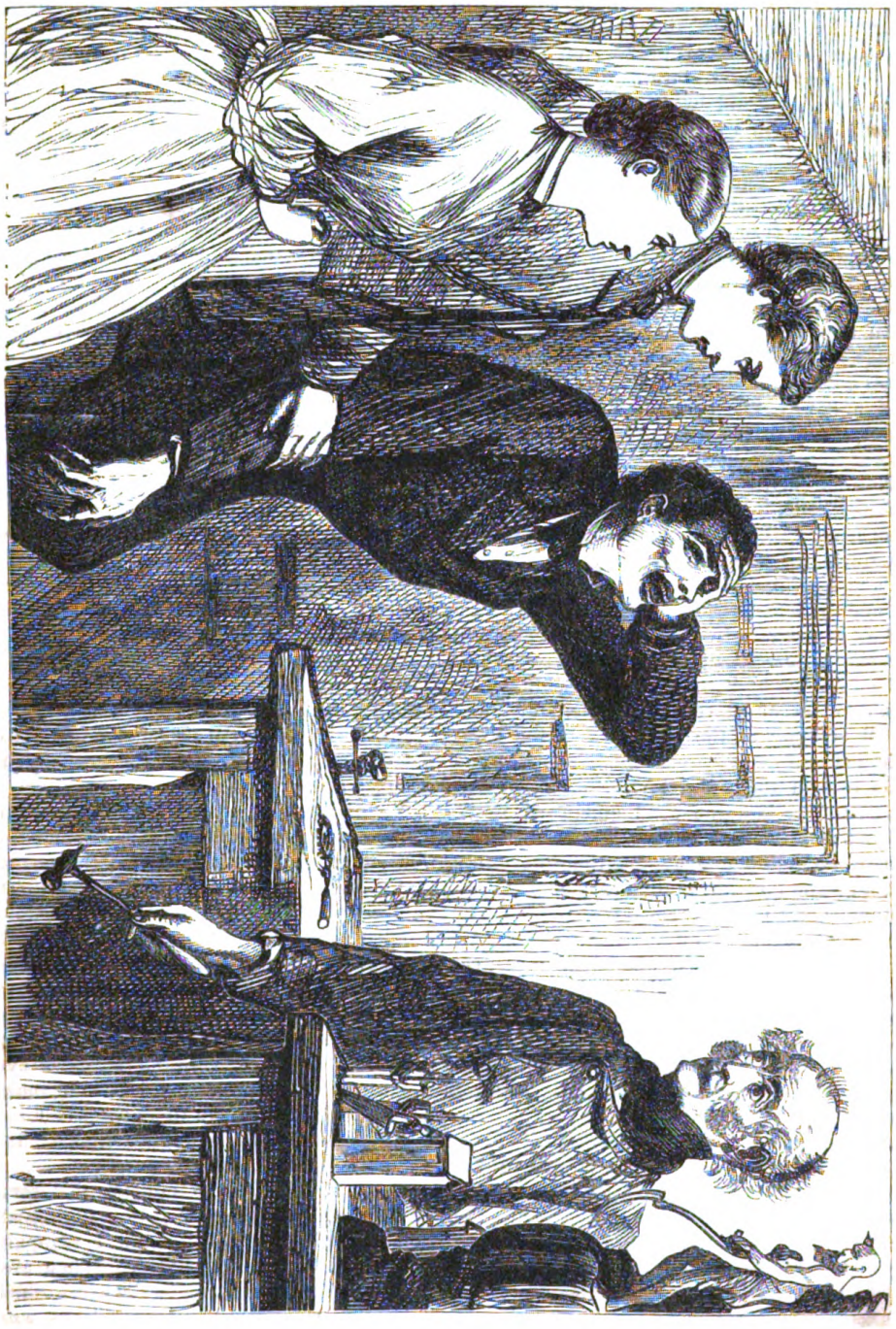
THE little group gathered together in Major Milroy's parlor to wait for the carriages from Thorpe-Ambrose would hardly have conveyed the idea, to any previously uninstructed person introduced among them, of a party assembled in expectation of a picnic. They were almost dull enough, so far as outward appearances went, to have been a party assembled in expectation of a marriage.

Even Miss Milroy herself, though conscious of looking her best in her bright muslin dress and her gayly-feathered new hat, was at this inauspicious moment Miss Milroy under a cloud. Although Allan's note had assured her, in Allan's strongest language, that the one great object of reconciling the governess's arrival with the celebration of the picnic was an object achieved, the doubt still remained whether the plan proposed—whatever it might be—would meet with her father's approval. In a word, Miss Milroy declined to feel sure of her day's pleasure until the carriage made its appearance and took her from the door. The major, on his side, arrayed for the festive occasion in a tight blue frock-coat which he had not worn for years, and threatened with a whole long day of separation from his old friend and comrade the clock, was a man out of his element, if ever such a man existed yet. As for the friends who had been asked at Allan's request—the widow lady (otherwise Mrs. Pentecost) and her son (the Reverend Samuel) in delicate health—two people less capable (apparently) of adding to the hilarity of the day could hardly have been discovered in the length and breadth of all England. A young man who plays his part in society by looking on in green spectacles, and listening with a sickly smile, may be a prodigy of intellect and a mine of virtue, but he is hardly, perhaps, the right sort of man to have at a picnic. An old lady afflicted with deafness, whose one inexhaustible subject of interest is the subject of her son, and who (on the happily rare occasions when that son opens his lips) asks every body eagerly, "What does my boy say?" is a person to be pitied in respect of her infirmities, and a person to be admired in respect of her maternal devotedness, but not a person, if the thing could possibly be avoided, to take to a picnic. Such a man, nevertheless, was the Reverend Samuel Pentecost, and such a woman was the Reverend Samuel's mother, and, in the dearth of any other producible guests, there they were, engaged to eat, drink, and be merry for the day at Mr. Armadale's pleasure-party to the Norfolk Broads.

The arrival of Allan, with his faithful follower, Pedgift Junior, at his heels, roused the flagging spirits of the party at the cottage. The plan for enabling the governess to join the picnic, if she arrived that day, satisfied even Major Milroy's anxiety to show all proper attention to the lady who was coming into his house. After writing the necessary note of apology and invitation, and addressing it in her very best handwriting to the new governess, Miss Milroy ran up stairs (a little anxiously) to say good-by to her mother, and returned, with a smiling face and a side-look of relief directed at her father, to announce that there was nothing now to keep any of them a moment longer indoors. The company at once directed their steps to the garden-gate, and were there met face to face by the second great difficulty of the day. How were the six persons of the picnic to be divided between the two open carriages that were in waiting for them?

Here, again, Pedgift Junior exhibited his invaluable faculty of contrivance, and solved the problem off-hand before two words could be said about it. This highly-cultivated young man possessed in an eminent degree an accomplishment more or less peculiar to all the young men of the age we live in—he was perfectly capable at all times and under all circumstances of taking his pleasure without forgetting his business. Such a client as the Master of Thorpe-Ambrose fell but seldom in his father's way, and to pay special but unobtrusive attention to Allan all through the day, was the business of which young Pedgift, while proving himself to be the life and soul of the picnic, never once lost sight from the beginning of the merry-making to the end. He had detected the state of affairs between Miss Milroy and Allan at a glance, and he at once provided for his client's inclinations in that quarter, by offering (in virtue of his local knowledge) to lead the way in the first carriage, and by asking Major Milroy and the curate if they would do him the honor of accompanying him. "We shall pass a very interesting place to a military man, Sir," said young Pedgift, addressing the major, with his happy and unblushing confidence, "the remains of a Roman encampment. And my father, Sir, who is a subscriber," proceeded this rising lawyer, turning to the curate, "wished me to ask your opinion of the new Infant School buildings at Little Gill Beck. Would you kindly give it me, Sir, as we go along?" He opened the carriage-door, and helped in the major and the curate before they could either of them start any difficulties. The necessary result followed. Allan and Miss Milroy rode together in the same carriage, with the extra convenience of a deaf old lady in attendance to keep the squire's compliments within the necessary limits.

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THE MAJOR'S CLOCK.—[SEE JUNE NUMBER, PAGE 841]

Never yet had Allan enjoyed such an interview with Miss Milroy as the interview he now had on the road to the Broads. The dear old lady, after a little anecdote or two on the subject of her son, did the one thing wanting to secure the perfect felicity of her two youthful companions—she became considerately blind for the occasion as well as deaf. A quarter of an hour after the carriage left the major's cottage the poor old soul, reposing on snug cushions and fanned by a fine summer air, fell peaceably asleep. Allan made love, and Miss Milroy sanctioned the manufacture of that occasionally precious article of human commerce, to a solemn base accompaniment on two notes, played by the curate's mother's unsuspecting nose. The only interruption to the love-making (the snoring being a thing more grave and permanent in its nature was not interrupted at all) came at intervals from the carriage ahead. Not satisfied with having the major's Roman encampment and the curate's Infant Schools on his mind, Pedgift Junior rose erect from time to time in his place and, respectfully hailing the hindmost

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vehicle, directed Allan's attention, in a shrill tenor voice, and with an excellent choice of language, to objects of interest on the road. The only way to quiet him was to answer, which Allan invariably did by shouting back, "Yes, beautiful;" upon which young Pedgift disappeared again in the recesses of the leading carriage, and took up the Romans and the Infants where he had left them last.

The scene through which the picnic party was now passing merited far more attention than it received either from Allan or Allan's friends.

An hour's steady driving from the major's cottage had taken young Armadale and his guests beyond the limits of Midwinter's solitary walk, and was now bringing them nearer and nearer to one of the strangest and loveliest aspects of Nature which the inland landscape, not of Norfolk only, but of all England, can show. Little by little, the face of the country began to change as the carriage approached the remote and lonely district of the Broads. The wheat-fields and turnip-fields became perceptibly fewer; and the fat green grazing-grounds on either side grew wider and wider in their smooth and sweeping range. Heaps of dry rushes and reeds, laid up for the basket-maker and the thatcher, began to appear at the road-side. The old gabled cottages of the early part of the drive dwindled and disappeared, and huts with mud walls rose in their place. With the ancient church-towers and the wind and water mills, which had hitherto been the only lofty objects seen over the low marshy flat, there now rose all round the horizon, gliding slow and distant behind fringes of pollard willows, the sails of invisible boats moving on invisible waters. All the strange and startling anomalies presented by an inland agricultural district, isolated from other districts by its intricate surrounding network of pools and streams, holding its communications and carrying its produce by water instead of by land—began to present themselves in closer and closer succession. Nets appeared on cottage palings; little flat-bottomed boats lay strangely at rest among the flowers in cottage gardens; farmers' men passed to and fro clad in composite costume of the coast and the field—in sailors' hats and fishermen's boots, and plowmen's smocks—and even yet the low-lying labyrinth of waters, unbosomed in its mystery of solitude, was a hidden labyrinth still. A minute more, and the carriages took a sudden turn from the hard high-road into a little weedy lane. The wheels ran noiseless on the damp and spongy ground. A lonely outlying cottage appeared, with its litter of nets and boats. A few yards farther on, and the last morsel of firm earth suddenly ended in a tiny creek and quay. One turn more to the end of the quay—and there, spreading its great sheet of water, far and bright and smooth, on the right hand and the left—there, as pure in its spotless blue, as still in its heavenly peacefulness, as the summer sky above it, was the first of the Norfolk Broads.

The carriages stopped, the love-making broke off, and the venerable Mrs. Pentecost, recovering the use of her senses at a moment's notice, fixed her eyes sternly on Allan the instant she woke.

"I see in your face, Mr. Armadale," said the old lady, sharply, "that you think I have been asleep."

The consciousness of guilt acts differently on the two sexes. In nine cases out of ten it is a much more manageable consciousness with a woman than with a man. All the confusion, on this occasion, was on the man's side. While Allan reddened and looked embarrassed, the quick-witted Miss Milroy instantly embraced the old lady with a burst of innocent laughter.

"He is quite incapable, dear Mrs. Pentecost," said the little hypocrite, "of any thing so ridiculous as thinking you have been asleep!"

"All I wish Mr. Armadale to know," pursued the old lady, still suspicious of Allan, "is, that my head being giddy, I am obliged to close my eyes in a carriage. Closing the eyes, Mr. Armadale, is one thing, and going to sleep is another. Where is my son?"

The Reverend Samuel appeared silently at the carriage door with his green spectacles and his sickly smile in perfect working order, and assisted his mother to get out.

"Did you enjoy the drive, Sammy?" asked the old lady. "Beautiful scenery, my dear, wasn't it?"

Young Pedgift, on whom all the arrangements for exploring the Broads devolved, bustled about, giving his orders to the boatmen. Major Milroy, placid and patient, sat apart on an overturned punt, and privately looked at his watch. Was it past noon already? More than an hour past. For the first time, for many a long year, the famous clock at home had struck in an empty work-shop. Time had lifted his wonderful scythe, and the corporal and his men had relieved guard, with no master's eye to watch their performances, with no master's hand to encourage them to do their best. The major sighed as he put his watch back in his pocket.

"I'm afraid I'm too old for this sort of thing," thought the good man, looking about him dreamily. "I don't find I enjoy it as much as I thought I should. When are we going on the water, I wonder? where's Neelie?"

Neelie—more properly Miss Milroy—was behind one of the carriages with the promoter of the picnic. They were immersed in the interesting subject of their own Christian names, and Allan was as near a point-blank proposal of marriage as it is well possible for a thoughtless young gentleman of two-and-twenty to be.

"Tell me the truth," said Miss Milroy, with her eyes modestly riveted on the ground, "when you first knew what my name was you didn't like it, did you?"

"I like every thing that belongs to you," rejoined Allan, vigorously. "I think Eleanor is a beautiful name; and yet, I don't know why,

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I think the major made an improvement when he changed it to Neelie."

"I can tell you why, Mr. Armadale," said the major's daughter, with great gravity. "There are some unfortunate people in this world whose names are—how can I express it?—whose names are, Misfits. Mine is a Misfit. I don't blame my parents, for of course it was impossible to know when I was a baby how I should grow up. But as things are, I and my name don't fit each other. When you hear a young lady called Eleanor, you think of a tall, beautiful, interesting creature directly—the very opposite of *me!* With my personal appearance Eleanor is ridiculous—and Neelie, as you yourself remarked, is just the thing. No! no! don't say any more—I'm tired of the subject; I've got another name in my head, if we must speak of names, which is much better worth talking about than mine."

She stole a glance at Allan which said plainly enough, "The name is yours." Allan advanced a step nearer to her, and lowered his voice (without the slightest necessity) to a mysterious whisper. Miss Milroy instantly resumed her investigation of the ground. She looked at it with such extraordinary interest that a geologist might have suspected her of scientific flirtation with the superficial strata.

"What name are you thinking of?" asked Allan.

Miss Milroy addressed her answer, in the form of a remark, to the superficial strata—and let them do what they liked with it, in their capacity of conductors of sound. "If I had been a man," she said, "I should so like to have been called Allan!"

She felt his eyes on her as she spoke, and, turning her head aside, became absorbed in the graining of the panel at the back of the carriage. "How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of interest in the vast subject of varnish. "I wonder how they do it!"

Man persists, and woman yields. Allan declined to shift the ground from love-making to coach-making. Miss Milroy dropped the subject.

"Call me by my name, if you like it," he whispered, perseveringly. "Call me 'Allan,' for once—just to try."

She hesitated with a heightened color and a charming smile, and shook her head. "I couldn't just yet," she answered, softly.

"May I call you Neelie? Is it too soon?"

She looked at him again, with a sudden disturbance about the bosom of her dress, and a sudden flash of tenderness in her dark gray eyes.

"You know best!" she said faintly, in a whisper.

The inevitable answer was on the tip of Allan's tongue. At the very instant, however, when he opened his lips, the abhorrent high tenor of Pedgift Junior, shouting for "Mr. Armadale," rang cheerfully through the quiet air. At the same moment, from the other side of the carriage, the lurid spectacles of the Reverend Samuel showed themselves officiously on the search, and the voice of the Reverend Samuel's mother (who had, with neat dexterity, put the two ideas of the presence of water and a sudden movement among the company together) inquired distractedly if any body was drowned? Sentiment flies and Love shudders at all demonstrations of the noisy kind. Allan said, "Damn it!" and rejoined young Pedgift. Miss Milroy sighed, and took refuge with her father.

"I've done it, Mr. Armadale!" cried young Pedgift, greeting his patron gayly. "We can all go on the water together; I've got the biggest boat on the Broads. The little skiffs," he added, in a lower tone, as he led the way to the quay steps, "besides being ticklish and easily upset, won't hold more than two, with the boatman; and the major told me he should feel it his duty to go with his daughter, if we all separated in different boats. I thought *that* would hardly do, Sir," pursued Pedgift Junior, with a respectfully sly emphasis on this word. "And, besides, if we had put the old lady into a skiff with her weight (sixteen stone if she's a pound), we might have her upside down in the water half her time, which would have occasioned delay, and thrown what you call a damp on the proceedings. Here's the boat, Mr. Armadale. What do you think of it?"

The boat added one more to the strangely anomalous objects which appeared at the Broads. It was nothing less than a stout old life-boat, passing its last declining years on the smooth fresh water, after the stormy days of its youth-time on the wild, salt sea. A comfortable little cabin for the use of fowlers in the winter season had been built amidships, and a mast and sail adapted for the inland navigation had been fitted forward. There was room enough and to spare for the guests, the dinner, and the three men in charge. Allan clapped his faithful lieutenant approvingly on the shoulder; and even Mrs. Pentecost, when the whole party were comfortably established on board, took a comparatively cheerful view of the prospects of the picnic. "If any thing happens," said the old lady, addressing the company generally, "there's one comfort for all of us. My son can swim."

The boat floated out from the creek into the placid waters of the Broad, and the full beauty of the scene opened on the view.

On the northward and westward, as the boat reached the middle of the lake, the shore lay clear and low in the sunshine, fringed darkly at certain points by rows of dwarf trees, and dotted here and there, in the opener spaces, with windmills and reed-thatched cottages of puddled mud. Southward, the great sheet of water narrowed gradually to a little group of close-nestling islands which closed the prospect, while to the east a long, gently undulating line of reeds followed the windings of the Broad, and shut out all view of the watery wastes beyond. So clear and so light was the summer air that the one

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cloud in the eastern quarters of the heaven was the smoke-cloud left by a passing steamer three miles distant and more on the inevitable sea. When the voices of the pleasure-party were still not a sound rose far or near but the faint ripple at the bows, as the men with slow, deliberate strokes of their long poles pressed the boat forward softly over the shallow water. The world and the world's turmoil seemed left behind forever on the land; the silence was the silence of enchantment—the delicious interflow of the soft purity of the sky and the bright tranquillity of the lake.

Established in perfect comfort in the boat—the major and his daughter on one side, the curate and his mother on the other, and young Pedgift between the two—the water party floated smoothly toward the little nest of islands at the end of the Broad. Miss Milroy was in raptures; Allan was delighted; and the major for once forgot his clock. Every one felt pleasurably, in their different ways, the quiet and beauty of the scene; Mrs. Pentecost, in her way, feeling it like a clairvoyant—with closed eyes.

"Look behind you, Mr. Armadale," whispered young Pedgift. "I think the parson's beginning to enjoy himself."

An unwonted briskness—portentous apparently of coming speech—did certainly at that moment enliven the curate's manner. He jerked his head from side to side like a bird; he stopped and cleared his throat, and clasped his hands; he sighed, and looked at the company. Getting into spirits seemed, in the case of this excellent person, to be alarmingly like getting into the pulpit.

"Even in this scene of tranquillity," said the Reverend Samuel, coming out softly with his first contribution to the society, in the shape of a remark, "the Christian mind—led, so to speak, from one extreme to another—is forcibly recalled to the unstable nature of all earthly enjoyments. How, if this calm should not last? How, if the winds rose and the waters became agitated?"

"You needn't alarm yourself about that, Sir," said young Pedgift, "June's the fine season here—and you can swim."

Mrs. Pentecost (mesmerically affected in all probability by the near neighborhood of her son) opened her eyes suddenly, and asked with her customary eagerness, "What does my boy say?"

The Reverend Samuel repeated his words in the key that suited his mother's infirmity. The old lady nodded in high approval, and pursued her son's train of thought through the medium of a quotation.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Pentecost, with infinite relish, "He rides the whirlwind, Sammy, and directs the storm!"

"Noble words!" said the Reverend Samuel. "Noble and consoling words!"

"I say," whispered Allan, "if he goes on much longer in that way, what's to be done?"

"I told you, papa, it was a risk to ask them," added Miss Milroy, in another whisper.

"My dear!" remonstrated the major. "We know nobody else in the neighborhood; and as Mr. Armadale kindly suggested our bringing our friends, what could we do?"

"We can't upset the boat," remarked young Pedgift, with sardonic gravity. "It's a lifeboat, unfortunately. May I venture to suggest putting something into the reverend gentleman's mouth, Mr. Armadale? It's close on three o'clock. What do you say to ringing the dinner-bell, Sir?"

Never was the right man more entirely in the right place than Pedgift Junior at the picnic. In ten minutes more the boat was brought to a stand-still among the reeds; the Thorpe-Ambrose hampers were unpacked on the roof of the cabin; and the current of the curate's eloquence was checked for the day.

How inestimably important in its moral results—and therefore how praiseworthy in itself is the act of eating and drinking! The social virtues centre in the stomach. A man who is not a better husband, father, and brother, after dinner than before, is, digestively speaking, an incurably vicious man. What hidden charms of character disclose themselves, what dormant amiabilities awaken when our common humanity gathers together to pour out the gastric juice! At the opening of the hampers from Thorpe-Ambrose sweet Sociability (offspring of the happy union of Civilization and Mrs. Gripper) extended among the boating party, and melted in one friendly fusion the discordant elements of which that party had hitherto been composed. Now did the Reverend Samuel Pentecost, whose light had hitherto been hidden under a bushel, prove at last that he could do something by proving that he could eat. Now did Pedgift Junior shine brighter than even he had shone yet, in gems of caustic humor and exquisite fertilities of resource. Now did the squire, and the squire's charming guest, prove the triple connection between Champagne that sparkles, or that grows bolder, and Eyes whose vocabulary is without the word No. Now did cheerful old times come back to the major's memory, and cheerful old stories not told for years find their way to the major's lips. And now did Mrs. Pentecost, coming out wakefully in the whole force of her estimable maternal character, seize on a supplementary fork, and ply that useful instrument incessantly between the choicest morsels in the whole round of dishes, and the few vacant places left available on the Reverend Samuel's plate. "Don't laugh at my son," cried the old lady, observing the merriment which the proceedings produced among the company. "It's my fault, poor dear—*I* make him eat!" And there are men in this world who, seeing virtues such as these developed at the table, as they are developed nowhere else, can, nevertheless, rank the glorious privilege of dining with the smallest of the diurnal personal worries which necessity imposes on mankind—with buttoning your waistcoat, for example, or lacing your stays! Trust no such monster as

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this with your tender secrets, your loves and hatreds, your hopes and fears. His heart is uncorrected by his stomach, and the social virtues are not in him.

The last mellow hours of the day had just met the first cool breezes of the long summer evening before the dishes were all laid waste, and the bottles as empty as bottles should be. This point in the proceedings attained, the picnic party looked lazily at Pedgift Junior to know what was to be done next. That inexhaustible functionary was equal as ever to all the calls on him. He had a new amusement ready before the quickest of the company could so much as ask him what that amusement was to be.

"Fond of music on the water, Miss Milroy?" he asked, in his airiest and pleasantest manner.

Miss Milroy adored music, both on the water and the land—always excepting the one when she was practicing the art herself on the piano at home.

"We'll get out of the reeds first," said young Pedgift. He gave his orders to the boatmen, dived briskly into the little cabin, and reappeared with a concertina in his hand. "Neat, Miss Milroy, isn't it?" he observed, pointing to his initials, inlaid on the instrument in mother-of-pearl. "My name's Augustus, like my father's. Some of my friends knock off the 'A,' and call me 'Gustus Junior.' A small joke goes a long way among friends, doesn't it, Mr. Armadale? I sing a little, to my own accompaniment, ladies and gentlemen; and, if quite agreeable, I shall be proud and happy to do my best."

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Pentecost; "I dote on music."

With this formidable announcement the old lady opened a prodigious leather bag, from which she never parted night or day, and took out an ear-trumpet of the old-fashioned kind—something between a key bugle and a French horn. "I don't care to use the thing generally," explained Mrs. Pentecost, "because I'm afraid of it's making me deafer than ever. But I can't and won't miss the music. I dote on music. If you'll hold the end of it, Sammy, I'll stick it in my ear. Neelie, my dear, tell him to begin."

Young Pedgift was troubled with no nervous hesitation: he began at once—not with songs of the light and modern kind, and as might have been expected from an amateur of his age and character—but with declamation and patriotic bursts of poetry, set to the bold and blatant music which the people of England loved dearly at the earlier part of the present century, and which, whenever they can get it, they love dearly still. "The Death of Marmion," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Bay of Biscay," "Nelson," under various vocal aspects, as exhibited by the late Braham—these were the songs in which the warm concertina and student tenor of Gustus Junior exulted together. "Tell me when you're tired, ladies and gentlemen," said the minstrel solicitor. "There's no conceit about *me*. Will you have a little sentiment by way of variety? Shall I wind up with "The Mistletoe Bough" and "Poor Mary Anne?"

Having wound up with those two cheerful melodies (sitting cross-legged on the roof of the cabin), young Pedgift respectfully requested the rest of the company to follow his vocal example in turn; offering, in every case, to play "a running accompaniment" impromptu, if the singer would only be so obliging as to favor him with the key-note.

"Go on, somebody," cried Mrs. Pentecost, eagerly. "I tell you again, I dote on music. We haven't had half enough yet, have we, Sammy?"

The Reverend Samuel made no reply. The unhappy man had reasons of his own—not exactly in his bosom, but a little lower—for remaining silent in the midst of the general hilarity and the general applause. Alas for humanity! Even maternal love is alloyed with mortal fallibility. Owing much already to his excellent mother, the Reverend Samuel was now additionally indebted to her for a smart indigestion.

Nobody, however, noticed as yet the signs and tokens of internal revolution in the curate's face. Every body was occupied in entreating every body else to sing. Miss Milroy appealed to the founder of the feast: "Do sing something, Mr. Armadale," she said, "I should so like to hear you!"

"If you once begin, Sir," added the cheerful Pedgift, "you'll find it get uncommonly easy as you go on. Music is a science which requires to be taken by the throat at starting."

"With all my heart," said Allan, in his good-humored way. "I know lots of tunes, but the worst of it is, the words escape me. I wonder if I can remember one of Moore's Melodies? My poor mother used to be proud of teaching me Moore's Melodies when I was a boy."

"Whose melodies?" asked Mrs. Pentecost. "Moore's? Aha! I know Tom Moore by heart."

"Perhaps, in that case, you will be good enough to help me, ma'am, if my memory breaks down," rejoined Allan. "I'll take the easiest melody in the whole collection, if you'll allow me. Every body knows it—'Eveleen's Bower.'"

"I'm familiar, in a general sort of way, with the 'National Melodies of England, Scotland, and Ireland,'" said Pedgift Junior. "I'll accompany you, Sir, with the greatest pleasure. This is the sort of thing, I think." He burst into a complicated musical improvisation, wonderful to hear—a mixture of instrumental flourishes and groans; a jig corrected by a dirge, and a dirge enlivened by a jig. "That's the sort of thing," said young Pedgift, with his smile of supreme confidence. "Fire away, Sir!"

Mrs. Pentecost elevated her trumpet, and Allan elevated his voice. "'Oh, weep for the hour when to Eveleen's Bower—'" He stopped; the accompaniment stopped; the audience waited. "It's a most extraordinary thing," said

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Allan; "I thought I had the next line on the tip of my tongue, and it seems to have escaped me. I'll begin again, if you have no objection. 'Oh, weep for the hour when to Eveleen's Bower—'"

"'The lord of the valley with false vows came,'" said Mrs. Pentecost.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Allan. "Now I shall get on smoothly. 'Oh, weep for the hour when to Eveleen's Bower, the lord of the valley with false vows came. The moon was shining bright'—"

"No!" said Mrs. Pentecost.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Allan. "'The moon was shining bright'—"

"The moon wasn't doing any thing of the kind," said Mrs. Pentecost.

Pedgift Junior, foreseeing a dispute, persevered *sotto voce* with the accompaniment—in the interest of harmony.

"Moore's own words, ma'am," said Allan, "in my mother's copy of the Melodies."

"Your mother's copy was wrong," retorted Mrs. Pentecost. "Didn't I tell you just now that I knew Tom Moore by heart?"

Pedgift Junior's peace-making concertina still flourished and groaned, *sotto voce*.

"Well, what *did* the moon do?" asked Allan, in despair.

"What the moon *ought* to have done, Sir, or Tom Moore wouldn't have written it so," rejoined Mrs. Pentecost. "'The moon hid her light from the heaven that night, and wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame!' I wish that young man would leave off playing," added Mrs. Pentecost, venting her rising irritation on Gustus Junior. "I've had enough of him—he tickles my ears."

"Proud, I'm sure, ma'am," said the unblushing Pedgift. "The whole science of music consists in tickling the ears."

"We seem to be drifting into a sort of argument," remarked Major Milroy, placidly. "Wouldn't it be better if Mr. Armadale went on with his song?"

"Do go on, Mr. Armadale!" added the major's daughter. "Do go on, Mr. Pedgift!"

"One of them doesn't know the words, and the other doesn't know the music," said Mrs. Pentecost. "Let them go on, if they can!"

"Sorry to disappoint you, ma'am," said Pedgift Junior; "I'm ready to go on, myself, to any extent. Now, Mr. Armadale!"

Allan opened his lips to take up the unfinished melody where he had last left it. Before he could utter a note the curate suddenly rose, with a ghastly face, and a hand pressed convulsively over the middle region of his waistcoat.

"What's the matter?" cried the whole boating-party in chorus.

"I am exceedingly unwell," said the Reverend Samuel Pentecost.

The boat was instantly in a state of confusion. "Eveleen's Bower" expired on Allan's lips, and even the irrepressible concertina of Pedgift was silenced at last. The alarm proved to be quite needless. Mrs. Pentecost's son possessed a mother, and that mother had a bag. In two seconds the art of medicine occupied the place left vacant in the attention of the company by the art of music.

"Rub it gently, Sammy," said Mrs. Pentecost. "I'll get out the bottles and give you a dose. It's his poor stomach, major. Hold my trumpet, somebody—and stop the boat. You take that bottle, Neelie, my dear; and you take this one, Mr. Armadale; and give them to me as I want them. Ah, poor dear, I know what's the matter with him! Want of power *here*, major—cold, acid, and flabby. Ginger to warm him; soda to correct him; sal volatile to hold him up. There, Sammy, drink it before it settles—and then go and lie down, my dear, in that dog-kennel of a place they call the cabin. No more music!" added Mrs. Pentecost, shaking her forefinger at the proprietor of the concertina—"unless it's a hymn, and that I don't object to."

Nobody appearing to be in a fit frame of mind for singing a hymn, the all-accomplished Pedgift drew upon his stores of local knowledge, and produced a new idea. The course of the boat was immediately changed under his direction. In a few minutes more the company found themselves in a little island-creek, with a lonely cottage at the far end of it, and a perfect forest of reeds closing the view all round them.

"What do you say, ladies and gentlemen, to stepping on shore and seeing what a reed-cutter's cottage looks like?" suggested young Pedgift.

"We say yes, to be sure," answered Allan. "I think our spirits have been a little dashed by Mr. Pentecost's illness and Mrs. Pentecost's bag," he added, in a whisper to Miss Milroy. "A change of this sort is the very thing we want to set us all going again."

He and young Pedgift handed Miss Milroy out of the boat. The major followed. Mrs. Pentecost sat immovable as the Egyptian Sphinx, with her bag on her knees, mounting guard over "Sammy" in the cabin.

"We must keep the fun agoing, Sir," said Allan, as he helped the major over the side of the boat. "We haven't half done yet with the enjoyment of the day."

His voice seconded his hearty belief in his own prediction to such good purpose that even Mrs. Pentecost heard him, and ominously shook her head.

"Ah!" sighed the curate's mother. "If you were as old as I am, Mr. Armadale, you wouldn't feel quite so sure of the enjoyment of the day!"

So, in rebuke of the rashness of youth, spoke the caution of age. The negative view is notoriously the safe view, all the world over—and the caution of age is, as a necessary consequence, generally in the right.

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CHAPTER IX.

FATE OR CHANCE.

It was close on six o'clock when Allan and his friends left the boat; and the evening influence was creeping already, in its mystery and its stillness, over the watery solitude of the Broads.

The shore in these wild regions was not like the shore elsewhere. Firm as it looked, the garden-ground in front of the reed-cutter's cottage was floating ground, that rose and fell and oozed into puddles under the pressure of the foot. The boatmen who guided the visitors warned them to keep the path, and pointed through gaps in the reeds and pollards to grassy places, on which strangers would have walked confidently, where the crust of earth was not strong enough to bear the weight of a child over the unfathomed depths of slime and water beneath. The solitary cottage, built of planks, pitched black, stood on ground that had been steadied and strengthened by resting it on piles. A little wooden tower rose at one end of the roof and served as a look-out post in the fowling season. From this elevation the eye ranged far and wide over a wilderness of winding water and lonesome marsh. If the reed-cutter had lost his boat, he would have been as completely isolated from all communication with town or village as if his place of abode had been a light-vessel instead of a cottage. Neither he nor his family complained of their solitude, or looked in any way the rougher or the worse for it. His wife received the visitors hospitably, in a snug little room, with a strong, raftered ceiling, and windows which looked like windows in a cabin on board ship. His wife's father told stories of the famous days when the smugglers came up from the sea at night, rowing through the net-work of rivers with muffled oars till they gained the lonely Broads, and sunk their spirit-casks in the water far from the coast-guard's reach. His wild little children played at hide-and-seek with the visitors; and the visitors ranged in and out of the cottage, and round and round the morsel of firm earth on which it stood, surprised and delighted by the novelty of all they saw. The one person who noticed the advance of the evening—the one person who thought of the flying time and the stationary Pentecosts in the boat—was young Pedgift. That experienced pilot of the Broads looked askance at his watch, and drew Allan aside at the first opportunity.

"I don't wish to hurry you, Mr. Armadale," said Pedgift Junior; "but the time is getting on, and there's a lady in the case."

"A lady?" repeated Allan.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined young Pedgift. "A lady from London; connected (if you'll allow me to jog your memory) with a pony-chaise and white harness."

"Good Heavens, the governess!" cried Allan; "why, we have forgotten all about her!"

"Don't be alarmed, Sir; there's plenty of time if we only get into the boat again. This is how it stands, Mr. Armadale. We settled, if you remember, to have the gipsy tea-making at the next 'Broad' to this—Hurle Mere?"

"Certainly," said Allan. "Hurle Mere is the place where my friend Midwinter has promised to come and meet us."

"Hurle Mere is where the governess will be, Sir, if your coachman follows my directions," pursued young Pedgift. "We have got nearly an hour's punting to do along the twists and turns of the narrow waters (which they call The Sounds here) between this Broad and Hurle Mere; and according to my calculations we must get on board again in five minutes, if we are to be in time to meet the governess and to meet your friend."

"We mustn't miss my friend on any account," said Allan; "or the governess either, of course. I'll tell the major."

Major Milroy was at that moment preparing to mount the wooden watch-tower of the cottage to see the view. The ever-useful Pedgift volunteered to go up with him, and rattle off all the necessary local explanations in half the time which the reed-cutter would occupy in describing his own neighborhood to a stranger.

Allan remained standing in front of the cottage, more quiet and more thoughtful than usual. His interview with young Pedgift had brought his absent friend to his memory for the first time since the picnic party had started. He was surprised that Midwinter, so much in his thoughts on all other occasions, should have been so long out of his thoughts now. Something troubled him like a sense of self-reproach as his mind reverted to the faithful friend at home, toiling hard over the steward's books in his interests and for his sake. "Dear old fellow," thought Allan, "I shall be so glad to see him at the Mere; the day's pleasure won't be complete till he joins us!"

"Should I be right or wrong, Mr. Armadale, if I guessed that you were thinking of somebody?" asked a voice softly behind him.

Allan turned and found the major's daughter at his side. Miss Milroy (not unmindful of a certain tender interview which had taken place behind a carriage) had noticed her admirer standing thoughtfully by himself, and had determined on giving him another opportunity while her father and young Pedgift were at the top of the watch-tower.

"You know every thing," said Allan, smiling. "I *was* thinking of somebody."

Miss Milroy stole a glance at him—a glance of gentle encouragement. There should be but one human creature in Mr. Armadale's mind after what had passed between them that morning!

"I have been thinking of somebody too," she said, half-inviting, half-repelling the coming avowal. "If I tell you the first letter of my Somebody's name, will you tell me the first letter of yours?"

"I will tell you any thing you like," rejoined Allan with the utmost enthusiasm.

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She still shrank coquettishly from the very subject that she wanted to approach. "Tell me your letter first," she said, in low tones, looking away from him.

Allan laughed. "M," he said, "is my first letter."

She started a little. Strange that he should be thinking of her by her surname instead of her Christian name; but it didn't matter as long as he *was* thinking of her.

"What is your letter?" asked Allan.

She blushed and smiled. "A—if you will have it!" she answered, in a reluctant little whisper. She stole another look at him, and luxuriously protracted her enjoyment of the coming avowal once more. "How many syllables is the name in?" she asked, drawing patterns shyly on the ground with the end of her parasol.

No man with the slightest knowledge of the sex would have been rash enough, in Allan's position, to tell her the truth. Allan, who knew nothing whatever of women's natures, and who told the truth right and left in all mortal emergencies, answered as if he had been under examination in a court of justice.

"It's a name in three syllables," he said.

"Miss Milroy's downcast eyes flashed up at him like lightning. "Three!" she repeated, in the blankest astonishment.

Allan was too inveterately straightforward to take the warning even now. "I'm not strong at my spelling, I know," he said, with his easy, light-hearted laugh. "But I don't think I'm wrong in calling Midwinter a name in three syllables. I was thinking of my friend—but never mind my thoughts. Tell me who A is—tell me who *you* were thinking of?"

"Of the first letter of the alphabet, Mr. Armadale, and I beg positively to inform you of nothing more!"

With that annihilating answer the major's daughter put up her parasol and walked back by herself to the boat.

Allan stood petrified with amazement. If Miss Milroy had actually boxed his ears (and there is no denying that she had privately longed to devote her hand to that purpose) he would hardly have felt more bewildered than he felt now. "What on earth have I done?" he asked himself, helplessly, as the major and young Pedgift joined him, and the three walked down together to the water-side. "I wonder what she'll say to me next?"

She said absolutely nothing; she never so much as looked at Allan when he took his place in the boat. There she sat, with her eyes and her complexion both much brighter than usual, taking the deepest interest in the curate's progress toward recovery; in the state of Mrs. Pentecost's spirits; in Pedgift Junior (for whom she ostentatiously made room enough to let him sit beside her); in the scenery and the reed-cutter's cottage; in every body and every thing but Allan—whom she would have married with the greatest pleasure five minutes since. "I'll never forgive him," thought the major's daughter. "To be thinking of that ill-bred wretch when I was thinking of *him!* and to make me all but confess it before I found him out! Thank Heaven Mr. Pedgift's in the boat!"

In this frame of mind Miss Neelie applied herself forthwith to the fascination of Pedgift and the discomfiture of Allan. "Oh, Mr. Pedgift, how extremely clever and kind of you to think of showing us that sweet cottage! Lonely, Mr. Armadale? I don't think it's lonely at all; I should like of all things to live there. What would this picnic have been without you, Mr. Pedgift; you can't think how I have enjoyed it since we got into the boat. Cool, Mr. Armadale? What can you possibly mean by saying it's cool? It's the warmest evening we've had this summer. And the music, Mr. Pedgift; how nice it was of you to bring your concertina! I wonder if I could accompany you on the piano? I should so like to try! Oh yes, Mr. Armadale, no doubt you meant to do something musical too, and I dare say you sing very well when you know the words; but, to tell you the truth, I always did and always shall hate Moore's Melodies!"

Thus, with merciless dexterity and manipulation, did Miss Milroy work that sharpest female weapon of offense, the tongue; and thus she would have used it for some time longer, if Allan had only shown the necessary jealousy, or if Pedgift had only afforded the necessary encouragement. But adverse fortune had decreed that she should select for her victims two men essentially unassailable under existing circumstances. Allan was too innocent of all knowledge of female subtleties and susceptibilities to understand any thing except that the charming Neelie was unreasonably out of temper with him without the slightest cause. The wary Pedgift, as became one of the quick-witted youth of the present generation, submitted to female influence, with his eye fixed immovably all the time on his own interests. Many a young man of the past generation, who was no fool, has sacrificed every thing for love. Not one young man in ten thousand of the present generation, *except* the fools, has sacrificed a half-penny. The daughters of Eve still rise to the height of their mothers' merits, and drop to the depth of their mothers' faults. But the sons of Adam, in these latter days, are men who would have handed the famous apple back with a bow, and a "Thanks, no; it might get me into a scrape." When Allan—surprised and disappointed—moved away out of Miss Milroy's reach to the forward part of the boat, Pedgift Junior rose and followed him. "You're a very nice girl," thought this shrewd and sensible young man; "but a client's a client; and I am sorry to inform you, Miss, it won't do." He set himself at once to rouse Allan's spirits by diverting his attention to a new subject. There was to be a regatta that autumn on one of the Broads, and his client's opinion as a yachtsman might be valuable to the committee.

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"Something new, I should think, to you, Sir, in a sailing-match on fresh water?" he said, in his most ingratiatory manner.

And Allan, instantly interested, answered, "Quite new. Do tell me about it!"

As for the rest of the party, at the other end of the boat, they were in a fair way to confirm Mrs. Pentecost's doubts whether the hilarity of the picnic would last the day out. Poor Neelie's natural feeling of irritation under the disappointment which Allan's awkwardness had inflicted on her was now exasperated into silent and settled resentment by her own keen sense of humiliation and defeat.

The major had relapsed into his habitually dreamy, absent manner; his mind was turning monotonously with the wheels of his clock. The curate still secluded his indigestion from public view in the innermost recesses of the cabin; and the curate's mother, with a second dose ready at a moment's notice, sat on guard at the door. Women of Mrs. Pentecost's age and character generally enjoy their own bad spirits. "This," sighed the old lady, wagging her head with a smile of sour satisfaction, "is what you call a day's pleasure, is it? Ah, what fools we all were to leave our comfortable homes!"

Meanwhile the boat floated smoothly along the windings of the watery labyrinth which lay between the two Broads. The view on either side was now limited to nothing but interminable rows of reeds. Not a sound was heard, far or near; not so much as a glimpse of cultivated or inhabited land appeared any where. "A trifle dreary hereabouts, Mr. Armadale," said the ever-cheerful Pedgift. "But we are just out of it now. Look ahead, Sir! Here we are at Hurle Mere."

The reeds opened back on the right hand and the left, and the boat glided suddenly into the wide circle of a pool. Round the nearer half of the circle the eternal reeds still fringed the margin of the water. Round the farther half the land appeared again—here, rolling back from the pool in desolate sand-hills; there, rising above it in a sweep of grassy shore. At one point the ground was occupied by a plantation, and at another by the outbuildings of a lonely old red-brick house, with a strip of by-road near, that skirted the garden-wall and ended at the pool. The sun was sinking in the clear heaven, and the water, where the sun's reflection failed to tinge it, was beginning to look black and cold. The solitude that had been soothing the silence that had fell like an enchantment on the other Broad in the day's vigorous prime, was a solitude that saddened here—a silence that struck cold, in the stillness and melancholy of the day's decline.

The course of the boat was directed across the Mere to a creek in the grassy shore. One or two of the little flat-bottomed punts peculiar to the Broads lay in the creek; and the reed-cutters to whom the punts belonged, surprised at the appearance of strangers, came out, staring silently, from behind an angle of the old garden-wall. Not another sign of life was visible any where. No pony-chaise had been seen by the reed-cutters; no stranger, either man or woman, had approached the shores of Hurle Mere that day.

Young Pedgift took another look at his watch, and addressed himself to Miss Milroy. "You may, or may not, see the governess when you get back to Thorpe-Ambrose," he said; "but as the time stands now you won't see her here. You know best, Mr. Armadale," he added, turning to Allan, "whether your friend is to be depended on to keep his appointment?"

"I am certain he is to be depended on," replied Allan, looking about him in unconcealed disappointment at Midwinter's absence.

"Very good," pursued Pedgift Junior. "If we light the fire for our gipsy tea-making on the open ground there, your friend may find us out, Sir, by the smoke. That's the Indian dodge for picking up a lost man on the prairie, Miss Milroy—and it's pretty nearly wild enough (isn't it?) to be a prairie here!"

There are some temptations—principally those of the smaller kind—which it is not in the defensive capacity of human nature to resist. The temptation to direct the whole force of her influence, as the one young lady of the party, toward the instant overthrow of Allan's arrangement for meeting his friend, was too much for the major's daughter. She turned on the smiling Pedgift with a look which ought to have overwhelmed him. But who ever overwhelmed a solicitor?

"I think it's the most lonely, dreary, hideous place I ever saw in my life!" said Miss Neelie. "If you insist on making tea here, Mr. Pedgift, don't make any for me. No! I shall stop in the boat; and though I am absolutely dying with thirst, I shall touch nothing till we get back again to the other Broad!"

The major opened his lips to remonstrate. To his daughter's infinite delight Mrs. Pentecost rose from her seat before he could say a word, and, after surveying the whole landward prospect, and seeing nothing in the shape of a vehicle any where, asked indignantly whether they were going all the way back again to the place where they had left the carriages in the middle of the day. On ascertaining that this was, in fact, the arrangement proposed; and that, from the nature of the country, the carriages could not have been ordered round to Hurle Mere without, in the first instance, sending them the whole of the way back to Thorpe-Ambrose, Mrs. Pentecost (speaking in her son's interests) instantly declared that no earthly power should induce her to be out on the water after dark. "Call me a boat?" cried the old lady, in great agitation. "Wherever there's water there's a night mist, and wherever there's a night mist my son Samuel catches cold. Don't talk to *me* about your moonlight and your tea-making—you're all mad! Hi! you two men there!" cried Mrs. Pentecost, hailing the silent reed-cutters on shore. "Sixpence apiece

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for you, if you'll take me and my son back in your boat!"

Before young Pedgift could interfere Allan himself settled the difficulty this time with perfect patience and good temper.

"I can't think, Mrs. Pentecost, of your going back in any boat but the boat you have come out in," he said. "There is not the least need (as you and Miss Milroy don't like the place) for any body to go on shore here but me. I must go on shore; my friend Midwinter never broke his promise to me yet; and I can't consent to leave Hurle Mere as long as there's a chance of his keeping his appointment. But there's not the least reason in the world why I should stand in the way on that account. You have the major and Mr. Pedgift to take care of you; and you can get back to the carriages before dark, if you go at once. I will wait here, and give my friend half an hour more—and then I can follow you in one of the reed-cutter's boats."

"That's the most sensible thing, Mr. Armadale, you've said to-day," remarked Mrs. Pentecost, seating herself again in a violent hurry. "Tell them to be quick!" cried the old lady, shaking her fist at the boatmen. "Tell them to be quick!"

Allan gave the necessary directions, and stepped on shore. The wary Pedgift (sticking fast to his client) tried to follow.

"We can't leave you here alone, Sir," he said, protesting eagerly in a whisper. "Let the major take care of the ladies, and let me keep you company at the Mere."

"No, no!" said Allan, pressing him back. "They're all in low spirits on board. If you want to be of service to me, stop like a good fellow where you are, and do your best to keep the thing going."

He waved his hand, and the men pushed the boat off from the shore. The others all waved their hands in return except the major's daughter, who sat apart from the rest, with her face hidden under her parasol. The tears stood thick in Neelie's eyes. Her last angry feeling against Allan died out, and her heart went back to him penitently the moment he left the boat. "How good he is to us all!" she thought, "and what a wretch I am!" She got up with every generous impulse in her nature urging her to make atonement to him. She got up, reckless of appearances, and looked after him with eager eyes and flushed cheeks, as he stood alone on the shore. "Don't be long, Mr. Armadale!" she said, with a desperate disregard of what the rest of the company thought of her.

The boat was already far out in the water, and with all Neelie's resolution the words were spoken in a faint little voice which failed to reach Allan's ears. The one sound he heard, as the boat gained the opposite extremity of the Mere, and disappeared slowly among the reeds, was the sound of the concertina. The indefatigable Pedgift was keeping things going—evidently under the auspices of Mrs. Pentecost—by performing a sacred melody.

Left by himself Allan lit a cigar and took a turn backward and forward on the shore. "She might have said a word to me at parting!" he thought. "I've done every thing for the best; I've as good as told her how fond of her I am, and this is the way she treats me!" He stopped, and stood looking absently at the sinking sun and the fast-darkening waters of the Mere. Some inscrutable influence in the scene forced its way steadily into his mind, and diverted his thoughts from Miss Milroy to his absent friend. He started, and looked about him.

The reed-cutters had gone back to their retreat behind the angle of the wall, not a living creature was visible, not a sound rose any where along the dreary shore. Even Allan's spirits began to get depressed. It was nearly an hour after the time when Midwinter had promised to be at Hurle Mere. He had himself arranged to walk to the pool (with a stable-boy from Thorpe-Ambrose as his guide), by lanes and foot-paths which shortened the distance by the road. The boy knew the country well, and Midwinter was habitually punctual at all his appointments. Had any thing gone wrong at Thorpe-Ambrose? Had some accident happened on the way? Determined to remain no longer doubting and idling by himself, Allan made up his mind to walk inland from the Mere, on the chance of meeting his friend. He went round at once to the angle in the wall, and asked one of the reed-cutters to show him the foot-path to Thorpe-Ambrose.

The man led him away from the road, and pointed to a barely-perceptible break in the outer trees of the plantation. After pausing for one more useless look round him, Allan turned his back on the Mere and made for the trees.

For a few paces the path ran straight through the plantation. Thence it took a sudden turn through the thickening trees—and the water and the open country became both lost to view. Allan steadily followed the grassy track before him, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, until he came to another winding of the path. Turning in the new direction, he saw dimly a human figure sitting alone at the foot of one of the trees. Two steps nearer were enough to make the figure familiar to him. "Midwinter!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "This is not the place where I was to meet you! What are you waiting for here?"

Midwinter rose without answering. The evening dimness among the trees, which obscured his face, made his silence doubly perplexing.

Allan went on eagerly questioning him. "Did you come here by yourself?" he asked. "I thought the boy was to guide you?"

This time Midwinter answered, but in a strangely reluctant, irritating way. "When we got as far as these trees," he said, "I sent the boy back. He told me I was close to the place, and couldn't miss it."

"What made you stop here when he left you?" reiterated Allan. "Why didn't you walk on?"

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"Don't despise me, Allan," answered the other, "I hadn't the courage!"

"Not the courage!" repeated Allan. He paused a moment. "Oh, I know!" he resumed, putting his hand gayly on Midwinter's shoulder. "You're still shy of the Milroys. What nonsense, when I told you myself that your peace was made at the cottage!"

"I wasn't thinking, Allan, of your friends at the cottage. The truth is, I'm hardly myself to-day. I am ill and unnerved; trifles startle me." He stopped, and shrunk away, under the anxious scrutiny of Allan's eyes. "If you *will* have it," he burst out abruptly, "the horror of that night on board the Wreck has got me again; there's a dreadful oppression on my head; there's a dreadful sinking at my heart—I'm afraid of something happening to us, if we don't part before the day is out. I can't break my promise to you; for God's sake release me from it, and let me go back?"

Remonstrance, to any one who knew Midwinter, was plainly useless at that moment. Allan humored him. "Come out of this dark, airless place," he said; "and we'll talk about it. The water and the open sky are within a stone's-throw of us. I hate a wood in the evening—it even gives *me* the horrors. You have been working too hard over the steward's books. Come and breathe freely in the blessed open air."

Midwinter stopped, considered for a moment, and suddenly submitted.

"You're right," he said, "and I'm wrong, as usual. I'm wasting time and distressing you to no purpose. What folly to ask you to let me go back! Suppose you had said yes?"

"Well?" asked Allan.

"Well," repeated Midwinter, "something would have happened at the first step to stop me—that's all. Come on."

They walked together in silence on the way to the Mere.

At the last turn in the path Allan's cigar went out. While he stopped to light it again Midwinter walked on before him, and was the first to come in sight of the open ground.

Allan had just kindled the match, when, to his surprise, his friend came back to him round the turn in the path. There was light enough to show objects more clearly in this part of the plantation. The match, as Midwinter faced him, dropped on that instant from Allan's hand.

"Good God!" he cried, starting back, "you look as you looked on board the Wreck!"

Midwinter held up his hand for silence. He spoke with his wild eyes riveted on Allan's face, with his white lips close at Allan's ear.

"You remember how I *looked*," he answered, in a whisper. "Do you remember what I *said* when you and the doctor were talking of the Dream?"

"I have forgotten the Dream," said Allan.

As he made that answer Midwinter took his hand and led him round the last turn in the path.

"Do you remember it now?" he asked, and pointed to the Mere.

The sun was sinking in the cloudless westward heaven. The waters of the Mere lay beneath, tinged red by the dying light. The open country stretched away, darkening drearily already on the right hand and the left. And on the near margin of the pool, where all had been solitude before, there now stood, fronting the sunset, the figure of a Woman.

The two Armadales stood together in silence, and looked at the lonely figure and the dreary view.

Midwinter was the first to speak.

"Your own eyes have seen it," he said. "Now look at your own words."

He opened the narrative of the Dream and held it under Allan's eyes. His finger pointed to the lines which recorded the first Vision; his voice, sinking lower and lower, repeated the words:

"The sense came to me of being left alone in the darkness.

"I waited.

"The darkness opened and showed me the vision—as in a picture—of a broad, lonely pool, surrounded by open ground. Above the farther margin of the pool I saw the cloudless western sky, red with the light of sunset.

"On the near margin of the pool there stood the Shadow of a Woman."

He ceased, and let the hand which held the manuscript drop to his side. The other hand pointed to the lonely figure, standing with its back turned on them, fronting the setting sun.

"There," he said, "stands the living Woman, in the Shadow's place! There speaks the first of the dream-warnings to you and to me! Let the future time find us still together—and the second figure that stands in the Shadow's place will be Mine."

Even Allan was silenced by the terrible certainty of conviction with which he spoke.

In the pause that followed the figure at the pool moved, and walked slowly away round the margin of the shore. Allan stepped out beyond the last of the trees, and gained a wider view of the open ground. The first object that met his eyes was the pony-chaise from Thorpe-Ambrose.

He turned back to Midwinter with a laugh of relief. "What nonsense have you been talking?" he said. "And what nonsense have I been listening to? It is the governess at last."

Midwinter made no reply. Allan took him by the arm and tried to lead him on. He released himself suddenly, and seized Allan with both hands—holding him back from the figure at the pool as he had held him back from the cabin-door on the deck of the timber ship. Once again the effort was in vain. Once again Allan broke away as easily as he had broken away in the past time.

"One of us must speak to her," he said. "And if you won't, I will."

He had only advanced a few steps toward the

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Mere when he heard, or thought he heard, a voice faintly calling after him, once and once only, the word Farewell. He stopped, with a feeling of uneasy surprise, and looked round.

"Was that you, Midwinter?" he asked.

There was no answer. After hesitating a moment more Allan returned to the plantation. Midwinter was gone.

He looked back at the pool, doubtful in the new emergency what to do next. The lonely figure had altered its course in the interval: it had turned and was advancing toward the trees. Allan had been evidently either heard or seen. It was impossible to leave a woman unbefriended in that helpless position and in that solitary place. For the second time Allan went out from the trees to meet her.

As he came within sight of her face he stopped in ungovernable astonishment. The sudden revelation of her beauty, as she smiled and looked at him inquiringly, suspended the movement in his limbs and the words on his lips. A vague doubt beset him whether it was the governess after all.

He roused himself; and, advancing a few paces, mentioned his name. "May I ask," he added, "if I have the pleasure—"

The lady met him easily and gracefully halfway.

"Major Milroy's governess," she said. "Miss Gwilt."

GULL'S BLUFF.

CAPTAIN SWITZEL found the hero of this story on a wreck which he met floating over the Atlantic, in company with a howling dog, and a few fowls, still alive and imprisoned in a basket-like coop, which had become immovably jammed in the gangway as it was on the point of rolling overboard.

"It is a Danish brig," said Captain Switzel when he boarded the hulk. "Where do you hail from, youngster?"

For answer our hero, a boy, seized the dog by the neck and turned a somersault with him into the Captain's boat.

"He can't talk any thing but lingo," said one of the oarsmen, making room for him, "and he's most a-perished; his lips are cracked open and black as whale skin."

Captain Switzel hastily investigated the hold, which contained grain, and then ordered his men to pull back to his vessel.

"I have only caught a Tartar for my pains," he remarked, giving the boy a sideway look.

"A human being, Cap'n, is a human being," said the oarsman who had just spoken.

"He's a foreigner," was the reply. "Foreigners that I've come across in all the ports I ever sailed into have proved rascals."

"Blast such rheterick as this 'ere!" muttered a red-shirted young fellow near the boy. "The Cap'n is an old bacheldor, and has no more feelin' than an ostrich's egg, and don't know human natur either."

The boy looked about him, aware that he was an object of interest to the rough men who had risen from the rough sea for his salvation, but said nothing till the boat ground against the hull of Captain Switzel's Indiaman. Somebody gave him a rude hoist, which landed him on the deck; then he looked down into the boat and called, in a faint, hoarse voice, "Dag!"

The dog was tossed up; but before the boat was hoisted the boy had fallen in a heap, face, hands, and feet together, as if the motives which had hitherto kept them separate and individual members had vanished. Captain Switzel picked him up as if he had been a bunch of oakum, and carried him below. In a few days he reappeared on deck, a handsome, yellow-haired Scandinavian, dressed in a suit from the slop chest, with a man's dirk in his leather belt. Having made the impression upon the crew that his name was "Lorson," he wisely gave up the attempt of talking in his own language, except to his dog, and applied himself to the study of Captain Switzel's English, which was not as pure as it would have been if it had not been mixed with an idiom derived from a Dutch grandfather; for, in spite of the Captain's contempt for foreigners, this remote relative was born in Amsterdam, though he had recently been buried as an American veteran of the War of 1812.

Captain Switzel was outward-bound when he rescued Lorson from the jaws of the sea; upon this fact, perhaps, depended the consequences of the lives of both. The Captain staying too long on the shores of Sumatra, weighing pepper and cheating the natives, caught the coast fever, and sailed away with it seething in his blood, together with a splendid cargo. A terrible calm befell the ship before his fever reached its height. As the crew said, the water rotted—the horror of *creation* was visible in its viscid depths. All that the crew saw—the breeding, formless, floating monsters—the Captain felt in his brain, and at last his reason fled. The mate had dosed him from the crude medicine chest and bled him in vain; nothing remained to be done, the mate concluded, but to lash the patient in his berth and leave him. Lorson cut the lashings and pledged his word to the mate that the sick man should do no mischief above or below. By a serene, active care, a patient, acute watchfulness, the Captain was brought back to the confines of reason and convalescence.

The day he reassumed the command the Captain christened the boy to whom he owed his life, as his adopted son, by breaking a bottle of wine over his head, and declaring that his name was Lorson Switzel. The young sailor mentioned before, who was of a romantic turn, affirmed that this time the "Cap'n's rheterick" was all right, and congratulated Lorson upon having a father fall to him with plenty of rocks.

When the ship arrived in Selhaven, its destination and the Captain's home, he made arrangements immediately with the preceptor of the Selhaven Academy, by which Lorson en-

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tered into his family as a boarder, and into the Academy as a pupil. With injunctions on the part of the Captain, and tears on the part of Lorson, they separated, one to go to Calcutta, and the other to go through the gates of knowledge which stood uninvitingly open.

In eighteen months the Captain returned to find his adopted son as tall as himself, more bashful, and not very learned. For the first time in the long period of the Captain's seafaring life—for he was now thirty-five—he felt tempted to remain on shore. He yielded to that temptation and another; for during the year he remained at home he fell in love with and married a girl sixteen years old, whose occupation was that of a dress-maker, and whose position that of an orphan. She was making a dress for the preceptor's wife when he first saw her, as he happened to call at the house for the purpose of chatting with Lorson. He observed her closely from behind his cigar, and asked Lorson where she came from and who were her relatives.

"Oh, Mary Hoyle!" Lorson replied, carelessly; "she came from nowhere, as I did. She was in the school last summer, paid her board and tuition by sewing all night for old Mrs. Brock and several others; but she is a bad scholar for all that."

"Pooh!" replied the Captain, "what difference does that make? She is handsome. I am glad she has no friends."

"Lorson smiled, smoothed his peachy cheek, without comprehending his friend's intention, till he felt a nip on the said cheek, and heard the sharp whisper,

"Shall you be jealous?"

"She is just my age," Lorson answered.

The Captain reddened, and said, hastily, "You will not be obliged to call her mother."

They both laughed then, and as soon as Lorson found an opportunity he told Mary that she had made a conquest of the Captain, who was not an old man, after all! Mary blushed at the news, looked proudly at Lorson, and resumed her sewing. She allowed the Captain, however, at his first approach, to perceive that her inclination was favorable toward him. They were married without any courtship, and the honey-moon was a brief one, for the bridegroom was under sailing orders at the time of his proposal. Lorson accompanied him on the voyage, for it was time for him to commence the profession intended for him by his patron. The voyage was not a happy one to Captain Switzel; the sea had lost its charm. He vowed to Lorson that, once on dry land, he would never lose sight of it again; he would select some business within reach of a post-office at least, and Lorson, who was in no danger of being "spliced" for years to come, should take his place in the ship as soon as the owners would consent. At home he found Mary as much disgusted with her life in Selhaven as he was with his at sea. Whether she had pined for him, or whether she missed the enjoyment of her labors and her struggles with her small gains as dress-maker, or was disappointed at not being admitted as an equal into the maritime aristocracy of the old town which had a feudal tenure on the sea, from having devoted a long ancestry to all sorts of crusades upon its domain between pole and pole, she did not confess to her husband; but she entered into his scheme of changing their manner of living with alacrity. He cast about for a new employment, and a new spot to reside in, and found them at hand. The geography of the country and its resources were rendered by fortune favorable to his aspirations. To the west, outside of Selhaven Bay, stretched a range of islands. He bought the outermost one of the range, a mile or so in extent, upon which salt-works had been established for years. Where the island was the widest, and the ground flat, a house stood, which was occupied by the owner of the salt-works, who was glad to exchange his property for the Captain's in Selhaven. To watch the vats, export the salt therefrom in the schooner which he added to his purchase for this purpose, and live in peace and quietness with Mary, was Captain Switzel's intention and desire. The sea winds, though they might not rock his habitation, would still give him their familiar roar, and the endless procession of waves would pass before his vision, in their endeavor to compass the horizon, as uninterruptedly as when he rode with them in his ship. Vague pictures of freedom, chickens, plain dresses, odd hours for eating and sleeping, and a sense of constant protection, flitted in and out of Mary's mind; and so both were in a state of satisfaction. On the day of Lorson's departure in the *Orizambo*, as second mate, they took possession of the island. From the bluff which faced the ocean they watched his sails vanishing with sunset below the horizon. "The deep moaned round with many voices" as it darkened in the rising breeze. The captain sighed with the feeling which some inexorable association gave him, when he turned toward Mary, and took her hand to walk homeward. With a touch of homesickness she sought the room at the back of the house nearest the Selhaven shore, and looked from the window toward it. Its line of deep woods, which hid the town, rose firmly in the pale eastern sky—self-supporting, yet companionable; a strip of sea, more than a mile in width, rippled softly between them and the white beach but a few rods from where she stood. A bed of sedge spread above it as far as the rail-fence which divided soil and sand. Her eyes traveled slowly from the woods across the water, the beach, sand, and sedge, and rested within the fence. The grass was lush and verdant, she saw; whether she could not have a garden, was the thought which impelled her out of doors again, and which made her forget Lorson. She discovered a primrose-bush full of buds on one side of the door, and on the other a squat, sturdy, lilac-bush, with mound-like fortifications of mould about its roots. With these discoveries she interrupted the tranquil smoke of the Captain's cigar, and their discourse

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the first evening concerned a garden and the improvement of the salt farm. Mary obliterated the old name of the island, "Gull's Bluff," and renamed it "Crusoe," inasmuch as there was no resemblance to that ingenious navigator's retreat—not even in the point of solitude, for the Captain had with him a hired man and a boy; and she had taken into her service Katy Brown, a sailor's widow, who had been long befriended by the Switzels. Lorson, tossing round half the world, pushing in and out its great commercial ports, with "the hopes that make us men," felt upon his return, during the second summer of their abode at Crusoe, as if he had gone into a pre-natal state—the dim, early dawn of a life which could but usher a dim, late twilight, and so vanish without leaving a vestige. He saw, however, that they possessed the sedate content which fills the mind of those who have voluntarily gone adrift from society, yet who people a solitary life with the habits of civilization. Captain Switzel enjoyed his trips to Selhaven, where he realized the profits of his salt harvest. Walking the deck of the schooner, and commanding his crew of a man and a boy, he tasted a safe reminiscence of his former cruisings in distant seas; and his bargains on the main land still connected him with a business fraternity. Mary also varied the monotony of her existence by going to Selhaven occasionally to attend church, to shop, or to visit her early friend, the preceptor's wife. The merit of every visit, in her estimation, was that something was added to her stock of home-contentment—a new degree of comparison, if nothing less; a new pattern, if nothing more—which served to employ her thoughts and time. The industriously-inclined may be always busy, and the Captain was as busy in his domain as a cabinet minister ever was in his, neither requiring men but ideas. Mary, on her part, was as much engaged; so entirely, indeed, that she found no time for any *dolce-far-niente* association with her husband. The fact, however, was never dwelt upon by either; it is for the biographer only to go beyond the limits of the commonplace, if he ventures at all to trench upon the lives of the lower million. Nor did Lorson indulge in any abstract reflections concerning them; he sailed again with an impression so fixed of their absolute fitness for the situation, and the adaptability of the material about them, that only some great shock could have shaken his faith in it. The winter following his absence was a severe one, but Captain Switzel with more than usual energy confronted it. He ran his vessel into Selhaven, trip after trip, without an ostensible reason, for he carried no salt, and lingered about the streets of the town as he never had done when an inhabitant thereof. One day he slipped into a doctor's office, and asked him to explain some curious feelings that had been creeping over him for several months. The doctor examined him, and replied with his finger on the Captain's wrist. The reply contained the information that he probably would not live many months.

"My poor girl is scarcely twenty," was all the remark he made, attempting to count his pulse himself.

What the cabin of his vessel witnessed that evening—for he put out of the bay as soon as he got the doctor's opinion, and to the astonishment of his helmsman bore away from Crusoe, not arriving there till morning—God only knew. We hear of the "strong man's agony," some of us have felt it, but who can describe it? He appeared in the familiar room at Crusoe, where breakfast was preparing, with the simple remark that the smell of the coffee that morning was more delicious than ever. He looked round the walls with the vision of his soul though, as the martyr going to the scaffold clings with his bodily vision to the angles of the streets he turns, and the shadows of the buildings he passes from forever.

It was not long from this time before the faithful Katy Brown perceived that he did not eat his allowance, and mentioned the fact to him before Mary. He looked at her anxiously as she met his eye, and tried to hold her gaze to his, but failed; her glance wandered over him, and absorbed the atmosphere he was in. The first unearthly shadow passed over her and broke her slumbering consciousness. He knew it, and prayed as he had never prayed for himself. Then an impatient irritation took possession of him; he cursed his luck, and wished that Lorson had let him alone when he had the fever. None of his emotions came to the surface. He said, with a short laugh, passing his hand over his rough whiskers,

"I am not very well. In fact, I am not well at all; that's the long and short of it."

This confession, slight as it was, shattered some prop which had sustained him; he failed visibly therefrom, and Mary was obliged to watch the shadow which daily grew into form and substance. It was strange, but it was true, that the shadow, instead of drawing them together, seemed to keep them apart. It was owing to the Captain's bravery, who denied himself the consolation of exacting the sweet suffering sympathy which was his right, and which she might have extended to him of her own will, if she had ever been taught to look into the deeps of being. She remained calm, respectful, habitually dutiful. Once, tormented with pain, or a mysterious jealousy, he asked her if she had been happy with him. With a slight hesitation, as if she were taking thought whether she had been, she answered, "Yes."

"What has made you happy, Mary?"

"Every thing," she replied, promptly, and with an air of having spoken satisfactorily.

"Just so—just it," he said, bitterly.

This was the first and last expression of weakness. The subject of the future was approached courageously and calmly; he consulted Mary's wishes about removing from the island, but owned that he hoped she would remain. No other spot, she replied, would be home to her; any shelter that she might seek

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could never give her the protection, the sense of which she must always feel, within the ring of the isolating sea, and under the roof they had so purely made sacred to themselves. Might he venture, then, to ask of her a last favor—that she would bury him on the bluff.

Her consent given, nothing more pertaining to any sentiment, or any thing relating to that which was to come, ever came to be discussed. He balanced his accounts, and taught her to understand them. Once or twice they went to Selhaven together, and several times the doctor visited them at the island. Captain Switzel asked for medicine, the last visit he made, to keep him alive till Lorson came, so that he might take the boy by the hand once more; he believed the dear fellow would feel hurt not to find him above ground. The doctor politely hoped that his prescriptions would prove sufficiently efficacious. The Captain gave one of his short laughs, and said that it would make little difference whether they met or not; Lorson could understand what was meant, when he found himself owner of that part of the ship formerly his own—the meaning would be, that he should go on in the career chosen for him. The Captain's secret instructions, if instructions they were, were placed in Lorson's little Chinese writing-desk in his bedroom. Captain Switzel had also a private interview with Katy Brown, and required a promise from her, which cost him something, that she would not leave his wife, even to make a visit in Selhaven, for at least three years.

As the season advanced he and Mary often walked up to the bluff to scan the passing sail and discuss the probabilities of Lorson's return. It was not to be. Before the winds of autumn swept the plain and waste of the sea the kind-hearted Captain slept in the loam of the bluff, to crumble with it till the roar and sweep of the great Archangel's pinions should rise above the roar and sweep of the sea now encompassing him and fan the Universe away.

Mary wept the tears good women weep when their best friends die — tears which neither wrinkle the brow nor the heart, but which consecrate the memory. She deferred placing a head-stone on the bluff till Lorson should return; she would only have his vision arrested by the familiar sight of the white gulls flying round the spot. But his coming was long delayed. He sailed from one foreign port to another, and a year passed before they stood face to face, with mournful, mute inquiries in their eyes.

In the first days there was no diffidence or reserve between them; life moved on with a tacit reference to the habits and tendencies of the Captain, which appeared to have accomplished Mary's future. The topics which covered the ground of ordinary affairs were discussed as usual, with old Katy Brown as an auxiliary. But Katy grew mysteriously demonstrative all at once, and it was by her intervention that he was made to feel the fact that Mary was a widow and he a young unmarried man. From that hour he lost his peace of mind. On making the discovery he went to Selhaven where his ship was laid up for repairs and spent a week. He daily scanned the craft from keel to cross-trees, as if taking counsel with it, but returned to Crusoe no wiser than when he left. As he approached the house an impulse prompted him to knock at the unused front-door and wait for Mary to open it. Taking no pains to account for his impulse he knocked.

"The Lord save us!" cried Katy Brown, "who's at that door which has not been opened since the Captain was carried out feet foremost? It's a pirate after Kidd's treasure; it's here somewhere. Bill and Joe are down to the vats; it can't be their fooling?"

"I think the men have come from Selhaven with the head-stone," said Mary, going to the door.

"Why, Lorson," she said, sharply, when she saw his tall figure filling the doorway, "you know this door is never locked—not at night even."

"Time it was locked then," he answered, turning the key in the rusty ward and passing in. Mary quietly unlocked it again and followed him.

"Katy mentioned pirates," she said, "when she heard you knock; did you mean to suggest them?"

"I guess Lorson is afraid, or he wouldn't have locked the door," Katy remarked.

"It would not be a difficult thing, Katy," he said, "to carry you off to the Isle of Palms."

He appeared to be musing over the subject till he was called to supper. Early in the evening Katy ostentatiously excused herself from the sitting-room, she was obliged to prepare for an early baking in the oven, and Lorson and Mary were left alone. Mary was netting little bags for the tassels of some new window shades, and Lorson was engaged in holding a newspaper before his face which he did not read. He was absorbed in thought concerning Mary. It was certain, now that she had become a widow, that she stood alone in the world. She had no friend even to whom she could go for companionship; she had never formed a circle of acquaintances, whose common sympathies might have been enlisted in her behalf. He recollected her preference for her solitary home; but how long would it hold? Would it be right for him to accept her present wishes, and allow her to remain without protection on the forlorn island? What could have induced Captain Switzel to leave things in this state when he had had ample time to settle his affairs, and remove Mary to a proper place before he rendered his last account? He wished that he could ask the Captain's advice. Had it been possible that moment for him to step over the boundary of the unseen world to confer with a disembodied soul he would have done so for her sake. Was it in the line of his duty to throw up his profession, which suited him exactly, and settle upon the island, and round off his life, as the Captain

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had, with running cargoes of salt into Selhaven? He was roused from his meditations by the rattling down of a window shade upon Mary's head; she had attempted to fix one of the nets to the tassel, and the cord had slipped from the roller. He sprang into a chair to adjust it for her, and she held up a lamp close to her upturned face. He noticed while rolling up the curtain, for the first time in his life, the liquid brilliancy of her large dark eyes; they were not ardent, quick, moving, like his, but serene, serious, sincere. His investigations went on after he had resumed his chair and paper. The idea of age which he had always connected with her, from her relation to the Captain, faded suddenly away. Venus rose not more beautiful from the sea than Mary as she emerged a young, beautiful woman before his vision. He dropped the paper, for his hands had become weak and cold, and looked about him as if he expected to see a glorious transformation every where. The sober sameness and the old silence brought him to his senses. Presently he remarked that the wind must have veered to the north by the shaking of the porch door and windows.

"Yes," she replied, "the sound reminds me that fall is at hand."

"To-day is the 24th of August."

"To-morrow I shall be twenty-two. How are the repairs on the ship advancing?"

"I think I was twenty-two last week. I recollect my last birthday in Denmark. A cake, with fourteen or fifteen candles, was placed on the supper table; but my memory received a shock when I was shipwrecked. The workmen were scraping the hull yesterday."

Mary felt slightly embarrassed. She had never heard him refer to his early life; the Captain, years ago, had asked her not to speak of Lorson's shipwreck—the terrible effects of it had so long been apparent. She hastily said:

"Did you see the steamboat that is being built to run between Banyan Point and Selhaven? She will touch at our wharf whenever we signal her to stop. I can go up to Selhaven every other day, if I choose; and I was thinking that, as she will carry freight, it would be better not to depend on the schooner any longer, but send up the salt by the boat."

"Confound the salt!" Lorson cried, angrily—"the island will be overrun with curiosity-hunters and bathers, and I anticipate you will go to Selhaven every trip."

He forgot that he had been mentally deploring the extreme isolation of Crusoe.

"I do not care much about keeping the salt-works," she replied, placidly; "the Captain hoped that things would go on the same, because he believed that active employment would keep me from discontent."

"You can't go on till the day of Judgment making salt; besides, the duty is greatly reduced on foreign importations. You will make little money hereafter."

"Indeed," said Mary, surprised at his unwonted energy; "the business of this world is as shifting as sand."

"Plans fail, even on desert islands."

A silence ensued, which was broken by Mary's winding the clock—a signal to him for retiring.

Hour by hour that night his reflections narrowed to the simple belief that he must stand before Mary in the light of a lover. The probabilities and possibilities of such a relation toward her terrified him. Having assumed that responsibility, and making the attempt to thrust the responsibility upon her of accepting his love, of returning it—what a back-ground rose up—the recollection of Captain Switzel! He shuddered at the wish he had indulged in of consulting him; he longed to forget him, ungrateful as it might be. He was not permitted to forget his benefactor, for the next morning Mary asked him to attend to the shipping of the Captain's head-stone in Selhaven, which should have arrived weeks ago.

"Is there any thing else to attend to?" he asked, with calm desperation.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Katy Brown; "I am tired looking for that head-stone. It should have been set and done with six months ago. Here the good man has been dead most two years."

"Katy!" said Mary, reproachfully.

"I mean it seems so. Well, it is fifteen months."

Mary remorselessly felt, after she had spoken, that the event did seem far back in the past.

"I dreaded, Lorson," she said, "to have it meet your eye as you rounded the headland. I felt as if you might put your ship about if you saw it on the bluff."

"Did you, Mary?" he asked, in a deep, repentant voice.

Mary looked at him, sadly and sweetly.

"Did you think of *me* then, Mary?" he added, in perfect abstraction, thinking and feeling nothing but the power which was growing absolute within him.

She blushed painfully, and Katy Brown said, audibly,

"Sho!"

He started at the sound; said that he should not return for some days—the ship required his attention—and hurried away.

"Sho!" repeated Katy Brown, after he had gone.

Mary looked at her with indignation; but the cunning old woman said nothing, and Mary took up her netting with a strange feeling of dullness.

Within a day or two a boat arrived, bearing the head-stone and the men to set it. For several days following Mary visited the grave after tea, and remained there till the stars came out and then walked pensively home. On Saturday night, a week after Lorson had left, she staid in. The wind was against any sail standing from Selhaven; but Katy Brown said that Lorson would be in by midnight, and she should prepare supper for him before she went to bed. Mary must set the kettle over the

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kitchen-fire, if she got tired waiting for him, and he could make tea for himself. Mary promised to do all that was necessary. Between eleven and twelve she stirred the kitchen-fire, put the tea-kettle over it, the pot beside it, and then closed the door between the kitchen and sitting-room. Covering over the fire in the latter she put out the lamp, and softly rolling up the window-shade sat down before it. A tide of moonlight poured in, and she moved back, so that she might not be seen. All the gray ground was silvered by the moon's rays; the bluff rose up a dim wall against the sea and faded before her vision could reach the grave there: the sea rolled to the right and the left its luminous billows toward her, and the sky over her was traversed by tremendous whirling clouds which floated swiftly over the island. It was easy to discern Lorson and his man as they struck the belt of light which encircled the house; they entered the beaten path which passed the front-door and ended at a side-door, the usual entrance. She saw Lorson scanning the house, and felt that his eyes rested on the window where she was; she heard him address a few words to his man, who moved down the path, and then perceived that he himself intended to come into the room where she was.

"You are still up," he said, quickly, pulling off his over-coat and throwing down his hat.

"It was so pleasant," she answered, hastily rising; "I will make tea for you."

"Sit still. I told John to dispatch his supper. I'll wait a little."

He moved a chair to the window and sat down with the light streaming over him. Mary remained standing.

"The moon never shone as it shines to-night," he said. "How free and splendid God's world looks now! See, Mary, the moon is just above us."

She turned her face upward. Lorson saw it in all its sweet, quiet beauty.

"Oh, Mary, you are like the moonlight, pure, lovely; you draw me toward you as the moon draws the full, wild sea. Shine on me, light me along my voyages, and my voyage through life."

"Oh, Lorson!"

"Mary, you have been always as cold as the moonlight. Answer me. Have you not?"

He spoke with so much vehemence, so passionately, and his grasp upon her hand was so firm that her heart began to throb deeply.

"Answer me, Mary."

The glance rested on his eager face; the fair curls she had seen so many years, and not seen, the lips eloquent with a new language, she felt his quick breath, his clasping fingers, and a sudden, profound, and invincible conviction took possession of her that she loved.

"Do not ask me, Lorson," she cried. "I am not cold now. But what is all this?"

"I have only just learned. But I can teach you; let me kiss you for my own."

She put her arms about his neck like a happy, loving child, and laughed joyously.

They conversed till long after the water had ceased to boil in the tea-kettle. Katy Brown's superior sagacity discovered the situation early the next morning. Nobody had taken the tea-kettle from the fire; it had simmered and simmered, and it was a wonder, she commented to herself, that the bottom had not melted off. But young folks would be young folks; and she was glad of it. She reckoned that Mary was being young for the first time, and the Lord must forgive her for thinking so.

Lorson and Mary were married. But a shadow lay between them; a pale cloud floated in their zenith. One day when Mary was engaged in packing away furniture—for the house was to be shut up on account of her going to sea with Lorson—she came across the little Chinese writing-desk and opened it. She found inside a sealed letter in the Captain's handwriting addressed to Lorson. She carried the letter to him and they read it together. It was short, and its contents were these:

"Lorson, you and I owe too much to Chance not to trust her once more. I have thought matters all over, you may be sure. Am I not right? And I thought it would be well to drop you a line—human nature is a marvelous instrument, don't you find it so?—and express clearly what I think. It will be best for you to become Mary's husband in time; I have no wish that my poor girl should go into any suttee business. If she thought it, this may change her mind; if *you* thought so, this may suggest that you should follow out my idea. With all, and through all, I give you a mutual blessing."

Lorson and Mary exchanged a long look of thankfulness. The cloud of doubt and remorse disappeared, and the good Captain was rewarded.

A VALEDICTORIAN'S FATE.

I AM a Valedictorian, and the curse of the Valedictorian is on me. See if it be not.

I entered college aged fourteen, arrayed in a close-buttoned roundabout, with a goodly amount of Latin syntax, Greek roots, and algebraic formulæ in my head, and a deal of ambition in my heart. Always fond of books, I lost none of my fondness in college. After the first term I was praised by my "Society" friends, envied by others, as the "head of my class."

Though big, bewhiskered chaps laughed at my home-cut-and-made jacket, and called me "Liliput," I could scan Greek choruses and construe Latin more easily, and see farther into the analytic millstone than any of them. On the Commencement stage, when the class—all my seniors—rose to hear my valedictory, I felt that some old scores of sneers were canceled. I had never been much noticed in college circles, being neither fast, witty, nor rich; but the closing scene balanced that account also. But then my star culminated. A classmate, whom, handsome, rich, and popular, I had ponied through term after term, in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and who by three or four escaped the

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honor of "footing" the class, said to me, as I left the stage:

"Now, Rush, you know we 'poor sticks' always beat you 'honor, men' in the world; so take your triumph while it lasts."

So I did. I was praised and flattered, was more noticed abroad in a week than in four years before, and at home I was autocrat.

But what should this talented Valedictorian do? I was too young to study law just then; and, moreover, not being from patrician ranks or Mammon-blessed, I must earn money. So I concluded to teach. I found a situation in a boarding and day school—an institute for boys and girls, young men and misses. I taught almost every thing except Coptic and Fejee; breakfasted by candle-light all winter; and stood sentinel, policeman, judge, and executioner for about forty chaps, aged from fourteen to twenty-five, from six A.M. to ten P.M. Salary $200 per year and board. Room was nominally included; I was accommodated with a closet. One of my special duties was to keep each and every of the forty male pupils separate, save at certain specified times, rare enough, from each and every of the forty female pupils, who occupied an adjacent building; no easy matter without a guard of Janizaries in one building and eunuchs in the other. Bless me! Elective affinities and sympathies can no more be *ruled* down by teachers and shut up behind clap-boards than electricity can be barred out by a shingle.

But it was easier after all to part boys and girls than teacher and girls. A youngster of eighteen, if he be pedagogue, is subject as strongly as other youths to the attractions of bright eyes and smiling faces. I certainly was. I flirted *out* of school, and scolded the girls because they would not obey order *in*. The consequences were indignation and remonstrance to Principal; Principal remonstrates to Assistant, and a speedy resignation and departure.

I carried, however, a consciousness that I left within those old brick walls a heart which beat in unison with mine. There had appeared, in the second term at the school, a dark haired and eyed girl, tall and stately, and as cold and repellent in manner as an iceberg. She was a splendid scholar, and I was attracted. I "fell in love," and by great exertions melted enough of the iceberg for a "smile." But it was cold. Cool draughts, however, often increase fever: mine was not lessened. I continued by exertions while teaching and after. We read Emerson, Schlegel, and Dugald Stewart, and talked a deal of metaphysical baby-talk. I thought that my learning was counting, and that the Valedictorian had won. About a year after our engagement I ascertained, through a short note, that I had only a place in the lady's head—that her heart had run away with her head, and her heart was won by another.

The *vale* was said not by but to me.

I was then studying law out West. Shortly after being admitted to practice, but not having funds enough to hire an office, pay in advance, or buy Voorhees's Code, I took again to the school-room. No boarding-school this time, and as little to do with the girls as might be. I had mainly boys to manage, did very well, and was well paid. Soon I was offered a tutorship in my *Alma Mater* and accepted. There I stuck! the President always quoting, "*Juniores ad labores*," and straightway assigning me jobs of all sorts.

Meanwhile my classmates were pushing on. One became District Attorney of one of the best counties in one of our finest Western States, took a wife, had children, and made money. Others preached, some in country, some in city churches, and had helpmates of their choice to care for the parsonages. The intellectual Titman of the class became a Western city judge, and married a fat widow with a fat purse. My friend, who warned me on Commencement-day, was junior partner in a large mercantile house in an Eastern city, built a fine house, and placed therein a fine wife to preside at his board and shine in his parlor. I was neither attorney nor judge, had neither parsonage nor residence, no wife to put in one, and no money to support her with if there.

In disgust I left off tutoring, plunged out West, and displayed a legal shingle. In six months I had four or five cases in Justice Court, and received some thirty or forty dollars in cash. My previously-earned money showed signs of failing. I saw no prospect ahead, and so tried again; but I never succeeded. There was always a lucky fellow, not a Valedictorian, to step into the rich placers before me. So, after a time of trial and disappointment, I journeyed eastward, nor have I again passed beyond the Lakes.

I am settled down now into a quiet country school-teacher. I earn more than enough to support me, and earn it too by hard work. I could support a wife, but I can not find one. The clever women will not have a rusty pedagogue; the dull ones I will not take. Better be wedded to my books and papers, and kindle the warmth in my heart from the glowing pages of the author geniuses of the past and present; better be unloved by wife or child than have a mass of petticoated dullness dawdling forever around me, and confiding to me her troubles about the scarcity of butter and the stoppage of the kitchen drain.

So I expect to live, teaching successive sets of youthful humans—clever, moderate, and dull—to "do sums," conjugate "I love," and keep "double entry," and sometimes to solve simple equations—read Virgil, or even inflect "Βουλεύω." I should like a college professorship; but I have no "isms," and only the reputation of *having been* Valedictorian.

When my *vale* comes to life, it will be given, I hope, in a quiet way; and a few score urchins, with their books and plays, will soon forget their old-bachelor teacher, the College Valedictorian.

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OUT OF PRISON.

HOW long, how long, the weary days go by! Out on this spit of sand I hear nothing but a dull wash of the sea, view nothing but the slow changes of day and night in the upper regions of air. The sun rises, slides over the sky, sinks; the earth swings up the depths of space, and into the fellowship of the stars, till once again the rosy dawn impinges on the awful shadow, and morning is at flood-tide in the world.

Ah, how different from all about me now is it then at home! In this place, if a finch could warble, I should not hear him; but, in that, every burdened bough shakes off its spray of song. How the soft mists and pearly vapors then go sifting up the hills! How fresh and fair the dear earth turns her blushing cheek to the sun again! Day breaks, and breaks with what dewiness and fragrance; with what sweet, hushed, and holy silence there; with what gushing music further on!

And yet it is the same round world—the spot that, when we tread other planets, will still be as beloved as home. It is I that am other. The beauty that haunts creation is refracted in alien rays from the angles of a cage. Being itself to me becomes bereft of all delight. Though one breathed the delicious airs of the islands of the blest, what bliss would their balm bring him were he no longer free? But yet, but yet, bind as you will, confine my steps, impede my gaze, the soul is still my own. Ah, were that bound, I were a slave indeed!

Wild hours of battle, at least your memory is liberty of which they can not deprive me. There are no gyves to fetter my spirit; there is no key to turn upon that indomitable vagrant. Again I live over the march and the bivouac, the rifle-pit and the trench, the stealthy night-surprise and the charge, with one's soul possessed by a mounting flame. Again we thread the terrible war-path of the Wilderness—all day a blind struggle, a column bending this way and that in a cloud of smoke, the dead dropping beside us, eternity close at hand; all night on our arms, no camp-fires, a biscuit for food, the rain dashing about us, and a hurly of elemental warfare drowning the discord of the wide field; snatching sleep upon the tramp, lying down in pools of water for a moment, and off and away in dreams; starting into line at the word of command, pushing on in the perturbed blackness, our hearts full of fierce vigor. Ah! there was life in those seasons, life that was vivid as light itself, since heightened into such glow by instant contact with the great shadow of death—freedom, whose mere memories are wings!

But here, these men around me—if indeed men they are—they have each the same to remember—nights wrapped in flame, days when the heavens rained death, all the intoxication of danger—and does it keep their souls alive? As they herd now in the pen, these cowered aside, those fallen on their faces, some sogging away in stupid sleep, others pacing like the beast in his cage, the ghost of hope seems to have forsaken them, and to have left only the cold corpse of despair. But for me, these remembrances rarify the present like a flame.

That is to-day; but how will it be to-morrow — still tethered in this corral — how, when yet more months of monotony, longing, and starvation have sapped the juices of faith, and left the will a pensioner?

There must be other things, then, to feed the strength—sweeter memories than blossom under the sulphurous clouds of strife, dearer hopes than any that fly to the taking of a battery.

Ah, they are mine! I have them; and not for the free sunshine of the sky, for the loose light winds, for all the liberty of earth and heaven, would I exchange them now! That would be to see my boy no more even in dreams; never again to recall the pensive smile always playing round a mouth I know, like gleams of stray sunshine in a watery sky. To forget the forehead and the eyes of little Madge, and all the tangled lustre of her curls—what liberty of going and coming, what bold gallop across country in tumult of fresh breezes, what cleaving of waves under a rushing keel, what choice of any of all the fantasies of freedom, were worth the loss of that? When I last wound those little tresses round my fingers, the baby silkiness of each golden thread caressing the touch, I thought she was like the sweet-brier rose that her mother gave me once, years before; it made my heart stand still to think the dear and perfect thing was mine. And now? Perhaps she is no longer mine. It may be that the great reaper has made her his own. Perhaps my little flower is transplanted to bloom in the courts of heaven. She would stay in none of the fair fields and garden-plots, I know—she would climb with her wild, sweet graces about the gateway, and be the first to greet me when I came!

How one masks even to himself! If I truly feared I had lost her.

And the boy, too—with his smooth, cool cheek—how can I tell what may have happened to him? Who knows? It is so long, so long since I heard. From the hour he was born he assumed the king; a monarch in his small way, the winged world on its flight bears no prouder; at a year old so assured of his identity that all of us about him faded into shadows. I thought to find again my youth in him. He was like me, they said; his mother, when he slept, has how many a time pointed out the long curve of my eyelid in his, as the dark lashes lay along the peachy cheek. Yet why borrow trouble? Here is surely enough to my hand. Let them people my thoughts a while longer with their ardent vitalities; let me believe that, somewhere, this common air is ringing with their fresh voices; let me still hope they live. I am so sure their mother does: something tells me that. I should feel the invisible bond between us other than it is were it on one side lowered into the grave. No; it is alive, and full, and

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strong! But why do I hear nothing from you, Annie?

Once in a while a mail-bag comes even to this place of abomination, and we swarm to it like flies to honey. Perhaps you know, since no word of mine in all these desolate days can have reached you, you know down what deadly depths the heart sinks when others read and sob with joy, and your hand withdraws empty of all the white comfort of a letter? Am I then utterly robbed of your remembrance? Yet no, child—you do not dream where I am; you think of me, perhaps, dead under some mound of battle, and sit with your face to the wall; and, but for this ray of hope which parts my gloom, it were better that I were. When a man starts for the field, when a woman bids him go, they neither of them remember this mischance. They bid farewell, and their parting kiss seems to be given across the gulfs of the everlasting days; their darkest fear is of the glorious death which purchases victory. They neither of them can picture these endless lagging hours that bite into the flesh like fetters, while the soul rots. The days drag dreary lengths indeed—long with suffering, long with sorrow, long with heavy waiting; if the nights bring sleep, it is with such thick, turbid terrors to distress me that all my fancies seem like the scum that mantles stagnant pools. Oh my love, but for you, indeed, I would I were at rest in that slumber which has no dreams!

I wonder what you are doing to-day on the old hill! The boy has come back from the lane laden with willow switches and bits of elder already made pithless; he is making whistles on the door-step in the sun. And Madge—I can see her now, crowing and capering beside him, trying them all as she can clutch them. Sweet music would they blow to me could I but hear the note! And you come, perhaps, to the door, Annie, watch them a moment at their play, and then the thin hand shades your eyes, and you are looking down the hill for one to turn the angle of the old corner-oaks—for one who never comes! It has grown into a habit now; but it is not time to expect me yet, girl—the noon-stage has not come in; go back to your needle or your book; you shall hear from me soon, if I have to tunnel the fort for my freedom. But then, with prison fare one's arm grows weak.

And one's heart too?

No—while it is I, that shall not fail me! Yet, alas! with a thousand eyes pursuing one, escape were no possible task, or it had been accomplished long ago. Bold eagerness be still again! there is nothing but waiting. God knows I am patient enough, but there come times when each next hour it seems impossible to live!

It is such a weary while since they brought me here! Ill, then, too, and sore spent with wounds; so many unnumbered days have worn away, months have melted into months, seasons have followed one another, and through it all nothing but the sentries grounding arms and the dead plunge of the tides:—I believe myself forgotten by God and man. But every sacrifice must be salted with salt. So long has my place been vacant at home, it may be that another fills it. There rises the evil fancy again! What dark devil in me whispers it? What reason have love and faith and constancy given me for the fear? Is there no talisman in all my reach to put the fiend to rout? Many, indeed, many! A rosary of holy memories: ah, as I recall them I feel the dear hand that gave itself to me, freshly as if just laid in my palm! There are some treasures that moth and rust corrupt, but never her sweet trust and confidence, as much mine to-day as on that time when together we lost our way in the woods, and the evening star at last came looking through stems and thickets to seek us.

"Oh that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

Lingering over the music of the verse, so long ago, little we dreamed, little that we ourselves were to inform it with breath and fire.

How far away all those things seem! I would say it was another man, not I; that I had read them, not lived them. Hers was the grace I did not believe lived out of books. That first night I saw her she sat with her capote drawn up, the dark hood shrouding the outline of her face in its soft and delicate bloom, her head a little leaned against the wall, a ring or two of shining hair escaping round the temple. I can always see it if I shut my eyes. She was not entirely heeding things about her: the golden-brown lashes partly drooped over the hazel eyes, to which they lent their tint; the faint, sweet smile wreathed the lips with such quiet happiness as sometimes hovers over a baby's smiling dream. She held a long spray of sweet-brier in her hand, its pale bud just begun to open, and all its fresh and spicy sweetness seemed her own. Neither did I heed other things about me much that night; but I walked home beside her. She spoke little; she seldom did; her atmosphere seemed enough; she had small need of words. She was one of those slight things that fill a man with awe, so near she seemed to the sacred and ineffable. I do not know how we came to be alone then; other groups were far before us, others far behind; we two strolled on together through the long, deep-cut lane, where the fair May moonlight fell upon us between rifts of snowily-glimmering boughs, and the wind crept languidly, laden with the sweet smell of the orchard blossoms. Once we half paused beneath a branch, and the fragrant dew fell on us; and a bird, disturbed, cheeped and twittered, gushed forth a broken trill of melody, and put his head under his wing again; then we went on. It almost appeared to me, I remember, that I dreamed, and that a spirit in my dream had come down with the moonlight to traverse the old orchard-lane with me in the spring's soft

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and damp night-air. She must have comprehended something of these indistinct fancies of mine, for when we came out into the open light by her door she put forth her hand in bidding me good-night, as if by the touch she would assure me she were human. Then I saw that the pale bud of the sweet-brier stem had opened as she held it, and blossomed in her hand. I forgot my mystical vagaries; I felt her warm and vivifying power; and looking at the sweet-brier, "It is for me?" I said. So when she went in she left it in my hand. I had it till a while ago; I carried it always about me; I kept it through battle-smoke and stain and soil, and wore a charmed life. But when I came here they plundered it from me:—welcome, welcome, if they take no more besides, if they do not steal wit and knowledge and desire. But the fear is like a watch-dog, while it stalks they can no more reach that store than could thieves approach the garden that old Titan guarded—stanch old Titan! when he barked we used to call it the cannonade, because he was one of the dogs of war. Of all the household she was the only member that dared touch my follower; with her he frolicked like a wave. He lay beneath the piano while she played, spelled by her music, for she wiled him away from me; and when she went to the porch to meet me as I came up the garden-walk he lifted his huge black length beside her, and stood with his great paws upon her shoulder, while she nestled her sunny head, perhaps, against his shaggy locks. Well, he is there now, I know. I bade him keep watch over her while I was away; if she crosses the threshold by night or day he will never let her out of his sight. Faithful old boy! when first I went, she wrote me once, he used to come into the parlor of an evening, and, half rampant on a chair beneath, would whine under my portrait on the wall, till the mood changed and he growled because it gave him no word.

Pretty pictures you made me, Annie—yes, always pretty pictures; and somehow I oftenest seem to see you standing in the doorway, either, as then, guarded over by the great leonine creature, or with the masses of woodbine falling about you and bathing you in the lucent depths of their green shadow: always in the doorway—whether because it was out there that you stole to see the last of me, with the coach whirling round the corner, or whether because it is there that I shall see you standing when I falter into sight again; for I shall see you again! But still a bitterness possesses me—a bitterness to think of those whose eyes you bless every day, while mine are forbidden. They all lose themselves in one impersonation.

Julian.

He passes and repasses; he takes your side from church; he can enter your door when he will; and I hate him worse than my jailers—hate as I hated long ago and thought I could no more. Shame on the sluggard that, believing the cause is just, in these days claims his ease at home! No man may take arms against his conscience; but your voice on our side is loud in town-meetings, Julian. Well, well, these are unworthy whims; he did his worst once, and I forgave. Shall I, tried in the furnace, be found wanting now?

But the old tiger in me rages again to think of that time.

It is not strange that from the first hour we met I should have loved her; more strange by far is it that she should have laid such unswerving faith in me, till, drifting gently along on the great tide, one day we found ourselves at rest in a tranquil haven. But Julian loved her too, or thought he did; her mother, besides, had always meant them for each other; he was her cousin. But even of the two his brother Mack was the dearer; and they both of them bore her name.

That was a gay, worthless fellow, poor Mack; always taking his place in one's heart by his light, careless airs, his sunny temper, his prodigal ways. He seemed to make his money, as they said, without turning over his hand; assuredly he spent it so. His vanity betrayed him into all his trouble. I recall the day Mack went away; I even see the feathering of the clouds that day; I have reason to remember it well. Not long before he had come to me—I was in college then—and when we were alone there was outpoured a sorry tale of funds intrusted and misapplied, thousands of dollars not his own slipped away irrecoverably with diamonds and suppers, horses and yachts. Nor was Mack destitute of the usual recital of severe temptation to take, right intention to replace, inability at last to meet the debt, all followed by declarations that life had no longer the value of a rush, and should be thrown after the rest—words worth as much as the most of Mack's. Finally, could I help him?

That which Mack asked of me covered the third of my fortune, never uncomfortably large. But he bore Annie's name, and in some unaccountable way was of her blood. Could I let such disgrace touch her? I was young then. I knew her father, who was my guardian, would never grant the request should I make it. In another year I should be of age myself. I hardly hesitated. Before I slept Mack's liabilities were discharged, and he supplied with the means for a new start in life, under condition that he should depart for South American shores and show his face no more on this upper side of the globe.

They were all sorry to lose the merry scamp. It was in my vacation, and I went to the city with him to see him off. When I returned that afternoon, and light-heartedly entered the room, I found myself in the centre of a conclave. Annie was between my guardian and her mother, the latter hindering her motion to rise by the firm hold she had of her little hand. Julian half stood, half sat, with one foot swinging from the corner of the library table, and shutting in and out his gold and ebony pencil-case, as if he played with a miniature stiletto and its sheath. He had just told the old Colonel that

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he had happened to hear of, and had taken pains to see, a note for more than a third of my inheritance, given by me, and payable on my twenty-first birthday. What could have been done with such a sum he left to conjecture; but fast life at college, gaming, racing, or whatever worse it might be possible to imagine, could lightly dissipate as much and more. It might be thought unpardonable interference on his part, but duty to his cousin Annie forbade his silence.

Possibly I was not immaculate, which made Julian's insinuations no easier to endure; but except that she was too high and fair for the grasp of any one I never felt myself quite unworthy of her. My surprise at first, however, my hesitation, hurt me in the eyes of my judges. My protestations, too, were useless. I could not deny the main fact. I was fain to admit its truth. I had given the note, and I had used the money. The old Colonel's disappointment in me excused his words. Still it seems to me even now that it would have been nobler had he trusted in my truth. But he had prided himself on his management of the property; he had expected to turn it over to me doubled; and not only failing there, but seeing me prove, as he feared, a villain, his heart was full of wrath for his gentle child's sake. Yet I could not retort upon her father. I kept my voice down while I assured him that I had applied the money to no ignoble purpose, and was under bonds to my own honor for the secret's preservation. He demanded of me the ring I wore; I could but refuse to surrender it. Then he lifted his daughter's hand in a clasp to which resistance would have been as vain as to that of a steel vice, withdrew from it the little circlet I had placed there, and when I refused in turn to accept it, forgot the old dignities of his stately courtesy, tossed it through the window as a worthless bauble, and forbade me the house. I delayed a moment for one wild blast of words to wither Julian, then I went.

I had no other choice than to go. But whither? The whole outer world was a maze of darkness. My feet of their own habit fell into a familiar way, and I paused at last on the brow of a hill where many a time she and I had come to see the sunset together. I sat down then on the flat rock in the shelter of the cedar thicket, and tried to gather my routed thoughts into order once more. It was idle effort though. I could neither reason nor remember. I only felt that I was cold to the core, icy cold and numb. The sun was going down—the last of him, like a great broken ruby, just disappearing over the edge of the long, low champaign that stretched beneath me; then a deep rosy glow welled up like foam and filled the whole heavens with its calm, warm lustre. It made the dark meadows purple below it. It seemed like the beneficent smile of a departing deity; and under it my heart warmed again. But as it warmed the crowding emotions there sprung up, all armed and bristling, and I became conscious once again of a blazing indignation within me, over which soul and sense alike seemed fusing only into an intense hatred of Julian. The pale face of Annie rose before me; I cursed him for her suffering. The doubts of the good old Colonel pursued me; I cursed him for a lost name—to stay blackened and defamed before her. I ground my teeth in rage—not impotent rage; I meant to kill him. Nothing short of his blood should wipe out his work. It was across this hill that he would have to pass on his way home that night; then a tussle, and death to the undermost. I knew the fellow; his will was as good as mine.

So I sat there. The still rich glow slowly faded, the far soft sky put on a darker violet, one by one a hazy star trembled forth as if slipping off a thread, then seemed to shake apart its slight veil of vapor, and hang yet nearer the earth; Mars sparkled ruddily on the dark field, and went dipping his lance into all the little pools and dykes of the meadows below; the sense of the sweet, damp evening exhalations, grateful and soft, entered at every pore. A gentle wind blew up a cool and hesitating breath of fragrant night-air. It crept along the hill-side, and rustled the grasses; it curled nearer to me, and lifted my hair and fanned my burning forehead—by-and-by a free, wild gale was rushing over the hill-top. Ah, Heaven! if I could feel it now, with all its misery if I were away and abroad to feel it now! This wind refreshed me; it brought my aids about me too; it blew off the cloud in my brain that was hiding from me all other things than my own revenge. Like the first breath of the wind itself, there crept over me a doubt if my purpose were best; and then the struggle came there in the darkness. A fiercer fight than ever I fought in the red field or fray; the powers of evil on one side, I alone on the other. Alone? Had that been, I were lost. The aspirations of all my twenty years came to befriend me; the prayers my mother had taught me; the old love of God that used to rise like a fountain in the sea whenever the beauty of earth or the joy of life gladdened me; the air above me and behind me; the lofty night, in truth, seemed all alive, thronged with the hosts of heaven, ready to fight on my side.

Then the turmoil thickened: it was not enough for me to spare Julian's life—I must forgive him the wrong he had done me. This was the turning-point of all my being. I felt it blindly; it was my soul that was the contested prize. I rose at last from the flat rock, and stood up with my clenched hands in the shade of the cedar thicket.

How could I forgive this man?

And just then a light, ringing step came swiftly up the hill-side. The moon had begun to rise; the subtle essence of her light was abroad in the sky, but a wood yet hid her disk. Only as he paused a moment to look at the broad, shadowy landscape below, lifting his hat to taste the wild, full wind, perhaps, and quench a thirst for coolness there, she sent one long shaft and laid it revealingly on his face—the dark, handsome, daring face.

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I thought it was all over then for one breath.

I remembered, as if a flash had illumined all about me, a curious pointed flint that I had seen at my feet before dark. I stooped and found it. I rose then to spring out at him with my weapon, for he always went armed—but I was the more powerful of the two—when up the wind, swelling and falling, fainting and dying and coming again, arose the clear ringing of the nine o'clock bell. How many a time that bell had called us to prayer! How many a soul it had tolled away! Seventy times seven, seventy times seven, it seemed repeating in its airy rhythm—seventy times seven! The flint fell to my feet. Julian dropped his hat upon his head again, and went whistling down the hill lightly as he had come up. But as for me, I had conquered indeed; but how came I to be fighting such a foe? Nor had he all withdrawn. I felt the blackness of his presence still, and was possessed by an untold and awful fear—fear such as I never knew when facing the flame that leaps bodily out of the cannon's mouth. Crime could not come so near and leave me unscathed; weak from the strife, and every nerve unstrung, the terrors of hell were getting hold upon me.

As I sat there, then, my head bowed in my hands, there came a rushing and gamboling, a couple of quick yelps, and old Titan was bounding beside me, over me, and round me, with a thousand antics of joy; and in a moment more a little slender form glided up behind him, wrapped in the old capote, the hood fallen back, and the fair, pure face silvered in the moonlight like a saint's; and Annie laid her timid touch on my head.

It was kind of you, dear, fearless child! Without you, then, what had become of me? You came like light into the darkness of that hour, as if you were the messenger of God, and in your stainlessness I felt myself forgiven. But it was a desecrated place to take you in—that heart so lately rife and foul with murder!

I went back with her to her gate. She had imagined where to seek me, and had trusted herself to Titan. She had not found it possible to let me go till she could assure me of her confidence once more going with me every where. Then we parted, and were to meet no more until her father opened his doors to me.

They were slow days that followed—almost as slow and agonized as these. In all my leisure afterward I haunted the place like a ghost that revisits the scenes of its ancient bliss. But I never saw her. One Sabbath rumor reached me of solemnities in the little church, and I went there again. I might see her at least from afar.

She had been so delicate a child that the grand christening customary in her family had been delayed till it grew to be too late for it at all, and now she was herself to utter the vows that dedicated her to Heaven. I was in the gallery, at its remotest corner and just above the pulpit; so that as she knelt there at the altar and the font her sweet face was turned full on mine. All the glories from the great chancel window were falling over her, rose and amethystine lights flickering to and fro about her shadow, while a sunbeam, filtered through a martyr's palm high up above, laid a crown of yellower gold upon her hair. She was wrapped in the moment—in her prayers, her vows, her face appeared to me as if her sanctified spirit stood in the presence of God. I know now that it was ill of me; but I seemed shut out from heaven then—shut out from heaven and her. I did not ascend with her; only, half-hushed and awed, my heart ached with suppressed longing and bitterness once more. Perhaps it touched her even then. She lifted her eyes a moment and they met mine. And over all the holy pallor there shot a beautiful and sudden flush—ah, pardon me, Heaven!

That night I could not sleep, I tossed with my unrest. The inn was silent as a tomb; it was after midnight—I rose and sought the open air; there was always a fascination in walking at that hour when all mankind have left the world to the stars and me—in stirring abroad when every other form lies stretched in white sleep. Unconsciously it was again that my feet sought out old paths, and the wild night-wind and I went up the hill together—the boisterous wind, strong, fresh, and fitful, that seemed careering and gamboling about me in the darkness like some spiritual phantasm of the wild huntsman's hound, then mounted in an eldritch chase of the thin clouds across the stars. How it seems to cool and fan me here—the stemming of those glad gusts on the crest of the hill so long ago! It was a late autumn night, and all the melancholy spell of the season in its stiller hours seemed transferred from the keen, turbulent air, and loaded upon my heart as I stood there and breasted its rush over the hill-top; and but for the defiance it aroused, the forces of life would have been at a low ebb within me then.

Still standing there and gazing over the sleeping valley, and half-wondering which of all those tall tree-tops, in their billowy rise and fall, waved over her roof, I became gradually sensible of a strange brightness in the air—a brightness that must have been imperceptibly growing for some time, and that now began to fill the heavens with a rosy glare strong and vivid as the glow of that cloudless sunset that had impressed itself upon my passive senses when last upon that hill. Voices, too, I seemed to hear, and dimly divined a stir somewhere below me. I had a vague fantasy at first that malicious night-sprites were mocking me and my loneliness; then I turned, expecting to see the northern sky full of a dazzling aurora, when instantly it seemed as if the valley on that side behind me and below me were ablaze, and almost as immediately I comprehended that the home of Julian, barns and sheds and house, was a mass of flame, an apparition of fire, soaring and sinking, with all the roar and crash of its blaze and smell of its smoke carried by the wind the other way. The rest is all confusion—dashing down

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the hill-side with loud halloos, parting the gathering throng, hearing the cries that he still lay stupefied within, darting through rooms of blistering smoke with tongues of fire shooting out at me like demons, up a staircase, between burning walls, groping with scarifying breath, dragging the senseless log from its place, laboring with it back again, down the breaking stairs, leaping the gulf of fire that already swallowed half of them out into the air and under the spurting torrents of the engines—it is all like the dreams of a delirium. But here are the scars on my hands at this day, and the deep wound in my head made by the pitch of the rafter throbs and burns again on many an autumn night. But oh for those bold bounds anew; for that unshackled liberty of limb and power once more; for that ice-cold dash and drench even of the water-spouts about me!

Well, Julian was safe. It was the old Colonel who received him out of my arms, who took us home together—loud in his asseverations, gentle in his touch—and whose gallant heart felt all suspicions wiped away in applause of that night's action. And he remitted me my secret—and it is my secret still.

So they gave me Annie. And by-and-by I took her away to the home we had built on the hill that was dear to me now. And there it is I have left her. For when the clang of arms dinned the air, and the land rang with the clamor of war, my blood began to bubble in its old heat, and longings for the strife kept stirring within me with quick thrills and fires. I felt the rending of my country as if my heart were torn; a glorious cause stood shining before me and forbade me to linger, and pointed at the heights to climb, the wrongs to overthrow, the name of nationality to win, oppression to annihilate, freedom—that right of each, like air and sunshine, from the hour of birth—to be given to man and child.

"And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,"

I kept saying to myself as well. I did my nature wrong to linger so, dry and parched as now for freedom then for the wild license of war. But oh! my country, first and chief for you, to ransom, to redeem you, and if you need these languishing hours of mine still to give them and forget to murmur! The winds by day seemed hurrying to the field; I could not look upon the sky at night but all the dark-blue heavens seemed tented with the starry folds of our banner. She, too, throughout her pale and placid life, was kindled to the time. Into the lullabies she sang to little Madge at twilight—that hour that always seemed her own—there entered swifter and fickler turns of tune than used to hush off together the boy and old Titan at her feet. The martial music of the streets made her face white with its ardor. Where she could urge others she must not spare her own. And I went.

Nor have I seen you since, dear child. But still my fancy paints you in the door with a sunbeam that has gone in behind you; still my heart throbs over the picture, beating like a bird against its bars, and life seems worth living yet, even in a dungeon, if only these hours that rust into one's soul corrode the prison-grates as well, and ever leave me free again. Free? It is a little word, but it holds the universe. To go once more with steps uncounted, with breath unbated, with will unquestioned—to go, to go at all! the sky would seem to be loosening itself away from the earth. And if it means so much to me, ah what to those the flesh upon whose bones is not their own, who feel themselves each inch of them another man's estate!

I have used the word lightly indeed; if ever these doors open, let me prove how clearly I see that freedom is the first sacrament between God and man.

Perchance not entirely barren, then, my durance here. Much may be learned that was not mine before; much may be found to teach my boy. To hear his ardent speech, to make his fresh young face kindle, shall I ever have that joy again? Fitter for work since I have suffered, fire and ice must temper the steel, and I have his mind to mould yet. Ah, happy fathers, with your boys about you! And my little star-eyed darling— But not for worlds should you know how this tired hand aches to draw your head back in the rope of curls twisted about it, how a teasing trifle vexes me as I yearn for the pinch of dimpled fingers and the sailor's kiss once more. Some one else will give you sailor-kisses, one day, my beauty, but not while I am by if he is wise. Could she always be our baby, the laughing sprite! But no, I must see into what kind of a rose our rose-bud opens. Will it be a wild one, with the bees nipping its petals; or a calm and rich tea-rose, all creamy soft without, but so deeply blushing at its heart? What kind of a woman will she make, I wonder? Not much like her mother, after all; some gay and sweet ancestress, that died in her bloom, is going to see the sun over again in her, the sparkle; brighter hair than Annie's, darker eyes, and then such daring color, such daring smiles, such daring sallies into the very strongholds of one's heart. Well, well, Madge, we shall see; if the birds build another year, perhaps I shall lift the leaf and show you the speckled eggs all written over with music. We shall see, if indeed eyes be not darkened and eyelids closed by then.

The tide is coming in at last; it has a measured beat like the tread of a sentinel. How often, as I lie burning up in alternate fever and faintness, has the sound of its rough surf tormented me with thirst and longing! But time has been fleet to-day; noon has waxed weary at her post; I have been out of prison! None of your chains and bolts could keep me in; I have been out of prison.

Woe is me that I am back again, back with all the loathly sameness, the irksome sights that the brain gets to feel at last through shut eyes, such the perpetual iteration of their pain. There

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is the old buzz of the fly again, the old cobweb swinging from the corner, the old gaunt white faces like leprous blotches on a charnel-house. Each stain of the wall is printed in my mind. I have counted each year's slow growth on the lichen of the log beside me; that spider dragging about her tiny blue bag of eggs, I can tell all the eggs by name. The day declines, the sunshine falls in my face. I am scarcely so strong that I can turn away from it; yet have I had more vigor to-day than for many a weary while before, for there are times when I am not even able to wish. Yet fear not—I remember to have read—fear not those which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul.

This is a day of June, when this same sunshine that disturbs me now lies thick and rich in the meadows; when the bluebird's wing has less brilliant azure than the deep, deep sky; when the wild-rose lines the way-side with its blushing tangle, and the sweet smell of the fern makes heavy the afternoon air with its balsams. Ah! to see the field all goldenly embroidered in its butter-cups; just to toss up the long well-sweep, and draw one glittering bucket shaking back crystals into the cold dark shaft of the well; to roll in the grass with Madge and my boy; to feel the puff of the light wind on my face. This den I can not endure much longer; its foul air reeks; all its accumulation of suffering becomes my own. The inexorable rise and fall of the sea seems a forbidding fiat, and that long roller forever breaking on the beach a sterner barrier than the cruel dead-line here.

All weary as I—nearly as weary as I. I hear their faint mumble; I see their crawling forms; I feel the aching and the longing. It lies before me, and the terror and the anguish grow till I seem to myself like that man whose prison walls narrowed every day about him until they crushed him like a fly; for these creatures are becoming idiots. Great Heaven! I have kept courage so far, not to lose it now, I pray! Yet men have gone mad with less. It is as if one were conscious of mouldering in the grave. But rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Ah, this must be that place!

Oftentimes, of late, as I lie here in the dead of the night, I hear faint voices of the air threning above me. It is a strange rune they sing, like that of the old Lyke-Wake Dirge:

"This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle,
Fire and sant and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule."

With what significance do they chant it over and over, and do they prophesy, the weird sisters, as they sing? Fire and salt and candle-light—I shall not get it here—so much I know:

"If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christe receive thye saule.

"If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule."

Sad voices, have I read your rede aright, and is there boding in your burden meant for me? Or, is it my fate to hear a dirge you sing on a windy hill-side far away in a distant country? Yet that I will not think; for as often as I mark the strain I see pale faces flittering before my eyes, aimless and wan, as if, only half-dead, half-dead and starved, already I made consort with phantoms.

"If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Every night and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thye saule.

"If meat or drinke thou never gavest nane,
Every night and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christ receive thye saule."

Ah, solemn shrift! it was not so awful to me once, repeating your quaint words, and picturing in the dark frame-work of the night the sparkling fire-light, the fair tapers, and the salt on the dead man's breast.

But these are unwholesome humors of mine—humors that the memory of an old-time rhyme may bring me, and a shrill noise in my head like a humming of bells miles away over water, or the wind blowing in any hollow sea-shore shell: while the sun shines, at least, I need not submit myself to their caprice. The blessed sun, father of heaven and earth, under his beams no one quite forsaken or forlorn—it is only in the dark that judgment fails, the brain benumbs, pain grows intolerable. Now let me set myself to watch that sunbeam creep up my side and vanish into shadow. Some day I shall be satisfied with just that task—that one blue line of sky, so far and fathomless, will be serene content—that yellow sunshine limned along the wall will be joy itself; then perhaps, though prison doors never open, a free spirit will soar away eternally into the infinite blue and sunlight of heaven. If that hour were only here at last! Dozing and dozing the days away, alas, I am so tired!

What! not done yet? I say to myself every time I lift my lids, and the old eyesore of the place vexes them afresh. At any rate, there is so much more time passed. Presently the night-chills will begin to creep in, and the heavy dews will gather on the wall; the green mould take heart, and spread near where the hot sunshine burned all day. Made of a handful of clay, why not reverse the stroke, and let us crumble back again? At least we should be free as all these other atoms are—these drops of moisture, these grains of growth. In following law most free. Now for the racking of one's bones in the dark. As for me, I have no odds to ask of Heaven!

And so to sleep again, if sleep will come.

How this tune rings in my ears! It may be Sunday at home; I have lost the reckoning of the days. Perhaps they are singing it up in the choir, and it echoes through the still aisles of the church, and down upon the green, and seems to the truant children sitting there like songs from another world. Or perhaps it is only that

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Annie has called in little Madge from the afternoon play, and rocks her to sleep while she sings:

"So let my lamp be trimmed and fed,
That whether I be quick or dead,
That light shall shine,
And down sad ways a glory shed,
And ray divine."

Ah, patience, tired heart! and teach these patience that here in this dark strait about thee arraign their doom. I was stronger once than many of them, than a few of them wiser. Did I give them of my hosen and shoon, of my meat and drink?

What is it diverts them now, I wonder? Torpid and sluggish as snails, they are crawling down to the door. Some little break in the long monotone of the day—perhaps they have a fresh ration served, or is there news of battle? Letters—can there be letters? No, no; it is only a voice—the old humdrum tone. Vainly counting the roll for the thousandth time. But that hurrah—I did not think there was so much breath in them—that wild, keen cry. It is the order of exchange! Let me get down there, let me hasten, let me try and reach them! I among them? Oh, wait, wait!

That name? He will never answer to it again. They dig his grave out on the sand tonight.

Another. Who replies to that? He—he? Shall he go walking up the long street, the dear familiar path? shall he take his wife to his heart again, and dandle his children, and feel his old mother's faltering hand stroke his hair—and I stay festering here?

Down, evil spirit, down! Who deserves better than he? Who is truer comrade in fight—who stouter friend in prison? Hail to his joy as if it were mine! Make it mine—feel it mine!

And that name. No one claims it. Dead, possibly. Yet it had a sound of pleasant things; I seem to have heard it somewhere before—

Did any one call me? Dare I dream—can it be—is it mine?

Oh, to breathe again! Oh, home, friends, country, my own once more! Oh, life restored while the grave gaped! To see you, dear child, in a week—to feel your soft touch, your embracing care! A week! A little while ago eternity seemed short till we should meet; now, can I live so long without you as seven days? Ah! crouched and crushed, I rise; I see a future; I feel my manhood. To my knees, to my knees—dear God, I am free!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IT is natural that friends should tenderly and frequently talk of the loved and lost, descanting upon their virtues, narrating the little incidents of a life ended, and dwelling with minute particularity upon traits of character which, under other circumstances, might have remained unnoted and be forgotten, but are invested now with a mournful interest which fixes them in the memory. This, and the general desire to know more of the man ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is the only excuse offered for the following simple sketch of some parts of the character of our beloved Chief Magistrate, now passed from earth.

All persons agree that the most marked characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's manners was his simplicity and artlessness; this immediately impressed itself upon the observation of those who met him for the first time, and each successive interview deepened the impression. People seemed delighted to find in the ruler of the nation freedom from pomposity and affectation, mingled with a certain simple dignity which never forsook him. Though oppressed with the weight of responsibility resting upon him as President of the United States, he shrank from assuming any of the honors, or even the titles, of the position. After years of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln the writer can not now recall a single instance in which he spoke of himself as President, or used that title for himself, except when acting in an official capacity. He always spoke of his position and office vaguely, as "this place," "here," or other modest phrase. Once, speaking of the room in the Capitol used by the Presidents of the United States during the close of a session of Congress, he said, "That room, you know, that they call"—dropping his voice and hesitating—"the President's room." To an intimate friend who addressed him always by his own proper title he said, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette—if you won't—and I shall have a resting-spell from 'Mister President.'"

With all his simplicity and unacquaintance with courtly manners, his native dignity never forsook him in the presence of critical or polished strangers; but mixed with his angularities and *bonhomie* was something which spoke the fine fibre of the man; and, while his sovereign disregard of courtly conventionalities was somewhat ludicrous, his native sweetness and straightforwardness of manner served to disarm criticism and impress the visitor that he was before a man pure, self-poised, collected, and strong in unconscious strength. Of him an accomplished foreigner, whose knowledge of the courts was more perfect than that of the English language, said, "He seems to me one grand gentilhomme in disguise."

In his eagerness to acquire knowledge of common things he sometimes surprised his distinguished visitors by inquiries about matters that they were supposed to be acquainted with, and those who came to scrutinize went away with a vague sense of having been unconsciously pumped by the man whom they expected to pump. One Sunday evening last winter, while sitting

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT HOME.

alone with the President, the cards of Professor Agassiz and a friend were sent in. The President had never met Agassiz at that time, I believe, and said, "I would like to talk with that man; he is a good man, I do believe; don't you think so?" But one answer could be returned to the query, and soon after the visitors were shown in, the President first whispering, "Now sit still and see what we can pick up that's new." To my surprise, however, no ques-

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tions were asked about the Old Silurian, the Glacial Theory, or the Great Snow-storm, but, introductions being over, the President said: "I never knew how to properly pronounce your name; won't you give me a little lesson at that, please?" Then he asked if it were of French or Swiss derivation, to which the Professor replied that it was partly of each. That led to a discussion of different languages, the President speaking of several words in different languages which had the same root as similar words in our own tongue; then he illustrated that by one or two anecdotes, one of which he borrowed from Hood's "Up the Rhine." But he soon returned to his gentle cross-examination of Agassiz, and found out how the Professor studied, how he composed, and how he delivered his lectures; how he found different tastes in his audiences in different portions of the country. When afterward asked why he put such questions to his learned visitor he said, "Why, what we got from him isn't printed in the books; the other things are."

At this interview, it may be remarked in passing, the President said that many years ago, when the custom of lecture-going was more common than since, he was induced to try his hand at composing a literary lecture — something which he thought entirely out of his line. The subject, he said, was not defined, but his purpose was to analyze inventions and discoveries —"to get at the bottom of things"—and to show when, where, how, and why such things were invented or discovered; and, so far as possible, to find where the first mention is made of some of our common things. The Bible, he said, he found to be the richest store-house for such knowledge; and he then gave one or two illustrations, which were new to his hearers. The lecture was never finished, and was left among his loose papers at Springfield when he came to Washington.

The simplicity of manner which shone out in all such interviews as that here noticed was marked in his total lack of consideration of what was due his exalted station. He had an almost morbid dread of what he called "a scene"—that is, a demonstration of applause such as always greeted his appearance in public. The first sign of a cheer sobered him; he appeared sad and oppressed, suspended conversation, and looked out into vacancy; and when it was over resumed the conversation just where it was interrupted, with an obvious feeling of relief. Of the relations of a senator to him he said, "I think that Senator ——'s manner is more cordial to me than before." The truth was that the senator had been looking for a sign of cordiality from his superior, but the President had reversed their relative positions. At another time, speaking of an early acquaintance, who was an applicant for an office which he thought him hardly qualified to fill, the President said, "Well, now, I never thought M—— had any more than average ability when we were young men together; really I did not"—a pause.—"But, then, I suppose he thought just the same about me; he had reason to, and—here I am!"

The simple habits of Mr. Lincoln were so well known that it is a subject for surprise that watchful and malignant treason did not sooner take that precious life which he seemed to hold so lightly. He had an almost morbid dislike for an escort, or guard, and daily exposed himself to the deadly aim of an assassin. One summer morning, passing by the White House at an early hour, I saw the President standing at the gateway, looking anxiously down the street; and, in reply to a salutation, he said, "Good-morning, good-morning! I am looking for a news-boy; when you get to that corner I wish you would start one up this way." There are American citizens who consider such things beneath the dignity of an official in high place.

In reply to the remonstrances of friends, who were afraid of his constant exposure to danger, he had but one answer: "If they kill me, the next man will be just as bad for them; and in a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come if they are determined upon it." A cavalry guard was once placed at the gates of the White House for a while, and he said, privately, that he "worried until he got rid of it." While the President's family were at their summer-house, near Washington, he rode into town of a morning, or out at night, attended by a mounted escort; but if he returned to town for a while after dark, he rode in unguarded, and often alone, in his open carriage. On more than one occasion the writer has gone through the streets of Washington at a late hour of the night with the President, without escort, or even the company of a servant, walking all of the the way, going and returning.

Considering the many open and secret threats to take his life, it is not surprising that Mr. Lincoln had many thoughts about his coming to a sudden and violent end. He once said that he felt the force of the expression, "To take one's life in his hand;" but that he would not like to face death suddenly. He said that he thought himself a great coward physically, and was sure that he should make a poor soldier, for, unless there was something in the excitement of a battle, he was sure that he would drop his gun and run at the first symptom of danger. That was said sportively, and he added, "Moral cowardice is something which I think I never had." Shortly after the presidential election, in 1864, he related an incident which I will try to put upon paper here, as nearly as possible in his own words:

"It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'Hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau, with a swinging-glass upon it"—(and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position)—"and, looking in that glass, I saw

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myself reflected, nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had *two* separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off and, in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when [with a laugh], sure enough, the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

The President, with his usual good sense, saw nothing in all this but an optical illusion; though the flavor of superstition which hangs about every man's composition made him wish that he had never seen it. But there are people who will now believe that this odd coincidence was "a warning."

If Mr. Lincoln's critics may be trusted, he had too much goodness of heart to make a good magistrate. Certain it is that his continually-widening charity for all, and softness of heart, pardoned offenders and mitigated punishments when the strict requirements of justice would have dealt more severely with the criminal. It was a standing order of his office that persons on matters involving the issue of life and death should have immediate precedence. Nor was his kindness confined to affairs of state; his servants, and all persons in his personal service, were the objects of his peculiar care and solicitude. They bore no burdens or hardships which he could relieve them of; and if he carried this virtue to an extreme, and carried labors which others should have borne, it was because he thought he could not help it.

He was often waylaid by soldiers importunate to get their back-pay, or a furlough, or a discharge; and if the case was not too complicated, would attend to it then and there. Going out of the main-door of the White House one morning, he met an old lady who was pulling vigorously at the door-bell, and asked her what she wanted. She said that she wanted to see "Abraham the Second." The President, amused, asked who Abraham the First might be, if there was a second? The old lady replied, "Why, Lor' bless you! we read about the first Abraham in the Bible, and Abraham the Second is our President." She was told that the President was not in his office then, and when she asked where he was, she was told, "Here he is!" Nearly petrified with surprise, the old lady managed to tell her errand, and was told to come next morning at nine o'clock, when she was received and kindly cared for by the President. At another time, hearing of a young man who had determined to enter the navy as a landsman, after three years of service in the army, he said to the writer, "Now do you go over to the Navy Department and mouse out what he is fit for, and he shall have it, if it's to be had, for that's the kind of men I like to hear of." The place was duly "moused out," with the assistance of the kind-hearted Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; and the young officer, who may read these lines on his solitary post off the mouth of the Yazoo River, was appointed upon the recommendation of the President of the United States. Of an application for office by an old friend, not fit for the place he sought, he said, "I had rather resign my place and go away from here than refuse him, if I consulted only my personal feelings; but refuse him I must." And he did.

This same gentleness, mixed with firmness, characterized all of Mr. Lincoln's dealings with public men. Often bitterly assailed and abused, he never appeared to recognize the fact that he had political enemies; and if his attention was called to unkind speeches or remarks, he would turn the conversation of his indignant friends by a judicious story, or the remark, "I guess we won't talk about that now." He has himself put it on record that he never read attacks upon himself, and if they were brought persistently before him he had some ready excuse for their authors. Of a virulent personal attack upon his official conduct he mildly said that it was ill-timed; and of one of his most bitter political enemies he said: "I've been told that insanity is hereditary in his family, and I think we will admit the plea in his case." It was noticeable that Mr. Lincoln's keenest critics and bitter opponents studiously avoided his presence; it seemed as though no man could be familiar with his homely, heart-lighted features, his single-hearted directness and manly kindliness, and remain long an enemy, or be any thing but his friend. It was this warm frankness of Mr. Lincoln's manner that made a hard-headed old "hunker" once leave the hustings where Lincoln was speaking, in 1856, saying, "I won't hear him, for I don't like a man that makes me believe in him in spite of myself."

"Honest Old Abe" has passed into the language of our time and country as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man. Yet thousands of instances, unknown to the world, might be added to those already told of Mr. Lincoln's great and crowning virtue. He disliked innuendoes, concealments, and subterfuges; and no sort of approach at official "jobbing" ever had any encouragement from him. With him the question was not, "Is it convenient? Is it expedient?" but, "Is it right?" He steadily discountenanced all practices of government offi-

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cers using any part of the public funds for temporary purposes; and he loved to tell of his own experience when he was saved from embarrassment by his rigid adherence to a good rule. He had been postmaster at Salem, Illinois, during Jackson's administration, William T. Barry being then Postmaster-General, and resigning his office, removed to Springfield, having sent a statement of account to the Department at Washington. No notice was taken of his account, which showed a balance due the Government of over one hundred and fifty dollars, until three or four years after, when, Amos Kendall being Postmaster-General, he was presented with a draft for the amount due. Some of Mr. Lincoln's friends, who knew that he was in straitened circumstances then, as he had always been, heard of the draft and offered to help him out with a loan; but he told them not to worry, and producing from his trunk an old pocket, tied up and marked, counted out, in six-pences, shillings, and quarters, the exact sum required of him, in the identical coin received by him while in office years before.

The honesty of Mr. Lincoln appeared to spring from religious convictions; and it was his habit, when conversing of things which most intimately concerned himself, to say that, however he might be misapprehended by men who did not appear to know him, he was glad to know that no thought or intent of his escaped the observation of that Judge by whose final decree he expected to stand or fall in this world and the next. It seemed as though this was his surest refuge at times when he was most misunderstood or misrepresented. There was something touching in his childlike and simple reliance upon Divine aid, especially when in such extremities as he sometimes fell into; then, though prayer and reading of the Scriptures was his constant habit, he more earnestly than ever sought that strength which is promised when mortal help faileth. His address upon the occasion of his re-inauguration has been said to be as truly a religious document as a state-paper; and his acknowledgment of God and His providence and rule are interwoven through all of his later speeches, letters, and messages. Once he said: "I have been driven many times upon my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

Just after the last presidential election he said: "Being only mortal, after all, I should have been a little mortified if I had been beaten in this canvass before the people; but that sting would have been more than compensated by the thought that the people had notified me that all my official responsibilities were soon to be lifted off my back." In reply to the remark that he might remember that in all these cares he was daily remembered by those who prayed, not to be heard of men, as no man had ever before been remembered, he caught at the homely phrase and said: "Yes, I like that phrase, 'not to be heard of men,' and guess it's generally true, as you say; at least I have been told so, and I have been a good deal helped by just that thought." Then he solemnly and slowly added: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

At another time he said, cheerfully, "I am very sure that if I do not go away from here a wiser man, I shall go away a better man, for having learned here what a very poor sort of a man I am." Afterward, referring to what he called a change of heart, he said that he did not remember any precise time when he passed through any special change of purpose or of heart; but he would say that his own election to office, and the crisis immediately following, influentially determined him in what he called "a process of crystallization," then going on in his mind. Reticent as he was, and shy of discoursing much of his own mental exercises, these few utterances now have a value with those who knew him which his dying words would scarcely have possessed.

No man but Mr. Lincoln ever knew how great was the load of care which he bore, nor the amount of mental labor which he daily accomplished. With the usual perplexities of the office—greatly increased by the unusual multiplication of places in his gift—he carried the burdens of the civil war, which he always called "This great trouble." Though the intellectual man had greatly grown meantime, few persons would recognize the hearty, blithesome, genial, and wiry Abraham Lincoln of earlier days in the sixteenth President of the United States, with his stooping figure, dull eyes, care-worn face, and languid frame. The old, clear laugh never came back; the even temper was sometimes disturbed; and his natural charity for all was often turned into an unwonted suspicion of the motives of men, whose selfishness cost him so much wear of mind. Once he said, "Sitting here, where all the avenues to public patronage seem to come together in a knot, it does seem to me that our people are fast approaching the point where it can be said that seven-eighths of them were trying to find how to live at the expense of the other eighth."

It was this incessant demand upon his time, by men who sought place or endeavored to shape his policy, that broke down his courage and his temper, as well as exhausted his strength. Speaking of the "great flood-gates" which his doors daily opened upon him, he said, "I suppose I ought not to blame the aggregate, for each abstract man or woman thinks his or her case a peculiar one, and must be attended to, though all others be left out; but I can see this thing growing every day." And at another time, speaking of the exhaustive demands upon him, which left him in no condition for more important duties, he said, "I sometimes fancy

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that every one of the numerous grist ground through here daily, from a Senator seeking a war with France down to a poor woman after a place in the Treasury Department, darted at me with thumb and finger, picked out their especial piece of my vitality, and carried it off. When I get through with such a day's work there is only one word which can express my condition, and that is—*flabbiness*." There are some public men who can now remember, with self-reproaches, having increased with long evening debates that reducing "flabbiness" of the much-enduring President.

Mr. Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1863, and, free from the annoyances of office, was considerably refreshed and rested; but even there the mental anxieties which never forsook him seemed to cast him down, at times, with a great weight. We left Washington late in the afternoon, and a snow-storm soon after coming on, the steamer was anchored for the night off Indian Head, on the Maryland shore of the Potomac. The President left the little knot in the cabin, and sitting alone in a corner, seemed absorbed in the saddest reflections for a time; then, beckoning a companion to him, said, "What will you wager that half our iron-clads are at the bottom of Charleston Harbor?" This being the first intimation which the other had had of Dupont's attack, which was then begun, hesitated to reply, when the President added, "The people will expect big things when they hear of this; but it is too late—*too late!*"

During that little voyage the captain of the steamer, a frank, modest old sailor, was so much affected by the care-worn appearance of the President, that he came to the writer and confessed that he had received the same impression of the Chief Magistrate that many had; hearing of his "little stories" and his humor, he had supposed him to have no cares or sadness; but a sight of that anxious and sad face had undeceived him, and he wanted to tell the President how much he had unintentionally wronged him, feeling that he had committed upon him a personal wrong. The captain was duly introduced to the President, who talked with him privately for a space, being touched as well as amused at what he called "Captain M——'s freeing his mind."

The following week, spent in riding about and seeing the army, appeared to revive Mr. Lincoln's spirits and to rest his body. A friend present observed as much to him, and he replied, "Well, yes, I do feel some better, I think; but, somehow, it don't appear to touch the tired spot, which can't be got at." And that, by-the-way, reminded him of a little story of his having once used that word, spot, a great many times in the course of a speech in Congress, years ago, so that some of his fellow-members called him "spot Lincoln," but he believed that the nick-name did not stick. Another reminiscence of his early life, which he recalled during the trip, was one concerning his experience in rail-splitting. We were driving through an open clearing, where the Virginia forest had been felled by the soldiers, when Mr. Lincoln observed, looking at the stumps, "That's a good job of felling; they have got some good axemen in this army, I see." The conversation turning upon his knowledge of rail-splitting, he said, "Now let me tell you about that. I am not a bit anxious about my reputation in that line of business; but if there is any thing in this world that I am a judge of, it is of good felling of timber, but I don't remember having worked by myself at splitting rails for one whole day in my life." Upon surprise being expressed that his national reputation as a rail-splitter should have so slight a foundation, he said, "I recollect that, some time during the canvass for the office I now hold, there was a great mass meeting, where I was present, and with a great flourish several rails were brought into the meeting, and being informed where they came from, I was asked to identify them, which I did, with some qualms of conscience, having helped my father to split rails, as at other odd jobs. I said if there were any rails which I had split, I shouldn't wonder if those were the rails." Those who may be disappointed to learn of Mr. Lincoln's limited experience in splitting rails, may be relieved to know that he was evidently proud of his knowledge of the art of cutting timber, and explained minutely how a good job differed from a poor one, giving illustrations from the ugly stumps on either side.

An amusing yet touching instance of the President's preoccupation of mind occurred at one of his levees, when he was shaking hands with a host of visitors, passing him in a continuous stream. An intimate acquaintance received the usual conventional hand-shake and salutation; but, perceiving that he was not recognized, kept his ground, instead of moving on, and spoke again; when the President, roused by a dim consciousness that something unusual had happened, perceived who stood before him, and seizing his friend's hand, shook it again heartily, saying, "How do you do? How do you do? Excuse me for not noticing you at first; the fact is, I was thinking of a man down South." He afterward privately acknowledged that the "man down South" was Sherman, then on his march to the sea.

Mr. Lincoln had not a hopeful temperament, and, though he looked at the bright side of things, was always prepared for disaster and defeat. With his wonderful faculty for discerning results he often saw success where others saw disaster, but oftener perceived a failure when others were elated with victory, or were temporarily deceived by appearances. Of a great cavalry raid, which filled the newspapers with glowing exultation, but failed to cut the communications which it had been designed to destroy, he briefly said: "That was good circus-riding; it will do to fill a column in the newspapers; but I don't see that it has brought any thing else to pass." He often said that the

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worst feature about newspapers was that they were so sure to be "ahead of the hounds," outrunning events, and exciting expectations which were sure to be disappointed. One of the worst effects of a victory, he said, was to lead people to expect that the war was about over in consequence of it; but he was never weary of commending the patience of the American people, which he thought something matchless and touching. I have seen him shed tears when speaking of the cheerful sacrifice of the light and strength of so many happy homes throughout the land. His own patience was marvelous; and never crushed at defeat or unduly excited by success, his demeanor under both was an example for all men. Once he said the keenest blow of all the war was at an early stage, when the disaster of Ball's Bluff and the death of his beloved Baker smote upon him like a whirlwind from a desert.

It is generally agreed that Mr. Lincoln's slowness was a prominent trait of his character; but it is too early, perhaps, to say how much of our safety and success we owe to his slowness. It may be said, however, that he is to-day admired and beloved as much for what he did not do as for what he did. He was well aware of the popular opinion concerning his slowness, but was only sorry that such a quality of mind should sometimes be coupled with weakness and vacillation. Such an accusation he thought to be unjust. Acknowledging that he was slow in arriving at conclusions, he said that he could not help that; but he believed that when he did arrive at conclusions they were clear and "stuck by." He was a profound believer in his own fixity of purpose, and took pride in saying that his long deliberations made it possible for him to stand by his own acts when they were once resolved upon. It would have been a relief to the country at one time in our history if this trait of the President's character had been better understood. There was no time, probably, during the last administration, when any of the so-called radical measures were in any danger of being qualified or recalled. The simple explanation of the doubt which often hung over his purposes may be found in the fact that it was a habit of his mind to put forward all of the objections of other people and of his own to any given proposition, to see what arguments or counter-statements could be brought against them. While his own mind might be perfectly clear upon the subject, it gave him real pleasure to state objections for others to combat or attempt to set aside.

His practice of being controlled by events is well known. He often said that it was wise to wait for the developments of Providence; and the Scriptural phrase that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera" to him had a depth of meaning. Then, too, he liked to feel that he was the attorney of the people, not their ruler; and I believe that this idea was generally uppermost in his mind. Speaking of the probability of his second nomination, about two years ago, he said: "If the people think that I have managed their case for them well enough to trust me to carry up to the next term, I am sure that I shall be glad to take it."

He liked to provide for his friends, who were often remembered gratefully for services given him in his early struggles in life. Sometimes he would "break the slate," as he called it, of those who were making up a list of appointments, that he might insert the name of some old acquaintance who had befriended him in days when friends were few. He was not deceived by outside appearances, but took the measure of those he met, and few men were worth any more or any less than the value which Abraham Lincoln set upon them.

Upon being told that a gentleman upon whom he was about to confer a valuable appointment had been bitterly opposed to his renomination, he said: "I suppose that Judge ——, having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his commission, you know." At another time, when remonstrated with upon the appointment to place of one of his former opponents, he said: "Nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me personally shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer."

The world will never hear the last of the "little stories" with which the President garnished or illustrated his conversation and his early stump speeches. He said, however, that as near as he could reckon, about one-sixth of those which were credited to him were old acquaintances; all of the rest were the productions of other and better story-tellers than himself. Said he; "I do generally remember a good story when I hear it, but I never did invent any thing original; I am only a retail dealer." His anecdotes were seldom told for the sake of the telling, but because they fitted in just where they came, and shed a light on the argument that nothing else could. He was not witty, but brimful of humor; and though he was quick to appreciate a good pun, I never knew of his making but one, which was on the Christian name of a friend, to whom he said: "You have yet to be elected to the place I hold; but Noah's *reign* was before Abraham." He thought that the chief characteristic of American humor was its grotesqueness and extravagance; and the story of the man who was so tall that he was "laid out" in a rope-walk, the soprano voice so high that it had to be climbed over by a ladder, and the Dutchman's expression of "somebody tying his dog loose," all made a permanent lodgment in his mind.

His accuracy and memory were wonderful,

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and one illustration of the former quality may be given in the remarkable correspondence between the figures of the result of the last presidential election and the actual sum total. The President's figures, collected hastily, and partially based upon his own estimates, made up only four weeks after the election, have been found to be only one hundred and twenty-nine less in their grand total than that made up by Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, who has compiled a table from the returns furnished him from the official records of all the State capitals in the loyal States.

Latterly Mr. Lincoln's reading was with the humorous writers. He liked to repeat from memory whole chapters from these books; and on such occasions he always preserved his own gravity though his auditors might be convulsed with laughter. He said that he had a dread of people who could not appreciate the fun of such things; and he once instanced a member of his own Cabinet, of whom he quoted the saying of Sydney Smith, "that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into his head." The light trifles spoken of diverted his mind, or, as he said of his theatre-going, gave him refuge from himself and his weariness. But he also was a lover of many philosophical books, and particularly liked Butler's Analogy of Religion, Stuart Mill on Liberty, and he always hoped to get at President Edwards on the Will. These ponderous writers found a queer companionship in the chronicler of the Mackerel Brigade, Parson Nasby, and Private Miles O'Reilly. The Bible was a very familiar study with the President, whole chapters of Isaiah, the New Testament, and the Psalms being fixed in his memory, and he would sometimes correct a misquotation of Scripture, giving generally the chapter and verse where it could be found. He liked the Old Testament best, and dwelt on the simple beauty of the historical books. Once, speaking of his own age and strength, he quoted with admiration that passage, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." I do not know that he thought then how, like that Moses of old, he was to stand on Pisgah and see a peaceful land which he was not to enter.

Of the poets the President appeared to prefer Hood and Holmes, the mixture and pathos in their writings being attractive to him beyond any thing else which he read. Of the former author he liked best the last part of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," "Faithless Sally Brown," and one or two others not generally so popular as those which are called Hood's best poems. Holmes's "September Gale," "Last Leaf," "Chambered Nautilus," and "Ballad of an Oysterman" were among his very few favorite poems. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and "Birds of Killingworth" were the only productions of that author he ever mentioned with praise, the latter of which he picked up somewhere in a newspaper, cut out, and carried in his vest pocket until it was committed to memory. James Russell Lowell he only knew as "Hosea Biglow," every one of whose effusions he knew. He sometimes repeated, word for word, the whole of "John P. Robinson, he," giving the unceasing refrain with great unction and enjoyment. He once said that originality and daring impudence were sublimed in this stanza of Lowell's:

> "Ef you take a sword and dror it,
> An' stick a feller creetur thru,
> Gov'ment hain't to answer for it,
> God'll send the bill to you."

Mr. Lincoln's love of music was something passionate, but his tastes were simple and uncultivated, his choice being old airs, songs, and ballads, among which the plaintive Scotch songs were best liked. "Annie Laurie," "Mary of Argyle," and especially "Auld Robin Gray," never lost their charm for him; and all songs which had for their theme the rapid flight of time, decay, the recollections of early days, were sure to make a deep impression. The song which he liked best, above all others, was one called "Twenty Years Ago"—a simple air, the words to which are supposed to be uttered by a man who revisits the play-ground of his youth. He greatly desired to find music for his favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and said once, when told that the newspapers had credited him with the authorship of the piece, "I should not care much for the reputation of having written that, but would be glad if I could compose music as fit to convey the sentiment as the words now do."

He wrote slowly, and with the greatest deliberation, and liked to take his time; yet some of his dispatches, written without any corrections, are models of compactness and finish. His private correspondence was extensive, and he preferred writing his letters with his own hand, making copies himself frequently, and filing every thing away in a set of pigeon-holes in his office. When asked why he did not have a letter-book and copying-press, he said, "A letter-book might be easily carried off, but that stock of filed letters would be a back-load." He conscientiously attended to his enormous correspondence, and read every thing that appeared to demand his own attention. He said that he read with great regularity the letters of an old friend who lived on the Pacific coast until he received a letter of *seventy pages* of letter paper, when he broke down, and never read another.

People were sometimes disappointed because he appeared before them with a written speech. The best explanation of that habit of his was his remark to a friend who noticed a roll of manuscript in the hand of the President as he came into the parlor while waiting for the serenade which was given him on the night following his re-election. Said he: "I know what you are thinking about; but there's no clap-trap about me, and I am free to say that in the excitement of the moment I am sure to say something which I am sorry for when I see it in print; so I have it here in black and white, and there are no mistakes made. People attach

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too much importance to what I say any how." Upon another occasion, hearing that I was in the parlor, he sent for me to come up into the library, where I found him writing on a piece of common stiff box-board with a pencil. Said he, after he had finished, "Here is one speech of mine which has never been printed, and I think it worth printing. Just see what you think." He then read the following, which is copied *verbatim* from the familiar handwriting before me:

"On Thursday of last week two ladies from Tennessee came before the President, asking the release of their husbands, held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off until Friday, when they came again, and were again put off until Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday, when the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to this lady: 'You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their Government because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread in the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven.'"

To this the President signed his name at my request, by way of joke, and added for a caption, "The President's Last, Shortest, and Best Speech," under which title it was duly published in one of the Washington newspapers. His Message to the last session of Congress was first written upon the same sort of white pasteboard above referred to, its stiffness enabling him to lay it on his knee as he sat easily in his arm-chair, writing and erasing as he thought and wrought out his idea.

The already extended limits of this article will not permit any thing more than a mention of many of the traits of Mr. Lincoln's peculiar character, many of which are already widely known by his published writings and speeches, and by the numerous anecdotes which have been narrated by others who have been ready to meet the general desire to know more of the man whose life was so dear to the people. His thoughtfulness for those who bore the brunt of the battles, his harmonious family relations, his absorbing love for his children, his anxiety for the well-being and conduct of the emancipated colored people, his unwavering faith in the hastening doom of human slavery, his affectionate regard for "the simple people," his patience, his endurance, his mental sufferings, and what he did for the Nation and for Humanity and Liberty—these all must be left to the systematic and enduring labors of the historian. Though he is dead, his immortal virtues are the rich possession of the nation; his fame shall grow with our young Republic; and as years roll on brighter lustre will adorn the name of Abraham Lincoln.

ANECDOTES OF UNITARIAN DIVINES.

THE REV. DR. SPRAGUE, of Albany, a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and equally distinguished as a man of letters, long after he had completed his fiftieth year undertook a literary work of great magnitude, which he has lived nearly to accomplish. It is a biography of all the most distinguished American clergymen of the various denominations, from the settlement of the country to the year 1855, under the general title of "Annals of the American Pulpit." Successive volumes have from time to time been issued from the press of Robert Carter and Brothers, who have just published the eighth volume of the series, containing biographical sketches of the Unitarian clergy of the United States. It contains the memoirs of eighty clergymen, gathered and prepared with an incredible amount of labor, and making a treasury of interesting material, not only for the denomination specified, but for all who are interested in the theological and literary history of the country. The theological part of it we leave for other hands and other journals, but we shall endeavor to cull some of the material which will be instructive and entertaining to the readers of this Magazine.

The first of the clergymen whose lives are here recorded was the Rev. EBENEZER GAY, D.D., who was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, in the year 1696. He lived to the age of ninety-one years. The length of his ministry, from the day of his ordination to his decease, was more than sixty-eight years, and his entire ministry, from the commencement of his preaching, was but a few months short of seventy years. Upon the day on which he completed his eighty-fifth year he preached a sermon from the text, Josh. xiv. 10, "I am this day fourscore and five years old," which was published under the title of "The Old Man's Calendar," and in which he made this remarkable record: "Lo, now, my brethren, I am this day fourscore and five years old—a wonder of God's sparing mercy; sixty-three of these years have I spent in the work of the ministry among you. One hundred and forty-six years ago your fathers came with their pastor and settled in this place [Hingham, Massachusetts]. I am the third in the pastorate of this church, which hath not been two years vacant."

He was evidently a man of considerable humor, as appears not only from many anecdotes which are recorded of him, but from his choice of texts for his public services. He preached a discourse at one time from the passage in Luke, "Remember Lot's wife," designed to counteract some of the tendencies of the times, and entitled it, "A Pillar of Salt to Season a Corrupt Age." At the installation of the Rev. Ezra Carpenter, at Keene, in 1753, he preached from the passage, Zechariah, ii. 1: "I lifted up mine eyes again, and looked, and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand." Having for a

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long time been unsuccessful in digging a well on his homestead, he introduced the subject into his prayers, and also preached a sermon from Numbers, xxi. 17: "Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it."

During the Revolutionary war, a little before the time for the annual Thanksgiving, and when it was generally expected that there would be a great deficiency of the foreign fruits with which that festival had been celebrated, several English vessels laden with those productions were driven by a storm upon the coast, captured, and brought into Boston. Dr. Gay, who was considered a prudent loyalist, not having taken part in the movements of the colonies, and who was accustomed on Thanksgiving-days to make mention in his prayer of the special blessings of the year, did not suffer such a token of Divine favor to pass unnoticed. Accordingly, in his Thanksgiving prayer he gratefully acknowledged the unexpected bounty, somewhat after this sort: "O Lord, who art the infinitely wise disposer of all things, who rulest the winds and the waves according to thy own good pleasure; we devoutly thank Thee for the gracious interposition of thy providence in wafting upon our shores so many of thy rich bounties to make glad the dwellings of thy people on this joyful occasion." Shortly after some one repeated the Doctor's ejaculations to Samuel Adams, who, with his usual promptness and decision, exclaimed, "That is trimming with the Almighty."

Dr. Gad Hitchcock, of Pembroke, Massachusetts, who was a contemporary with Dr. Gay, was celebrated for his patriotism and for his fearlessness in avowing it, and in doing all that he could for the cause of his country. In several instances he officiated as chaplain in the army, and he never shunned the dangers to which the soldiers were exposed. The first sermon which he published was addressed to a military company when the French were making inroads upon the northern frontier. His "Election Sermon," which was preached only the year before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, filled Governor Gage, who was present, with great wrath on account of the boldness of the positions, not to say the air of defiance that pervaded it. Even the preacher's own friends are said to have been surprised at some of the statements which he ventured to make in the Governor's presence. It is said that the sermon was prepared with the expectation that the Governor would not be present; and that when it was ascertained that he would be there to hear it Dr. H. was advised to be cautious in his expressions; but he replied, "My sermon is written, and it will not be altered." In private life Dr. Hitchcock was eminently agreeable, though he had some strongly-marked peculiarities. His presence gave great animation to almost every social circle in which he appeared. "Be merry and wise," was his habitual advice to the young on occasions of joy. There was a familiarity in his manners and conversation not common among clergymen at that day. He was likely to enter into conversation with any person he met in journeying, and would amuse himself in giving and receiving jokes. On his way to Boston he once fell in company with a sailor, and questioned him quite freely concerning his name, residence, business, etc. The sailor, having answered the questions, proposed in his turn similar questions to the Doctor; and the reply was, "My name is Gad Hitchcock, and I belong to Tunk" (the name of his parish). The sailor repeated the three names, and in his own peculiar manner cried out, "Three of the worst names I ever heard!" This retort cheered the old man during all the rest of his journey. At another time he met a sailor in Boston, and asked him if he could box the compass. The answer was, "Yes."—"Let me hear you." The sailor performed correctly. "Now reverse it," said the Doctor. This, too, was done with equal promptness. The sailor then asked what his occupation was, and on being informed that he was a minister asked him if he could repeat certain portions of Scripture; and when the Doctor had repeated them the sailor said, "Now reverse them," greatly to the amusement of the Doctor, who could enjoy such a joke.

Dr. Samuel West, of Dartmouth, Massachusetts, was one of the celebrities of New England during the latter half of the last century. He worked upon a farm until his twentieth year, when he spent six months in preparing for college, and in 1750 started for Harvard College barefooted, carrying his shoes and stockings under his arm. On being examined for admission, he had a dispute with the Professor in regard to a Greek reading, in which he is said to have carried his point. He was settled in 1761 on a salary of £66 13*s.* 6*d.*, which, small as it was, was not paid. He was twice married. His first wife was very tall, and her Christian name was Experience, a common one at that time. After her death he said he had "learned from *long experience* that it was a good thing to be married," and so he took another wife. He was an ardent patriot from the beginning of the difficulties with England, and was unsparing in his denunciations of those who were unwilling to come out on the side of their country. Immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill he joined the army to do what he could as a minister to keep up the courage of the soldiers, and to promote their welfare. He gained great notoriety by deciphering for General Washington a treasonable letter from Dr. Church to an officer of the British army, a full account of which is contained in Sparks's Writings of Washington. During the Revolutionary war he rendered important service to the country. He was an influential member of the Convention that adopted the Constitution, and it was through his influence that Governor Hancock was induced to give his assent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

Dr. West was remarkable for absence of mind. During the sessions of the Convention to adopt

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the Constitution of the United States he spent many of his evenings abroad, and generally returned with his pockets filled with handkerchiefs, silk gloves, silk stockings, and other small articles, and was greatly distressed on finding them there, thinking that he had taken them up and slipped them into his pockets. In fact they had been placed there by friends who took this method of making him presents, well knowing that he was too much engaged in conversation to take any notice of it. While he was a pastor his friends would sometimes find him on his horse, which had stopped to graze by the way-side, the bridle loose, the Doctor's hands folded on his breast, and himself wholly absorbed in his own thoughts. Once he went out to drive a cow from his yard, and striking at her with a long board missed the cow, and was himself brought to the ground, and split his small-clothes nearly the whole length of the leg. He knew nothing of this latter accident; but gathering himself up, and forgetting entirely where he was, he went on without a hat three miles, entered a friend's house, and passed the night talking with him to the consternation of his wife, who, on his return, saw in what a plight he was for a visit to one of the most genteel families of the parish. He once met a friend, and told him that he and his wife were on their way to make him a visit. "Your wife?" said his friend. "Where is she?" "Why," replied the Doctor, "I thought she was on the pillion behind me." She had got ready to accompany him, and the absent-minded Doctor had gone off without her. He would sometimes at the church stop at the horse-block for his wife to dismount, when she had been forgotten and was still at home. Once he went to mill, leading his horse and carrying the grist on his own shoulder. One who saw him on his way, states that when before his second marriage he went to ask the town-clerk to publish the bans, he walked the whole distance leading his horse, and passed directly by the house of the town-clerk, and did not halt until he was brought up by a log at the end of a wharf. Once, upon a Saturday afternoon, when on his way home from Boston, he was overtaken by a violent shower as he was riding on horseback. His family at home were anxiously expecting his return, but he did not make his appearance until the last moment on Sunday morning, when he was seen hurrying his horse onward, with muddy ruffles dangling about his hands, and another large ruffle hanging out of his bosom through the open vest, which he usually kept buttoned close to his chin. He never had worn such embellishments before, and never afterward could tell how he came by them then. It was too late to make a change, the congregation were waiting. His daughter buttoned up his vest so as to hide the ruffles of the bosom, and carefully tucked the ruffles in about the wrists. During the opening services all went very well, but probably feeling uneasy about the wrists, he twitched at them until the ruffles were flourishing about, and then growing warm as he advanced, he opened his vest and made such an exhibition of muddy finery as tended very little to the religious edification of the younger portion of his audience. He was on terms of intimacy with Dr. Whitridge, a physician of Tiverton, Rhode Island, at whose house he frequently met the celebrated Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, another friend. It was not often that three such men were brought together. They usually spent nearly the whole night in conversation. Dr. Hopkins sometimes required a little sleep, but the morning light not unfrequently found the others still up. On one occasion, Dr. West having mounted his horse a little before night, Dr. Whitridge went out bareheaded to see him off. A new topic was started; the horse walked on a few steps and stopped; then a few steps more, the friends being still earnestly engaged in conversation. At last they were alarmed by the appearance of a light in the east, which, after a short time, they found was the break of day. His absence of mind increased upon him as he became advanced in years, and at length his memory failed, although his intellect, when excited, retained much of its vigor. He had preached the same sermon to his congregation three Sabbaths in succession, but no member of his family was willing to distress him by informing him of what he had done. The fourth Sabbath his daughter saw with a heavy heart that he had his Bible open at the same place, the Parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Fortunately he left the room for a minute; she opened the Bible at another place, and put it back with the leaf turned down just as he had left it in his own place. When he took up the book on his return he seemed for a moment lost, then fixed his attention upon the passage to which she had opened, and from that preached a discourse which to some of his people seemed the ablest that he had given for years.

Of the Rev. Dr. RIPLEY, for fifty years the only minister of Concord, Massachusetts, the following anecdote is related. He was born to govern, and was not a little arbitrary in the exercise of his sole authority as bishop of the place. He approved of the old custom of putting up notes of thanksgiving after the birth of children, and insisted on its continuance long after it had ceased in neighboring parishes; and in defense of the custom he preached so terribly about the perils of childbirth that the village physicians feared its effect upon the nerves of those most deeply interested. At length Mr. H——, one of the deacons, was bold enough to carry to the church an infant for baptism without having put up a note. The Doctor saw the whole ground, planted himself on his principles, and there he stood by the font. The congregation, intent upon the administration of the rite, waited in expectation. The Doctor addressed Deacon H——, and said, "Why have you put up no note since the birth of this child?" "Because," said Mr. H——, "I thought it not best." Said the Doctor, "I think it *is* best." "Well," said Mr. H——, "don't keep me here; do some-

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thing." So the Doctor offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the birth of the child and the safety of the mother; and having thus far made up for the omission, he proceeded to perform the rite of baptism. It was the venerable mansion occupied by Dr. Ripley—the home of ministers for more than a hundred years—that has been made memorable as "The Old Manse" in Hawthorne's tales. Dr. Ripley occupied this house through all the sixty-three years of his life in Concord, and hung his hat upon one single nail in the hall, and on no other (as he stated at one time), for more than forty years, until it was worn quite bright. It was only about thirty rods from his house, and in sight of his study-window, that the British soldiers were turned back in the first battle of the Revolution, April 19, 1775. The event is commemorated by a monument erected on land given for the purpose by Dr. Ripley.

Mr. Motley, of Linfield, was another of the singularities of those days. One of his parishioners said to him, upon a time, "Mr. Motley, you are a very odd man." "Yes," said he; "I set out to be a very good man, and soon found that I could not be without being very odd." He seems to have been troubled with fancies that he was not to live long. One extremely cold night, after going to bed, he came to the conclusion that he should certainly die before morning. While reflecting upon being found dead in his bed, he bethought him that his appearance, as he then was, would not be just what he should like; so, getting up in the cold, he put on clean linen and jumped into bed again. Very soon he fell asleep, slept soundly till morning, and on awaking was quite astonished to find that he was not dead.

Dr. John Prince, of Salem, who entered upon public life just before the Revolutionary war, was distinguished not only in his profession, but equally if not more so as a natural philosopher. When he was thirty-two he communicated to the scientific world important improvements in the air-pump. His invention gave him a place among the first philosophers and mechanicians of his day. He corresponded extensively with several distinguished men of science in Great Britain, and his labors were referred to in terms of the highest respect. He was distinguished as an ardent patriot, and was personally present and engaged in many of the stirring scenes connected with the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. At the time of the Boston Massacre he was in State Street, and saw the whole. He was at Governor Hutchinson's house at North End when it was visited by the mob. He was at the town meeting preliminary to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. He was afterward at the conference at Dr. Church's, where the measures were concerted for destroying the tea, and was on board the ships when it was done. He was the first to carry the news to General Warren that the British troops had left Boston for Lexington. Before he returned he was standing at the head of Milk Row in Charlestown, with two or three persons at his side armed with muskets. He saw a person riding rapidly on horseback, and as he passed them, his cloak blew open and disclosed a British uniform. One or more of them leveled his piece at the horseman, and was about to fire, when Mr. Prince struck up the guns with his cane, saying as he did it, "Don't fire." The horseman was Colonel Small of the British army, hurrying in to Boston to inform the commander of the straits into which the troops at Concord and Lexington had fallen. But for this Lord Percy would not have gone out with his reinforcements, and the British troops would all have been intercepted and captured.

Another of the original characters of the last century was Rev. Thomas Thacher, of Dedham, Massachusetts. He took an active part in the politics of the day, and carried the subject into the pulpit, which considerably impaired his influence with a portion of his people. In 1788 he was chosen a delegate, with Fisher Ames, for Dedham to the Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution, and made an earnest speech in favor of its ratification. Many anecdotes illustrative of his character, and especially of his fondness for witticisms, are recorded. On a Sabbath afternoon he was observed repeatedly to smile while he was preaching, and as there was nothing in the subject or matter of his discourse that should occasion it, some person at the close of the service asked him the cause. He replied that he had been preaching the same sermon, word for word, that he had preached to the same congregation in the morning, and he was laughing to see how gravely they took it, as if they had never heard a word of it before. He was once called to preach by exchange with a very popular minister of Boston, whose absence from his own pulpit was very apt to occasion the absence of a part of his admiring congregation. After Mr. Thacher had taken his seat in the pulpit a number of young men, who saw that a stranger was to preach, abruptly left the house. At the close of the service Mr. Thacher remarked that he had shown himself possessed of at least one Apostolical gift—that of casting out devils. He lived and died a bachelor, and bequeathed nearly the whole of his property to his parish under these conditions: That they should settle a minister within five years of his death; that all his successors should be moderately Calvinistic in their theological views; that they should be graduates of Harvard College; and that no part of their education should have been received at Andover Theological Seminary.

Rev. William Bentley, D.D., of Salem, was not behind those already sketched in his peculiarities. Though short in stature, he weighed more than two hundred pounds. He walked several miles a day for exercise, without regard to weather. He perforated his shoes with holes to let in the water, as a preventive against taking cold. As a preacher he delighted in odd texts, and seized upon every special occasion as suggesting a theme for discourse, making use

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of public and private events alike for this purpose. When the embargo previous to the last war with Great Britain was raised he went into the pulpit, and as the time came for the sermon he rose, looked round upon his people, and announced his text as follows: "*There* go the ships." During the war he became a member of a company of volunteers, nearly all of whom were sailors. In the summer of 1814 the frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Stewart, was chased into Marblehead by a British squadron on Sunday afternoon. It was just at the commencement of the afternoon service. Observing a movement among his people, and learning what had taken place, he announced the fact from the pulpit, and said that the best service for the afternoon was to defend the *Constitution*, and immediately dismissed his people, joined his company, and marched to Marblehead. On one occasion upon a Fourth of July, both political parties having engaged the same band of music, the committee, to meet this contingency, wished to hasten some of their exercises, and requested Dr. Bentley to offer a *short* prayer. He was so offended at what he deemed an impertinent interference with the length of his devotional service that he prayed nearly an hour.

Dr. JOHN PIERCE, who was for fifty years pastor of the church at Brookline, and who died in 1849, was a man of mark. He was always an early riser, taking exercise for an hour or two before breakfasting, summer and winter. He was accustomed to walk long distances, making his exchanges by going on foot six or seven miles, preaching, and returning home the same day. He was passionately fond of music, a delight which he continued to enjoy down to old age, and even in his last illness. For thirty-three years he was Secretary to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, an institution for which he felt almost a romantic attachment. He has been heard to say that when he was a school-boy he used sometimes to take Cambridge on his way from Boston to Dorchester, nearly tripling the distance, just for the sake of looking at the college buildings. What boyish lover could have done more to show his devotion to the mistress of his heart? He was faithful to this early attachment even to the last. He attended sixty-three successive Commencements at Harvard, with the exception of one that occurred on the day that his mother was buried; and for fifty-four successive years he set the tune of St. Martin's to the hymn that was sung at the Commencement dinner. He not only kept the Records of the college with the most scrupulous neatness and accuracy, but he was a living Register himself. He carried the whole Cambridge Catalogue in his head, and knew every graduate, and who was his father, and who was his grandfather, with particulars of birth, graduation, etc. He could tell on the instant who was the valedictory orator at every Commencement that he had attended, and what was the subject of the oration. On a certain occasion inquiry was made in regard to the birth of some individual. Dr. Pierce was appealed to as a last resort, and appealed to in vain, on which some one shrewdly remarked, "There is no use in making any farther inquiry, for if the Doctor does not know when the man was born he was not born at all." Dr. Sprague relates some anecdotes occurring in his own intercourse with Dr. Pierce, illustrating this remarkable trait of memory. Dr. Sprague happening to be in Boston a short time before the death of Dr. Pierce, rode out to Brookline to call upon his old friend, and the moment that they met Dr. Pierce said, with no little earnestness, "Have you thought of any important event to-day?" Dr. Sprague replied that he had not thought of any event more important than his coming out to visit his friend Dr. Pierce. "There is a far more important event connected with the day than that," said Dr. Pierce. "Think a little, and see if it does not occur to you." After a few moments Dr. Sprague said, "Why, this is my birthday!" "To be sure it is your birthday! and you had not thought of it until I reminded you," said the Doctor. Upon one occasion Dr. Pierce was at the house of Dr. Sprague, at Albany, when the latter had just received a letter from Dr. Chalmers, and while Dr. Pierce was looking with wonder at the almost illegible hand with which it was written, he said, with an air of no small confidence, "Dr. Chalmers is just eighteen days older than Dr. Channing." Dr. Sprague replied to him: "Doctor, I am quite sure that I have caught you once. Dr. Chalmers, I am confident, is several years older than Dr. Channing, and I think I can prove it to you here on the spot from some memoranda that I made after a conversation with him in respect to his age." In this, however, Dr. Sprague was disappointed, but still felt quite sure that his impression was correct, while Dr. Pierce was equally confident that he was right. It was agreed that the next time Dr. Sprague wrote to Dr. Chalmers he should obtain the date necessary to settle the question. He did so, and in a few weeks the answer came back: "Dr. Pierce is right; I was born on the 17th of March, 1780."

In the sketch of Dr. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, of Chelsea, who was born in 1801, and died in 1840, some instances are given of a trait of character which seems to have been more common in the men of the last century than of the present — that of self-absorption, or absent-mindedness. One morning he went to the livery-stable for the horse and chaise which he was accustomed to call for when he made his pastoral visits. Word was brought that the horse and chaise had not been returned the previous evening, when the Doctor had them out; and then he remembered having been much occupied the day before with an afflicted family, from whose humble home he had returned on foot, forgetting all about the horse with which he had come. A search was instituted, and at the end of a long wharf the vehicle was found, where the poor animal had passed the whole

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night. One evening he entered the house adjoining his own, hung his hat up in the hall, and seeing a fair neighbor in the parlor welcomed her with unusual cordiality: "This is indeed kind, my dear madam!" said he; "I am delighted to see you thus at your work, and making yourself at home! It is truly neighborly—just what I like!" He drew a chair to the fire and began to chat. His amused companion perceived the mistake, and continued to humor it. After about half an hour, wishing to write a note, he looked to his accustomed corner and missed his desk; and then, glancing at the wall, wondered what had become of the portrait of his venerable friend, Noah Worcester. At last the truth flashed upon him that he was in the wrong house. When he was on a visit to England for his health, he consulted the celebrated Dr. Abernethy. Forgetting the well-known antipathy of Dr. A. for any circumlocution, he expatiated on the importance of health to him, as the pastor of "a little parish in Chelsea, Massachusetts," until the impatient physician cut him short with, "No matter about your little parish; go home and build a barn!" Though inclined at first to resent the abrupt and unsympathetic dictum, he followed the advice, and found it precisely adapted to his case. He secured thereby exercise, and had a mechanical employment that occupied his mind; and when the barn was finished his health was restored.

Rev. John Bartlett, of Marblehead, besides being an able preacher and a devoted pastor in the discharge of the ordinary functions of the office, was a man of the most diversified qualifications, and made himself useful to his parishioners in nearly all the departments in which men of any profession are employed. Before entering the ministry he studied medicine, and while a pastor he practiced successfully among the poor of his parish. He was skilled in all the arts that contribute to the comfort and refinement of home-life, and by his example and influence he sought to elevate all by whom he was surrounded in the several spheres in which they were called to move and act. Although quite learned in the law, he exercised his talents in this line as much as possible to prevent litigation and to promote peace among his people and neighbors. He was an excellent business man; drew up ordinary legal documents with great accuracy, and was skilled in the case of property, so that he was the constant legal adviser of those who were not able or inclined to consult a professional lawyer. His services were often in requisition in the case of the families of his sea-faring parishioners—in the writing of wills, the administration of estates, the guardianship of children, etc., etc. He attended the Probate Court almost as regularly as the Judge and Registrar. The casualties which frequently occurred among those who went down to the sea for a livelihood made frequent requisitions for his services in all these respects; and he was withal a man of unbounded charity, having been known to send the dinner provided for his own table to a family in need. One of his fellow-clergymen said of him, "If one of his parishioners were very sick, he would first prescribe for him, then pray with him. If the case were likely to prove fatal he wrote the sick man's will, watched with him the last night of his life, comforted the mourners, made the *post-mortem* examination, officiated at the funeral, then presented the will for probate, gave bond as executor, and was appointed guardian of the children." Such a man was not only a pastor but a father to his people.

Some of the most beautiful and interesting portraits in this photographic gallery of Dr. Sprague we shall not, in such an article as the present, attempt even to sketch—in part because they are drawn more for the theological than the ordinary reader, and because an imperfect sketch would only mar the beauty which the distinguished pen-artist has thrown around them. They belong all of them to the present century, which, according to our reading of the volume, seems to have produced men of a more serious and earnest mould than the preceding, and men who had a profounder view of the great work to which they devoted their lives. Of these we may mention the finished scholar and eminent philanthropist, Dr. William Ellery Channing; the distinguished pulpit orator, Joseph Stevens Buckminster, whose very reading was eloquence of the highest order; the accomplished and versatile Henry Ware, Jun., the first Professor of Pulpit Eloquence at Harvard University; and William Ware, the pastor of the first Unitarian church established in this city. Of the latter only we shall relate an incident recorded by his friend, Dr. Bellows, who was ordained as his successor on the resignation of his charge—a resignation to which he was impelled by a solemn conviction that he had made a mistake in the choice of his profession. As the two were walking down Broadway the day before the ordination, Mr. Ware, assuming a very solemn expression, said to the one on whom his mantle was about to fall, "Sir, I wish to give you one very serious piece of advice in entering on your new life in this great and dangerous city." Dr. Bellows opened his ears to take in the consummate counsel, in which he was prepared to find the wisdom of a ministry and of a lifetime condensed, when Mr. Ware continued: "Be careful, Sir, be very careful not to step on the coal-holes!" In recording the incident Dr. Bellows says, "His remark about the coal-holes has been of real service, for they are slippery pests when shut, and perilous traps when open; but a thousand times, in its moral import of 'taking heed to my ways,' I have revived it as his sole counsel to me in stepping into his shoes."

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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DARK.

THERE was no sleep for Bradley Headstone on that night when Eugene Wrayburn turned so easily in his bed; there was no sleep for little Miss Peecher. Bradley consumed the lonely hours, and consumed himself, in haunting the spot where his careless rival lay a dreaming; little Miss Peecher wore them away in listening for the return home of the master of her heart, and in sorrowfully presaging that much was amiss with him. Yet more was amiss with him than Miss Peecher's simply-arranged little workbox of thoughts, fitted with no gloomy and dark recesses, could hold. For the state of the man was murderous.

The state of the man was murderous, and he knew it. More: he irritated it with a kind of perverse pleasure akin to that which a sick man sometimes has in irritating a wound upon his body. Tied up all day with his disciplined show upon him, subdued to the performance of his routine of educational tricks, encircled by a gabbling crowd, he broke loose at night like an ill-tamed wild animal. Under his daily restraint it was his compensation, not his trouble, to give a glance toward his state at night, and to the freedom of its being indulged. If great criminals told the truth—which, being great criminals, they do not—they would very rarely tell of their struggles against the crime. Their struggles are toward it. They buffet with opposing waves to gain the bloody shore, not to recede from it. This man perfectly comprehended that he hated his rival with his strongest and worst forces, and that if he tracked him to Lizzie Hexam his so doing would never serve himself with her, or serve her. All his pains were taken to the end that he might incense himself with the sight of the detested figure in her company and favor in her place of concealment. And he knew as well what act of his would follow if he did, as he knew that his mother had borne him. Granted, that he may not have held it necessary to make express mention to himself of the one familiar truth any more than of the other.

He knew equally well that he fed his wrath and hatred, and that he accumulated provocation and self-justification by being made the nightly sport of the reckless and insolent Eugene. Knowing all this, and still always going on with infinite endurance, pains, and perseverance, could his dark soul doubt whither he went?

Baffled, exasperated, and weary, he lingered opposite the Temple gate when it closed on Wrayburn and Lightwood, debating with himself should he go home for that time or should he watch longer. Possessed in his jealousy by the fixed idea that Wrayburn was in the secret, if it were not altogether of his contriving, Bradley was as confident of getting the better of him at last by sullenly sticking to him, as he would have been—and often had been—of mastering any piece of study in the way of his vocation by the like slow, persistent process. A man of rapid passions and sluggish intelligence, it had served him often, and should serve him again.

The suspicion crossed him as he rested in a doorway, with his eyes upon the Temple gate, that perhaps she was even concealed in that set of Chambers. It would furnish another reason for Wrayburn's purposeless walks, and it might be. He thought of it and thought of it, until he resolved to steal up the stairs, if the gate-keeper would let him through, and listen. So, the haggard head suspended in the air flitted across the road, like the spectre of one of the many heads erst hoisted upon neighboring Temple Bar, and stopped before the watchman.

The watchman looked at it, and asked: "Who for?"

"Mr. Wrayburn."

"It's very late."

"He came back with Mr. Lightwood, I know, near upon two hours ago. But if he has gone to bed I'll put a paper in his letter-box. I am expected."

The watchman said no more, but opened the gate, though rather doubtfully. Seeing, however, that the visitor went straight and fast in the right direction, he seemed satisfied.

The haggard head floated up the dark staircase, and softly descended nearer to the floor outside the outer door of the chambers. The doors of the rooms within appeared to be standing open. There were rays of candlelight from one of them, and there was the sound of a footstep going about. There were two voices. The words they uttered were not distinguishable, but they were both the voices of men. In a few moments the voices were silent, and there was no sound of footstep, and the inner light went out. If Lightwood could have seen the face which kept him awake, staring and listening in the darkness outside the door as he spoke of it, he might have been less disposed to sleep through the remainder of the night.

"Not there," said Bradley; "but she might have been." The head arose to its former height from the ground, floated down the staircase again, and passed on to the gate. A man was standing there in parley with the watchman.

"Oh!" said the watchman. "Here he is!"

Perceiving himself to be the antecedent, Bradley looked from the watchman to the man.

"This man is leaving a letter for Mr. Lightwood," the watchman explained, showing it in

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his hand; "and I was mentioning that a person had just gone up to Mr. Lightwood's chambers. It might be the same business perhaps?"

"No," said Bradley, glancing at the man, who was a stranger to him.

"No," the man assented in a surly way; "my letter—it's wrote by my daughter, but it's mine—is about my business, and my business ain't nobody else's business."

As Bradley passed out at the gate with an undecided foot he heard it shut behind him, and heard the footstep of the man coming after him.

"'Scuse me," said the man, who appeared to have been drinking, and rather stumbled at him than touched him, to attract his attention; "but might you be acquainted with the T'other Governor?"

"With whom?" asked Bradley.

"With," returned the man, pointing backward over his right shoulder with his right thumb, "the T'other Governor?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why look here," hooking his proposition on his left-hand fingers with the forefinger of his right. "There's two Governors, ain't there? One and one, two—Lawyer Lightwood, my first finger, he's one, ain't he? Well; might you be acquainted with my middle finger, the T'other?"

"I know quite as much of him," said Bradley, with a frown and a distant look before him, "as I want to know."

"Hooroar!" cried the man. "Hooroar T'other t'other Governor. Hooroar T'otherest Governor! I am of your way of thinkin'."

"Don't make such a noise at this dead hour of the night. What are you talking about?"

"Look here, T'otherest Governor," replied the man, becoming hoarsely confidential. "The T'other Governor he's always joked his jokes agin me, owing, as *I* believe, to my being a honest man as gets my living by the sweat of my brow. Which he ain't, and he don't."

"What is that to me?"

"T'otherest Governor," returned the man in a tone of injured innocence, "if you don't care to hear no more, don't hear no more. You begun it. You said, and likeways showed pretty plain, as you warn't by no means friendly to him. But I don't seek to force my company nor yet my opinions on no man. I am a honest man, that's what I am. Put me in the dock any where—I don't care where—and I says, 'My Lord, I am a honest man.' Put me in the witness-box any where—I don't care where—and I says the same to his lordship, and I kisses the book. I don't kiss my coat-cuff; I kisses the book."

It was not so much in deference to these strong testimonials to character, as in his restless casting about for any way or help toward the discovery on which he was concentrated, that Bradley Headstone replied: "You needn't take offense. I didn't mean to stop you. You were too loud in the open street; that was all."

"T'otherest Governor," replied Mr. Riderhood, mollified and mysterious, "I know wot it is to be loud, and I know wot it is to be soft. Nat'rally I do. It would be a wonder if I did not, being by the Chris'en name of Roger, which took it arter my own father, which took it from his own father, though which of our fam'ly fust took it nat'ral I will not in any ways mislead you by undertakin' to say. And wishing that your elth may be better than your looks, which your inside must be bad indeed if it's on the footing of your out."

Startled by the implication that his face revealed too much of his mind, Bradley made an effort to clear his brow. It might be worth knowing what this strange man's business was with Lightwood, or Wrayburn, or both, at such an unseasonable hour. He set himself to find out, for the man might prove to be a messenger between those two.

"You call at the Temple late," he remarked, with a lumbering show of ease.

"Wish I may die," cried Mr. Riderhood, with a hoarse laugh, "if I warn't a goin' to say the self-same words to you, T'otherest Governor!"

"It chanced so with me," said Bradley, looking disconcertedly about him.

"And it chanced so with me," said Riderhood. "But I don't mind telling you how. Why should I mind telling you? I'm a Deputy Lock-keeper up the river, and I was off duty yes'day, and I shall be on to-morrow."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and I come to London to look arter my private affairs. My private affairs is to get appinted to the Lock as reg'lar keeper at fust hand, and to have the law of a busted B'low-Bridge steamer which drownded of me. I ain't a goin' to be drownded and not paid for it!"

Bradley looked at him, as though he were claiming to be a ghost.

"The steamer," said Mr. Riderhood, obstinately, "run me down and drownded of me. Interference on the part of other parties brought me round; but I never asked 'em to bring me round, nor yet the steamer never asked 'em to it. I mean to be paid for the life as the steamer took."

"Was that your business at Mr. Lightwood's chambers in the middle of the night?" asked Bradley, eying him with distrust.

"That and to get a writing to be fust-hand Lock-keeper. A recommendation in writing being looked for, who else ought to give it to me? As I says in the letter in my daughter's hand, with my mark put to it to make it good in law, Who but you, Lawyer Lightwood, ought to hand over this here stifficate, and who but you ought to go in for damages on my account agin the Steamer? For (as I says under my mark) I have had trouble enough along of you and your friend. If you, Lawyer Lightwood, had backed me good and true, and if the T'other Governor had took me down correct (I says under my mark), I should have been worth money at the present time, instead of having a

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barge-load of bad names chucked at me, and being forced to eat my words, which is a unsatisfying sort of food wotever a man's appetite! And when you mention the middle of the night, T'otherest Governor," growled Mr. Riderhood, winding up his monotonous summary of his wrongs, "throw your eye on this here bundle under my arm, and bear in mind that I'm a walking back to my Lock, and that the Temple laid upon my line of road."

Bradley Headstone's face had changed during this latter recital, and he had observed the speaker with a more sustained attention.

"Do you know," said he, after a pause, during which they walked on side by side, "that I believe I could tell you your name, if I tried?"

"Prove your opinion," was the answer, accompanied with a stop and a stare. "Try."

"Your name is Riderhood."

"I'm blest if it ain't," returned that gentleman. "But I don't know your'n."

"That's quite another thing," said Bradley. "I never supposed you did."

As Bradley walked on meditating, the Rogue walked on at his side muttering. The purport of the muttering was: "that Rogue Riderhood, by George! seemed to be made public property on, now, and that every man seemed to think himself free to handle his name as if it was a Street Pump." The purport of the meditating was: "Here is an instrument. Can I use it?"

They had walked along the Strand, and into Pall Mall, and had turned up-hill toward Hyde Park Corner; Bradley Headstone waiting on the pace and lead of Riderhood, and leaving him to indicate the course. So slow were the schoolmaster's thoughts, and so indistinct his purposes when they were but tributary to the one absorbing purpose—or rather when, like dark trees under a stormy sky, they only lined the long vista at the end of which he saw those two figures of Wrayburn and Lizzie on which his eyes were fixed—that at least a good half-mile was traversed before he spoke again. Even then, it was only to ask:

"Where is your Lock?"

"Twenty mile and odd—call it five-and-twenty mile and odd, if you like—up stream," was the sullen reply.

"How is it called?"

"Plashwater Weir Mill Lock."

"Suppose I was to offer you five shillings; what then?"

"Why, then, I'd take it," said Mr. Riderhood.

The schoolmaster put his hand in his pocket, and produced two half-crowns, and placed them in Mr. Riderhood's palm: who stopped at a convenient door-step to ring them both, before acknowledging their receipt.

"There's one thing about you, T'otherest Governor," said Riderhood, faring on again, "as looks well and goes fur. You're a ready-money man. Now;" when he had carefully pocketed the coins on that side of himself which was furthest from his new friend; "what's this for?"

"For you."

"Why, o' course I know *that*," said Riderhood, as arguing something that was self-evident. "O' course I know very well as no man in his right senses would suppose as any think would make me give it up agin when I'd once got it. But what do you want for it?"

"I don't know that I want any thing for it. Or if I do want any thing for it, I don't know what it is." Bradley gave this answer in a stolid, vacant, and self-communing manner, which Mr. Riderhood found very extraordinary.

"You have no good-will toward this Wrayburn," said Bradley, coming to the name in a reluctant and forced way, as if he were dragged to it.

"No."

"Neither have I."

Riderhood nodded, and asked: "Is it for that?"

"It's as much for that as any thing else. It's something to be agreed with, on a subject that occupies so much of one's thoughts."

"It don't agree with *you*," returned Mr. Riderhood, bluntly. "No! It don't, T'otherest Governor, and it's no use a lookin' as if you wanted to make out that it did. I tell you it rankles in you. It rankles in you, rusts in you, and pisons you."

"Say that it does so," returned Bradley, with quivering lips; "is there no cause for it?"

"Cause enough, I'll bet a pound!" said Mr. Riderhood.

"Haven't you yourself declared that the fellow has heaped provocations, insults, and affronts on you, or something to that effect? He has done the same by me. He is made of venomous insults and affronts, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Are you so hopeful or so stupid as not to know that he and the other will treat your application with contempt, and light their cigars with it?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they did, by George!" said Riderhood, turning angrily.

"If they did! They will. Let me ask you a question. I know something more than your name about you; I knew something about Gaffer Hexam. When did you last set eyes upon his daughter?"

"When did I last set eyes upon his daughter, T'otherest Governor?" repeated Mr. Riderhood, growing intentionally slower of comprehension as the other quickened in his speech.

"Yes. Not to speak to her. To see her—any where?"

The Rogue had got the clew he wanted, though he held it with a clumsy hand. Looking perplexedly at the passionate face, as if he were trying to work out a sum in his mind, he slowly answered: "I ain't set eyes upon her—never once—not since the day of Gaffer's death."

"You know her well, by sight?"

"I should think I did! No one better."

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"And you know him as well?"

"Who's him?" asked Riderhood, taking off his hat and rubbing his forehead, as he directed a dull look at his questioner.

"Curse the name! Is it so agreeable to you that you want to hear it again?"

"Oh! *Him?*" said Riderhood, who had craftily worked the schoolmaster into this corner, that he might again take note of his face under its evil possession. "I'd know *him* among a thousand."

"Did you—" Bradley tried to ask it quietly; but, do what he might with his voice, he could not subdue his face;—"did you ever see them together?"

(The Rogue had got the clew in both hands now.)

"I see 'em together, T'otherest Governor, on the very day when Gaffer was towed ashore."

Bradley could have hidden a reserved piece of information from the sharp eyes of a whole inquisitive class, but he could not veil from the eyes of the ignorant Riderhood the withheld question next in his breast. "You shall put it plain if you want it answered," thought the Rogue, doggedly; "I ain't a-going a wolunteering."

"Well! was he insolent to her too?" asked Bradley, after a struggle. "Or did he make a show of being kind to her?"

"He made a show of being most uncommon kind to her," said Riderhood. "By George! now I—"

His flying off at a tangent was indisputably natural. Bradley looked at him for the reason.

"Now I think of it," said Mr. Riderhood, evasively, for he was substituting those words for "Now I see you so jealous," which was the phrase really in his mind; "P'r'aps he went and took me down wrong, a purpose, on account o' being sweet upon her!"

The baseness of confirming him in this suspicion or pretense of one (for he could not have really entertained it), was a line's breadth beyond the mark the schoolmaster had reached. The baseness of communing and intriguing with the fellow who would have set that stain upon her, and upon her brother too, was attained. The line's breadth further lay beyond. He made no reply, but walked on with a lowering face.

What he might gain by this acquaintance he could not work out in his slow and cumbrous thoughts. The man had an injury against the object of his hatred, and that was something; though it was less than he supposed, for there dwelt in the man no such deadly rage and resentment as burned in his own breast. The man knew her, and might by a fortunate chance see her, or hear of her; that was something, as enlisting one pair of eyes and ears the more. The man was a bad man, and willing enough to be in his pay. That was something, for his own state and purpose were as bad as bad could be, and he seemed to derive a vague support from the possession of a congenial instrument, though it might never be used.

Suddenly he stood still and asked Riderhood point-blank if he knew where she was? Clearly, he did not know. He asked Riderhood if he would be willing, in case any intelligence of her, or of Wrayburn as seeking her or associating with her, should fall in his way, to communicate it if it were paid for? He would be very willing indeed. He was "agin 'em both," he said, with an oath, and for why? 'Cause they had both stood betwixt him and his getting his living by the sweat of his brow.

"It will not be long then," said Bradley Headstone, after some more discourse to this effect, "before we see one another again. Here is the country road, and here is the day. Both have come upon me by surprise."

"But, T'otherest Governor," urged Mr. Riderhood, "I don't know where to find you."

"It is of no consequence. I know where to find you, and I'll come to your Lock."

"But, T'otherest Governor," urged Mr. Riderhood again, "no luck never come yet of a dry acquaintance. Let's wet it, in a mouthful of rum and milk, T'otherest Governor."

Bradley assenting, went with him into an early public house, haunted by unsavory smells of musty hay and stale straw, where returning carts, farmers' men, gaunt dogs, fowls of a beery breed, and certain human night-birds fluttering home to roost, were solacing themselves after their several manners; and where not one of the night-birds hovering about the sloppy bar failed to discern at a glance in the passion-wasted night-bird with respectable feathers, the worst night-bird of all.

An inspiration of affection for a half-drunken carter going his way led to Mr. Riderhood's being elevated on a high heap of baskets on a wagon, and pursuing his journey recumbent on his back with his head on his bundle. Bradley then turned to retrace his steps, and by-and-by struck off through little-traversed ways, and by-and-by reached school and home. Up came the sun to find him washed and brushed, methodically dressed in decent black coat and waistcoat, decent formal black tie, and pepper-and-salt pantaloons, with his decent silver watch in its pocket, and its decent hair-guard round his neck; a scholastic huntsman clad for the field, with his fresh pack yelping and barking around him.

Yet more really bewitched than the miserable creatures of the much-lamented times, who accused themselves of impossibilities under a contagion of horror and the strongly suggestive influences of Torture, he had been ridden hard by Evil Spirits in the night that was newly gone. He had been spurred and whipped and heavily sweated. If a record of the sport had usurped the places of the peaceful texts from Scripture on the wall, the most advanced of the scholars might have taken fright and run away from their master.

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CHAPTER XII.

MEANING MISCHIEF.

Up came the sun, streaming all over London, and in its glorious impartiality even condescending to make prismatic sparkles in the whiskers of Mr. Alfred Lammle as he sat at breakfast. In need of some brightening from without was Mr. Alfred Lammle, for he had the air of being dull enough within, and looked grievously discontented.

Mrs. Alfred Lammle faced her lord. The happy pair of swindlers, with the comfortable tie between them that each had swindled the other, sat moodily observant of the table-cloth. Things looked so gloomy in the breakfast-room, albeit on the sunny side of Sackville Street, that any of the family tradespeople glancing through the blinds might have taken the hint to send in his account and press for it. But this, indeed, most of the family tradespeople had already done, without the hint.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Lammle, "that you have had no money at all, ever since we have been married."

"What seems to you," said Mr. Lammle, "to have been the case, may possibly have been the case. It doesn't matter."

Was it the specialty of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, or does it ever obtain with other loving couples? In these matrimonial dialogues they never addressed each other, but always some invisible presence that appeared to take a station about midway between them. Perhaps the skeleton in the cupboard comes out to be talked to on such domestic occasions?

"I have never seen any money in the house," said Mrs. Lammle to the skeleton, "except my own annuity. That I swear."

"You needn't take the trouble of swearing," said Mrs. Lammle to the skeleton; "once more, it doesn't matter. You never turned your annuity to so good an account."

"Good an account! In what way?" asked Mrs. Lammle.

"In the way of getting credit, and living well," said Mrs. Lammle.

Perhaps the skeleton laughed scornfully on being intrusted with this question and this answer; certainly Mrs. Lammle did, and Mr. Lammle did.

"And what is to happen next?" asked Mrs. Lammle of the skeleton.

"Smash is to happen next," said Mr. Lammle to the same authority.

After this, Mrs. Lammle looked disdainfully at the skeleton—but without carrying the look on to Mr. Lammle—and drooped her eyes. After that, Mr. Lammle did exactly the same thing, and drooped *his* eyes. A servant then entering with toast, the skeleton retired into the closet, and shut itself up.

"Sophronia," said Mr. Lammle, when the servant had withdrawn. And then, very much louder: "Sophronia!"

"Well?"

"Attend to me, if you please." He eyed her sternly until she did attend, and then went on. "I want to take counsel with you. Come, come; no more trifling. You know our league and covenant. We are to work together for our joint interest, and you are as knowing a hand as I am. We shouldn't be together, if you were not. What's to be done? We are hemmed into a corner. What shall we do?"

"Have you no scheme on foot that will bring in any thing?"

Mr. Lammle plunged into his whiskers for reflection, and came out hopeless: "No; as adventurers we are obliged to play rash games for chances of high winnings, and there has been a run of luck against us."

She was resuming, "Have you nothing—" when he stopped her.

"We, Sophronia. We, we, we."

"Have we nothing to sell?"

"Deuce a bit. I have given a Jew a bill of sale on this furniture, and he could take it to-morrow, to-day, now. He would have taken it before now, I believe, but for Fledgeby."

"What has Fledgeby to do with him?"

"Knew him. Cautioned me against him before I got into his claws. Couldn't persuade him then, in behalf of somebody else."

"Do you mean that Fledgeby has at all softened him toward you?"

"Us, Sophronia. Us, us, us."

"Toward us?"

"I mean that the Jew has not yet done what he might have done, and that Fledgeby takes the credit of having got him to hold his hand."

"Do you believe Fledgeby?"

"Sophronia, I never believe any body. I never have, my dear, since I believed you. But it looks like it."

Having given her this back-handed reminder of her mutinous observations to the skeleton, Mr. Lammle rose from table—perhaps, the better to conceal a smile, and a white dint or two about his nose—and took a turn on the carpet and came to the hearth-rug.

"If we could have packed the brute off with Georgiana; but however; that's spilled milk."

As Lammle, standing gathering up the skirts of his dressing-gown with his back to the fire, said this, looking down at his wife, she turned pale and looked down at the ground. With a sense of disloyalty upon her, and perhaps with a sense of personal danger—for she was afraid of him—even afraid of his hand and afraid of his foot, though he had never done her violence—she hastened to put herself right in his eyes.

"If we could borrow money, Alfred—"

"Beg money, borrow money, or steal money. It would be all one to us, Sophronia," her husband struck in.

"—Then, we could weather this?"

"No doubt. To offer another original and undeniable remark, Sophronia, two and two make four."

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But, seeing that she was turning something in her mind, he gathered up the skirts of his dressing gown again, and, tucking them under one arm, and collecting his ample whiskers in his other hand, kept his eye upon her, silently.

"It is natural, Alfred," she said, looking up with some timidity into his face, "to think in such an emergency of the richest people we know, and the simplest."

"Just so, Sophronia."

"The Boffins."

"Just so, Sophronia."

"Is there nothing to be done with them?"

"What is there to be done with them, Sophronia?"

She cast about in her thoughts again, and he kept his eye upon her as before.

"Of course I have repeatedly thought of the Boffins, Sophronia," he resumed, after a fruitless silence; "but I have seen my way to nothing. They are well guarded. That infernal Secretary stands between them and—people of merit."

"If he could be got rid of?" said she, brightening a little, after more casting about.

"Take time, Sophronia," observed her watchful husband, in a patronizing manner.

"If working him out of the way could be presented in the light of a service to Mr. Boffin?"

"Take time, Sophronia."

"We have remarked lately, Alfred, that the old man is turning very suspicious and distrustful."

"Miserly, too, my dear; which is far the most unpromising for us. Nevertheless, take time, Sophronia, take time."

She took time, and then said:

"Suppose we should address ourselves to that tendency in him of which we have made ourselves quite sure. Suppose my conscience—"

"And we know what a conscience it is, my soul. Yes?"

"Suppose my conscience should not allow me to keep to myself any longer what that upstart girl told me of the Secretary's having made a declaration to her. Suppose my conscience should oblige me to repeat it to Mr. Boffin."

"I rather like that," said Lammle.

"Suppose I so repeated it to Mr. Boffin, as to insinuate that my sensitive delicacy and honor—"

"Very good words, Sophronia."

"—As to insinuate that *our* sensitive delicacy and honor," she resumed, with a bitter stress upon the phrase, "would not allow us to be silent parties to so mercenary and designing a speculation on the Secretary's part, and so gross a breach of faith toward his confiding employer. Suppose I had imparted my virtuous uneasiness to my excellent husband, and he had said, in his integrity, 'Sophronia, you must immediately disclose this to Mr. Boffin.'"

"Once more, Sophronia," observed Lammle, changing the leg on which he stood, "I rather like that."

"You remark that he is well guarded," she pursued. "I think so too. But if this should lead to his discharging his Secretary, there would be a weak place made."

"Go on expounding, Sophronia. I begin to like this very much."

"Having, in our unimpeachable rectitude, done him the service of opening his eyes to the treachery of the person he trusted, we shall have established a claim upon him and a confidence with him. Whether it can be made much of, or little of, we must wait—because we can't help it—to see. Probably we shall make the most of it that is to be made."

"Probably," said Lammle.

"Do you think it impossible," she asked, in the same cold plotting way, "that you might replace the Secretary?"

"Not impossible, Sophronia. It might be brought about. At any rate it might be skillfully led up to."

She nodded her understanding of the hint, as she looked at the fire. "Mr. Lammle," she said, musingly: not without a slight ironical touch: "Mr. Lammle would be so delighted to do any thing in his power. Mr. Lammle, himself a man of business as well as a capitalist. Mr. Lammle, accustomed to be intrusted with the most delicate affairs. Mr. Lammle, who has managed my own little fortune so admirably, but who, to be sure, began to make his reputation with the advantage of being a man of property, above temptation, and beyond suspicion."

Mr. Lammle smiled, and even patted her on the head. In his sinister relish of the scheme, as he stood above her, making it the subject of his cogitations, he seemed to have twice as much nose on his face as he had ever had in his life.

He stood pondering, and she sat looking at the dusty fire without moving for some time. But the moment he began to speak again she looked up with a wince and attended to him, as if that double-dealing of hers had been in her mind, and the fear were revived in her of his hand or his foot.

"It appears to me, Sophronia, that you have omitted one branch of the subject. Perhaps not, for women understand women. We might oust the girl herself?"

Mrs. Lammle shook her head. "She has an immensely strong hold upon them both, Alfred. Not to be compared with that of a paid secretary."

"But the dear child," said Lammle, with a crooked smile, "ought to have been open with her benefactor and benefactress. The darling love ought to have reposed unbounded confidence in her benefactor and benefactress."

Sophronia shook her head again.

"Well! Women understand women," said her husband, rather disappointed. "I don't press it. It might be the making of our fortune to make a clean sweep of them both. With me to manage the property, and my wife to manage the people—Whew!"

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Again shaking her head, she returned: "They will never quarrel with the girl. They will never punish the girl. We must accept the girl, rely upon it."

"Well!" cried Lammle, shrugging his shoulders, "so be it: only always remember that we don't want her."

"Now the sole remaining question is," said Mrs. Lammle, "when shall I begin?"

"You can not begin too soon, Sophronia. As I have told you, the condition of our affairs is desperate, and may be blown upon at any moment."

"I must secure Mr. Boffin alone, Alfred. If his wife was present, she would throw oil upon the waters. I know I should fail to move him to an angry outburst, if his wife was there. And as to the girl herself—as I am going to betray her confidence, she is equally out of the question."

"It wouldn't do to write for an appointment?" said Lammle.

"No, certainly not. They would wonder among themselves why I wrote, and I want to have him wholly unprepared."

"Call, and ask to see him alone?" suggested Lammle.

"I would rather not do that either. Leave it to me. Spare me the little carriage for to-day, and for to-morrow (if I don't succeed to-day), and I'll lie in wait for him."

It was barely settled when a manly form was seen to pass the windows and heard to knock and ring. "Here's Fledgeby," said Lammle. "He admires you, and has a high opinion of you. I'll be out. Coax him to use his influence with the Jew. His name is Riah, of the House of Pubsey and Co." Adding these words under his breath, lest he should be audible in the erect ears of Mr. Fledgeby, through two keyholes and the hall, Lammle, making signals of discretion to his servant, went softly up stairs.

"Mr. Fledgeby," said Mrs. Lammle, giving him a very gracious reception, "so glad to see you! My poor dear Alfred, who is greatly worried just now about his affairs, went out rather early. Dear Mr. Fledgeby, do sit down."

Dear Mr. Fledgeby did sit down, and satisfied himself (or, judging from the expression of his countenance, *dis*satisfied himself) that nothing new had occurred in the way of whisker-sprout since he came round the corner from the Albany.

"Dear Mr. Fledgeby, it was needless to mention to you that my poor dear Alfred is much worried about his affairs at present, for he has told me what a comfort you are to him in his temporary difficulties, and what a great service you have rendered him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fledgeby.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lammle.

"I didn't know," remarked Mr. Fledgeby, trying a new part of his chair, "but that Lammle might be reserved about his affairs."

"Not to me," said Mrs. Lammle, with deep feeling.

"Oh, indeed?" said Fledgeby.

"Not to me, dear Mr. Fledgeby. I am his wife."

"Yes. I—I always understood so," said Mr. Fledgeby.

"And as the wife of Alfred, may I, dear Mr. Fledgeby, wholly without his authority or knowledge, as I am sure your discernment will perceive, entreat you to continue that great service, and once more use your well-earned influence with Mr. Riah for a little more indulgence? The name I have heard Alfred mention, tossing in his dreams, is Riah; is it not?"

"The name of the Creditor is Riah," said Mr. Fledgeby, with a rather uncompromising accent on his noun-substantive. "Saint Mary Axe. Pubsey and Co."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Lammle, clasping her hands with a certain gushing wildness. "Pubsey and Co.!"

"The pleading of the feminine—" Mr. Fledgeby began, and there stuck so long for a word to get on with, that Mrs. Lammle offered him sweetly, "Heart?"

"No," said Mr. Fledgeby, "Gender—is ever what a man is bound to listen to, and I wish it rested with myself. But this Riah is a nasty one, Mrs. Lammle; he really is."

"Not if *you* speak to him, dear Mr. Fledgeby."

"Upon my soul and body he is!" said Fledgeby.

"Try. Try once more, dearest Mr. Fledgeby. What is there you can not do, if you will!"

"Thank you," said Fledgeby, "you're very complimentary to say so. I don't mind trying him again at your request. But of course I can't answer for the consequences. Riah is a tough subject, and when he says he'll do a thing, he'll do it."

"Exactly so," cried Mrs. Lammle, "and when he says to you he'll wait, he'll wait."

("She is a devilish clever woman," thought Fledgeby. "I didn't see that opening, but she spies it out and cuts into it as soon as it's made.")

"In point of fact, dear Mr. Fledgeby," Mrs. Lammle went on in a very interesting manner, "not to affect concealment of Alfred's hopes, to you who are so much his friend, there is a distant break in his horizon."

This figure of speech seemed rather mysterious to Fascination Fledgeby, who said, "There's a what in his—eh?"

"Alfred, dear Mr. Fledgeby, discussed with me this very morning before he went out some prospects he has, which might entirely change the aspect of his present troubles."

"Really?" said Fledgeby.

"Oh yes!" Here Mrs. Lammle brought her handkerchief into play. "And you know, dear Mr. Fledgeby—you who study the human heart and study the world—what an affliction it would be to lose position and to lose credit, when ability to tide over a very short time might save all appearances."

"Oh!" said Fledgeby. "Then you think,

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MR. FLEDGEBY DEPARTS ON HIS ERRAND OF MERCY.

Mrs. Lammle, that if Lammle got time he wouldn't burst up?—To use an expression," Mr. Fledgeby apologetically explained, "which is adopted in the Money Market."

"Indeed yes. Truly, truly, yes!"

"That makes all the difference," said Fledgeby. "I'll make a point of seeing Riah at once."

"Blessings on you, dearest Mr. Fledgeby!"

"Not at all," said Fledgeby. She gave him her hand. "The hand," said Mr. Fledgeby, "of a lovely and superior-minded female is ever the repayment of a—"

"Noble action!" said Mrs. Lammle, extremely anxious to get rid of him.

"It wasn't what I was going to say," returned Fledgeby, who never would, under any circumstances, accept a suggested expression, "but you're very complimentary. May I imprint a—a one—upon it. Good-morning!"

"I may depend upon your promptitude, dearest Mr. Fledgeby?"

Said Fledgeby, looking back at the door and respectfully kissing his hand, "You may depend upon it."

In fact, Mr. Fledgeby sped on his errand of mercy through the streets at so brisk a rate that his feet might have been winged by all the good spirits that wait on Generosity. They might have taken up their station in his breast, too, for he was blithe and merry. There was quite a fresh trill in his voice, when, arriving at the counting-house in St. Mary Axe, and finding it for the moment empty, he trolled forth at the

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foot of the staircase: "Now, Judah, what are you up to there?"

The old man appeared, with his accustomed deference.

"Holloa!" said Fledgeby, falling back, with a wink. "You mean mischief, Jerusalem!"

The old man raised his eyes inquiringly.

"Yes, you do," said Fledgeby. "Oh, you sinner! Oh, you dodger! What! You're going to act upon that bill of sale at Lammle's, are you? Nothing will turn you, won't it? You won't be put off for another single minute, won't you?"

Ordered to immediate action by the master's tone and look, the old man took up his hat from the little counter where it lay.

"You have been told that he might pull through it, if you didn't go in to win, Wide-Awake; have you?" said Fledgeby. "And it's not your game that he should pull through it; ain't it? You having got security, and there being enough to pay you? Oh, you Jew!"

The old man stood irresolute and uncertain for a moment, as if there might be further instructions for him in reserve.

"Do I go, Sir?" he at length asked in a low voice.

"Asks me if he is going!" exclaimed Fledgeby. "Asks me, as if he didn't know his own purpose! Asks me, as if he hadn't got his hat on ready! Asks me, as if his sharp old eye—why, it cuts like a knife—wasn't looking at his walking-stick by the door!"

"Do I go, Sir?"

"Do you go?" sneered Fledgeby. "Yes, you do go. Toddle, Judah!"

CHAPTER XIII.

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME, AND HANG HIM.

Fascination Fledgeby, left alone in the counting-house, strolled about with his hat on one side, whistling, and investigating the drawers, and prying here and there for any small evidences of his being cheated, but could find none. "Not his merit that he don't cheat me," was Mr. Fledgeby's commentary delivered with a wink, "but my precaution." He then with a lazy grandeur asserted his rights as lord of Pubsey and Co. by poking his cane at the stools and boxes, and spitting in the fire-place, and so loitered royally to the window and looked out into the narrow street, with his small eyes just peering over the top of Pubsey and Co.'s blind. As a blind in more senses than one, it reminded him that he was alone in the counting-house with the front-door open. He was moving away to shut it, lest he should be injudiciously identified with the establishment, when he was stopped by some one coming to the door.

This some one was the dolls' dress-maker, with a little basket on her arm, and her crutch stick in her hand. Her keen eyes had espied Mr. Fledgeby before Mr. Fledgeby had espied her, and he was paralyzed in his purpose of shutting her out, not so much by her approaching the door, as by her favoring him with a shower of nods, the instant he saw her. This advantage she improved by hobbling up the steps with such dispatch that before Mr. Fledgeby could take measures for her finding nobody at home, she was face to face with him in the counting-house.

"Hope I see you well, Sir," said Miss Wren. "Mr. Riah in?"

Fledgeby had dropped into a chair, in the attitude of one waiting wearily. "I suppose he will be back soon," he replied; "he has cut out and left me expecting him back, in an odd way. Haven't I seen you before?"

"Once before—if you had your eyesight," replied Miss Wren; the conditional clause in an under-tone.

"When you were carrying on some games up at the top of the house. I remember. How's your friend?"

"I have more friends than one, Sir, I hope," replied Miss Wren. "Which friend?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Fledgeby, shutting up one eye, "any of your friends, all your friends. Are they pretty tolerable?"

Somewhat confounded, Miss Wren parried the pleasantry, and sat down in a corner behind the door, with her basket in her lap. By-and-by, she said, breaking a long and patient silence:

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I am used to find Mr. Riah at this time, and so I generally come at this time. I only want to buy my poor little two shillings' worth of waste. Perhaps you'll kindly let me have it, and I'll trot off to my work."

"*I* let you have it?" said Fledgeby, turning his head toward her; for he had been sitting blinking at the light, and feeling his cheek. "Why, you don't really suppose that I have any thing to do with the place, or the business; do you?"

"Suppose?" exclaimed Miss Wren. "He said, that day, you were the master!"

"The old cock in black said? Riah said? Why, he'd say any thing."

"Well; but you said so too," returned Miss Wren. "Or at least you took on like the master, and didn't contradict him."

"One of his dodges," said Mr. Fledgeby, with a cool and contemptuous shrug. "He's made of dodges. He said to me, 'Come up to the top of the house, Sir, and I'll show you a handsome girl. But I shall call you the master.' So I went up to the top of the house and he showed me the handsome girl (very well worth looking at she was), and I was called the master. I don't know why. I dare say he don't. He loves a dodge for its own sake; being," added Mr. Fledgeby, after casting about for an expressive phrase, "the dodgerest of all the dodgers."

"Oh my head!" cried the dolls' dress-maker,

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holding it with both her hands, as if it were cracking. "You can't mean what you say."

"I can, my little woman," retorted Fledgeby, "and I do, I assure you."

This repudiation was not only an act of deliberate policy on Fledgeby's part, in case of his being surprised by any other caller, but was also a retort upon Miss Wren for her over-sharpness, and a pleasant instance of his humor as regarded the old Jew. "He has got a bad name as an old Jew, and he is paid for the use of it, and I'll have my money's worth out of him." This was Fledgeby's habitual reflection in the way of business, and it was sharpened just now by the old man's presuming to have a secret from him: though of the secret itself, as annoying somebody else whom he disliked, he by no means disapproved.

Miss Wren with a fallen countenance sat behind the door looking thoughtfully at the ground, and the long and patient silence had again set in for some time, when the expression of Mr. Fledgeby's face betokened that through the upper portion of the door, which was of glass, he saw some one faltering on the brink of the counting-house. Presently there was a rustle and a tap, and then some more rustling and another tap. Fledgeby taking no notice, the door was at length softly opened, and the dried face of a mild little elderly gentleman looked in.

"Mr. Riah?" said this visitor, very politely.

"I am waiting for him, Sir," returned Mr. Fledgeby. "He went out and left me here. I expect him back every minute. Perhaps you had better take a chair."

The gentleman took a chair, and put his hand to his forehead, as if he were in a melancholy frame of mind. Mr. Fledgeby eyed him aside, and seemed to relish his attitude.

"A fine day, Sir," remarked Fledgeby.

The little dried gentleman was so occupied with his own depressed reflections that he did not notice the remark until the sound of Mr. Fledgeby's voice had died out of the counting-house. Then he started, and said: "I beg your pardon, Sir. I fear you spoke to me?"

"I said," remarked Fledgeby, a little louder than before, "it was a fine day."

"I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon. Yes."

Again the little dried gentleman put his hand to his forehead, and again Mr. Fledgeby seemed to enjoy his doing it. When the gentleman changed his attitude with a sigh, Fledgeby spake with a grin.

"Mr. Twemlow, I think?"

The dried gentleman seemed much surprised.

"Had the pleasure of dining with you at Lammle's," said Fledgeby. "Even have the honor of being a connection of yours. An unexpected sort of place this to meet in; but one never knows, when one gets into the City, what people one may knock up against. I hope you have your health, and are enjoying yourself."

There might have been a touch of impertinence in the last words; on the other hand, it might have been but the native grace of Mr. Fledgeby's manner. Mr. Fledgeby sat on a stool with a foot on the rail of another stool, and his hat on. Mr. Twemlow had uncovered on looking in at the door, and remained so.

Now the conscientious Twemlow, knowing what he had done to thwart the gracious Fledgeby, was particularly disconcerted by this encounter. He was as ill at ease as a gentleman well could be. He felt himself bound to conduct himself stiffly toward Fledgeby, and he made him a distant bow. Fledgeby made his small eyes smaller in taking special note of his manner. The dolls' dress-maker sat in her corner behind the door, with her eyes on the ground and her hands folded on her basket, holding her crutch-stick between them, and appearing to take no heed of any thing.

"He's a long time," muttered Mr. Fledgeby, looking at his watch. "What time may you make it, Mr. Twemlow?"

Mr. Twemlow made it ten minutes past twelve, Sir.

"As near as a toucher," assented Fledgeby. "I hope, Mr. Twemlow, your business here may be of a more agreeable character than mine."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Twemlow.

Fledgeby again made his small eyes smaller, as he glanced with great complacency at Twemlow, who was timorously tapping the table with a folded letter.

"What I know of Mr. Riah," said Fledgeby, with a very disparaging utterance of his name, "leads me to believe that this is about the shop for disagreeable business. I have always found him the bitingest and tightest screw in London."

Mr. Twemlow acknowledged the remark with a little distant bow. It evidently made him nervous.

"So much so," pursued Fledgeby, "that if it wasn't to be true to a friend, nobody should catch me waiting here a single minute. But if you have friends in adversity, stand by them. That's what I say and act up to."

The equitable Twemlow felt that this sentiment, irrespective of the utterer, demanded his cordial assent. "You are very right, Sir," he rejoined with spirit. "You indicate the generous and manly course."

"Glad to have your approbation," returned Fledgeby. "It's a coincidence, Mr. Twemlow;" here he descended from his perch, and sauntered toward him; "that the friends I am standing by to-day are the friends at whose house I met you! The Lammles. She's a very taking and agreeable woman?"

Conscience smote the gentle Twemlow pale. "Yes," he said. "She is."

"And when she appealed to me this morning, to come and try what I could do to pacify their creditor, this Mr. Riah—that I certainly have gained some little influence with in transacting business for another friend, but nothing like so much as she supposes—and when a wo-

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man like that spoke to me as her dearest Mr. Fledgeby, and shed tears—why what could I do, you know?"

Twemlow gasped "Nothing but come."

"Nothing but come. And so I came. But why," said Fledgeby, putting his hands in his pockets and counterfeiting deep meditation, "why Riah should have started up, when I told him that the Lammles entreated him to hold over a Bill of Sale he has on all their effects; and why he should have cut out, saying he would be back directly; and why he should have left me here alone so long; I can not understand."

The chivalrous Twemlow, Knight of the Simple Heart, was not in a condition to offer any suggestion. He was too penitent, too remorseful. For the first time in his life he had done an underhanded action, and he had done wrong. He had secretly interposed against this confiding young man, for no better real reason than because the young man's ways were not his ways.

But, the confiding young man proceeded to heap coals of fire on his sensitive head.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Twemlow; you see I am acquainted with the nature of the affairs that are transacted here. Is there any thing I can do for you here? You have always been brought up as a gentleman, and never as a man of business;" another touch of possible impertinence in this place; "and perhaps you are but a poor man of business. What else is to be expected!"

"I am even a poorer man of business than I am a man, Sir," returned Twemlow, "and I could hardly express my deficiency in a stronger way. I really do not so much as clearly understand my position in the matter on which I am brought here. But there are reasons which make me very delicate of accepting your assistance. I am greatly, greatly, disinclined to profit by it. I don't deserve it."

Good childish creature! Condemned to a passage through the world by such narrow little dimly-lighted ways, and picking up so few specks or spots on the road!

"Perhaps," said Fledgeby, "you may be a little proud of entering on the topic—having been brought up as a gentleman."

"It's not that, Sir," returned Twemlow, "it's not that. I hope I distinguish between true pride and false pride."

"I have no pride at all, myself," said Fledgeby, "and perhaps I don't cut things so fine as to know one from t'other. But I know this is a place where even a man of business needs his wits about him; and if mine can be of any use to you here, you're welcome to them."

"You are very good," said Twemlow, faltering. "But I am most unwilling—"

"I don't, you know," proceeded Fledgeby, with an ill-favored glance, "entertain the vanity of supposing that my wits could be of any use to you in society, but they might be here. You cultivate society and society cultivates you, but Mr. Riah's not society. In society, Mr. Riah is kept dark; eh, Mr. Twemlow?"

Twemlow, much disturbed, and with his hand fluttering about his forehead, replied: "Quite true."

The confiding young man besought him to state his case. The innocent Twemlow, expecting Fledgeby to be astounded by what he should unfold, and not for an instant conceiving the possibility of its happening every day, but treating of it as a terrible phenomenon occurring in the course of ages, related how that he had had a deceased friend, a married civil officer with a family, who had wanted money for change of place on change of post, and how he, Twemlow, had "given him his name," with the usual, but in the eyes of Twemlow almost incredible result that he had been left to repay what he had never had. How, in the course of years, he had reduced the principal by trifling sums, "having," said Twemlow, "always to observe great economy, being in the enjoyment of a fixed income limited in extent, and that depending on the munificence of a certain nobleman," and had always pinched the full interest out of himself with punctual pinches. How he had come, in course of time, to look upon this one only debt of his life as a regular quarterly drawback, and no worse, when "his name" had some way fallen into the possession of Mr. Riah, who had sent him notice to redeem it by paying up in full, in one plump sum, or take tremendous consequences. This, with hazy remembrances of how he had been carried to some office to "confess judgment" (as he recollected the phrase), and how he had been carried to another office where his life was assured for somebody not wholly unconnected with the sherry trade whom he remembered by the remarkable circumstance that he had a Straduarius violin to dispose of, and also a Madonna, formed the sum and substance of Mr. Twemlow's narrative. Through which stalked the shadow of the awful Snigsworth, eyed afar off by moneylenders as Security in the Mist, and menacing Twemlow with his baronial truncheon.

To all, Mr. Fledgeby listened with the modest gravity becoming a confiding young man who knew it all beforehand, and, when it was finished, seriously shook his head. "I don't like, Mr. Twemlow," said Fledgeby, "I don't like Riah's calling in the principal. If he's determined to call it in, it must come."

"But supposing, Sir," said Twemlow, downcast, "that it can't come?"

"Then," retorted Fledgeby, "you must go, you know."

"Where?" asked Twemlow, faintly.

"To prison," returned Fledgeby. Whereat Mr. Twemlow leaned his innocent head upon his hand, and moaned a little moan of distress and disgrace.

"However," said Fledgeby, appearing to pluck up his spirits, "we'll hope it's not so bad as that comes to. If you'll allow me, I'll mention to Mr. Riah when he comes in, who you are,

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and I'll tell him you're my friend, and I'll say my say for you, instead of your saying it for yourself; I may be able to do it in a more business-like way. You won't consider it a liberty?"

"I thank you again and again, Sir," said Twemlow. "I am strong, strongly, disinclined to avail myself of your generosity, though my helplessness yields. For I can not but feel that I—to put it in the mildest form of speech—that I have done nothing to deserve it."

"Where *can* he be?" muttered Fledgeby, referring to his watch again. "What *can* he have gone out for? Did you ever see him, Mr. Twemlow?"

"Never."

"He is a thorough Jew to look at, but he is a more thorough Jew to deal with. He's worst when he's quiet. If he's quiet, I shall take it as a very bad sign. Keep your eye upon him when he comes in, and, if he's quiet, don't be hopeful. Here he is!—he looks quiet."

With these words, which had the effect of causing the harmless Twemlow painful agitation, Mr. Fledgeby withdrew to his former post, and the old man entered the counting-house.

"Why, Mr. Riah," said Fledgeby, "I thought you were lost!"

The old man, glancing at the stranger, stood stock-still. He perceived that his master was leading up to the orders he was to take, and he waited to understand them.

"I really thought," repeated Fledgeby slowly, "that you were lost, Mr. Riah. Why, now I look at you—but no, you can't have done it; no, you can't have done it!"

Hat in hand, the old man lifted his head, and looked distressfully at Fledgeby, as seeking to know what new moral burden he was to bear.

"You can't have rushed out to get the start of every body else, and put in that bill of sale at Lammle's?" said Fledgeby. "Say you haven't, Mr. Riah."

"Sir, I have," replied the old man in a low voice.

"Oh my eye!" cried Fledgeby. "Tut, tut, tut! Dear, dear, dear! Well! I knew you were a hard customer, Mr. Riah, but I never thought you were as hard as that."

"Sir," said the old man, with great uneasiness, "I do as I am directed. I am not the principal here. I am but the agent of a superior, and I have no choice, no power."

"Don't say so," retorted Fledgeby, secretly exultant as the old man stretched out his hands, with a shrinking action of defending himself against the sharp construction of the two observers. "Don't play the tune of the trade, Mr. Riah. You've a right to get in your debts, if you're determined to do it, but don't pretend what every one in your line regularly pretends. At least, don't do it to me. Why should you, Mr. Riah? You know I know all about you."

The old man clasped the skirt of his long coat with his disengaged hand, and directed a wistful look at Fledgeby.

"And don't," said Fledgeby, "don't, I entreat you as a favor, Mr. Riah, be so devilish meek, for I know what'll follow if you are. Look here, Mr. Riah. This gentleman is Mr. Twemlow."

The Jew turned to him and bowed. That poor lamb bowed in return; polite, and terrified.

"I have made such a failure," proceeded Fledgeby, "in trying to do any thing with you for my friend Lammle, that I've hardly a hope of doing any thing with you for my friend (and connection indeed) Mr. Twemlow. But I do think that if you would do a favor for any body, you would for me, and I won't fail for want of trying, and I've passed my promise to Mr. Twemlow besides. Now, Mr. Riah, here is Mr. Twemlow. Always good for his interest, always coming up to time, always paying his little way. Now, why should you press Mr. Twemlow? You can't have any spite against Mr. Twemlow! Why not be easy with Mr. Twemlow?"

The old man looked into Fledgeby's little eyes for any sign of leave to be easy with Mr. Twemlow; but there was no sign in them.

"Mr. Twemlow is no connection of yours, Mr. Riah," said Fledgeby; "you can't want to be even with him for having through life gone in for a gentleman and hung on to his Family. If Mr. Twemlow has a contempt for business, what can it matter to you?"

"But pardon me," interposed the gentle victim, "I have not, I should consider it presumption."

"There, Mr. Riah!" said Fledgeby, "isn't that handsomely said? Come! Make terms with me for Mr. Twemlow."

The old man looked again for any sign of permission to spare the poor little gentleman. No. Mr. Fledgeby meant him to be racked.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Twemlow," said Riah. "I have my instructions. I am invested with no authority for diverging from them. The money must be paid."

"In full and slap down, do you mean, Mr. Riah?" asked Fledgeby, to make things quite explicit.

"In full, Sir, and at once," was Riah's answer.

Mr. Fledgeby shook his head deploringly at Twemlow, and mutely expressed in reference to the venerable figure standing before him with eyes upon the ground: "What a Monster of an Israelite this is!"

"Mr. Riah," said Fledgeby.

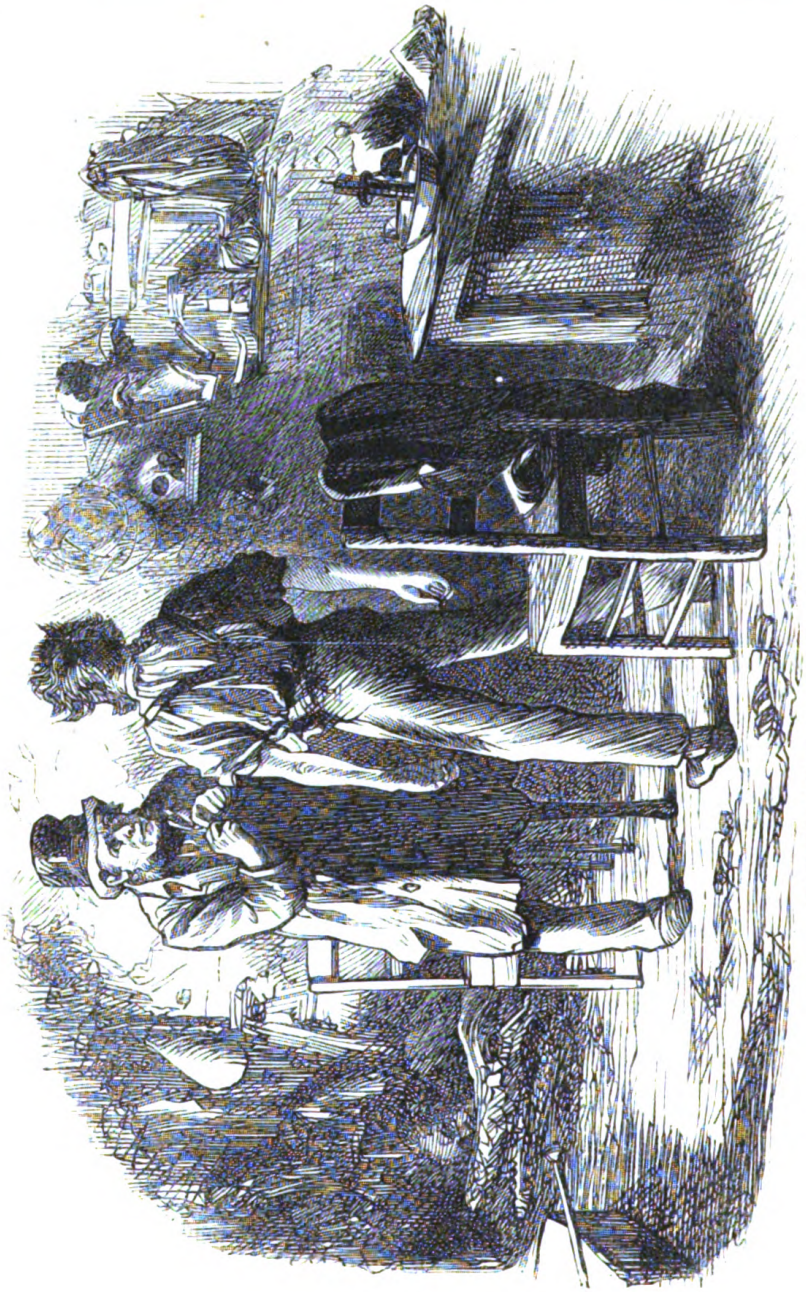
The old man lifted up his eyes once more to the little eyes in Mr. Fledgeby's head, with some reviving hope that the sign might be coming yet.

"Mr. Riah, it's of no use my holding back the fact. There's a certain great party in the back-ground in Mr. Twemlow's case, and you know it."

"I know it," the old man admitted.

"Now, I'll put it as a plain point of business.

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MR. WEGG PREPARES A GRINDSTONE FOR MR. BOFFIN'S NOSE.

Mr. Riah. Are you fully determined (as a plain point of business) either to have that said great party's security, or that said great party's money?"

"Fully determined," answered Riah, as he read his master's face, and learned the book.

"Not at all caring for, and indeed as it seems to me rather enjoying," said Fledgeby, with peculiar unction, "the precious kick-up and row that will come off between Mr. Twemlow and the said great party?"

This required no answer, and received none. Poor Mr. Twemlow, who had betrayed the keenest mental terrors since his noble kinsman loomed in the perspective, rose with a sigh to take his departure. "I thank you very much, Sir," he said, offering Fledgeby his feverish hand. "You have done me an unmerited service. Thank you, thank you!"

"Don't mention it," answered Fledgeby. "It's a failure so far, but I'll stay behind, and take another touch at Mr. Riah."

"Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Twemlow," said the Jew, then addressing him directly for the first time. "There is no hope for you. You must expect no leniency here. You must pay in full, and you can not pay too promptly, or you will be put to heavy charges. Trust nothing to

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me, Sir. Money, money, money." When he had said these words in an emphatic manner, he acknowledged Mr. Twemlow's still polite motion of his head, and that amiable little worthy took his departure in the lowest spirits.

Fascination Fledgeby was in such a merry vein when the counting-house was cleared of him, that he had nothing for it but to go to the window, and lean his arms on the frame of the blind, and have his silent laugh out, with his back to his subordinate. When he turned round again with a composed countenance, his subordinate still stood in the same place, and the dolls' dress-maker sat behind the door with a look of horror.

"Halloa?" cried Mr. Fledgeby, "you're forgetting this young lady, Mr. Riah, and she has been waiting long enough too. Sell her her waste, please, and give her good measure if you can make up your mind to do the liberal thing for once."

He looked on for a time, as the Jew filled her little basket with such scraps as she was used to buy; but, his merry vein coming on again, he was obliged to turn round to the window once more, and lean his arms on the blind.

"There, my Cinderella dear," said the old man in a whisper, and with a worn-out look, "the basket's full now. Bless you! And get you gone!"

"Don't call me your Cinderella dear," returned Miss Wren. "Oh you cruel godmother!"

She shook that emphatic little forefinger of hers in his face at parting, as earnestly and reproachfully as she had ever shaken it at her grim old child at home.

"You are not the godmother at all!" said she. "You are the Wolf in the Forest, the wicked Wolf! And if ever my dear Lizzie is sold and betrayed, I shall know who sold and betrayed her!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WEGG PREPARES A GRINDSTONE FOR MR. BOFFIN'S NOSE.

Having assisted at a few more expositions of the lives of Misers, Mr. Venus became almost indispensable to the evenings at the Bower. The circumstance of having another listener to the wonders unfolded by Wegg, or, as it were, another calculator to cast up the guineas found in tea-pots, chimneys, racks, and mangers, and other such banks of deposit, seemed greatly to heighten Mr. Boffin's enjoyment; while Silas Wegg, for his part, though of a jealous temperament which might under ordinary circumstances have resented the anatomist's getting into favor, was so very anxious to keep his eye on that gentleman—lest, being too much left to himself, he should be tempted to play any tricks with the precious document in his keeping—that he never lost an opportunity of commending him to Mr. Boffin's notice as a third party whose company was much to be desired. Another friendly demonstration toward him Mr. Wegg now regularly gratified. After each sitting was over, and the patron had departed, Mr. Wegg invariably saw Mr. Venus home. To be sure, he as invariably requested to be refreshed with a sight of the paper in which he was a joint proprietor; but he never failed to remark that it was the great pleasure he derived from Mr. Venus's improving society which had insensibly lured him round to Clerkenwell again, and that, finding himself once more attracted to the spot by the social powers of Mr. V., he would beg leave to go through that little incidental procedure, as a matter of form. "For well I know, Sir," Mr. Wegg would add, "that a man of your delicate mind would wish to be checked off whenever the opportunity arises, and it is not for me to balk your feelings."

A certain rustiness in Mr. Venus, which never became so lubricated by the oil of Mr. Wegg but that he turned under the screw in a creaking and stiff manner, was very noticeable at about this period. While assisting at the literary evenings he even went so far, on two or three occasions, as to correct Mr. Wegg when he grossly mispronounced a word, or made nonsense of a passage; insomuch that Mr. Wegg took to surveying his course in the day, and to making arrangements for getting round rocks at night instead of running straight upon them. Of the slightest anatomical reference he became particularly shy, and, if he saw a bone ahead, would go any distance out of his way rather than mention it by name.

The adverse destinies ordained that one evening Mr. Wegg's laboring bark became beset by polysyllables, and embarrassed among a perfect archipelago of hard words. It being necessary to take soundings every minute, and to feel the way with the greatest caution, Mr. Wegg's attention was fully employed. Advantage was taken of this dilemma by Mr. Venus to pass a scrap of paper into Mr. Boffin's hand, and lay his finger on his own lip.

When Mr. Boffin got home at night he found that the paper contained Mr. Venus's card and these words: "Should be glad to be honored with a call respecting business of your own, about dusk on an early evening."

The very next evening saw Mr. Boffin peeping in at the preserved frogs in Mr. Venus's shop-window, and saw Mr. Venus espying Mr. Boffin with the readiness of one on the alert, and beckoning that gentleman into his interior. Responding, Mr. Boffin was invited to seat himself on the box of human miscellanies before the fire, and did so, looking round the place with admiring eyes. The fire being low and fitful, and the dusk gloomy, the whole stock seemed to be winking and blinking with both eyes, as Mr. Venus did. The French gentleman, though he had no eyes, was not at all behindhand, but appeared, as the flame rose and fell, to open

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and shut his no eyes, with the regularity of the glass-eyed dogs and ducks and birds. The big-headed babies were equally obliging in lending their grotesque aid to the general effect.

"You see, Mr. Venus, I've lost no time," said Mr. Boffin. "Here I am."

"Here you are, Sir," assented Mr. Venus.

"I don't like secrecy," pursued Mr. Boffin—"at least, not in a general way I don't—but I dare say you'll show me good reason for being secret so far."

"I think I shall, Sir," returned Venus.

"Good," said Mr. Boffin. "You don't expect Wegg, I take it for granted?"

"No, Sir. I expect no one but the present company."

Mr. Boffin glanced about him, as accepting under that inclusive denomination the French gentleman and the circle in which he didn't move, and repeated, "The present company."

"Sir," said Mr. Venus, "before entering upon business, I shall have to ask you for your word and honor that we are in confidence."

"Let's wait a bit and understand what the expression means," answered Mr. Boffin. "In confidence for how long? In confidence forever and a day?"

"I take your hint, Sir," said Venus; "you think you might consider the business, when you came to know it, to be of a nature incompatible with confidence on your part?"

"I might," said Mr. Boffin, with a cautious look.

"True, Sir. Well, Sir," observed Venus, after clutching at his dusty hair, to brighten his ideas, "let us put it another way. I open the business with you, relying upon your honor not to do any thing in it, and not to mention me in it, without my knowledge."

"That sounds fair," said Mr. Boffin. "I agree to that."

"I have your word and honor, Sir?"

"My good fellow,' retorted Mr. Boffin, "you have my word; and how you can have that, without my honor too, I don't know. I've sorted a lot of dust in my time, but I never knew the two things go into separate heaps."

This remark seemed rather to abash Mr. Venus. He hesitated, and said, "Very true, Sir;" and again, "Very true, Sir," before resuming the thread of his discourse.

"Mr. Boffin, if I confess to you that I fell into a proposal of which you were the subject, and of which you oughtn't to have been the subject, you will allow me to mention, and will please take into favorable consideration, that I was in a crushed state of mind at the time."

The Golden Dustman, with his hands folded on the top of his stout stick, with his chin resting upon them, and with something leering and whimsical in his eyes, gave a nod, and said, "Quite so, Venus."

"That proposal, Sir, was a conspiring breach of your confidence, to such an extent, that I ought at once to have made it known to you. But I didn't, Mr. Boffin, and I fell into it."

Without moving eye or finger, Mr. Boffin gave another nod, and placidly repeated, "Quite so, Venus."

"Not that I was ever hearty in it, Sir," the penitent antagonist went on, "or that I ever viewed myself with any thing but reproach for having turned out of the paths of science into the paths of—" He was going to say "villainy," but, unwilling to press too hard upon himself, substituted with great emphasis—"Weggery."

Placid and whimsical of look as ever, Mr. Boffin answered: "Quite so, Venus."

"And now, Sir," said Venus, "having prepared your mind in the rough, I will articulate the details." With which brief professional exordium, he entered on the history of the friendly move, and truly recounted it. One might have thought that it would have extracted some show of surprise or anger, or other emotion, from Mr. Boffin, but it extracted nothing beyond his former comment: "Quite so, Venus."

"I have astonished you, Sir, I believe?" said Mr. Venus, pausing dubiously.

Mr. Boffin simply answered as aforesaid: "Quite so, Venus."

By this time the astonishment was all on the other side. It did not, however, so continue. For, when Venus passed to Wegg's discovery, and from that to their having both seen Mr. Boffin dig up the Dutch bottle, that gentleman changed color, changed his attitude, became extremely restless, and ended (when Venus ended) by being in a state of manifest anxiety, trepidation, and confusion.

"Now, Sir," said Venus, finishing off; "you best know what was in that Dutch bottle, and why you dug it up, and took it away. I don't pretend to know any thing more about it than I saw. All I know is this: I am proud of my calling after all (though it has been attended by one dreadful drawback which has told upon my heart, and almost equally upon my skeleton), and I mean to live by my calling. Putting the same meaning into other words, I do not mean to turn a single dishonest penny by this affair. As the best amends I can make you for having ever gone into it, I make known to you, as a warning, what Wegg has found out. My opinion is, that Wegg is not to be silenced at a modest price, and I build that opinion on his beginning to dispose of your property the moment he knew his power. Whether it's worth your while to silence him at any price, you will decide for yourself, and take your measures accordingly. As far as I am concerned, I have no price. If I am ever called upon for the truth, I tell it, but I want to do no more than I have now done and ended."

"Thank'ee, Venus!" said Mr. Boffin, with a hearty grip of his hand; "thank'ee, Venus, thank'ee, Venus!" And then walked up and down the little shop in great agitation. "But look here, Venus," he by-and-by resumed, nerv-

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ously sitting down again; "if I have to buy Wegg up, I sha'n't buy him any cheaper for your being out of it. Instead of his having half the money—it was to have been half, I suppose? Share and share alike?"

"It was to have been half, Sir," answered Venus.

"Instead of that, he'll now have all. I shall pay the same, if not more. For you tell me he's an unconscionable dog, a ravenous rascal."

"He is," said Venus.

"Don't you think, Venus," insinuated Mr. Boffin, after looking at the fire for a while—"don't you feel as if—you might like to pretend to be in it till Wegg was brought up, and then ease your mind by handing over to me what you had made believe to pocket?"

"No, I don't, Sir," returned Venus, very positively.

"Not to make amends?" insinuated Mr. Boffin.

"No, Sir. It seems to me, after maturely thinking it over, that the best amends for having got out of the square is to get back into the square."

"Humph!" mused Mr. Boffin. "When you say the square, you mean—"

"I mean," said Venus, stoutly and shortly, "the right."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Boffin, grumbling over the fire in an injured manner, "that the right is with me, if it's any where. I have much more right to the old man's money than the Crown can ever have. What was the Crown to him except the King's Taxes? Whereas, me and my wife, we was all in all to him."

Mr. Venus, with his head upon his hands, rendered melancholy by the contemplation of Mr. Boffin's avarice, only murmured to steep himself in the luxury of that frame of mind: "She did not wish so to regard herself, nor yet to be so regarded."

"And how am I to live," asked Mr. Boffin, piteously, "if I'm to be going buying fellows up out of the little that I've got? And how am I to set about it? When am I to get my money ready? When am I to make a bid? You haven't told me when he threatens to drop down upon me."

Venus explained under what conditions, and with what views, the dropping down upon Mr. Boffin was held over until the Mounds should be cleared away. Mr. Boffin listened attentively. "I suppose," said he, with a gleam of hope, "there's no doubt about the genuineness and date of this confounded will?"

"None whatever," said Mr. Venus.

"Where might it be deposited at present?" asked Mr. Boffin, in a wheedling tone.

"It's in my possession, Sir."

"Is it?" he cried, with great eagerness. "Now, for any liberal sum of money that could be agreed upon, Venus, would you put it in the fire?"

"No, Sir, I wouldn't," interrupted Mr. Venus.

"Nor pass it over to me?"

"That would be the same thing. No, Sir," said Mr. Venus.

The Golden Dustman seemed about to pursue these questions, when a stumping noise was heard outside, coming toward the door. "Hush! here's Wegg!" said Venus. "Get behind the young alligator in the corner, Mr. Boffin, and judge him for yourself. I won't light a candle till he's gone; there'll only be the glow of the fire; Wegg's well acquainted with the alligator, and he won't take particular notice of him. Draw your legs in, Mr. Boffin, at present I see a pair of shoes at the end of his tail. Get your head well behind his smile, Mr. Boffin, and you'll lie comfortable there; you'll find plenty of room behind his smile. He's a little dusty, but he's very like you in tone. Are you right, Sir!"

Mr. Boffin had but whispered an affirmative response, when Wegg came stumping in. "Partner," said that gentleman in a sprightly manner, "how's yourself?"

"Tolerable," returned Mr. Venus. "Not much to boast of."

"In-deed!" said Wegg: "sorry, partner, that you're not picking up faster, but your soul's too large for your body, Sir; that's where it is. And how's our stock in trade, partner? Safe bind, safe find, partner? Is that about it?"

"Do you wish to see it?" asked Venus.

"If you please, partner," said Wegg, rubbing his hands. "I wish to see it jintly with yourself. Or, in similar words to some that was set to music some time back:

> 'I wish you to see it with your eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine.'"

Turning his back and turning a key, Mr. Venus produced the document, holding on by his usual corner. Mr. Wegg, holding on by the opposite corner, sat down on the seat so lately vacated by Mr. Boffin, and looked it over. "All right, Sir," he slowly and unwillingly admitted, in his reluctance to loose his hold, "all right!" And greedily watched his partner as he turned his back again, and turned his key again.

"There's nothing new, I suppose?" said Venus, resuming his low chair behind the counter.

"Yes there is, Sir," replied Wegg; "there was something new this morning. That foxy old grasper and griper—"

"Mr. Boffin?" inquired Venus, with a glance toward the alligator's yard or two of smile.

"Mister be blowed!" cried Wegg, yielding to his honest indignation. "Boffin. Dusty Boffin. That foxy old grunter and grinder, Sir, turns into the yard this morning, to meddle with our property, a menial tool of his own, a young man by the name of Sloppy. Ecod, when I say to him, 'What do you want here, young man? This is a private yard,' he pulls out a paper from Boffin's other blackguard, the one I was passed over for. 'This is to authorize Sloppy to overlook the carting and to watch the work.' That's pretty strong, I think, Mr. Venus?"

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"Remember he doesn't know yet of our claim on the property," suggested Venus.

"Then he must have a hint of it," said Wegg, "and a strong one that'll jog his terrors a bit. Give him an inch, and he'll take an ell. Let him alone this time, and what'll he do with our property next? I tell you what, Mr. Venus; it comes to this; I must be overbearing with Boffin, or I shall fly into several pieces. I can't contain myself when I look at him. Every time I see him putting his hand in his pocket, I see him putting it into my pocket. Every time I hear him jingling his money, I hear him taking liberties with my money. Flesh and blood can't bear it. No," said Mr. Wegg, greatly exasperated, "and I'll go further. A wooden leg can't bear it!"

"But, Mr. Wegg," urged Venus, "it was your own idea that he should not be exploded upon, till the Mounds were carted away."

"But it was likewise my idea, Mr. Venus," retorted Wegg, "that if he came sneaking and sniffing about the property, he should be threatened, given to understand that he has no right to it, and be made our slave. Wasn't that my idea, Mr. Venus?"

"It certainly was, Mr. Wegg."

"It certainly was, as you say, partner," assented Wegg, put into a better humor by the ready admission. "Very well. I consider his planting one of his menial tools in the yard, an act of sneaking and sniffing. And his nose shall be put to the grindstone for it."

"It was not your fault, Mr. Wegg, I must admit," said Venus, "that he got off with the Dutch bottle that night."

"As you handsomely say again, partner! No, it was not my fault. I'd have had that bottle out of him. Was it to be borne that he should come, like a thief in the dark, digging among stuff that was far more ours than his (seeing that we could deprive him of every grain of it, if he didn't buy us at our own figure), and carrying off treasure from its bowels? No, it was not to be borne. And for that, too, his nose shall be put to the grindstone."

"How do you propose to do it, Mr. Wegg?"

"To put his nose to the grindstone? I propose," returned that estimable man, "to insult him openly. And, if looking into this eye of mine, he dares to offer a word in answer, to retort upon him before he can take his breath, 'Add another word to that, you dusty old dog, and you're a beggar.'"

"Suppose he says nothing, Mr. Wegg?"

"Then," replied Wegg, "we shall have come to an understanding with very little trouble, and I'll break him and drive him, Mr. Venus. I'll put him in harness, and I'll bear him up tight, and I'll break him and drive him. The harder the old Dust is driven, Sir, the higher he'll pay. And I mean to be paid high, Mr. Venus, I promise you."

"You speak quite revengefully, Mr. Wegg."

"Revengefully, Sir? Is it for him that I have declined and falled night after night? Is it for his pleasure that I've waited at home of an evening, like a set of skittles, to be set up and knocked over, set up and knocked over, by whatever balls—or books—he chose to bring against me? Why, I'm a hundred times the man he is, Sir; five hundred times!"

Perhaps it was with the malicious intent of urging him on to his worst that Mr. Venus looked as if he doubted that.

"What? Was it outside the house at present ockypied, to its disgrace, by that minion of fortune and worm of the hour," said Wegg, falling back upon his strongest terms of reprobation, and slapping the counter, "that I, Silas Wegg, five hundred times the man he ever was, sat in all weathers, waiting for a errand or a customer? Was it outside that very house as I first set eyes upon him, rolling in the lap of luxury, when I was a selling half-penny ballads there for a living? And am I to grovel in the dust for *him* to walk over? No!"

There was a grin upon the ghastly countenance of the French gentleman under the influence of the fire-light, as if he were computing how many thousand slanderers and traitors array themselves against the fortunate, on premises exactly answering to those of Mr. Wegg. One might have fancied that the big-headed babies were toppling over with their hydrocephalic attempts to reckon up the children of men who transform their benefactors into their injurers by the same process. The yard or two of smile on the part of the alligator might have been invested with the meaning, "All about this was quite familiar knowledge down in the depths of the slime, ages ago."

"But," said Wegg, possibly with some slight perception to the foregoing effect, "your speaking countenance remarks, Mr. Venus, that I'm duller and savager than usual. Perhaps I *have* allowed myself to brood too much. Begone, dull Care! 'Tis gone, Sir. I've looked in upon you, and empire resumes her sway. For, as the song says—subject to your correction, Sir—

'When the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled if Venus appears.
Like the notes of a fiddle, you sweetly, Sir, sweetly,
Raises our spirits and charms our ears.'

Good-night, Sir."

"I shall have a word or two to say to you, Mr. Wegg, before long," remarked Venus, "respecting my share in the project we've been speaking of."

"My time, Sir," returned Wegg, "is yours. In the mean while let it be fully understood that I shall not neglect bringing the grindstone to bear, nor yet bringing Dusty Boffin's nose to it. His nose once brought to it, shall be held to it by these hands, Mr. Venus, till the sparks flies out in showers."

With this agreeable promise Wegg stumped out, and shut the shop-door after him. "Wait till I light a candle, Mr. Boffin," said Venus,

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"and you'll come out more comfortable." So, he lighting a candle and holding it up at arm's-length, Mr. Boffin disengaged himself from behind the alligator's smile, with an expression of countenance so very downcast that it not only appeared as if the alligator had the whole of the joke to himself, but further as if it had been conceived and executed at Mr. Boffin's expense.

"That's a treacherous fellow," said Mr. Boffin, dusting his arms and legs as he came forth, the alligator having been but musty company. "That's a dreadful fellow."

"The alligator, Sir?" said Venus.

"No, Venus, no. The Serpent."

"You'll have the goodness to notice, Mr. Boffin," remarked Venus, "that I said nothing to him about my going out of the affair altogether, because I didn't wish to take you any ways by surprise. But I can't be too soon out of it for my satisfaction, Mr. Boffin, and I now put it to you when it will suit your views for me to retire?"

"Thank'ee, Venus, thank'ee, Venus; but I don't know what to say," returned Mr. Boffin, "I don't know what to do. He'll drop down on me any way. He seems fully determined to drop down; don't he?"

Mr. Venus opined that such was clearly his intention.

"You might be a sort of protection for me, if you remained in it," said Mr. Boffin; "you might stand betwixt him and me, and take the edge off him. Don't you feel as if you could make a show of remaining in it, Venus, till I had time to turn myself round?"

Venus naturally inquired how long Mr. Boffin thought it might take him to turn himself round?

"I am sure I don't know," was the answer, given quite at a loss. "Every thing is so at sixes and sevens. If I had never come into the property, I shouldn't have minded. But being in it, it would be very trying to be turned out; now don't you acknowledge that it would, Venus?"

Mr. Venus preferred, he said, to leave Mr. Boffin to arrive at his own conclusions on that delicate question.

"I am sure I don't know what to do," said Mr. Boffin. "If I ask advice of any one else, it's only letting in another person to be bought out, and then I shall be ruined that way, and might as well have given up the property and gone slap to the work-house. If I was to take advice of my young man, Rokesmith, I should have to buy *him* out. Sooner or later, of course, he'd drop down upon me, like Wegg. I was brought into the world to be dropped down upon, it appears to me."

Mr. Venus listened to these lamentations in silence, while Mr. Boffin jogged to and fro, holding his pockets as if he had a pain in them.

"After all, you haven't said what you mean to do yourself, Venus. When you do go out of it, how do you mean to go?"

Venus replied that as Wegg had found the document and handed it to him, it was his intention to hand it back to Wegg, with the declaration that he himself would have nothing to say to it, or do with it, and that Wegg must act as he chose, and take the consequences.

"And then he drops down with his whole weight upon me!" cried Mr. Boffin, ruefully. "I'd sooner be dropped upon by you than by him, or even by you jintly than by him alone."

Mr. Venus could only repeat that it was his fixed intention to betake himself to the paths of science, and to walk in the same all the days of his life; not dropping down upon his fellow-creatures until they were deceased, and then only to articulate them to the best of his humble ability.

"How long could you be persuaded to keep up the appearance of remaining in it?" asked Mr. Boffin, retiring on his other idea. "Could you be got to do so till the Mounds are gone?"

No. That would protract the mental uneasiness of Mr. Venus too long, he said.

"Not if I was to show you reason now?" demanded Mr. Boffin; "not if I was to show you good and sufficient reason?"

If by good and sufficient reason Mr. Boffin meant honest and unimpeachable reason, that might weigh with Mr. Venus against his personal wishes and convenience. But he must add that he saw no opening to the possibility of such reason being shown him.

"Come and see me, Venus," said Mr. Boffin, "at my house."

"Is the reason there, Sir?" asked Mr. Venus, with an incredulous smile and blink.

"It may be, or may not be," said Mr. Boffin, "just as you view it. But in the mean time don't go out of the matter. Look here. Do this. Give me your word that you won't take any steps with Wegg without my knowledge, just as I have given you my word that I won't without yours."

"Done, Mr. Boffin!" said Venus, after brief consideration.

"Thank'ee, Venus, thank'ee, Venus! Done!"

"When shall I come to see you, Mr. Boffin?"

"When you like. The sooner the better. I must be going now. Good-night, Venus."

"Good-night, Sir."

"And good-night to the rest of the present company," said Mr. Boffin, glancing round the shop. "They make a queer show, Venus, and I should like to be better acquainted with them some day. Good-night, Venus, good-night! Thank'ee, Venus, thank'ee, Venus!" With that he jogged out into the street, and jogged upon his homeward way.

"Now I wonder," he meditated as he went along, nursing his stick, "whether it can be that Venus is setting himself to get the better of Wegg? Whether it can be that he means, when I have bought Wegg out, to have me all to himself, and to pick me clean to the bones!"

It was a cunning and suspicious idea, quite in

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the way of his school of Misers, and he looked very cunning and suspicious as he went jogging through the streets. More than once or twice, more than twice or thrice, say half a dozen times, he took his stick from the arm on which he nursed it, and hit a straight sharp rap at the air with its head. Possibly the wooden countenance of Mr. Silas Wegg was incorporeally before him at those moments, for he hit with intense satisfaction.

He was within a few streets of his own house when a little private carriage, coming in the contrary direction, passed him, turned round, and passed him again. It was a little carriage of eccentric movement, for again he heard it stop behind him and turn round, and again he saw it pass him. Then it stopped, and then went on out of sight. But not far out of sight; for when he came to the corner of his own street there it stood again.

There was a lady's face at the window as he came up with this carriage, and he was passing it when the lady softly called to him by his name.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am?" said Mr. Boffin, coming to a stop.

"It is Mrs. Lammle," said the lady.

Mr. Boffin went up to the window, and hoped Mrs. Lammle was well.

"Not very well, dear Mr. Boffin; I have fluttered myself by being—perhaps foolishly—uneasy and anxious. I have been waiting for you some time. Can I speak to you?"

Mr. Boffin proposed that Mrs. Lammle should drive on to his house, a few hundred yards further.

"I would rather not, Mr. Boffin, unless you particularly wish it. I feel the difficulty and delicacy of the matter so much that I would rather avoid speaking to you at your own home. You must think this very strange?"

Mr. Boffin said no, but meant yes.

"It is because I am so grateful for the good opinion of all my friends, and am so touched by it, that I can not bear to run the risk of forfeiting it in any case, even in the cause of duty. I have asked my husband (my dear Alfred, Mr. Boffin) whether it *is* the cause of duty, and he has most emphatically said Yes. I wish I had asked him sooner. It would have spared me much distress."

("Can this be more dropping down upon me!" thought Mr. Boffin, quite bewildered.)

"It was Alfred who sent me to you, Mr. Boffin. Alfred said, 'Don't come back, Sophronia, until you have seen Mr. Boffin, and told him all. Whatever he may think of it, he ought certainly to know it.' Would you mind coming into the carriage?"

Mr. Boffin answered, "Not at all," and took his seat at Mrs. Lammle's side.

"Drive slowly any where," Mrs. Lammle called to her coachman, "and don't let the carriage rattle."

"It *must* be more dropping down, I think," said Mr. Boffin to himself. "What next?"

"CHIP."

"WHAT does she say, Posey?"

"She says—mind Robert, I do not think so, but if you will know—that you are a rolling-stone, that you do nothing, and will do nothing—aimless—fickle."

"Well, that will do," said the young man, with a faint shadow darkening over a face otherwise as serene as the clear summer twilight—"a rolling-stone perhaps I am; but I do not want moss—moss is the emblem of ruin. Aimless! yes, till I find an aim worthy of my arrows; fickle, it may be, for my nature is many-sided. But in one thing I can not be fickle. My love is still the same: for the rest—my life may seem poor and meagre enough. Even your Aunt Hetty can hardly be more savage than I am in criticising it; but when you look at me from a distance, when you read of victorious battles, when you hear of brave deeds, perhaps I shall wear a little of the purple of glory reflected from nobler men."

"Not nobler, Robert—oh no," said Posey, eagerly and with misty eyes. "Are you going indeed?"

"Can you doubt it? We are off to-morrow. Tell your Aunt Hetty, if I live I hope to do something, and if I die a life like mine, or better lives than mine, are well spent in such a cause."

The freshness of a May morning broke on a weary column as it rode slowly along a Virginia road. Worn with night after night in the saddle, it was a study to see the different faces of the men. Trial and fatigue, like the fire to characters traced in sympathetic ink, seem to bring out the truest traits of a man. Some with countenances stern, pale, and resolute, went on this raid with a cathedral air; others, jolly and nonchalant, sang gay snatches of song, and troubled themselves little about the chances of life and death.

Robert Challen looking up with a somewhat wan and haggard face to those clouds of pearl, just parting into foamy waves with a delicate heart of rose-bloom before the coming day, remembered Posey. Was the winter of his discontent over? He did not know. He accepted the war as a stern necessity; he brought to it whatever of fervor he had; he threw himself into it with a fiery impatience for the noble cause; but he could not hide its horrors from him; and he accepted them as a dire necessity. He never questioned the right; he never doubted it was the will of God—God would use it for himself assuredly, though it wasted and desolated the land. His own eternal truth was marching on.

Desolation marked the country as they advanced, and so it had been from the first. Indeed, one day's march was so like another; they had forded so many streams where the bridges were broken; they had passed so many burnt station-houses; such numbers of bare chimneys standing like monuments of ruined buildings;

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so many torn-up railway tracks; such a sameness in the desolated homes illuminating the way with fiery beacons telling of the enemy's destruction or their own, that Robert Challen almost felt he was traveling in a charmed circle—a weird tread-mill marked with horror, fire, and blood. The most cheering sound was the song of some escaped slaves, who had followed the raiders for many weary days and nights:

"Oh come, brethern, oh come, sisters,
We's agwine to bark in Freedom's boat;
The storm is a-ragin', the wind is a-roarin',
But Massa Linkum done keep us afloat.
Oh ye ho!—Massa Linkum's at the helm,
Shore's ye live, he'll keep ye afloat."

The fair spring day closed in a chill drizzling rain. The order was passed along the line to turn aside into the woods for the night. Some of the men stretched themselves on the wet ground, and soon lost all care in sleep. Some of the officers and men took shelter in a fine farm-house about half a mile from the road. It gleamed out white through the fine driving mist, and its lights twinkled with friendly ray, but the raiders met nothing else friendly save the negroes. Fear and horror seemed to have paralyzed the white members of the family. An old lady, ashen in complexion, with nervous, trembling hands and wandering eyes, met them on the piazza. Two daughters, one with a baby in her arms, scuttled out of the hall as the soldiers entered, while another frightened child hid its head in granny's skirts. A negro baby rolled over and over on the floor in great glee at the mêlée, and then climbed up by a drum, and soberly regarded the scene.

"I'm a pore woman," screamed the old lady, shrilly, "and a widder; some of yer fellers has been here already and cleaned me out. Yes, I reckon we'll all starve together, we're cleaned out, house and stock, bread an' bone. I hain't a loaf in the house."

At this dismal proclamation the child clinging to her forgot all fear of the soldiers in a greater terror, and shouted out, "What, granny, sha'n't we have any bread?"

Her mother appeared, and, dragging the inquisitive youngster hastily away, quenched her with an expressive whisper, "Hush, Ginsey; there's plenty in the barn."

The Colonel was gentlemanly and kind. He apologized for his men; but he made nevertheless a search for provisions for his exhausted troops, and found a tolerable supply of bread and flour in an out-building. Some one looking for fodder also found a goodly pile of hams.

Robert Challen, stretched out on the piazza, could not sleep. The gaunt horror of the war seemed to come near him this night. It looked him in the face with wide, mocking eyes; it breathed upon him with pestiferous breath; it froze his blood with a cold touch—hungrier than famine, crueler than death. Was he sinking from the heights of heroism to low notions of the war, thinking of those frightened women and the plundered house? Bah! the war must be; he had accepted it as a dire necessity; only the details, brought too near, sickened him. A baby's cry from within, and the mother's lullaby frozen to a moan, unmanned him. What then? This very house had sheltered the rebels; that child's father was captain in the enemy's ranks. Were we not merciful? He got up restlessly and paced the broad piazza. "For God and the right!" he muttered, his face taking a strange pallor in the misty light. Through what seas of blood, over what a fiery track of desolation, had God led his chosen children of old into the land of promise! We *were* merciful—it was mercy to strike hard, to strike at every point—it was cruelty to falter, to hesitate. He thought of rebel atrocities, of their tender mercies to prisoners in their hands; and at the thought came up a vision of one pathetic face—a boy's so young that the sunshine of childhood yet lay upon his curls—with hungry, wistful eyes looking at the bread he was too weak to eat. A returned prisoner—his mother's darling—only able to answer her agony with an almost idiotic smile, and to die starving amidst the plenty that came too late.

A moment after lurid tongues of flame leaped up into the dun air from some out-building, on which the hissing drops fell but did not quench the fire. The sleepy men did not stir, though the child screamed louder, and the old lady ordered out some of the negroes to fight the fire.

"An' look out for them air hosses," she whispered, not seeing Challen; "I'm afeard it's all up with 'em now. Ye couldn't mount one an' lead the other, an' be off to Compton's with 'em while they're all asleep, could ye, Syke?"

"No; couldn't, Misses, on no 'count," muttered the negro, sullenly; "dis nigger tinks a heap too much ob his life for dat air caper."

Robert Challen, stepping hastily back, with the soothing words unspoken which he had meditated administering to the old lady, found himself almost prostrated over something that lay curled up near the door-step. At first he thought it was the house-dog, and wondered that it did not bark; but the next moment he found it was the negro baby. Forgotten in the excitement, it had made itself comfortable, and now opened a pair of eyes like whortleberries smothered in milk—wide with wonder on his face.

"Why, Lor' bless one; is dat Chip? I clean forgot him, for sure." And a young mulatto seized the child, and shook the sleep out of him with a harsh hand.

She was a house-servant, Challen saw at a glance. She had a mincing, affected air, a tawny golden skin, sleepy black eyes, and hair glittering and crisply waved, but many degrees more amenable to laws than the despised wool of her darker companions. She wore a gay flounced dress, inherited from her young mistress, doubtless, and a pretty scarlet ribbon around her neck, the long bright ends of which Chip seized at once, when she took him in her arms.

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"Is it your child?" asked Challen, in surprise.

"Yes, he's mine, sure enough; little warmint, he wants to be eaten up by the bears an' lions—he does—the naughty fella—not to come to his mammy at de right time."

"What's his name? is it really Chip?"

"Lor', no, Massa; he name Scipio, but Marse John call him Chip—reckon cos he tink nigger babies (fore dey can work) 'bout like chips, or de rubbidge under his foot—den all dese no 'count niggers must foller de white folks's fashions for sure; and lasly, I'se 'bleeged to call de chile 'Chip' too, for fear he don know hisself."

The girl lingered still, as if something was left unsaid, and the three stood watching the fire, which had been "fought" successfully, and now cowered and hissed before its conquerors. Now and then starry drifts floated up gayly, in glad release from the bed of darkening coals that glowered fiercely below. Chip reached out fat fingers after those stars of gold. Challen looked at the freed sparks and black impotent embers with some vague thought of a servile race, long kept in darkness, springing into light; and he muttered:

"He rose a *man* who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God."

The girl looked around with a furtive glance, and drew nearer.

"Look a-heah, Massa; deys mighty big stories 'bout de Norf, I reckon."

"What stories?"

"Why, old Pate, de Bible preacher, he do say dat de Norf's de lan we's heerd 'bout a heap in de Bible—de lan flowin wid milk and honey. 'Pears to me mus be mighty onconvenient an' sticky if it was so; but s'pose he means ter say it's rich, sure enuff."

"Yes, it's rich, sure enough," echoed Challen.

"And black folks jes as good as white folks dar?"

"If they behave as well."

The girl walked away with a satisfied air; and Challen seeing the last of the sparks light up the murky night with a transient splendor, listening to the child's cry as it died into a wail, and then into silence, fell into a sound sleep.

They had been marching for miles the next day amidst emerald fields, where the waves of shadow went over the wheat, when Challen saw the mulatto girl not far from him, carrying a bundle of clothes on her head, and in her arms —Chip.

The mulatto woman Milly More, or, as she pronounced it, "Milly Mo," toiled on, with Chip in her arms and her hastily-snatched finery on her head. Sometimes she chatted gayly with any one who noticed her; sometimes she watched the gay pageant, with its floating banners and martial music and varied uniforms, winding in and out among the piny woods, till a gleam of barbaric delight came into the sleepy eyes and lit them up with a new fire. And somehow the silly thing felt as if all her future life was to be something like this—a grand procession—one in some splendid show; the toil, the drudgery, the servile fear were all behind. Every step she took made them further. She was just walking on to freedom, to happiness, to the realization of every longing of her untutored heart. Of course she did not express this even to herself; she had no words, and her longings were mean and puerile. You and I would despise them: perhaps only pictures of fine clothes and dainty fare haunted her sensuous vision—a paradise of dreamful ease in that charmed land, the North—a perpetual tea-party, with Lincoln himself handing round the cake and wine, perhaps. I must still beg pardon for using the white folks vocabulary to explain this state of the inner life, by saying that she had

"A longing for something afar
From the sphere of her sorrow;
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the day for the morrow."

But the sun grew fiercer in its beams; and Chip, now fast asleep in her arms, was no light weight. It was hard to keep up buoyant hope under such a burden. She wondered, in the ignoble depths of her selfish heart, why she had brought him after all. He would have been well enough off at home, and was too young yet to appreciate all those unknown blessings of freedom that dazzled her mind's eye; and like enough, in a year or two the war would be over, and every body free. But those fat hands clutching at her throat stirred something at her heart—the mother's instinct, overlaid with many gross and selfish thoughts, had some feeble life there, and she hugged the little one closer and went on with a quickened step. Why, it was one of the rights of her freedom to own that child and keep him—never to see him torn from her arms and sold into distant slavery.

But Milly Mo found the rose-colored visions paled somewhat the next morning, when, with stiff and aching limbs from a night spent on the damp ground, she once more started with her heavy burden. She was faint, too. One of the soldiers had given her a piece of hard tack, but that was all she had eaten for twenty-four hours. There is nothing like pain and hunger, as touchstones of character. Many a one, kind, generous, and sweet-tempered in health and plenty, grows mean and base in want and suffering. Poor trifling Milly Mo—unused to hardship though a slave, with no education in morals, and only the memory of some past rapture and the fervid snatches of an old hymn for religion—no wonder that she felt the kindly promptings of nature die out in her weak heart. Her mouth was parched, and a slow fever seemed to kindle in her blood, and creeping slowly through every sluggish vein, touched the torpid tide with stinging fire. Her languid eyes gleamed with a fierce light: a hungry, questioning look, as if she were searching vainly for her birth-right—for all that of which the iniquity of man had defrauded her.

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And yet, poor soul, she was only looking round for some little respite from deathly languor, which she soon found by slipping unobserved into an ambulance. In a few moments she was fast asleep, and Chip chattered and laughed unheard. But a loud voice suddenly shattered her dreams.

"Agin the rule, my good woman; I'm sorry to say it's agin the rule. Must keep the horses fresh for the wounded." Then pitying the girl's sleepy amazement, the kind-hearted Yankee explained: "Ye see, these here waggins is called ambulances. Nobody is ever allowed to ride in 'em but wounded folks. I guess ye're most tuckered out with that little chap, but ye must come out 'cordin' to orders."

Milly Mo came out with slow steps. Could it last much longer, this weary march? She would ask the kind-hearted man.

"How soon d'ye reckon this raid 'll be done?"

"Wa'al, I couldn't kalkerlate. It mought be over in three or four days, and then agin it moughtn't."

Three or four days! It might as well be eternity; for she could never, never live through three more such days. She put Chip down with a slow, uncertain movement, and tried to drag him on a little way; but his chubby feet soon faltered, and he stretched up his arms again, with a little pathetic cry, "Mammy, carry!" The girl lifted him again, with an articulate moan, and toiled on. Something tugged at her foolish little heart which she strove to stifle; some wild idea throbbed through her giddy brain. Clogs of lead were on her feet; she could not go on. And yet, to go back now—she well knew what that involved. She writhed with inward anguish at the thought. She had never been whipped but once; but the memory of it throbbed through her now like a living pain, till her whole body seemed to beat as one pulse. And she was a coward, this girl, as most base and servile natures are. Ah, how the child clung to her—this clog that was dragging her back to her hated life! He would never let her be free; his twining arms were only one more link in the chain of her slavery.

The wild idea grew clearer in her foggy and bewildered brain. They could never *both* be saved; they could not both walk together beneath the cloudless skies of that promised land; if not both, then one; for she could *not* go back. She unloosed the clasping arms as the thought grew clearer with trembling, unsteady hands, and some kind of prayer to whatever God she had to keep the boy from harm. She had to choose quickly now between her child and freedom. She put him softly down by the side of the road with some blundering touch of fondness, and slipped stealthily away, with the echo of his piteous call in her ears. It was a horrible thing, was it not? and it is no fiction.

Chip looked about him with slowly-wondering eyes, the sobs frozen into silence by the dawning of a new surprise that kept him like a statue on the very spot where he had been left. Balancing his tottering feet by holding up by the fence with frightened grasp, he looked at the gay pageant as it defiled slowly along. It was a pathetic sight indeed, that little waif, cast so utterly adrift, holding himself up with uncertain hands, while the column marched by, and gazing through his tears with some sort of delight at the show. Perhaps some memory of little faltering feet and clasping hands like those at home touched many a manly heart; for though the raid closed with a sharp battle, and here and there a gallant head was laid low, the soldiers said that nothing in the course of the whole march had so affected them as that little child forlornly holding himself up by the fence, so unconscious of his forsaken fate, pleased amidst his tears at the gay cavalcade that was marching by to leave him to starvation and, it might be, death.

When Robert Challen saw him he threw the reins over his horse's neck and jumped down. Chip reached out his hands with a knowing look, as if he recognized a friend, and the next moment he was clasped in the kindly arms and borne along in safety. It was dusk before they reached any house, and even then the soldiers were not allowed to rest. Orders for a night march were received; but Challen found time to commend his little charge to a kind-looking woman, with the accompaniment of some money and the promise of more. Poor little Chip clung in terror to his last friend, and Challen felt a sharp pang as he unloosed the clasping hands and left him to his fate. Yes, weak as it may seem, something like a tear came to his eyes as he left that negro baby. I believe he could not have felt more if the child had been white as a snow-drift.

The recreant Milly Mo was once more seen. It was high noon. The golden light infiltrated through rippling leaves poured its splendor on the ranks, and made a glittering to a distant stream. With faces set and pale they came now—for there was a rumor that the enemy lay concealed in the shelter of that bridge—and a sharp firing soon quickened horse and rider as if they were one. The pieces were soon in position, and answered with sharp and significant response to the enemy's challenge. Then the clear air was shattered with quick cries, the thunder of the guns, curses, groans. Robert Challen, in the heat of the conflict, was aware of two scenes in the shifting panorama that could never be forgotten. The negroes, new to the chances of war, were wild with terror, expecting, if taken, to be certainly hung, as promised by their gentle masters; so they plunged frantically into the water on every side to ford the creek below the place where the enemy was hidden. The shrieks of the women and their woeful faces amidst the seething, struggling crowd, the hissing shot that fell among them giving to some in a moment God's peace instead of torment, was pitiful to behold. But more pitiful than death was the blank despair, rigid and stony as death, but not so peaceful,

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which came upon those who fell prisoners into the enemy's hands. Some who had followed the raid through all its weary course, with the hope of freedom, lost all hope now. *One* who had given all for that hope, even her own flesh and blood, found the illusion vanish in the sulphurous smoke. Yes; Milly Mo stretched out frantic hands, her great pathetic eyes, where hope lay dead, aimlessly wandering in their gaze, her quivering lips vainly trying to syllable her child's name. Had she staked her child—nay more, her soul's salvation—in that child-forsaking, God-forsaking sin, for the sake of freedom, and lost? Ay, it may be lost, because of the sin; for the noble end does not justify the vile means with the Eternal God.

When next Robert took Posey's fresh little hand in his he said, "I have come back without the laurels, Posey; I haven't even a bird."

"Ah yes! But Captain Meade was with us last night, and we know all about you, Sir."

"All my failings?"

"Yes; he said, for a steady, reliable, truly courageous fellow, give him you. But, Robert," she continued, nestling closer to him as she spoke, "I believe I love you better for taking up that forlorn little negro baby in your arms and carrying him to a place—better than for any thing else. I shall always believe and maintain that the bravest are the tenderest. You must get that child some time."

"So, Miss Posey, you despise my laurels, which have been growing rapidly for the last few moments, and prefer a 'Chip.'"

"Even so, Robert, and I want that very 'Chip' for my wedding present."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 9th of June. It includes the surrender of the remaining armies of the Confederacy, the capture of the principal members of the late Confederate Government, and furnishes indications of the policy of the administration of President Johnson.

The surrender of Johnston's army took place on the 26th of April, not on the 29th, as erroneously printed in our last Record. General Johnston states that on that day the returns showed that his whole force of infantry and artillery, present and absent, was 70,510, only 18,578 being present, of whom 14,179 were effective, besides which there were 2000 or 3000 cavalry. Twenty days before (April 6) Sherman estimated that Johnston had with him, "well in hand," 35,000 infantry and artillery, and from 6000 to 10,000 cavalry. In the interval three-fourths of his army had scattered. Many of these, however, came back and took the prescribed parole. The whole number paroled by General Hartsuff was fully 30,000; among these were "Generals" Johnston and Beauregard; "Lieutenant-Generals" Hardee, Stewart, and S. D. Lee; "Major-Generals" Lomax, Butler, Brown, Hoke, Cheatham, Loring, Walthal, Anderson, Hill, and Stevenson, with their respective staffs; and Rear-Admiral Semmes, having the rank of Brigadier-General. Besides the foregoing, the surrender of Johnston included those of all the Army of the Tennessee, which were made by the various officers actually in command of different portions. Johnston, in announcing to his army the terms of surrender, said that "the object of the convention is pacification, to the extent of the authority of the commanders who made it. Events in Virginia, which broke every hope of success by war, imposed on its General the duty of sparing the blood of this gallant army, and saving our country from further devastation, and our people from ruin." In his farewell address, he exhorted his soldiers to "discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens to the powers as well as you have performed the duties of soldiers in the field."——General Sherman, in his report, presents an elaborate and wholly successful justification of his course in entering upon the convention with Johnston, which was disavowed by the Government. The essential points are that in their first interview Johnston acknowledged that the Confederate cause was lost, and that every life sacrificed after Lee's surrender was the highest possible crime; that the terms granted to Lee were magnanimous; but that he wished, in addition, some general concessions that would enable him to control his followers until they could be got back to the neighborhood of their homes, thereby saving North Carolina from the devastation which would result from turning the men loose and unprovided, and by the pursuit of these scattered bodies through the State. All of Sherman's generals were in favor of his granting, as far as lay in his power, such concessions. At the next meeting Johnston satisfied him that he had power to disband all the Confederate armies, as well as those under his own immediate command. What he especially dreaded was that the States would be dismembered and deprived of any political existence, and that the absolute disarming of his men would leave the South powerless and exposed to the depredations of assassins and robbers. Sherman believed that in granting concessions which would provide against these evils he was acting in accordance with the policy of the President; and when, in the midst of the negotiations, he received intelligence of the murder of Lincoln, he saw no good reason to change his course, but thought to manifest his respect for his memory by following, in a case where the interests of living millions were concerned, the policy which he thought Lincoln would have approved, or at least not rejected with disdain. In any case, he adds, "The memorandum" was expressly, on its very face, "a mere basis for reference to the President, to enable him, if he chose, at one blow to dissipate the power of the Confederacy which had threatened the national safety for years. It admitted of modification, alteration, and change. It had no appearance of an ultimatum, and by no false reasoning can it be construed into a usurpation of powers on my part." General Sherman speaks indignantly of the harsh manner in which this basis was set aside by the Government, con-

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trasting it with the conduct of Grant, who, having been ordered to direct military movements, kept the operations in the hands of Sherman; gave him the honor of concluding the final negotiations with Johnston, and of receiving his surrender. "There," says Sherman, "was surrendered to us the second great army of the so-called Confederacy; and although undue importance has been given to the so-called negotiations which preceded it, and a rebuke and public disfavor cast upon me wholly unwarranted by the facts, I rejoice in saying that it was accomplished without further ruin and devastation to the country; without the loss of a single life to the gallant men who had followed me from the Mississippi to the Atlantic; and without subjecting brave men to the ungracious task of pursuing a fleeing foe who did not want to fight. As for myself, I know my motives, and challenge the instance during the last four years, when an armed and defiant foe stood before me, that I did not go in for a fight; and I would blush for shame if I had ever insulted or struck a fallen foe. I still adhere to my then opinions, that by a few general concessions—'glittering generalities'—all of which must and will be conceded to the organized States of the South, there would not be this day an armed battalion opposed to us within the broad area of the dominions of the United States."

This report was dated on the 9th of May. Sherman could not then know how near the time was when no army of the Confederacy should exist. Five days before, though the tidings had not yet arrived, General Richard Taylor—commonly known as Dick Taylor—surrendered to General Canby all "the forces, munitions of war, etc., in the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana." The negotiations for this surrender took place at Citronelle, Alabama, on the 4th of May. The terms were essentially the same as those accorded to Johnston: officers and men to be paroled until duly exchanged or otherwise released by the United States; officers to give their individual paroles; commanders of regiments and companies to sign paroles for their men; arms and munitions to be given up to the United States; officers and men to be allowed to return to their homes, and not to be molested so long as they kept their paroles, and obeyed the laws where they reside, but persons resident in Northern States not to return without permission; officers to be allowed to retain their side-arms, private horses, and baggage; horses, the private property of enlisted men, not to be taken from them, but they to be allowed to retain them for private purposes only: as was to be expected, every horse worth any thing was shown to be private property. This surrender virtually involved that of the Confederate vessels blockaded in the Tombigbee River. These, numbering twelve, were formally given up at the same time to Admiral Thacher, of the Western Gulf Squadron.

Thus before the close of the first week in May the entire Confederate force east of the Mississippi had been formally surrendered. But beyond the great river, in Western Louisiana and Texas, was a large rebel force under General E. Kirby Smith. The war had hardly reached this vast region, and the general result there had been unfavorable to the Union cause. The country was ill adapted for the advance of an invading army. Smith was reported to have from 20,000 to 50,000 or even 80,000 men. To these, it was thought, might be added all the Southern population who should refuse to accept the terms of surrender given to Lee, Johnston, and Taylor. It was thought that an irregular warfare might be waged there for years, until the energies of the Union should be worn out. By the 20th of April Kirby Smith had learned of the surrender of Lee's army. From his head-quarters at Shreveport he addressed on the 21st a flaming general order to his troops:

"Soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi Army," he said, "the crisis of our revolution is at hand. Great disasters have overtaken us. The army of Northern Virginia and our Commander-in-Chief are prisoners of war. With you rest the hopes of our nation....You possess the means of long resisting invasion. You have hopes of succor from abroad. Protract the struggle, and you will surely receive the aid of nations who already deeply sympathize with you. The great resources of the Department, its vast extent, the numbers, discipline, and the efficiency of the army, will secure to our country terms that a proud people can with honor accept, and may, under the providence of God, be the means of checking the triumph of our enemy, and securing the final success of our cause."

Five days later, when the tidings of the assassination of Lincoln had arrived, a mass meeting assembled at Shreveport. Among those present were Kirby Smith, Price, and Buckner, with a brace of nominal Governors, Allen of Louisiana, and Reynolds of Missouri. Colonel Flournoy delivered an oration eulogizing Booth, and comparing him with Brutus, the slayer of Cæsar. Just two days before, April 24, a great war meeting was held at Houston, Texas, whereat General J. Bankhead Magruder made a speech. To this Magruder the Confederacy owed much. His obstinate defense of the lines at Yorktown, four years before, had saved the Confederacy. At the Houston meeting Magruder declared that he was not at all discouraged at the present position of affairs; he would at all events "rather be a Camanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankeedom." A week thereafter the citizens of Washington County, Texas, submitted to Magruder a proposition that every white male over the age of thirteen years should be called into the army; that every male slave should be brought in with his master; and that every white female should be provided with arms. Magruder thought the plan, with sundry amendments, worthy of his cordial support. Plans and resolutions of this sort were rife in Texas late in April and early in May. At a meeting in Richmond County, on the 8th of May, it was unanimously resolved that "to the 80,000 veteran soldiers now in the Trans-Mississippi Department we ought to add at once 30,000 new recruits, and at least 30,000 negro auxiliaries; and that with this force, well-fed and well-clothed, and under the protection of God and the leadership of Smith and Magruder, we can not be conquered in Texas." Smith's head-quarters were in the Red River region. His force, evidently much less than had been supposed, was wasting away by desertion, and received few accessions from across the Mississippi. On the 23d of May he sent officers to General Canby, at Baton Rouge, to negotiate terms of surrender; these were agreed upon on the 26th—General Buckner, whose surrender of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, was the first of the great series of Unions victories, being one of the commissioners for Smith. The terms were the same as those accorded to Taylor.——The last action in the war appears to have been a skirmish, on the 13th of May, near Brazos, in Western Texas. Colonel Barret had two days before set out from Brazos to seize a rebel camp a few miles distant, and to secure horses and cattle. The camp was seized, but before a return could be effected

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Slaughter, the Confederate commander of the district, made an attack upon the party, and drove it back to Brazos, with a loss of from 10 to 15 in killed and wounded, and 50 or 60 prisoners. Slaughter reports that he killed and wounded 30, and captured 80, his own loss being four or five severely wounded.

Jefferson Davis, having left Richmond on the 2d of April, issued on the 5th his Danville proclamation declaring that, if forced to abandon Virginia, he would soon return, repeated the declaration at various other places; but finding that Johnston must surrender, he set off southward from North Carolina, escorted by a large cavalry force, and having with him a considerable amount of specie. Leaving the neighborhood of Raleigh about the 20th of April, the company, among whom were Breckinridge, Benjamin, Trenholm, and Reagan, members of the Cabinet, pushed on rapidly, outstripping Stoneman's force, which was at the beginning close upon them. We catch glimpses, more or less authentic, of them at Charlotte, South Carolina, on the 25th, where Davis made a speech reiterating his purpose soon to return at the head of a large army; at Yorkville on the 28th; at Powelton, in Central Georgia on the 5th of May. But between them and the Mississippi lay Wilson's cavalry, whose headquarters were at Macon. They were dispersed so as to guard every avenue of escape. The party with Davis now appears to have broken up; the greater portion of the specie was divided among the military escort, which scattered. The members of the Cabinet fled by different routes. There remained with Davis only his own family, some members of his personal staff, and Postmaster-General Reagan. This small company now headed toward the coast, moving slowly, and with evident uncertainty, through the pine-woods of the region. On the 7th Colonel Harden, of the First Wisconsin, struck the trail of Davis, who had only five wagons and three ambulances. Harden soon met Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan, with 150 picked men and horses. Harden followed the trail, while Pritchard pushed on by a different route to intercept the fugitives at Irwinville. He reached this place at midnight on the 9th, and learned that Davis was encamped two miles out of town. Before daylight Pritchard had quietly surrounded the camp. Harden meanwhile had followed the trail until it became undistinguishable in the darkness. He then encamped, as it proved, within two miles of the fugitives. Before daylight he was again on the march. He had hardly gone a mile when he encountered Pritchard's pickets, who fired upon his men; the fire was returned, each party thinking the other to be enemies. Two of the Michigan regiment were killed, one wounded, and four of the Wisconsin regiment wounded, before the error was discovered. The firing aroused the pursued, who found themselves surrounded. A woman came from one of the tents, and asked that the females within might have time to dress. This was granted. In a short time three persons, apparently women, appeared at the entrance to the tent. One, who seemed quite infirm, had on a long cloak, a shawl muffled over the face, and a tin kettle upon the arm. The others asked that their poor old mother might be allowed to go to the spring for water. A sharp-eyed trooper detected a pair of heavy boots below the cloak. After a scene somewhat variously described, the person was arrested, and proved to be Jefferson Davis. The whole company, consisting of Davis, wife, niece, and children, Reagan, and a few persons of no special note, were captured, brought to Macon, thence taken to Hilton Head, whence they were sent by steamer to Fortress Monroe. With them were Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President, who had been arrested at his residence, and Clement C. Clay, once United States Senator from Alabama, afterward Confederate Senator, and subsequently one of the Confederate agents in Canada. Not long ago Clay returned to the South. He is one of those charged by the President's proclamation of May 2 with complicity in the plot to murder Mr. Lincoln, and a reward of $25,000 was offered for his apprehension. He surrendered himself voluntarily to General Wilson, being, he said, "confident of my entire vindication from so foul an imputation upon the full and impartial trial which I expect to receive."

The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia on the 23d of May brought in a bill of indictment against Davis for treason. The bill, which is couched in the most verbose legal phraseology, would occupy quite two pages of this Record. Its substance is, that "Jefferson Davis, late of the County of Henrico, in the State of Virginia, yeoman, being an inhabitant and resident within the United States of America, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil," etc., "on the first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, at the County of Henrico aforesaid, in the State of Virginia aforesaid, with force and arms, unlawfully, falsely, maliciously, and traitorously, did compass, imagine, and intend to raise, levy, and carry on war, insurrection, and rebellion against the said United States of America;" and that thereafter, "to wit, on the twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, the insurgents and false traitors, to the number of twenty thousand persons and upward," in obedience to the order of Jefferson Davis, who was recognized as their leader did, "with drums and colors, with horses, mules, ambulances, and wagons, with cannon, muskets, carbines, pistols, swords, cutlasses, powder, shot, shells, cartridges, percussion-caps, bullets, and with other warlike weapons, and with provisions, to wit: flour, cornmeal, pork, bacon, beef, beans, and other provisions, provided, supplied, and furnished by the said Jefferson Davis, attack, assault, and make war upon a certain fort of the United States of America called Fort Stevens," in the District of Columbia, and did kill and wound some five hundred of the troops of the United States and other persons. Stripped of legal verbiage and circumlocution, this Grand Jury merely indicted Davis for the invasion of the District in July, 1864. If he is tried under this indictment, the trial will take place in the District Court for the District of Columbia, whose next session is in September. Meanwhile he remains in close custody at Fortress Monroe.

Several persons charged with complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, the attempted murder of Seward, and the proposed killing of Johnson and Grant, have been on trial at Washington before a military court, presided over by General Hunter. J. Wilkes Booth was charged as principal, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, William C. Cleary, and other Confederate agents in Canada, as instigators of the crime. The trial commenced on the 10th of May, and was conducted in secret for three days. During this time the main evi-

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dence against Davis and the agents resident in Canada was brought forward. The principal witness was Sanford Conover, who represented himself as a native of New York, but resident in South Carolina when the rebellion broke out. He was conscripted into the army, but detailed as a clerk in the War Office, and afterward sent to Canada on special service, where he was in the confidence of Thompson and the other Confederate agents. He was also a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and claims to have furnished information which led to the frustration of several plots. He was also engaged as bearer of dispatches between the agents in Canada and the authorities at Richmond, but previously to delivering them placed them in the hands of the Government at Washington. His testimony, if it is to be believed, clearly shows that all the parties named were engaged not only in the plot for murder, but in plots to burn the cities of the North, destroy the Croton Water-works at New York, introduce yellow-fever into the country by means of infected clothing brought from Nassau, and so on. He was confirmed by James B. Merrit, a physician in Canada. Both swore positively that the assassination was a matter of common conversation, and that they knew Booth and Payne to be on intimate terms with the rebel agents. Much incidental testimony bearing upon the subject was introduced during the whole course of the trial. We have already noted that nearly all of the agents in Canada expressly deny any connection with or knowledge of the plot, and that Clay has surrendered himself for personal trial.

After the first three days the trial was held in public. The persons actually on trial, with the specific charges against them, are these: Louis Payne, the attempt to murder Mr. Seward and others; David C. Harold, assisting Booth in the assassination of the President, and aiding his escape; Edward Spangler, an attaché of Ford's Theatre, aiding Booth in the act, and assisting him to escape from the theatre; J. W. Atzerott, design to murder Vice-President Johnson; Michael O'Loughlin, design to murder General Grant; Samuel Arnold, Samuel Mudd, and Mary Surratt, aid and assistance to some or all the others in carrying out their designs, and in concealing them after its commission. Against Payne, whose true name is said to be Powell, formerly of Florida, the evidence is clear. He is positively identified as the person who made the attack upon Mr. Seward. His counsel merely put in a plea of "moral insanity." The case against Harold is equally clear. He waited for Booth outside the theatre, accompanied him in his flight, and was taken with him. The defense in his case is that he was a foolish youth of twenty-three, vain of being admitted to the intimacy of Booth, ready to follow him every where, but too silly and trifling to have been intrusted with the secret of the plot. Spangler was shown to have been a sort of general servant to Booth, taking care of his horse, and doing errands for him. The evidence is strong that he directly aided Booth to make his escape from the theatre after the murder. With respect to the others the evidence thus far is less definite. The main points against Mudd are that he was personally acquainted with Booth before the murder, and that he set his leg, knowing who he was, and then aided him to escape. Against Mrs. Surratt, the chief points are that Booth, Payne, and Atzerott were more or less intimate at her house, and that when Payne came there after the attempt upon Mr. Seward, she denied knowing him. It also appears that her son John H. Surratt, who has not been arrested, was deeply implicated in the plot. The proof against Arnold and Atzerott appears to be less definite. But of this we can not pronounce positively until the close of the trial.

The policy of the Administration toward individuals in the lately insurgent States is clearly indicated by the President's proclamation of amnesty, of the 29th of May. It refers to Lincoln's amnesty proclamations of December 8, 1863, and March 26, 1864; states that many persons who had been engaged in the rebellion had failed to take the benefits then offered; that many who had thereby been justly deprived of all claims to amnesty were now desirous of obtaining amnesty and pardon. It then proceeds to declare that:

To the end, therefore, that the authority of the Government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order, and freedom may be re-established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do proclaim and declare that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, amnesty and pardon, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion have been instituted; but on the condition, nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit:

"I, ——— ———, do solemnly swear, or affirm, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves, so help me God."

The following classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:

1. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents, of the pretended Confederate Government.
2. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.
3. All who shall have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy.
4. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.
5. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.
6. All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war persons found in the United States service as officers, soldiers, seamen, or in other capacities.
7. All persons who have been or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.
8. All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government in the Military Academy at West Point or the United States Naval Academy.
9. All persons who held the pretended offices of Governors of States in insurrection against the United States.
10. All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States, for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.
11. All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.
12. All persons who, at the time when they seek to obtain the benefits hereof by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval, or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military, or naval authorities or agents of the United States as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offenses of any kind either before or after conviction.
13. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars.

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14. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8, A.D. 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, and who have not thenceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate.

Provided, that special application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case and the peace and dignity of the United States.

This proclamation, as far as the sixth class of exceptions, is nearly in the words of Lincoln's amnesty proclamations; the remaining exceptions are additional. It makes also no mention of Lincoln's suggestions for the reorganization of State Governments in the insurgent States. The policy of Mr. Johnson in respect to these is indicated in another proclamation, also issued on the 29th of May, in relation to the State of North Carolina. It recites that the Constitution the United States guarantees to every State a republican form of government, and protection against invasion and domestic violence—that it is the duty of the President to take care that the laws be faithfully executed—that the rebellion has deprived the people of North Carolina of all civil government—that therefore, in order to enable the loyal people of the State to organize a State Government, William W. Holden is appointed Provisional Governor, whose duty it shall be as early as possible to make regulations enabling the loyal citizens of the State to elect delegates to a Convention for the purpose of forming a Constitution. No person to be a delegate, or to vote for delegates, unless he shall have taken the oath required in the proclamation of amnesty, and shall also be a voter according to the laws of the State existing before the date of the act of secession; this Convention, or the Legislature to be thereafter assembled, to prescribe the qualifications of electors and the eligibility of persons to hold office—"a power the people of the several States composing the Federal Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the Government to the present time." The military and naval authorities are directed to assist the Provisional Governor in carrying this proclamation into effect, and in no way to hinder the loyal people of the State from thus organizing a State Government. The heads of the different Departments of the General Government are directed to put into operation the laws of the United States pertaining to their departments. The Secretary of the Treasury to appoint collectors of taxes and customs; the Postmaster-General to establish postal routes and appoint postmasters, the preference to be given to loyal residents of the State; but if none such are found in any district, then persons from other States to be appointed; the District Judge to hold courts, and the Attorney-General to bring suits for confiscation and sale, and so on. This proclamation wholly ignores the existence of the rebel State Government, and, moreover, impliedly defines the position of the Administration in respect to the *status* of the freedmen. They can not vote for delegates to the Convention; and it is not to be supposed that this body thus chosen will accord to them the right of suffrage.

For some months serious apprehensions were felt in consequence of the *Stonewall*, a powerful iron-clad ram. The vessel was built at Bordeaux for the Danish Government; but not having been finished in time was not accepted, and was purchased by the Confederates, equipped and sent to sea under the command of Captain Thomas J. Page, once of the United States Navy, known as commander of the La Plata Expedition, and as the author of a valuable work describing that expedition. She was fully iron-clad, bore two 70-pound and one 300-pound gun, and, moreover, was provided with a formidable ram. She was reported to have great speed. For some time she lay in the Spanish port of Ferrol, watched from a neighboring port by the United States Steamers *Niagara* and *Sacramento*. An action was expected when she should put to sea. In smooth water it was thought she would be an overmatch for her antagonists. At length she put to sea and reached the port of Lisbon, followed by the American steamers. She was ordered to leave in twenty-four hours, and the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* were obliged by maritime law to remain in port until she had twenty-four hours' start. Owing to a misunderstanding our vessels were fired upon from the Portuguese fort, but amends were made. The *Stonewall* stood across the Atlantic, reached Nassau, and then steamed for Havana. Here she found tidings of the overthrow of the Confederacy, and Page delivered his vessel to the Spanish authorities "on deposit" for whom it might concern. The *Stonewall* has been claimed by the United States.

Measures are being taken to reduce the army, the navy, and the public expenditures to the limits of what will probably be for some time the peace establishment.

The military divisions, as organized, are—(1.) *The Atlantic*, including the Departments of the East, Pennsylvania, Middle Virginia, North and South Carolina: to be commanded by General Meade; head-quarters at Philadelphia.—(2.) *The Mississippi*, including the Departments of Ohio, the Northwest, Missouri, Arkansas: to be commanded by General Sherman; head-quarters at St. Louis.—(3.) *The Tennessee*, including the Departments of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida: to be commanded by General Thomas; head-quarters at Nashville.—(4.) *The Southwest*, including Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona: to be commanded by General Sheridan; head-quarters at New Orleans.—(5.) *The Pacific:* to be commanded by General Halleck; head-quarters at San Francisco.

By an order, dated June 6, all prisoners of war in the dépôts at the North, upon taking the oath of allegiance, are to be discharged, except officers of the army above the grade of captain, and of the navy above that of lieutenant, and those who have graduated at the Military or Naval Academy, and those who at the breaking out of the rebellion held commissions in the army or navy of the United States. The commanders of the prison dépôts are to discharge each day as many of the prisoners as can be included in the rolls properly made out, beginning with those who have been longest in confinement and those who have the farthest to go. Transportation to be furnished to released prisoners to the nearest accessible point to their homes by steamboat or rail. After their release those who desire may take the oath of amnesty. When the privates and lower officers have been discharged, regulations will be issued in respect to the discharge of officers above the rank of captain in the army or lieutenant in the navy.

The entire amount of public debt on the 31st of May is stated by the Secretary of the Treasury to have been $2,635,205,753; the interest upon which is $124,638,874—about one half payable in gold, the remainder in lawful money.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE victorious armies have marched home and into history. The two days' review at the end of May was a spectacle not likely to be forgotten by those who saw it or did not see it. It belonged to that series of events for which there is no precedent, because there was never before a continental and triumphant republic. Like every remarkable occurrence in these remarkable days of ours, the disbanding of the armies of the East and West, and their quiet absorption into the mass of the people, is a spectacle which adds another illustration to the extreme practicability of a popular government. Usually the return of a victorious army is dreaded by its country somewhat as its advance is by the enemy, and governments provide other wars to employ it. But our men are citizens who have been defending their own rights. It is their own government they have been maintaining. The endeavor to represent the Government as a power different from the people and dangerous to their liberties has failed several times during the war, and will always fail so long as the broadest base of the Government is jealously guarded. And nothing is more honorable to human nature, nothing so fully vindicates the wisdom of our institutions and the faith which supports them, than that during this civil war, of which the event seemed sometimes doubtful, there has not been even the suspicion of a desire upon the part of any popular General to seize power or to dictate to the authorities. Indeed, in the only instance in which such a whisper was breathed the suggestion was known to come from the politicians who surrounded the General, and not from himself.

The review itself was, according to all reports, a noble sight. The Army of the Potomac, which, often baffled, at last struck the crowning blow of the war, and the Army of the West, whose history is immortal, poured through the Capital amidst the shouts and exultation of thousands of spectators, and marched, with the inspiring clash and peal of martial music, before the President, the Lieutenant-General, and the notable civilians all the day. The Western army had with them the spoils of war. Large red roosters and fighting-cocks tied on to the backs of mules. Cows, donkeys, and goats came also. The army moved as if Washington were but a village upon the road of its march through Georgia or the Carolinas. The critical spectators thought they observed that the Western men were of finer physique and more entirely American, and the Eastern of a stricter military drill. The slouched hat was worn by officers and men of the West; the French *kepi* by the more showy Eastern officers. Sherman himself, the hero of the magnificent campaign which the Richmond papers said was merely the flight of an arrow through the air—but which literally pierced the rebellion to the heart—was saluted with the grandest acclamation. History will rank him with the really great soldiers. His men are very proud of him—how could they help it?—and if for a moment there was wonder at his arrangements with Johnston, there is no man now so poor as to doubt his sincerity or question his patriotism.

It would have been pleasant if, with the other heroes, the eager, proud crowd could have seen General Thomas, the soldier who, by indomitable tenacity, saved the day at Chickamauga and destroyed the rebel army before Nashville. But he was on duty elsewhere.

As the armies passed it must have been impossible to forget—as in reading of the spectacle we constantly remember—the disbanding of the army of the Revolution. The soldiers at the review are only a part of the men now in arms, yet they were about two hundred thousand. Since the war began there have been many more than a million in the armies. During the Revolution, as we learn from Professor G. W. Greene's lately published and very interesting volume upon the Revolution, there were altogether in service but 231,791 regulars of the Continental army, and 56,163 of the militia; and the sufferings of that earlier army are not to be described. "During the first winter soldiers thought it hard that they often had nothing to cook their food with; but they found before its close that it was harder still to have nothing to cook. Few Americans had ever known what it was to suffer for want of clothing; but thousands, as the war went on, saw their garments falling by piecemeal from around them, till scarce a shred remained to cover their nakedness. They made long marches without shoes, staining the frozen ground with the blood from their feet. They fought battles with guns that were hardly safe to bear a half charge of powder. They fought, or marched, or worked on intrenchments all day, and laid them down at night with but one blanket to three men."

Mr. Greene tells us that the condition of the officers was scarcely better than that of the men. "They too had suffered cold and hunger; they too had been compelled to do duty without sufficient clothing; to march and watch and fight without sufficient food. We are told of a dinner at which no officer was admitted who had a whole pair of pantaloons, and of all the invited there was not one who did not fully establish his claims to admission."

The treatment of the army of the Revolution by the Continental Congress was unworthy the fame of that body which Lord Chatham so loftily praised to Dr. Franklin. The army was disbanded stealthily, "as if the nation were afraid to look their deliverers in the face. All through the spring and summer of 1783 furloughs were granted freely, and the ranks gradually thinned. Then on the 18th of October a final proclamation was issued fixing the 3d of November for their absolute discharge. On the 2d of November Washington issued his final orders to his troops from Rocky Hill, near Princeton. On the 3d they were disbanded. There was no formal leave-taking. Each regiment, each company went as it chose. Men who had stood side by side in battle, who had shared the same tent in summer, the same hut in winter, parted never to meet again. Some still had homes, and therefore definite hopes. But hundreds knew not whither to go.... For a few days the streets and taverns were crowded. For weeks soldiers were to be seen on every road, or lingering bewildered about public places, like men who were at a loss what to do with themselves. There were no ovations for them as

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they came back, toil-worn before their time, to the places which had once known them; no ringing of bells; no eager opening of hospitable doors. The country was tired of the war; tired of the sound of drum and fife; anxious to get back to sowing and reaping, to buying and selling, to town meetings and general elections."

These were the veterans of one of the most glorious and important wars in the progress of the race. Yet the men who were so unhandsomely suffered to depart from the service were also grudgingly paid when they were released. "Their claims were disputed inch by inch. Money which should have been given cheerfully as a righteous debt was doled out with a reluctant hand as a degrading charity."

It is refreshing to turn from this melancholy page of the historian to the newspaper of to-day and read that the men who have received the jubilant ovation of the review are not only to be paid in full and at once, as the most sacred of national debts, but that the most strenuous efforts will be made to employ them by preference in the public offices for which they may be fitted, while private persons will bear in mind the same just and generous purpose. Indeed there is no forgetfulness of the soldiers to-day. The sense of their vital service to the country is universal and commanding. They will be honored heroes while they live, and our children shall be proud that we cherished them.

It is not easy even yet, although the victors have returned and are disbanded, fully to comprehend that the war is over and the country saved. But it is so, and the living and the dead are joined in a glorious remembrance. How many an eye must have grown dim swimming in tears as it gazed upon the splendid pageant, because of the brave and beautiful who had shared the peril and the long, long doubt and struggle, but not the triumph of victory and return! The victory is won; the country saved; but at what inestimable cost! Four years ago Theodore Winthrop fell at Great Bethel, on a summer morning, and those who loved him learned that war had begun. Three years ago on a winter evening Joseph Curtis sank dead from his horse at Fredericksburg, and Theodore Parkman perished at Kingston on an autumn day. Two years ago on a soft midsummer night Robert Shaw fell on the rampart of Wagner, and was "buried with his niggers." Eight months ago in the Shenandoah Valley Charles Lowell died at Cedar Creek in the very shock of victory. They were five only, all young, and they gave gladly for us all that makes life dear and beautiful. Yet how many as young and brave and beloved as they have died like them, and like them are remembered and mourned? They, too, let us believe, smile still above us, and bend over us with serene joy in this happy time. Let their sweet memory hallow our jubilee! Let us take care that our lives are worthy their glorious deaths!

HERE is one last letter from the field:

"IN BIVOUAC, SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD, *April* —, 1865.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Welcome me, I pray thee.

"I am not come to show you the last cantos of my immortal epic; nor to curse you for not printing the outpourings of a broken heart, done in verse and addressed to the 'False One,' nor yet again to upbraid you for publishing the poem of Toots on the 'Pleasure of Nothing.' I have no light sketches, nor heavy essays; no 'Millinery Tales,' and no lame feet for inspection, save those caused by a march of twenty miles.

"Surely you will welcome me.

"What may my business be with this department? Listen and learn.

"I always had a very respectable opinion of you, Mr. Easy Chair. You appeared to me to be a sensible fellow with a 'fatal facility' for using a pen; I have held to this opinion through thick and thin even when assured by the stately Miss Julia Johnstone that your style was vulgar, and by my airy little friend, Rose Rosewater, that you hadn't a spark of sentiment in your great ugly soul.

"Without coinciding in the opinions of either of these ladies, I am bound to admit that I have lost, to some degree, my respect for you.

"It happened on the 3d day of April, A.D. 1865, quite early in the morning, probably before you were up.

"It happened thuswise:

"On the night of April 2d I was appointed officer of the guard—you know what that is, don't you? My regiment made one scale in Grant's anaconda—we garrisoned Fort Stedman (why don't the papers spell it right?).

"For three days we had lived in a shower of shot and shell. 'Cannon to right of us,' etc. We slept very little, but cheering news from all parts of the lines kept us wakeful and alert. At about one o'clock I saw a light. Had I been a New York fireman I should probably have given the alarm. I am not a fireman, so I watched the blaze which 'slowly reddened and grew bigger.' I knew full well where it came from. *Petersburg was on fire, and the enemy evacuating it.*

"I say, Easy Chair, were you ever so happy that you looked solemn, and stood stock-still, and lost yourself in wonder at how you could be so happy?

"Yes, do you say? Then let me tell you you never had such good cause for it as those weary soldiers who beheld the fullness of the harvest the seed whereof they had sowed nine months and fifteen days before.

"By-and-by two mortar-shells, like great fiery tear-drops, fell into our lines, and then all was silent.

"I have seen soldiers laugh death in the teeth and grow merry on the battle-field. But these same men were quiet now.

"White Hope and red Victory walked in the shadow of that April twilight, and we bent lowly, and held our peace, and whispered not even our heart-beatings that said, 'The day of your salvation is come.'

"But oh! there was another scene when the sun rose and we marched into the town. When we saw the old flag floating on the court-house and greeting our eyes at every turn then we cheered—*how* we cheered I shall not attempt to tell you—only, for your sake, I am glad it didn't occur in front of a certain building in Franklin Square, because the concussion would have broken the window-panes, and that plate-glass is valuable, you know.

"'The reliable gentleman' informs me that one man threw his hat so high that it lodged on the spire of the principal church.

"And after the first burst of joy was over we looked around a little more calmly. And we saw pale, ragged children begging for hard-tack, and care-worn women, prematurely old, with the great lines of grief drawn heavily on their sorrowful faces. Nor were these all. Here, there, every where, we were welcomed by the negroes. They stood on the corners and sung, 'Glory Hallelujah!'—they bowed respectfully and laughed boisterously; and one old man, whose black face and white head attracted my attention, raised his withered hand reverentially and said, 'God be praised! dis am de second coming of de Lord!'

"And while enjoying the glory of this victory I bethought me of those who knew nothing of it save what newspaper correspondents told them, and I thought of you as one of them, and pitied you, and pity breeds contempt, and—in the language of Captain Jack Bunsby—'hence.'

"C."

THE Easy Chair has received the following note, apparently from the conductor of whom he spoke in the March number. The note is without date or address:

"It appears to me that Easy Chair and 'Old Stock,' in the March and May numbers of *Harper's*, do not quite get at the motives and 'smartness' of Mr. C—— in informing the conductor of an exchange of tickets between Mr. A——

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and Mr. B—— on the evening train between Springfield and Boston.

"The train is advertised as express to reach Boston at a certain hour. The time is as short as it is considered safe to run the train; consequently delays occasioned by letting off passengers at way-stations can not be regained. Now Mr. C—— lives in the suburbs of the city, and knows (by experience) that one additional stop to let off a passenger costs him the loss of the horse-cars for an hour, if not for the night, and he must pay three or five dollars for a carriage or go to a hotel for the night. Mr. C—— is as anxious to reach his home as the passenger from Albany is to have the train stopped, that he may be with *his* family. Mr. C—— informs the conductor of the trick, and the train is not stopped. Mr. C——, *whose case is but one of many on the train*, reaches the station and his home without the loss of patience or money.

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, was it not proper, and really an act of kindness to *others* and of justice to himself, in Mr. C——, if he saw any imposition practiced on the conductor and on the rights of himself and his fellow-passengers, to thwart the success of 'such innocent strategy?'

"By this view of the affair it seems to me that the scales are turned, and it was 'mean' for the pretended New York passenger to delay the train and to gain his point, not only at the expense of Mr. C——, but of many others.

"The peremptory order to stop the train to let off passengers from New York only regulates the whims and small power of the conductor.

"Perhaps, Mr. Easy Chair, if you should happen on that train again, you may meet the fate of the man that struck 'Billy Patterson;' and if your correspondent had no fears that the withdrawal of his patronage would be fatal to the existence of *Harper's Monthly* he might be tempted to order that not another number be sent to the

"CONDUCTOR."

The reply to such a statement is obvious. If the time allotted for running the train is so short that safety does not permit the delay necessary to drop a passenger at a way station, it is as criminal to stop to drop a passenger from New York as from Albany. Yet "Conductor" says that the whims and small power of the conductor are regulated by a peremptory order to let off passengers from New York only. The inevitable conclusion is that the time does allow stoppages, or that any stoppage whatever is perilous. For if on Monday evening the train is not endangered by stopping to drop a passenger from New York, it can not risk much on Tuesday evening by stopping, let us say at the same time and the same place, to drop one from Albany. Such a "peremptory order" is the height of folly, for which, of course, the conductor is not responsible.

What the fate of the man who struck Billy Patterson might have been if he had ever been discovered, we do not know. But certainly "Conductor" ought to be very much obliged to the Easy Chair for having elicited the fact that the discrimination in favor of the New York passengers is not a caprice of the conductor, but is a regulation of the Company.

How the incident itself strikes others has been seen in one light in the communication of "Old Stock," in the May number. In the following note it may be seen in another:

"*To the Editor of the Easy Chair:*

"Your March number contained a deserved exposé of an act of meanness perpetrated in a Boston train, compelling a passenger to travel four miles in the cold, or remain away from his family all night. What sort of spirit could his fellow-passenger possess to derive *pleasure* in the discomfiture of a stranger, inoffensive to him, when no personal benefit could revert to himself or to the Company?

"The readers of your May number may be hardly less disposed to approve the apology of a defender, whose reasoning you very properly condemn, than the conduct of his client. The justification he assumes is that the passenger who tendered the exchanged New York ticket was guilty of a sort of constructive falsehood, and adds, that if 'such moral obliquities are condoned by Easy Chairs and other censors, our few existing ideas of moral right or wrong will be obliterated.'

"Perhaps the actor and his apologist may find in the following incident, related to me a few years ago, a theme for disquisition on the difference of moral duty and meanness conveyed in the story:

"On a stormy afternoon, some years ago, one of the Sound steamers, with a number of Boston passengers grouped around the gangway-plank, was about throwing off her hawser to depart from the pier, when a somewhat belated passenger, leading a child of some six years old by one hand, while his opposite arm held an infant, rushed upon the plank while it was being drawn aboard. By some accident the eldest boy let go his hold on his father's hand, slipped, and fell over into the rushing tide beneath. The parent's natural impulse was to jump in after the drowning one, to rescue him from a watery grave. Not a moment was to be lost *to him;* but he held on his other arm the infant child. Instantaneously reaching out his child to the group which stood by the guard, he exclaimed, 'Hold the baby, for God's sake! I'm a good swimmer, and will save my boy—only take my child till I come back!' *Not one* of the passengers stepped forward to proffer their protection, but several to whom the almost frantic father directly appealed *turned aside and walked off!* The innate promptings of their selfish natures suggested to their minds the chances of being saddled with a troublesome responsibility, if the father lost his own life in trying to save his drowning boy's.

"The boy's life was Providentially saved by a passing boatman, and restored to his relieved parent's embrace. That parent's withering words and looks dispersed from his sight those selfish souls for the rest of that trip.

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, do you believe that one among ten thousand of your readers could be found who would not agree with me that if the actor in the Boston Railroad joke, or trick, and his defender, had been present at the steamboat accident they would also have shunned the 'responsibility?' Respectfully,

"REUBEN ROUGHWRINKLE."

The Easy Chair is of Mr. Roughwrinkle's opinion, and he will certainly be glad if the little discussion which his comment upon the scene in the car has produced, helps to remind himself and other travelers that in every company there is some eye watching and some mind judging, and that if we are selfish and foolish our conduct does not escape censure, whether it gets into print or not.

THE public events of the Spring have superseded in interest all the lesser and local topics. The opera peeped feebly after the sad vacation following the murder, and expired. The theatres have languished. The concerts have been remarkably few. General Sheridan shot like a meteor through the city. General Sherman came and was saluted by the hearts of all true men. In the opening of the month the anniversary week was celebrated with unusual vigor, although it is clear that its importance is declining. The most interesting meeting was that of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which discussed the question of its dissolution. There was a final and radical difference of opinion, and the result was the withdrawal of the great body of the Executive Committee who have been really the Society, and the election of a new one. Mr. Garrison, the President, was the leader of the dissolving party. He and his friends stepped out, and his place was filled by Mr. Phillips, who thought the object of the Society not yet accomplished.

The debate was very earnest; bnt it was evident that the decision of each side was fully made. Indeed Mr. Garrison simply stated the grounds of his action, making no appeal nor argument. His po-

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sition, in a word, was, that as Slavery was now practically abolished, the further work in regard to the colored people could be more effectively done in concert with the whole country, which is now thoroughly alive to the question. The leonine Frederick Douglass, with sturdy eloquence, asserted that there was a great anti-slavery work still to do. That is true; but he seemed to forget that the whole country is now an anti-slavery society. Miss Anna Dickinson, with ringing tremulous appeal, besought Mr. Garrison not to surrender the banner until God took it from his hands and told him to come up higher. She seemed to forget that the American people had taken it out of his hands and told him to come with them. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Quincy, Mr. Gay, and others, of the ancient leaders of the enterprise, are evidently persuaded that while it was very wise in Columbus, four hundred years ago, to cross the unknown Atlantic in a caravel of thirty tons, it is wiser in the passenger of to-day to take a steamer of a thousand. On the other hand, Mr. Phillips and his friends suspect the steamer. Didn't the caravel make the voyage? Why, then, desert it now? Perhaps the steamer's passengers will wish to stay in port, to hug the shore, to go to the Gulf, to Labrador, to Symmes's Hole—who knows? And here is our little craft—have any of her crew the heart to forsake her? Besides, we shipped for the voyage, and have we arrived? Are we not still at sea?

The argument was adroit, and, in the absence of reply, carried the majority. But it seemed to the Easy Chair a victory of sentiment merely. The question will be debated in every aspect, with every variety of view and power and eloquence and vitality, upon the great political platform of the country as radically as upon that of the Society. Not one of its noblest orators may not now say every where, and to a general audience, what he has been in the habit of saying to the separate congregation of believers. Whether they will or not, they are merged in the people. Whether they allow it or not, their object is that of an undoubted half, if not of a majority, of actual voters in the free States. The real and remote source of the great river that we call the Mississippi may be the head-waters of the Missouri. But that stream by irresistible laws blends its crystal current with others apparently less pure, and the whole mass sweeps resistless onward, the main artery of the continent. The clear rill of moral feeling in this country is now mingled with a thousand passions, perceptions, and interests, and the whole moves on united, the majestic national purpose.

At the time of our writing the most conspicuous offender ever capitally indicted in this country sits alone in a spacious casemate of Fortress Monroe with only a Bible upon his table, and two silent sentinels watching him by day and night. Perhaps as he sits there or paces the floor he remembers the hapless victims of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or recalls the long horrors of the war which has smeared so many lovely fields with blood. In the terrible quiet of his prison does he ever ask himself whether it was worth while to dare such a grievous sorrow to his country for such a cause? Does he ever argue with himself that even if the theory of State Sovereignty were true, it was not wise to assert it at such cost of misery, merely for the sake of perpetuating something which must surpass any conceivable injustice of the nation toward a State? Has he never learned that many things may be lawful which are not expedient, and that nothing but the most prolonged injustice of which legal redress is hopeless is a worse oppression than the remedy of civil war?

Technically he is a political prisoner. As such he will be tried. But he is also arraigned before the conscience and heart of his faithful fellow-citizens as a moral criminal of the worst kind. Even fanatical candor can not plead that he was ignorant of the systematic horrors of the Georgia prisons—the starving, the freezing, the slow reduction of human beings to idiocy by exposure, by hunger, by contact with filth and disease. It was intended to weaken them into despair and submission, and it had that effect. It was also intended to compel an exchange of sound and efficient men for his service, and there it failed. But the first result was constant.

Here, for instance, is a note written in pencil from the United States military prison at Nashville by an honest, industrious, sober, patriotic neighbor of the Easy Chair's, who has been a faithful soldier of the war from the beginning. He says that he was captured before Petersburg last August, and was sent from Richmond to Salisbury. There he and all his comrades—there were ten thousand, in his estimate, during the period of his imprisonment—were starved and starved and starved. They died and died, and by scores and hundreds took the oath to the rebels and were placed in their ranks. He and a few others persisted as long as he could. But hunger and weakness and horror gradually did their work and he succumbed. From August until April he had suffered more than we can imagine, and then he yielded. He was put in the rebel ranks, and arms placed in his hands and those of his companions, about half an hour before Stoneman arrived. He did not fire a shot against his flag—none of them did—and they went directly over to Stoneman, but as coming from the rebel ranks they were held as prisoners.

This is one case, sad enough, but with alleviations—one case, not the worst, but how tragical! Yet there were thousands and thousands like him who suffered all that he suffered, and then consumed with loathsome diseases, with broken hearts, with reeling brains, sank into convulsive agonies of death, or laughed out in stark madness, or driveled slowly on in idiocy. And they were young and brave and noble men who were thus treated. They were guiltless of every crime, and had done nothing but defend their country. At home, far away upon Western prairies, among New England hills, upon the shores of the lakes, along the sea-coast, mothers and wives and daughters sickened with the long suspense, the horrible suspicion. Their hair whitened, their eyes grew dim with hopeless watching, their cheeks thinned with acute fear, their hearts broke also, and they died amidst their appalled children. So awful a sorrow, so terrible a suffering, both in itself and in what it occasioned, no history records. And it was the crime of this man who now sits alone with his Bible and the silent sentinels in Fortress Monroe.

It is vain to plead for him as a political offender. The war was little compared with the crimes of the war. Over the graves of the dearly beloved, shot dead upon the battle-field, we can hear and see that political differences may come to war. But over the Golgothas of Millen and Andersonville—over the spots where the pens stood in which heroic men were treated as beasts are never treated—we call

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murder murder, and crime crime; and all murders and all crimes are less black than these.

Whatever the verdict of the jury may be upon the charge of treason—whatever the punishment, if the accused be convicted as a traitor—however, in case of his execution, he may be ranked among political victims, the verdict of every generous heart and of history is sure against this man as a criminal not less than the infamous English Jeffreys. Viewed merely as a political leader, his whole public career is unlighted with a single noble action, and his speeches will be vainly searched for one generous emotion. If his infamy in history will be singular, it will be in every point deserved. The same kind of gloomy odium that settles upon the name of James II., but tenfold deeper, as he was infinitely more criminal, will gather and darken around that of Jefferson Davis.

THE Academy Exhibition, as we supposed, has been constantly thronged. The beautiful new building, the convenience of access, and the delightful spring weather have drawn multitudes to the corner of the Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; and it is not only those who climbed the steps who thanked the artists and donors to the Academy. For beneath the steps there is a fountain running by night and day—a beautiful fountain, and full of refreshment. We shall be surprised if the hint be not taken, and a system of such way-side blessings established in the desert of the city. The condition of civilization is indicated in little conveniences, as the perfection of an artist in certain delicate details.

Of the pictures we said something last month, and ventured the remark that the expression of the spectator's opinion is practically criticism. The value of it will much depend upon the manner in which the opinion is expressed. If it be unkindly, it does little good. It may not be altogether useless, for men are often benefited by very rude knocks; but if you say to an artist, "It seems to me that your picture is bad in drawing and in color," and show him as well as you can why you think so, he can tell from what you say whether you really know what you are talking about. But if you say that "No. 3002 is a horrid daub," he is merely outraged, and your criticism can not possibly help him.

It will be pleaded by Torquemada that there are some pictures which reveal not only utter inanity in themselves, but hopelessness in the painter; and that it is surely not worth while to say to Smouch N. A., who is now fifty-nine years old, and has painted worse and worse from year to year, that his pictures are defective because they are false, and weak, and foolish in every conceivable detail. "What can be made of Smouch N. A.?" asks Torquemada. "He positively drivels pictures. It is an insult to the other men to treat his performances seriously." Then why treat them at all? If you say "Smouch, as usual, is beneath contempt," you succeed in exasperating Smouch, but that is all. You do not help him or the public. If the rural friend and the city lounger think Smouch's picture fine, they are not undeceived by reading that it is contemptible. Or if they think that the newspaper must of course know, and that, therefore, the work is contemptible, does it not occur to you that any writer in any newspaper may say the same thing with the meanest intention of any picture, and so vent his spite upon the painter by making Rusticus and Cockney regard the work as contemptible? If you stop to suggest how it is false, you help every body concerned.

Then what a difference of opinion about the same work prevails among us inexorable critics. There are certain pictures in this exhibition which have been most highly praised by some of us, and roundly censured by others. We all of us gave more or less reasons for our faith, but it was clear that some of us judged from a certain sentiment suggested—others from a peculiar sensitiveness to color—others from a knowledge of drawing—others from pleasure in the subject—and others from a kindly feeling toward the artist. We all insist that the artists must stick to nature; but then we all differ as to what nature is, or how far and in what manner she can best be represented by the limited mechanical means of art. Shall the key be high or low? Gerome is a good painter; so is Page. Compare the white linen drapery in "A Prayer in the Desert" with any white linen drapery in Page's portraits. Which is most like nature? Which of the two artists has the sounder theory of the true limitations of his means?

Yet, with all this difference of opinion, there is no doubt that this year's criticisms have been better and more independent than those of any previous year. Perhaps this is due to the greater reality of feeling developed by the war. We have grown more sober, perhaps, and less patient of sheer artificiality. At least, let us hope that some of us have. Certainly there has never been such universal fault-finding as we have had on all sides. And that, under the circumstances, is a proof of impartiality. The spirit of the fault-finding, however, has not been admirable. Indeed, when we have not been roasting some hapless artist, we have been scoring each other over the artist's back; and we advise *Messieurs les peintres* not to be too much in favor with any one of us critics. The preference will draw the fire of all the others. Approval creates at once an alliance offensive and defensive between the painter and his critic, and the enemy wage desperate war upon both or either. The Easy Chair confesses that he has favorites, but he trembles lest his commendation should betray them. Yet if he masks it, and clouds it, and dilutes it; if he balances between praise and censure, he beholds in imagination the scornful master of the brush, and hears him chanting the song of the disdainful poet to *his* critic:

> "You did late review my lays,
> Rusty Christopher;
> You did mingle blame and praise,
> Fusty Christopher;
> I forgave you all the blame,
> I could not forgive the praise,
> Musty Christopher!"

It may thus be seen that the way of critics is like that of transgressors. Certainly it should appear that the criticism of paintings ought not to be conducted with the solemnity of moral censure. What good fellows, honest, amiable men these are, wits, too, and fathers of families, who can not paint a good picture, and who can not even write poetry at all! Why should we take out bell, book, and candle, and all the solemn ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and fall to ponderous cursing and excommunication, as his awful Holiness the Pope curses the Jews on Holy Saturday? How Ruskin fulminates against Claude Lorraine! Does any body enjoy those lovely Arcadian landscapes any less? How the fraternity of critics sneered at Pre-Raphaelites! Is the overpowering tragedy of the Huguenot Lovers any less tender and exquisite?

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Editor's Drawer.

IN one of the Dutch churches in a rural village on the Hudson a good old man was acting in the capacity of master of ceremonies at the funeral of a highly-respected citizen. As is customary on such occasions, he invited the assembled mourners to view the corpse of their departed friend, and in the following language:

"All can now have the pleasure of looking at the last remains of the oldest man now living in the town of S——. Pass up the broad aisle and down the right-hand alley."

THE following incident occurred in Vermont on the 15th of April last:

An ardent admirer of our late lamented President was listening with the eager crowd to the reading of the dispatch announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. Upon reading that "the assassin leaped from the box on to the stage and escaped in the rear of the theatre," our friend cried out, in a most excited manner, "Why didn't they stop the stage? the driver ought to be arrested and shot!" Jonathan's mind was running on stage-coaches, of which he is a small proprietor.

IN a good old town not a hundred miles from the "Hub of the Universe" there lived an old man whose education had been somewhat neglected in his youth. He was a member of an Odd Fellows lodge, and prided himself on his deep knowledge of the mysteries of that association. A word would sometimes occur in the resolutions or reports read at their meetings which would be most too deep for "Old Bill's" comprehension, but he would always have a unique definition for it, which, if not instructive, would be at least amusing.

One evening our friend was returning in a meditative mood from a rather late session, when the even flow of his thoughts was interrupted by a "brother," who said,

"Brother F——, do you know the meaning of the word *archæological*, which was used this evening?"

"Archæological?—yes, of course I do. Archæological is derived from the twelve patri*archs*, and refers to the houses in which they lived. These were similar to the lodges of the American Indians. Hence the word means the *lodges of the patriarchs*."

Brother S—— was satisfied.

EDITOR DRAWER,—The following notice appears in the columns of one of our local papers:

Notice to Dogs.

ALL DOGS within the limits of the Town of Gold Hill will please take notice, that by the laws of said town you are required to call immediately at the Marshal's office and obtain a "tag." On and after four days from this date all dogs found within said limits without a "tag" will be impounded at *their* own expense, and after imprisonment for three days will be shot until they are dead.

THOS. H. JOHNSON, *Marshal.*

GOLD HILL, NEV., *April* 1, 1865.

Strange to say, the "dorgs" have congregated in large numbers near the marshal's office since the publication of the above, seemingly to "obtain a 'tag'" and save further expense to themselves.

Yours constantly, WASHOE.

FUSELI, a celebrated painter, was very sarcastic in criticising the productions of other artists. Northcote asked him to look at his painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass.

"How do you like it?" said Northcote.

"Vastly," replied Fuseli. "You are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

THE late Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician, "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied his Grace; "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

A COLONEL was complaining at an evening party that, from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he: "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and—" "Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

A CALIFORNIAN digger having become rich, desired a friend to purchase a library of books. The friend obeyed, and received a letter of thanks thus worded: "I am obliged to you for the pains of your selection; I particularly admire a grand religious poem about Paradise, by a Mr. Milton, and a set of plays (quite delightful) by a Mr. Shakspeare. If these gentlemen should write and publish any thing more, be sure and send me their new works."

SAM B—— was elected to the Lower House of the California Legislature. Sam was not a remarkably brilliant genius, though he had his share of honors from his party. It was during the struggle in the Crimea. Sam was on the Committee on Military Affairs. He wanted something for the committee to do. One day he rose deliberately in his place and, with great gravity, said:

"Mr. Speaker: War, pestilence, and famine are the great scourges of the human race. But war is the worst of all. I am a friend to peace, and am willing to do any thing in my power to settle difficulties. I therefore move to refer the troubles between Russia and the Western Powers to the Committee on Military Affairs for prompt settlement."

ALMOST any full-grown man within a radius of one hundred miles of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and almost any body in California, has heard of Frank Dunn, a lawyer, noted for his eccentricities, of which he was legitimately possessed, being a descendant of the Randolph family, and from Pocahontas—so it is said. Now Frank was on a certain occasion practicing before a justice in one of the central mining towns of California. The justice ruled against Frank persistently, till Frank, who was never in the most amiable mood, could stand it no longer. In his peculiar drawl he said: "Yer Honor's a fool!" Frank, on a second's thought, sought to apologize, which he did thus: "Yer Honor, I take that back, for, in the language of a celebrated poet, the truth shouldn't be spoken at all times."

"In the language of a celebrated poet" was a favorite and characteristic expression of Frank's.

ONCE upon a time the Pi Utes were intent on "lifting the hair" of their white neighbors in the silver region of the new State of Nevada. Rumors of a big Indian war had gone across the Sierra Nevada, and much excitement ensued. Every body in

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California talked of giving aid to their brethren in the then Territory, and relief in some shape was volunteered in many places in the Golden State. Sam B—— called together the brave boys of one of the frontier mountain counties, to see what could be done in the way of putting the murdering red skins down. But few were anxious to peril their lives, it was found, on getting the boys together. Sam arose with indignation. He expected better things, he said, of the men of his county. He anticipated leading a gallant band to the field of glory. But, instead, he beheld only a mere handful. "Gentlemen," said Sam, "it's no use to send over this miserable squad. Nevada County ought, for her own credit, to send men enough to make a respectable *corpse!*"

'Tis said two Judges who had volunteered, not liking the ghastly allusion, immediately concluded to take their chances on the California side of the Sierras.

A GENTLEMAN, on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain minister, wrote the following:

"I can not praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

DURING the war a woman went to a grocer's shop, and found she was paying nearly double for candles, so she asked what was the reason candles were so dear. The grocer replied, "Oh, it is the war." "Dear me!" said the woman, "have they got to fighting by candle-light!"

SOME years before the war business interests frequently called me to Virginia. In the county of Westmoreland, situate in what is popularly known as the "Northern Neck," I have a recollection of an ambitious old lady who nursed a darling project of marrying her only daughter to a wealthy farmer in the adjacent county. One day the coveted son-in-law happening to "drop in," was prevailed upon to stay to dinner, which was got up in the old lady's best style. Dessert coming on, the hostess begged leave to pledge her guest in a glass of cider, then the never-failing concomitant of every meal. Whether under the influence of certain preceding glasses, or whether she was inspired by a sudden desperate resolve to hazard every thing, certain it is that the old lady, to the general surprise, gave the following:

"Here's to you, Mr. Davis! a long life and a merry one; a good wife and a pretty one—and that's my Nancy!"

Nancy blushed, and so did Mr. Davis; but he took the hint, and consummated matters that evening.

JOHN BOWERS was smitten at Old Latham's—a jolly old fellow, blessed with two very pretty daughters. John was as regular in his visits as Sunday itself; but one memorable Sunday, when the house was filled with beaux and belles, old Latham issued forth to his work. John followed him from the house, and began:

"Nice lot of hogs, Mr. Latham," said John, by way of introduction.

"Yes—pretty good pork, John, if I only have luck," said old Latham, who really liked him, and often scolded his daughters for the fun they made of him.

John was silent for a few minutes, but at length, with a terribly unconcerned look at some wheat-stacks a mile distant, he said, gaspingly,

"Mr. Latham, I—I—come courtin', Sir."

"Well, John," said the old man, amused, "young men will do that nowadays. I hope you are getting on all right?"

"Yes, Sir," said John, taking courage; "and I come to ax you for one o' your daughters."

"Oh!" said old Latham, biting his lips, "you've come to that already, have you, John? Well, which one is it, John?"

"Oh, Sir, as to that"—said poor John, with a ludicrous air of serene sheepishness—"as to that, Sir, it don't make any difference; *either one'll do, Sir!*"

Old Latham used to tell the story afterward, much to his pretty daughters' discomfiture.

A UNIONIST in Mobile, Alabama, writes to the Drawer:

During the siege of this city all the ladies were hard at work at one time making bags to be filled with sand. Sewing-circles, churches, and schools, all lent a willing hand. One school for young ladies sent its share with *patriotic* mottoes. One zealous young lady's name can now be seen as follows: "God save the South from Mary Brown!"

IT was about the time of Lee's surrender, when Richmond, gold, and most every thing else seemed tumbling downward, that a Milwaukee wag, who had been speculating largely in Western products, called at a store in that city. The druggist proposed to sell him one of his specifics, which he recommended as a sure thing "to prevent hair from falling." Our friend replied that he thought his *hair* might survive it; but if the dealer had any thing in his shop that would stop *wool* falling, it was just the article he had been looking for.

A LETTER with the following address was received by a soldier in the Seventeenth Corps, Sherman's Army:

"Gang awa, my little letter,
To the laddie dear to me;
Sam E. Lyon, in the army,
Now at *Memphis, Tennessee.*

Uncle Sam respects his namesake, and will see that this is left in the Thirty-third Wisconsin, Captain Wemple, Company F."

THE next two come from Davenport, Iowa:

We have a four-year-old round our way who has some strange notions of capital punishment. When she heard of the President's death, she exclaimed, "I wish that rebel was dead—I wish he was hung!" Having heard these two words before, and not *exactly* understanding their meaning, and thinking perhaps that it was better to add an opinion of her own, she said, "I wish he was put on top of the house and the ladder taken away!"

THE following incident occurred in the rebel prison on Rock Island, where the prisoners are guarded by negroes: A certain darkey on guard, seeing his old master, exclaimed, "Hullo, massa! bottom rail top!"

A DOZEN years ago the old firm of Bliss, Merritt, and Co. were one of the largest of the New York dry-goods importers. Mr. Wheelock was then a

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junior with them, and went every season to Manchester, to make their English purchases. On the voyage over the Atlantic, at a critical season, when the steamer was filled with merchants on the same errand, there was an unusual curiosity each to know what the others, and particularly the leading houses, were going to order—whether in large or small quantities. No one was more annoyed by this fishing and pumping than W. After standing it nearly the whole voyage, he dropped a remark in the hearing of the most indefatigable of his pursuers that "*of one line he was going to order* 24,000 *pieces.*" This was astounding! In a few hours it was known over the ship. The next question was, Of what sort of goods was he going to order so large a quantity? As soon as the seekers after knowledge were busy with this, and watching their turns to question him, he quietly let it out—"*Of common tape!*"

Mr. M—— was one of the old merchants of New York of the kind that grow rich by failures. His last adventure in that line was so fortunate for himself and so hard on his creditors that, after building a sort of legal bomb-proof, he retired from business to his wife's elegant residence on Tenth Street. He had always been a man of polished manners, and being now a gentleman of leisure, in his visits to Wall Street he greeted his old acquaintances with distinguished and marked urbanity. Among these was an old merchant of the stricter sort, to whom these polite salutations were extremely distasteful. He finally became indignant, and one day blew out. "Mr. M——," said he, "you owe me $20,000. You are able to pay it, and ought to pay it; but if you will promise never to speak to me again I will forgive you the debt!" "My dear Sir," replied M——, with a bow, "I would not deny myself the pleasure of speaking to you for twice the money!"

Frank W—— was well known in his day as one of the most elegant men in New York. In his later years, when his tastes and luxurious habits required greater expenditures than his income allowed, he was not above accepting, in the way of business, the voluntary contributions of the men who sought his acquaintance. His manners were impressive, and his persuasive powers irresistible. In one of his needy seasons he fell in with one D——, whose narrow mind exhausted itself in employing his small sums of money at large interest. Under the fascination of his friend W—— he was led to offer to discount his note for him. The bargain was completed, and D——, in exchange for his $500 in money, held in his hands a promissory note for $750, adorned with the striking signature of W——. In his self-satisfaction, at parting D—— could not withhold the remark that on some future occasion he might again be happy to accommodate his friend. This excess of confidence was too much for W——. "What!" said he, "do you put any value on such pieces of paper? If you will give me ten dollars a piece, I will sign as many of them for you as you want!"

The admirable sanitary effects of the Drawer are set forth in a private letter from a private soldier. He says: "I could not help thinking about your *Harper's Magazine*. What lots of fun are contained in the Drawer! As a general thing it keeps good-natured soldiers, as the Dutchman said, 'better as good;' and ill-natured men can't help but laugh and learn. Your valuable Drawer helps to keep our nurses awake, and also causes the sick and wounded to feel better after taking a dose from the Drawer. One poor wounded man got to laughing so long and hard that he was quite tired, and rested good all night. I think it does more general good than forty chaplains, for fun will enliven the down-hearted and bless the feeble-minded, both soul and body."

When we entered the army (writes one of the soldiers) our regiment, including officers, was noted for greenness. As is the custom, each company was brought out for inspection on Sunday mornings. On one occasion Captain M——, after getting his company in line—armed with revolvers, guns, and sabres—placed himself a little in front of the company. As the commanding officer approached he addressed his company thus: "Now, boys, lay down your guns and take out your sabres, for your colonel wants to see 'em!"

One of our leading Western merchants, unfortunately, is every year or two led away by the wiles of King Bourbon, and when his periodical fits come on is wont to shut himself up in a room over his store "to sleep it off." On one of these occasions he gave his partner special orders not to allow any one to go into his room; "but," said he, hesitating, "if my wife comes down you may let her come in—*she's a particular friend of mine!*"

While the United States ship *Vandalia* was lying at Amoy, China, during the winter of 1855, portions of the crew were allowed to go ashore on liberty, it being distinctly understood that they were to come off at sundown. Among the rest thus privileged was one Tom Whelan, a Celtic youth of decided festive and convivial tastes, and whose habits on shore were none of the steadiest. Three days elapsed before Tommy again showed his expressive phiz to his anxious shipmates, and when he did his general appearance plainly indicated that he had been making the most of his time. Upon his return on board he was, of course, brought to "the mast" (the naval bar of justice), where he was confronted by that terror to evil-doers, the First Luff.

"You rascal!" said the latter, with a stern and threatening voice, "did I not tell you to come back to the ship at sundown three days ago?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the culprit, in a meek and penitential tone, "I know you did, Sir; but the fact of the matter is, I have not seen the sun rise or set since I left the ship."

No one doubted Tom's assertion, and he was let off with a slight punishment.

Previous to the unsuccessful attempt to establish telegraphic communication between Great Britain and the United States, the frigate *Niagara* took in her share of the submarine cable at Keyham dockyard, Devonport, England. While lying there her marine guard were stationed on the wharves, at different points around the ship, to prevent the crew from taking "French leave;" and their uniforms of light-blue, in contrast with the bright scarlet of the British "lobster-backs," attracted much attention from H. B. M.'s liege and loyal subjects.

One of our "Johnny Marines," an adopted citizen from the Emerald Isle, by the name of Martin, was one day parading up and down his beat, when a couple of artillery officers stopped in front of him, and commenced criticising his dress, accoutrements, etc.

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"Why, your cap is just like our artillerymen's," remarked one, a suckling lieutenant, with an astounding development of feet and sandy whiskers; at the same time giving his vigorless and diminutive cap a more oblique and rakish cant over his left ear.

"It was one once," quietly replied Martin, bringing his shooting-iron down to the regulation position of "rest."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the Briton, with much astonishment. "And, pray, where did the American Government get it?"

"General Jackson captured it at the battle of New Orleans," coolly answered the Irish-American, shouldering his piece, and "stepping off with the left foot, common time."

The *Niagara*, during her sojourn in England, was constantly thronged with visitors from the shore, who inspected her external and internal arrangements with a great deal of curiosity and interest, asking all sorts of questions with a volubility and pertinacity second only to that of the genuine Yankee. Upon one occasion I happened to be in the sick bay (a part of the ship portioned off for the reception of those under medical treatment), and my attention was attracted by a bright-looking little boy, who appeared to be on a tour of inspection on his own hook. The hammocks and their inmates, swinging from hooks in the beams overhead, seemed to excite his curiosity more than any thing else, and at length he ventured to ask me how the men managed to get in them. For the truly American fun of quizzing, I told him that they placed them upon the deck, and getting into them there, hoisted each other up in succession.

As quick as thought, however, he caught me up with the query, "Yes; but, tell me, who hoists the last man up?"

He had me there; and as I explained the true *modus operandi* to him I was forced to acknowledge that his question was unanswerable.

Shortly after the English had conquered the Dutch in New York and New Jersey, an Indian, named by the whites "Indian Will," figured quite prominently in various transactions between the whites and Indians in Monmouth County, New Jersey. Will was a daring, athletic man, and often showed marked shrewdness in encounters with other Indians—for, from several causes, he had excited the ill-will of all of his tribe. They accused him of wronging them in land sales, of killing his wife, and other offenses. One time an Indian called Jacob by the whites, who was well armed, surprised Will in a defenseless condition, and undertook to march him prisoner to the rest of the tribe. Will pretended to yield himself submissively, but as they were marching along he dropped a step or two behind, and suddenly picked up a pine-knot and dealt his captor a speedy and fatal blow on the head. When his victim fell, he tauntingly exclaimed,

"Look at the sun, Jacob; you'll never see it rise again!"

To make sure work of killing Will, four or five Indians at length started in pursuit of him, and they succeeded in surprising him so suddenly that he had no chance for defense or flight. His captors told him they were about to kill him, and he must at once prepare to die. Will heard his doom with Indian stoicism, and he had only one favor to ask before he died, and that was to be allowed to take a drink out of his jug of liquor, which had just been filled. So small a favor the captors could not refuse. As Will's jug was full, it was only common politeness to ask them to drink too. Now if his captors had any weakness it was rum too, so they gratefully accepted his invitation. The drink rendered them talkative, and they commenced reasoning with him on the enormity of his offenses: the condemned man admitted the justness of their reproaches, and begged to be allowed another drink to drown the stings of conscience; the captors condescendingly joined him again—indeed it would have been cruel to refuse to drink with a man so soon to die. This gone through with, they persuaded Will to make a full confession of his misdeeds, and their magnitude so aroused the indignation of his captors that they had to take another drink to enable them to do their duty becomingly—indeed they took divers drinks, so overcome were they by his harrowing tale; and then they became so unmanned that they had to recuperate by sleep. Then crafty Will, who had drank but little, softly arose, found his hatchet, and dispatched his would-be captors.

To a traveler from New York toward Philadelphia and Baltimore we should hardly know what to recommend to take as life-preservers in case of danger. But over the same route, near two centuries ago, the most desirable life-preserver a traveler could take was declared to be "a horse with a *long tail*." This recommendation, though now apparently so ludicrous, was then urged with good reason. The celebrated Quaker preacher, Richardson, whose journal is to be found in the home of almost every intelligent Quaker, speaks of many lives being saved by the long tails of horses, and of many lives lost for want of them; and he very earnestly warns travelers across New Jersey of the danger in neglecting to take horses with lengthy fly-dispersers.

At that time Philadelphia was not thought of—no roads across New Jersey; nothing but Indian paths through the forests; the streams were crossed by the travelers in frail canoes, and the horses would swim behind with a halter fast to the canoe. The canoes were liable to upset, and the traveler who could not swim could grasp the tail of the horse. Nowadays, perhaps, travelers over the same route feel the most safe if the iron horse has a long tail, in the shape of a long train of cars, and he can get into the rear one.

Just previous to the last war with England an eccentric coasting captain, named Winner, settled in the village of Goodluck, Ocean County, New Jersey. Winner was then a man of some means, owning a vessel and other property; but the fortunes of war stripped him of every thing. One day he was traveling some distance from home, very depressed on account of his losses. The landlord of an inn where he stopped asked him his name. Winner replied,

"I am ashamed to tell it, for it is a great lie!"

"Well, where are you from, then?" said the landlord.

"I am ashamed to tell you that, for it is a great sight bigger lie than the other," was the reply.

The landlord and by-standers began to think him drunk or crazy, until he explained himself.

"My name is *Winner*, but I am always a *loser;* I live at a place called *Goodluck*, but I never found any thing there but *bad luck!*"

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After hearing a detail of his losses the by-standers were convinced that, in the unfortunate skipper's case, both names were really big lies.

In the early part of the present century prominent among the three-cornered-hat divines of New England was the Rev. Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Massachusetts. At this time instrumental music in churches was, by many, and none the less so by the old Doctor himself, considered as among the abominations of latter-day innovations. Not so thought the choir, mostly of the younger class, and its introduction was secretly determined on, but most carefully kept from the knowledge of Dr. E., whose opposition was certain and whose will was absolute. The eventful day arrived, the Doctor made the customary introductory prayer, read the hymn, and immediately his ears were greeted with the sacrilegious sounds of the hautboy, clarionet, and—abomination of all abominations!—the screaming fiddle. The second, or long prayer, followed, and, omitting the second customary hymn, then followed the sermon, benediction, etc. Rapid, almost, as on the wings of the wind, news of the dire event spread from house to house, and long before the afternoon services commenced there was not a vacant seat or standing-place in the house—such was the anxiety to witness the result. As usual, and apparently in nowise disturbed by the morning's proceedings, the Doctor read a hymn, when the leader of the choir arose in his place and announced that "there would be no singing this afternoon." "Then," said the Doctor, "there will be no preaching; the congregation is dismissed." Not till after the old Doctor's soul, as is fondly believed, was at rest in heaven, was the attempt repeated to introduce instrumental music.

Lawyer (now General) B——, when early in practice, had a student by name of D——. On admission to the bar the latter established himself in a neighboring city, eventually becoming one of the most successful and prominent members of the bar. The former, now an exemplary teetotaler, was accustomed to crook his elbow a little too often for his reputation or his interest. Business often brought the two into professional conflict, when the younger generally proved more than a match for the elder. This created a little uncalled-for envy as well as jealousy, and few if any opportunities were lost by the elder in his attempts at a side-slap at the younger, who, commencing practice quite young, and constitutionally somewhat diffident, was precise and deliberate in his opening address to the Court and jury. On one occasion he was particularly so, and on taking his seat Lawyer B——, his opposing counsel, sneeringly remarked, "That speech must have been delivered before a glass." "Better before a glass than after one," was the quiet reply. It was the last sneering attack of the senior upon the junior.

The grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed,

"Grandma, that's the biggest *mistaken* I ever heard."

Possibly the following reminiscences of the late J—— M——, for many years the leader of the bar in New Hampshire, and one of the most estimable of men, may find a place in the Drawer, and are at its service. Between Mr. M—— and Judge C—— a feeling of intimacy existed that seemed to justify in each a joke at the expense of the other. Among the cases to be tried in the court over which Judge C—— presided was one for theft. On being called, the prisoner, aware that the proof was too positive to admit of any doubt of conviction, and intending to plead guilty and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court, appeared without counsel. In such cases it was customary for the Judge to appoint counsel, always selecting from the younger members of the bar. Here was an opportunity too good to be lost for Judge C—— to wipe off at least one of the scores of jokes standing to his debit in his account with Mr. M——. So, quite deliberately, the Judge appointed him to defend the prisoner. Mr. M—— thanked the Judge for the compliment and promptly accepted the appointment, remarking that as the case was new to him he should like a few minutes' private conversation with his client. "Certainly," replied the Judge, immediately directing the sheriff to conduct Mr. M—— and the prisoner to a private room. On leaving, the Judge, with a peculiar smile which Mr. M—— well understood, expressed the hope that he would give his friend some good advice. Locking the door of the room to which the sheriff had conducted them, Mr. M—— asked the prisoner if he was guilty. "Guilty," was the frank reply. "Do you see the woods yonder?" "Yes." "Well, beyond them is a small brook, the dividing line between the two counties; once over that brook you are out of the jurisdiction of this court; and if you are as guilty as you say you are I advise you to lose no time in passing that line." No sooner said than done: out of the opened window he jumped, and run for dear life. The Court, getting impatient, sent the sheriff for them. Returning without the prisoner, the Judge asked Mr. M——where he was. "May it please your Honor," he replied, "as we were leaving this room for a private consultation you kindly expressed the hope that I would give my friend the prisoner some good advice; and learning from him that he was guilty, and acting in accordance with your suggestion, I advised him to cut and run; and the last I saw of him he was streaking it for the adjoining county as though the very evil one was after him." The Judge concluded that he had not made much progress in squaring accounts.

During the operations of General Sherman in Georgia we had in the employ of our office a one-eyed contraband by the name of Will. At the time the charge was made upon the enemy's works on the Kenesaw Mountain we were located in rather close proximity to the lines, and it was not an unusual affair for a shell to pass over our camp. On the evening in question I came to the door of my tent to watch the flashing of the guns upon the side of the mountain. After standing a few moments I discovered Will, who had also left his bed, standing behind a large tree, his eye fixed upon the mountain. As the lines advanced and the shouts of the contending parties mingled with the deafening rattle of the musketry I turned to Will and asked, "What would you do if you were there?" Without turning his eye from the scene above he answered, in a subdued tone, "Don' know: guess I'd go one eye on 'em."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIII.—AUGUST, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.



AFTER THE WAR.

THE FARMER.

HO! blacksmith, are you busy?
My horse has cast a shoe,
Long road have I to travel,
You must fit us out anew.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Look round my forge, good farmer,
And tell me what you see;
Am I busy? am I idle?
Ask the anvil at my knee.

THE FARMER.

I see around your work-shop
Stark implements of war—
Can it be that you are forging
Some new-born quarrel for?

THE BLACKSMITH.

Not so, my jovial farmer,
The weapons that I forge
No manly limbs shall sever,
Draw no gore-drops, cut no gorge:

Sword I'm turning into plow-share,
Into reaping-hook the gun,
Here are bayonets by the bushel—
Shall I shoe your horse with one?

Or, if a broken fetter
From the South his hoof will fit,
Lead in your horse, good farmer,
And I'll iron him with it!

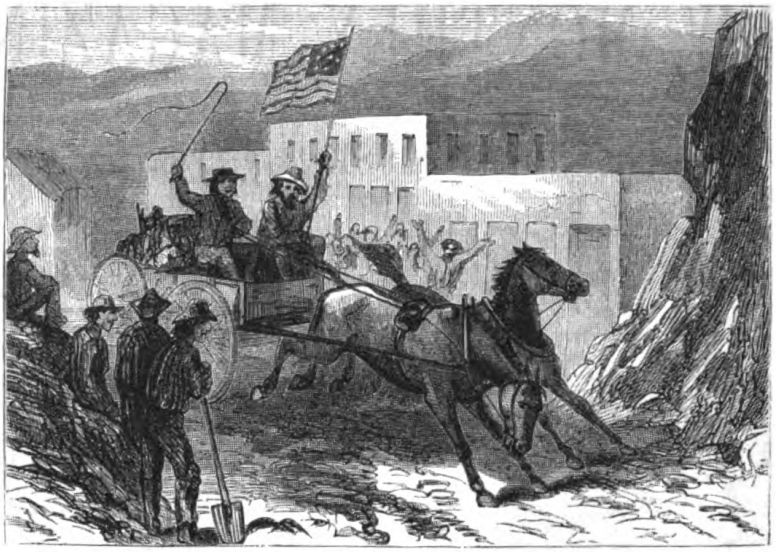
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Vol. XXXI.—No. 183.—T

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HO! FOR BODIE!

A TRIP TO BODIE BLUFF AND THE DEAD SEA OF THE WEST.

[First Paper.]

I HAD enjoyed to my heart's content the amenities of social life in Aurora; had witnessed a Sunday procession to the badger fight of Mr. T. Jefferson Phelan, a high-toned European; had barely missed seeing a man shot dead in front of the Sazerac Saloon for throwing brickbats at another man's house; had taken a general view of the country from the top of Mount Brayley and the bottom of the Real del Monte. I reserve for another occasion an account of my observations and adventures in this region.—I was now prepared to vary my experience by a trip to Bodie Bluff and Mono Lake, the "Dead Sea of the West."

Of the Bodie district I had heard the most enthusiastic accounts. It was represented to be a region of peculiar interest in a mineralogical point of view; and the scenery was reputed to be as barren as any thing I had enjoyed during my recent tour through Arizona. For the matter of comfort, I was assured that if an utter lack of accommodation for man or beast, and a reasonable chance of suffering from chilly nights and dusty roads, could be accounted among the luxuries of travel, I would not be likely to regret the trip.

A friend politely offered me the use of his buggy, and agreed to drive the horses himself—a proposition which I gladly accepted for two reasons: first, because I knew nothing of the road; and, secondly, because I had no confidence in horses ridden or driven by myself. Up to that period of their lives they had always been very good horses; but they invariably underwent a radical change upon discovering that they had fallen under my control.

My friend was called the Judge, though I believe he claimed to be of no higher rank than an attorney at law. All popular lawyers, however, are judges in Nevada, whether they practice at the bar or sit upon the bench. He was a gentleman of good sense and genial manners, and although bred to the legal profession took no mean advantage of me during the entire trip. No outfit beyond a few cold chickens, a ham, some crackers, and a bottle of medicine to use in case of snake-bites, would be necessary, the Judge assured me, unless I contemplated spending some time in the mountains. There was snake-medicine to be had on the way; but he advised me not to trust to it, as it was more poisonous than the virus of the snakes. I inquired if these vicious reptiles, of which I had heard so much in Aurora, were of the rattle or copperhead species; to which my friend replied that both of these were very prevalent in the country; but the greatest damage was done by a venomous reptile scarcely known to naturalists, of which a specimen dead or alive had never yet been caught.

On a fine morning in September we set forth on our expedition. The rugged cliffs along the road cropped out at every turn like grim old castles of feudal times, and there were frowning fortresses of solid rock that seemed ready to belch forth murderous streams of fire upon any enemy that might approach. I was particularly struck with the rugged grandeur of the scenery in the neighborhood of Fogus's quartz-mill; and on the occasion of a subsequent visit made a sketch of the mill and principal bluff.

At Haskell's toll-gate, about a mile from the town, we halted a while to enjoy the hospitality of the worthy toll-keeper and his wife, who cordially invited us to stop and dine with them. I found here what I had not unfrequently before

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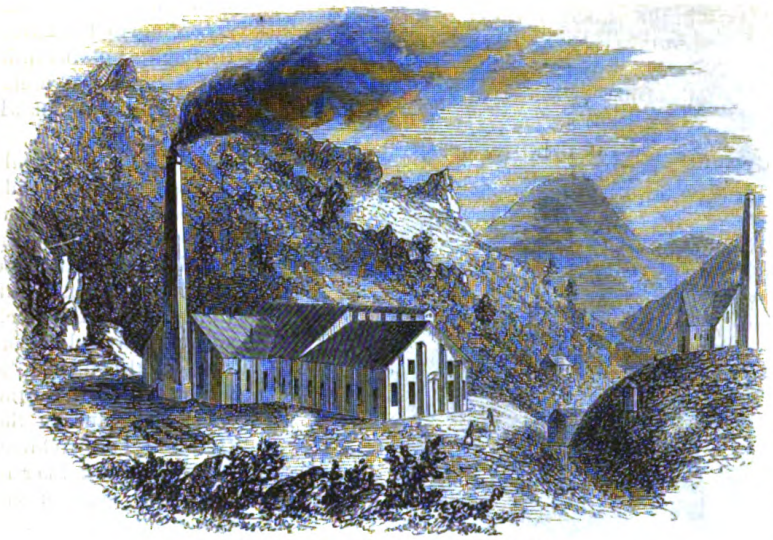
POOLE'S MILL.

met with in the course of my travels through this wild region—refinement and intelligence. The cabin was a mere frame shanty of the rudest kind; yet it was clean and neat; nicely carpeted, and prettily ornamented with water-colored sketches, very cleverly executed by Mrs. Haskell. The tables were covered with books and periodicals, among which I observed a Magazine that takes the lead in civilizing new countries, but of which special mention would be superfluous. The readers of *Harper* will understand, of course, that good taste, good order, intelligence, pretty children, and domestic happiness are the necessary consequences, even in a mountain cabin, of a few years' subscription to a Magazine, which, according to the advertisement, contains in itself a library of useful and entertaining knowledge.

We stopped a while at the foot of the grade to visit the magnificent quartz-mills of the Real del Monte and Antelope Mining Companies, of which I had heard much since my arrival at Aurora. Both of these mills are built of brick on the same plan, and in the Gothic style of architecture. Nothing finer in point of symmetrical proportion, beauty and finish of the machinery, and capacity for reducing ores by crushing and amalgamation, exists on the eastern slope of the Sierras. These mills were in operation at the time of our visit, but were not working to their full capacity, owing to the want of a sufficiency of ore. I had little expected to find in this out-of-the-way part of the world such splendid monuments of enterprise. The Real del Monte contains a battery of thirty stamps; thirty-six Wheeler pans, and other machinery in proportion; the Antelope a somewhat smaller number of stamps and pans. Steam is the motive power, and the machinery works with the neatness and perfection of clock-work. Of the process of amalgamation I propose to give an account in some future paper; and shall now be satisfied if I can give a reasonably good view of the mills, as seen from the point at which the road diverges to Bodie.

Passing several other mills, as we proceeded up the cañon, one of which was burned a few days after, we entered a singularly wild and rugged pass in the mountains, where it seemed as if the earth had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature for the express purpose of letting people through. The Judge was of opinion that this curious piece of engineering was performed by the bursting through of a river or flood in by-gone times. It reminded me of the Almannajau in Iceland, which was

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REAL DEL MONTE AND ANTELOPE MILLS.

evidently produced by the contraction of the lava as it cooled and dried. Whatever way it happened, the road thus formed is a great convenience to the traveling public.

Several fine valleys, now used as hay and cattle ranches, lie between Aurora and Bodie. They are small, but rich in soil and well watered by the springs that course down from the neighboring ravines, and produce some fine grass. The ranch-men were at work hauling the hay to the Aurora market, where it brings from $40 to $60 a ton. Hay ranches are as good as silver mines almost any where on the eastern slope—better, in some respects, for they are certain to yield something for the labor expended upon them. A scrubby growth of pine relieves in some measure the sterile aspect of the surrounding mountains, which, as we advanced on our way, seemed to become more and more barren. Some eight or nine miles from Aurora we reached the base of a conical hill, surmounted by a range of reddish-colored cliffs, very rough, jagged, and picturesque; a capital looking place for a den of robbers or a gold mine. This was the famous Bodie Bluff. The entire hill, as well as the surrounding country, is destitute of vegetation, with the exception of sage-brush and bunch-grass — presenting even to the eye of a traveler who had just been surfeited with the deserts of Arizona a wonderfully refreshing picture of desolation.

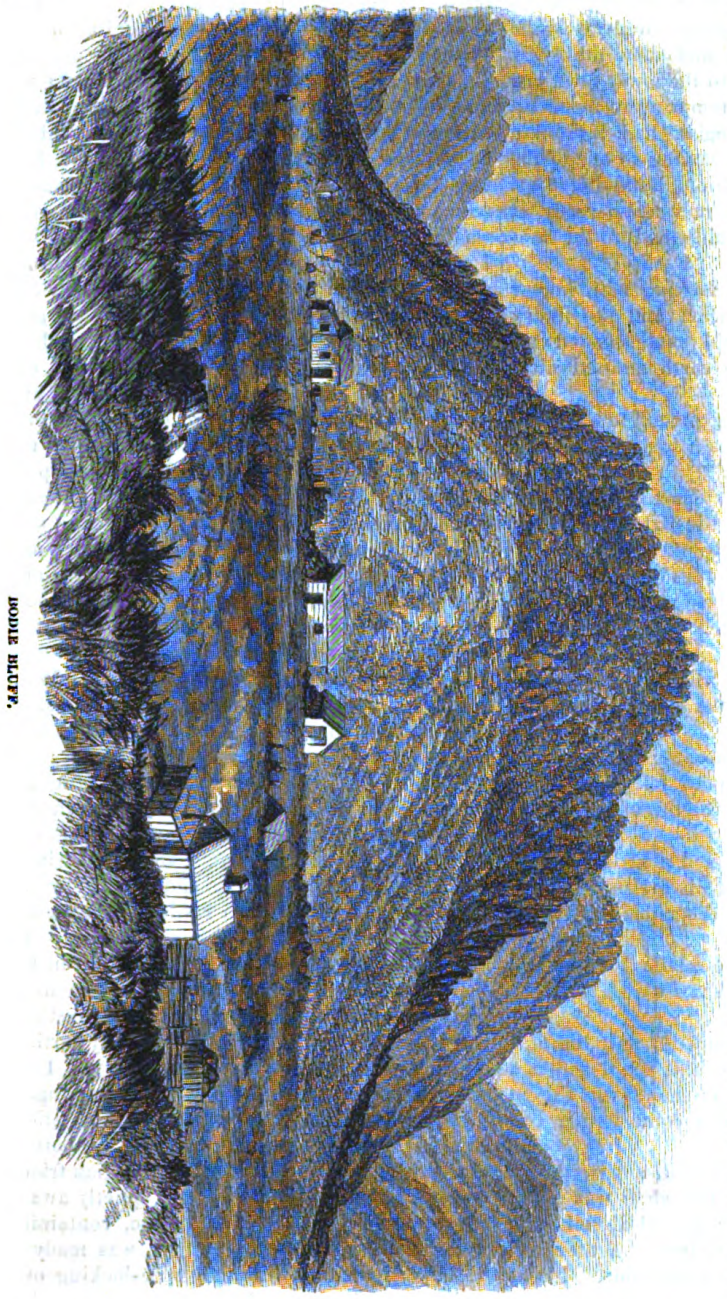
We reveled in dust along the road that skirts the Bluff; it was rich and unctuous, and penetrated us through and through, so that by the time we arrived at the Judge's cabin, where he had some workmen employed, we were permeated with the precious metals of Bodie. A fine spring of water, aided by a little snake-medicine, set us all right; and a good lunch prepared us for a tour of exploration over the mountains.

I must here introduce the reader to the interior of a miner's cabin. The Judge had some ten or a dozen men employed, who lived in a frame shanty close by a fine spring of water, surrounded by the most luxuriant natural garden of sage-brush, weeds, wild flax, and other ornamental products of the earth which seemed to rejoice in the prolific soil of this region. These jolly miners were the happiest set of bachelors imaginable; had neither chick nor child, that I knew of, to trouble them; cooked their own food; did their own washing; mended their own clothes, made their own beds, and on Sundays cut their own hair, greased their own boots, and brushed their own coats; thus proving by the most direct positive evidence that woman is an unnecessary and expensive institution which ought to be abolished by law. I have always maintained, and do still contend,



INTERIOR OF A MINER'S CABIN.

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that the constant interference, the despotic sway, the exactions and caprices of the female sex ought no longer to be tolerated; and it is with a glow of pride and triumph that I introduce this striking example of the ability of man to live in a state of perfect exemption from all these trials and tribulations. True, I must admit that the honest miners of Bodie spent a great deal of their leisure time in reading yellow-covered novels and writing love-letters; but that was probably only a clever device to fortify themselves against the insidious approaches of the enemy.

I spent three days at Bodie, during which, owing to the kindness of the Judge, who was determined that I should see every thing, my time was very fully occupied. In fact, it is a little remarkable that I am now alive to tell the story of my adventures. I penetrated more shafts in the earth, was dragged through more dangerous pits and holes in wooden buckets, was forced to creep over more slippery ledges, rich in mineral deposits, and to climb up a greater number of rickety ladders than I would like to undertake again for less than a thousand shares in the "Empire Gold and Silver Mining Company." But as I design these papers rather for information than amusement, I will state the results of my observations in as matter-of-fact a way as it is possible for a man of my temperament to write.

In the undeveloped condition of the mines, which are yet but partially opened, much is left to conjecture; but from the direction of the various lodes I should judge them to be ramifications from some great principal vein, or Veta Madre, as the Mexicans call it. Loose quartz in disconnected masses is found on the surface of the hill, within the limits assumed as belonging to the mother vein; and the probability is a rich deposit of mineral lies at the point of junction, which is estimated to be from three to five hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

I descended several of these shafts rather to oblige my friend the Judge than to satisfy any curiosity I had on the subject myself. This thing of being dropped down two hundred feet into the bowels of the earth in wooden buckets, and hoisted out by blind horses attached to "whims," may be very amusing to read about, but I have enjoyed pleasanter modes of locomotion. There was one shaft in particular which left an indelible impression upon my mind—so much so indeed that I am astonished every hair in my head is not quite gray. It was in the San Antonio, a mine in which the Judge held an interest in connection with a worthy Norwegian by the name of Jansen. As I had trav-

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eled in Norway, Jansen was enthusiastic in his devotion to my enjoyment—declared he would go down with me himself and show me every thing worth seeing—even to the lower level just opened. While I was attempting to frame an excuse the honest Norwegian had lighted a couple of candles, given directions to one of the "boys" to look out for the old blind horse attached to the whim, and now stood ready at the mouth of the shaft to guide me into the subterranean regions.

"Mr. Jansen," said I, looking with horror at the rickety wooden bucket and the flimsy little rope that was to hold us suspended between the surface of the earth and eternity, "is that rope strong?"

"Well, I think it's strong enough to hold us," replied Jansen; "it carries a ton of ore. We don't weigh a ton, I guess."

"But the bucket looks fearfully battered. And who can vouch that the old horse won't run away and let us down by the run?"

"Oh, Sir, he's used to it. That horse never runs. You see he's fast asleep now. He sleeps all along on the down turn. It's the up turn that gets him."

"Mr. Jansen," said I, "all that may be very true; but suppose the bucket should catch and drop us out?"

"Well, sometimes it catches; but nobody's been hurt bad yet: one man fell fifteen feet perpendicular. He lit on the top of his head."

"Wasn't he killed?"

"No: he was only stunned a little. There was a buzzin' about among his brains for a few days after; he's at work down below now as well as ever."

"Mr. Jansen, upon the whole I think I'd rather go down by the ladder, if it's all the same to you."

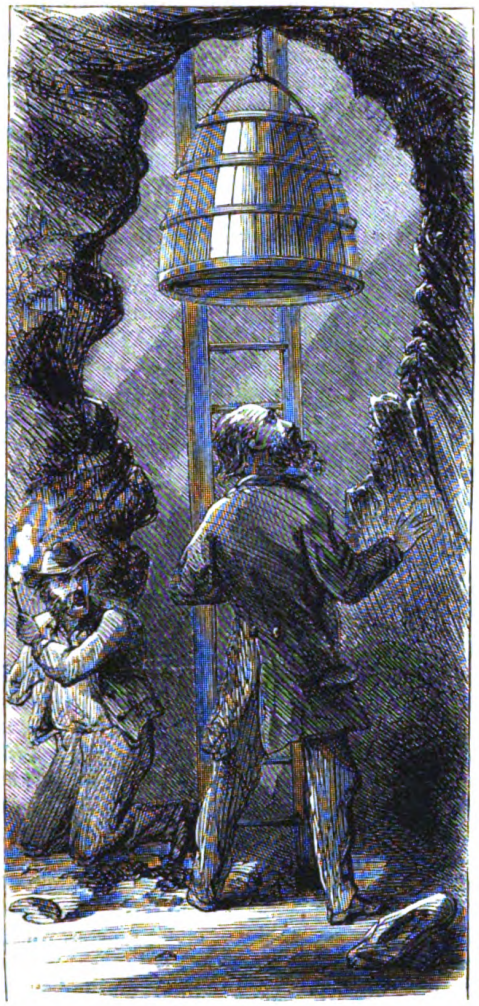
"Certainly, Sir, suit yourself; only the ladder's sort o' broke in spots, and you'll find it a tolerably hard climb down; hows'ever I'll go ahead and sing out when I come to the bad places."

With this the Norwegian disappeared. I looked down after him. The shaft was about four feet square; rough, black, and dismal, with a small flickering light, apparently a thousand feet below, making the darkness visible. It was almost perpendicular; the ladders stood against the near side, perched on ledges or hanging together by means of chafed and ragged-looking ropes. I regretted that I had not taken Jansen's advice and committed myself to the bucket; but it was now too late. With a hurried glance at the bright world around me, a thought of home and the unhappy condition of widows and orphans, as a general thing, I seized the rungs of the ladder and took the irrevocable dive. Down I crept, rung after rung, ladder after ladder, in the black darkness, with the solid walls of rock pressing the air close around me. Sometimes I heard the incoherent mutterings of voices below, but could make nothing of them. Perhaps Jansen was warning me of breaks in the ladder; perhaps his voice was split up by the rocks and sounded like many voices; or it might be that there were gnomes whisking about in the dark depths below. Down and still down I crept; slower and slower, for I was getting tired, and I fancied there might be poisonous gases in the air. When I had reached to the depth of a thousand feet, as it seemed, but about a hundred and forty as it was in reality, the thought occurred to me that I was beginning to get alarmed. In truth I was shaking like a man with an ague. Suppose I should become nervous and lose my grip on the ladder? The very idea was enough to make me shaky. There was an indefinite extent of shaft underneath; black, narrow, and scraggy, with a solid base of rock at the bottom. I did not wonder that it caused a buzzing of the brain to fall fifteen feet and light on the top of the head. My brain was buzzing already, and I had not fallen yet. But the prospect to that effect was getting better and better every moment, for I was now quite out of breath, and had to stop and cling around the ladder to avoid falling. The longer I stood this way the more certain it became that sooner or later I would lose my presence of mind and topple over. With a desperate effort I proceeded, step after step, clinging to the frail wood-work as the drowning man clings to a straw, gasping for breath; the cold sweat streaming down my face, and my jaws chattering audibly. The breaks in the ladders were getting fearfully common. Sometimes I found two rungs gone, sometimes six or seven; and then I had to slide down by the sides till my feet found a resting-place on another rung or some casual ledge of rock. To Jansen, or the miners who worked down in the shaft every day, all this of course was mere pastime. They knew every break and resting-place; and besides, familiarity with any particular kind of danger blunts the sense of it. I am confident I could make the same trip again without experiencing any unpleasant sensation. By good fortune I at length reached the bottom of the shaft, where I found my Norwegian friend and some three or four workmen quietly awaiting my arrival. A bucket of ore, containing some five or six hundred pounds, was ready to be hoisted up. It was very nice-looking ore, and very rich ore, as Jansen assured me; but what did I care about ore till I got the breath back again into my body?

"Stand from under, Sir!" said Jansen, dodging into a hole in the rocks; "a chunk of ore might fall out, or the bucket might give way."

Stand from under? Where in the name of sense was a man to stand in such a hole as this, not more than six or eight feet at the base, with a few dark chasms in the neighborhood through which it was quite possible to be precipitated into the infernal regions. However, I stood as close to the wall as it was possible without backing clean into it. The bucket of ore having gone up out of sight, I was now introduced to the ledge upon which the men were at work. It

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STAND FROM UNDER!

was about four feet thick, clearly defined, and apparently rich in the precious metals. In some specimens which I took out myself gold was visible to the naked eye. The indications of silver were also well marked. This was at a depth of a hundred and seventy-five feet. At the bottom of this shaft there was a loose flooring of rafters and planks.

"If you like, Sir," said Jansen, "we'll go down here and take a look at the lower drift. They've just struck the ledge about forty feet below."

"Are the ladders as good as those above, Mr. Jansen?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, Sir; they're all good, some of the lower ones may be busted a little with the blastin'; but there's two men down there. Guess they got down somehow."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Jansen, I'm not curious about the lower drift. You can show me some specimens of the ore—that will be perfectly satisfactory."

"Yes, Sir, but I'd like you to see the vein where the drift strikes it. It's really beautiful."

A beautiful sight down in this region was worth looking at, so I succumbed. Jansen lifted up the planks: told the men to cover us well up as soon as we had disappeared, in order to keep the ore from the upper shaft from tumbling on our heads; and then, diving down, politely requested me to follow. I had barely descended a few steps when the massive planks and rafters were thrown across overhead, and thus all exit to the outer world was cut off. There was an oppressive sensation in being so completely isolated—barred out, as it were, from the surface of the earth. Yet how many there are who spend half their lives in such places for a pittance of wages which they squander in dissipation! Surely it is worth four dollars a day to work in these dismal holes.

Bracing my nerves with such thoughts as these, I scrambled down the rickety ladders till the last rung seemed to have disappeared. I probed about with a spare leg for a landing-place, but could touch neither top, bottom, nor sides. The ladder was apparently suspended in space like Mohammed's coffin.

"Come on, Sir," cried the voice of Jansen far down below. "They're agoing to blast!"



"COME ON, SIR."

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Pleasant, if not picturesque, to be hanging by two hands and one leg to a ladder, squirming about in search of a foothold, while somebody below was setting fire to a fuse with the design, no doubt, of blowing up the entire premises!

"Mr. Jansen," said I, in a voice of unnatural calmness, while the big drops of agony stood on my brow, "there's no difficulty in saying 'Come on, Sir!' but to do it without an inch more of ladder or any thing else that I can see, requires both time and reflection. How far do you expect me to drop?"

"Oh, don't you let go, Sir! Just hang on to that rope at the bottom of the ladder, and let yourself down."

I hung on as directed, and let myself down. It was plain sailing enough to one who knew the chart. The ladder, it seemed, had been broken by a blast of rocks; and now there was to be another blast. We retired into a convenient hole about ten or a dozen paces from the deposit of Hazard's powder. The blast went off with a dead reverberation, causing a concussion in the air that affected one like a shock of galvanism; and then there was a diabolical smell of brimstone. Jansen was charmed at the result. A mass of the ledge was burst clean open. He grasped up the blackened fragments of quartz, licked them with his tongue, held them to the candle, and constantly exclaimed: "There! Sir, there! Isn't it beautiful? Did you ever see any thing like it?—pure gold almost—here it is!—don't you see it?"

I suppose I saw it; at all events I put some specimens in my pocket, and saw them afterward out in the pure sunlight, where the smoke was not so dense; and it is due to the great cause of truth to say the gold was there in glittering specks, as if shaken over it from a pepper-box.

Having concluded my examination of the mine, I took the bucket as a medium of exit, being fully satisfied with the ladders. About half-way up the shaft the iron swing or handle to which the rope was attached caught in one of the ladders. The rope stretched. I felt it harden and grow thin in my hands. The bucket began to tip over. It was pitch dark all around. Jansen was far below, coming up the ladder. Something seemed to be creaking, cracking, or giving way. I felt the rough, heavy sides of the bucket press against my legs. A terrible apprehension seized me that the gear was tangled and would presently snap. In the pitchy darkness and the confusion of the moment I could not conjecture what was the matter. I darted out my hands, seized the ladder, and jerking myself high out of the bucket, clambered up with the agility of an acrobat. Relieved of my weight, the iron catch swung loose, and up came the bucket banging and thundering after me with a velocity that was perfectly frightful. Never was there such a subterranean chase, I verily believe, since the beginning of the world. To stop a single moment would be certain destruction; for the bucket was large, heavy, and massively bound with iron; and the space in the shaft was not sufficient to admit of its passing without crushing me flat against the ladder.

But such a chase could not last long. I felt my strength give way at every lift. The distance out was too great to admit the hope of escape by climbing. My only chance was to seize the rope above the bucket and hang on to it. This I did. It was a lucky thought—one of those thoughts that sometimes flash upon the mind like inspiration in a moment of peril. A few more revolutions of the whim brought me so near the surface that I could see the bucket only a few yards below my feet. The noise of the rope over the block above reminded me that I had better slip down a little to save my hands, which I did in good style, and was presently landed on the upper crust of the earth, all safe and sound, though somewhat dazzled by the light and rattled by my subterranean experiences.

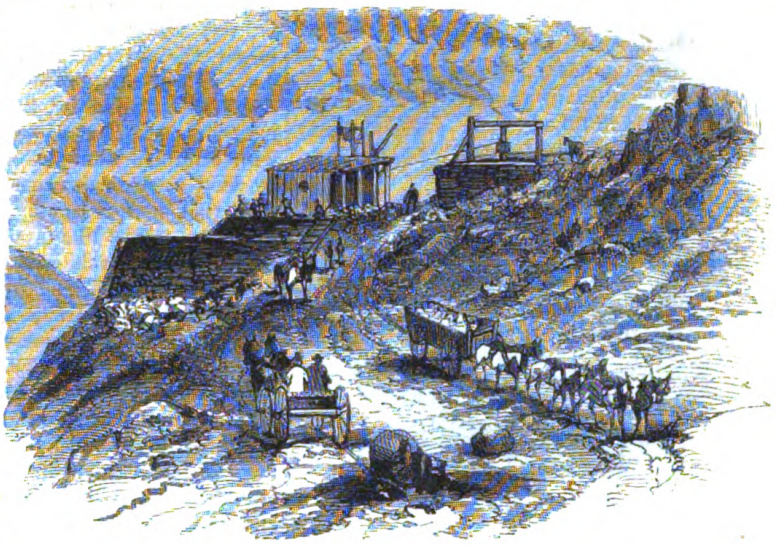
It was not long before Jansen came up, looking as cool as a cucumber. He blew out the candle, and remarked to the men generally, "Boys, they've struck it rich in the new drift! We must pitch into it to-morrow!"

After my pleasant little adventure in the "San Antonio" I took the down track over the western side of the bluff, with my pockets—so to speak—full of rocks, which I caused to be pounded up in a mortar and washed out at one of the springs in the valley. The "San Antonio" is on the same ledge with the "New Mexico," one of the Empire Company's mines. My specimens were obtained at a depth of 175 and 215 feet. I had some doubt as to their value until I saw the result of the washing process, which settled the matter satisfactorily. There was as nice a little deposit of pure gold in the bottom of the horn as ever I saw taken at random from any mine in California, Washoe, or Arizona. The quartz at this depth is decomposed, and runs in thin layers, between which, adhering to the surface, the gold is found. Silver exists in the bluish veins which permeate the quartz, but is not found in such abundance as the gold. The bullion rates at about ten dollars to the ounce. There seems to be very little difference in the quality of the ores in any of the lodes extending through Bodie Bluff. I subsequently explored most of them, as far as they were excavated, and made several tests, which produced a similar show of gold. Judging by actual results derived from the working of some two or three hundred tons in the Aurora Mills, where the waste was evidently great, it would be safe to estimate the average yield at from thirty-five to forty-five dollars per ton; though I am informed that during the past fall and winter the yield was sixty dollars and upward. With increased care and a more perfect system of reduction it is not improbable a higher yield could be obtained.

For speculative purposes this is low; but there is a satisfaction to stockholders in knowing exactly what they possess, and upon what

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basis to found their calculations of future profit. The best paying mines on this coast are those that yield a moderate average. This is especially the case in the districts of Nevada and Grass Valley, California, which now, after having, as it was thought, been worked out, yield better average results than they ever did before. I speak of the quartz ledges, of course, not of the placer diggings. The Real del Monte in Mexico, according to the estimates of Baron Humboldt and Mr. Ward, yielded for a series of years, during a period of high prosperity, an average of fifty-two dollars to the ton. It is the certainty and abundance of the precious metals, and the facility with which the ore is obtained, that constitute the true criterion of excellence and give permanent value to the mine.



MINING AT BODIE.

The history of some of the Washoe mines, which have yielded extraordinary results under a heavy pressure of expense and labor, and which are now suffering a depression resulting from exhaustion of the upper strata, presents the most striking examples of this fact. Had the inferior ores been properly economized, and the mines worked with a view to the future, stockholders in these mines would now have no cause to regret their investments. I do not wish to be understood as advancing the idea that the Comstock ledge is exhausted or likely to be; for I have always regarded it, and do still, as the richest silver lode yet discovered in our mineral territories. But I think the world can present no such example as we find in the history of that ledge, of mismanagement, extravagance, and fraud. It would almost seem, indeed, as if the American people, owing to some inherent characteristic—an impatient, speculative, prodigal spirit, perhaps—were incapable of conducting the business of mining upon any principle of reason, honesty, or common sense. Why is it, otherwise, that, with the richest mines in the world—with untiring enterprise, inventive genius of the highest order, a larger average of intelligence than any other people possess, we have never yet made mining a permanently profitable business to all concerned? The truth is, we are too impatient and too exacting, and expect to make fortunes as we live—by telegraphic speed. We must tear out the entrails of the earth by novel and expeditious applications of steam, and turn our capital by galvanic speculations, or give it up in disgust.

Now it is a well demonstrated fact that the best paying mines are not those which yield the richest specimens of ores. The silver lodes on Reese River have yielded higher results, in exceptional cases, than those of Washoe, yet there is nothing there that can bear comparison with the Comstock.

The Allison Ranch, in California, I have been informed, has made its largest annual profits on ores varying from eight to twelve dollars to the ton; and it has been estimated that if the principal mines in Mariposa could be depended upon for a sufficiency of ores worth ten dollars a ton to keep the mills in active operation the results would be satisfactory.

Specimen ores that assay from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars per ton can be obtained from almost any quartz ledge in Nevada. No reliable calculation can be based upon these exceptional proofs of value. Every thing depends upon the extent and definite character of the veins and the equable diffusion of the precious metals. The difficulty in most cases where these rich pockets exist is, that they are isolated, or only to be found at remote intervals. It usually costs more to get at them than they are worth.

In justice to the Bodie mines, it must be admitted that they are at least free from this objection. None of the ores are especially rich, but the precious metals are diffused throughout the veins with great regularity. I made a calculation of the results that ought to be obtained from one thousand tons of ore taken from one of these lodes, assuming the usual cubic measurement, and found that it tallied exactly with the yield as subsequently obtained.

There are several companies engaged in working the principal veins that extend through Bodie Bluff. Among these the largest interests are held by the "Empire Gold and Silver Mining Company of New York," whose possessions commence at the face of the Bluff and run a thou-

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INTERIOR OF THE BODIE BUNKER.

sand feet along each ledge. The limits are strictly defined, and no litigation has yet taken place, or is likely to occur, inasmuch as the claims of each Company are duly surveyed and recorded, the boundaries accurately laid down, and every precaution taken to prevent those contentions which have proved the ruin of so many rich mineral districts in Nevada.

The "Bodie Bunker and High Peak Tunnel and Mining Company" hold the principal mines adjoining those of the Empire. The character of the veins and quality of the ores owned by this Company are essentially the same as those already described, showing a direct continuation of the ledges from the first point at which they crop out. I made a subterranean tour through the Bodie Bunker and Consolidated Mines belonging to this Company, and was very favorably impressed by the general indications of permanency and mineral wealth. Three thousand tons of the ores from the Bunker, taken out on contract by a Mr. Luffkin, yielded an average of $42 to the ton, and paid him a handsome profit upon his contract.

In all the mines which I visited within the limits of Bodie Bluff I found the veins of nearly uniform thickness—that is to say, varying from two to five feet in gold and silver bearing quartz, with clear and well-defined walls and casings. The work done upon them is of a very rude and imperfect character, the main object having been apparently to get as much out of them with as little expense as possible, and without regard to the permanent development of the mines. I was especially impressed with the fact that there appeared to be none of those subterranean "horses," which miners find so stubborn to move and so difficult to get over or under. Each vein retains its distinctive character all the way as far as the excavations extend. The best ores have been taken out at a depth of a hundred and seventy-five feet and upward. If the undiminished width and value of the ledges at that depth can be regarded as an indication of permanency I think there can be no question on that point. Still I should be very sorry to make any statement which might mislead the public or fail to be borne out in the future. The experience of Nevada and California, so far, has shown that no human foresight can penetrate the earth and tell with certainty what lies within its hidden recesses. Geological science has been so often at fault that mere reasoning from such data as an unlearned tourist like myself can pick up in the course of his travels can scarcely be entitled to greater weight. The fact, however, that most of the leading mines in Virginia City, after a period of doubt and depression, are now striking good ores at a depth of four hundred feet and upward would seem to augur favorably in regard to all other mineral lodes in the Territory.

Up to the period of my visit (in September) the ores taken from this district were subject to an expense of eight dollars per ton for hauling, and twenty dollars a ton for working at the Aurora Mills. Yet with these heavy deductions, and the additional cost of labor in the mines, private parties made handsome profits by working the mines under contract and having the ores reduced on their own account.

In addition to the quartz ledges there are placer diggings in the Bodie range, which have yielded during ordinary seasons of rain as high as sixteen to twenty dollars a day to the hand. In fact, the "color of gold," as the miners say, can be obtained from the surface dirt taken at random from any part of the hill. These diggings, so far as known, extend over an area of several miles, and can not fail to assume a permanent value as soon as sufficient capital is introduced to supply water from the adjacent valley of Cottonwood Creek.

In respect to the article of provisions, the proximity of the Big Meadows, Mono Lake, and Walker's Valley, where vegetable products of all kinds are now abundantly raised, is a great advantage to this district. Until within a year or two miners suffered much from the want of vegetables; scurvy was a common disease; but during the past summer the supply has been quite equal to the demand. Farms are being located and cultivated in all the adjacent valleys, where the altitude is not too great for agricultural purposes; and it is found that the land, though apparently barren, is extraordinarily rich, owing to deposits of fertilizing matter from the surrounding mountains. Of course every thing which has a tendency to reduce the cost of living must reduce the cost of mining in this country—a very important consideration. No mines, however rich, can be profitably worked for any great length of time where the wages for ordinary labor are four dollars a day. Ores worth fifteen to twenty dollars a ton are necessarily cast aside, and only such as yield over thirty or forty dollars can be made to pay. There is always more poor ore in every mining district than rich; hence the preponderance of wealth is lost where the inferior ores can not be made available.

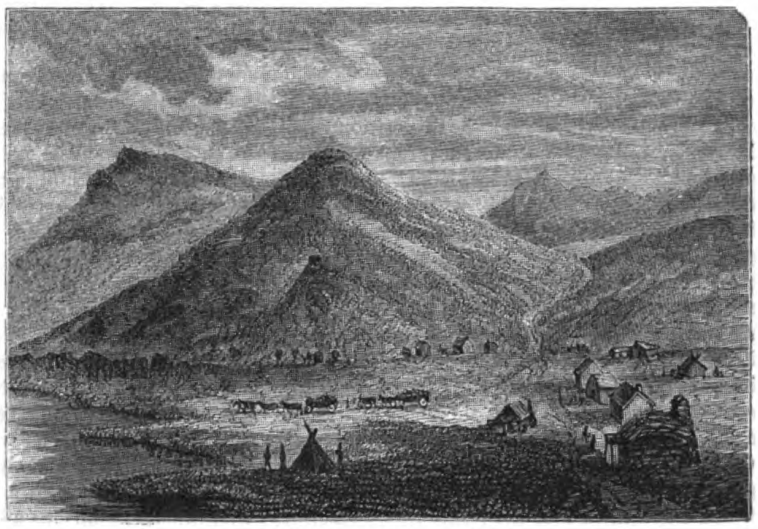
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The period is not very distant when the ores now discarded will be the source of permanent wealth in Nevada. It is to a general reduction of expenses, and not to the discovery of richer leads, that we must look for that high state of prosperity which I think, despite all the losses and drawbacks which have attended the investment of capital in Nevada, is the ultimate destiny of that region.

Whether or not the Bodie mines will be worked profitably on a large scale depends very much upon the system of operations introduced by the owners. As a general rule, large companies are less successful in the working of mines than small parties and private individuals. The cause of this may be found in the fact that mining, like any other business, requires judicious and economical management, and strict personal attention, to be permanently profitable. Indeed the risks are so much greater than in any other business, that those maxims of economy and accountability which apply to the ordinary transactions of life possess still greater force as applied to the business of mining. Unnecessarily expensive mills, a loose system of disbursement, incompetent managers, and inefficient experts, have effected the ruin of many mines and many stockholders in the Territory of Nevada. The same causes would produce similar results in any other business. Exorbitant and unreasonable demands for high dividends have been a fruitful source of failure. Capitalists are not satisfied unless they receive from two to five per cent. a month upon their investments; and superintendents work under a heavy pressure, and assume great hazards to produce that result. Now I am very confident that no ten mines in Virginia City have ever yet yielded an average of one per cent. a month over and above expenses, and I venture to assert that no mines in South America, Mexico, or Nevada have continued to pay such high dividends for any great length of time. Permanency and extraordinary dividends are incompatible. Where the yield is evidently reliable, a reasonable per-centage, regularly paid, is better than a larger amount which must necessarily involve greater risk and increased expenditure.

At the head of the Bodie Valley, where I spent a day very pleasantly among the miners, is a beautiful natural location for a town, sheltered by surrounding hills from the chilling winds that sweep down from the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras. There are now some fifteen or twenty small frame and adobe houses erected for the use of the workmen; a boarding-house is already established; lots and streets are laid out by means of stakes; new houses are springing up in every direction, and speculation in real estate is quite the fashion. It was amusing to witness the enthusiasm with which the citizens went into the business of trading in lots. Groups of speculators were constantly engaged in examining choice locations, and descanting upon the brilliant future of the embryo city. A pair of boots, I suppose, would have secured the right to a tolerably good lot; but having only one pair, and that pretty well worn, I did not venture upon an investment. Some of the city dignitaries, however, duly impressed with the importance of having a view of their town appear in the illuminated pages of *Harper*, paid me the compliment to attach my name to the principal street; and thus, in future ages, I confidently expect my memory will be rescued from oblivion. Here is the promised view of the town.

Although the altitude is greater than that of any inhabited spot within the limits of the United States, and only surpassed by those of Potosi, which is 13,330 feet, and Quito, 9540 feet, the climate is exceedingly healthy; never too warm in summer, and rarely rigorous in winter. This, at an elevation of nearly 9000 feet, is remarkable. Water is abundantly supplied from a fine spring distant a few hundred yards from the centre of the town; wood, for mining purposes and for the use of the inhabitants, can be obtained from a pine-forest situated on the side of a hill about four miles from the camp. The supply of this latter article, however, is limited, and can not be depended upon for more than a few years; but the ravines in the main range of the Sierra Nevada, bordering on Mono Lake, are clothed with inexhaustible forests, suitable for lumber as well as fuel. A good road is now open to the shores of Mono, the nearest part of which lies about fourteen



BROWNE STREET, BODIE.

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miles from Bodie. A view of the lake from the eastern side of the bluff presents one of the finest specimens of scenic grandeur to be found in the whole range of the Sierra Nevadas. Mountain after mountain rolls off in the distance, like the waves of an angry sea. Perpetual snow covers the highest peaks of the Sierras. Dark forests of pine stand in bold outline on the inferior ranges, and vast chasms and rocky cañons open out upon the shores of the lake, which lies dead and still apparently within a stone's-throw of the beholder. Circling deposits of alkali and drifts of wood mark the barren plains that lie on the eastern shore of the lake, showing that in by-gone centuries it covered a vast extent of country from which it has now receded.

A direct communication from the valley of the San Joaquin, *via* Sonora, has recently been opened by the citizens of Mono and Esmerelda; thus saving in transportation, from the head of navigation at Stockton, at least four or five days of wagon travel over the usual time required by the old route from Sacramento *via* Carson Valley. This will greatly reduce the cost of transporting supplies of machinery and provisions from San Francisco.



THE RESPECTABLE MARRIED WITNESS.

IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

I HAVE a theory that a man's fate lies in his natural disposition; not the disposition which he has control over, but a certain secret and unsuspected bent of his mind, which leads him, right or wrong, against his will or against his knowledge. In pursuing this theory I am disposed to believe that there is a certain kind of men and women whose bias is always rolling them into the witness-box; whose bias first of all rolls them into situations where they see and hear things bearing upon matters which will become the subject of litigation or criminal process. Look at the people sketched in illustration of these remarks. There they are, born witnesses; types which we see in the box repeated over and over again, with all the fatuity which leads them into the position of witnesses, and all the attributes which so peculiarly fit them for the operations of counsel plainly stamped upon their features. They can not help being witnesses any more than Dr. Watts's bears and lions could help growling and fighting. It is their nature to.



THE DULL WITNESS.

Mark the Dull Witness. Have you not seen him times out of number? At the police-court, in a case of assault and battery—he happened to be in the way at the time, of course: at the inquest—he was passing just at the moment the deceased threw himself from the first-floor window. In the Marine Court, on a case of collision, where the defendant is sued for damages on the score of having taken the wrong side of the road. Of course he gets into the dock instead of the witness-box; of course he stumbles up the steps, and equally of course stumbles down them again. He takes the book in the wrong hand, and when he is told to take it in the other, that hand is sure to be gloved; the court is kept waiting while he divests himself of this article of apparel; and the consciousness of the witness that all eyes are upon him, concentrated in a focal glare of reproof and impatience, only tends to increase and intensify his stupidity. He drops the book; he kisses his thumb—not evasively, for he is incapable of any design whatever; he looks at the judge when he ought to be looking at the counsel, and at the counsel when he ought to be looking at the judge. There is such an utter want of method in the stupidity of this witness that counsel can make nothing of him. He perjures himself a dozen times, and with regard to that collision case, gets into such a fog about the rule of the road, that at last he doesn't know his right hand from his left. It is useless for counsel to point with triumph to the inconsistencies of this witness's evidence; for it is obvious to every body that he is quite incapable of throwing any light on the subject whatever, and that what he says one way or another is of no importance. The examining counsel is only too glad to get rid of such a witness, and very soon tells him to stand down—a command which he obeys by tumbling down and staggering into the

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body of the court, with a dumb-foundered expression quite pitiful to behold.

Now the Confident Witness steps into the box. He is, in his own idea, prepared for every thing.



THE CONFIDENT WITNESS.

He is prepared for the slips; he is ready at all points for the greasy New Testament. He looks the counsel steadily in the face, as much as to say—"You will not shake my evidence, I can tell you." The counsel meets this look with a glance of anticipated triumph. There is a defined position here whose assumption of strength is its greatest weakness. The Confident Witness has resolved to answer yes and no, and not to be tempted into any amplifications which will give the cross-examining counsel an opportunity of badgering him. The counsel can make nothing of him for a while; but at last he goads him into an expression of anger; when, seeing that he is losing his temper, he smiles a galling smile, and says—"No doubt, Sir, you think yourself a very clever fellow: don't you now? Answer me, Sir." The Confident Witness falling into this trap, and thinking "Answer me, Sir," has reference to the question about his cleverness, snaps the counsel up with a retort about being as clever as he is; and immediately the badgering commences.

"How dare you interrupt me, Sir? Prevarication won't do here, Sir. Remember you are on your oath, Sir!"

And the indignation of the witness being thus aroused—by, it must be confessed, a most unwarrantable and ungentlemanly course of proceeding—away goes the main-sheet of his confidence, and he is left floundering about without rudder or compass in the raging sea of his anger. It is now the worthy object of the learned counsel to make him contradict himself, and to exhibit him in the eyes of the jury as a person utterly unworthy of belief.

There is a nervous variety of this witness, who is occasionally frightened into doubting his own handwriting. He is positive at first; has no doubt on the point whatever. It is, or it is not. Then he is asked if he made a point of putting a dot over the i in "Jenkins." He always made a point of that.



THE WITNESS WHO DOUBTS HIS OWN HANDWRITING.

"Do you ever omit the dot?"

"Never."

"Then be good enough to look at this signature" (counsel gives him a letter, folded up so as to conceal every thing but the signature). "You perceive there is no dot over the i there. Is that your signature?"

"I should say not."

"You should say not—why? Because there is no dot over the i?"

"Yes; because there is no dot over the i."

"Now, Sir, look at the whole of that letter. Did you write such a letter?"

"Certainly; I did write such a letter."

"Did you write *that* letter?"

"I—I—"

"Remember, Sir, you are on your oath. Is it like your handwriting?"

"It is."

"Is it like your signature?"

"It is."

"*Is* it your signature?"

"It might be."

"Gentlemen of the jury; after most positively denying that this was his signature, the witness at length admits that it might be. What reliance then can be placed upon the doubts which he expresses with regard to the document upon which this action is based?"

This witness has really no doubts about his handwriting at all, until he is artfully induced to commit himself with regard to the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's.

The Deaf Witness is not a hopeful subject for counsel to deal with; and when, on entering the box, he settles himself into a leaning posture, with his hand to his ear, the gentlemen in the horse-hair wigs will be seen to exchange glances which imply mutual pity for each other. Those glances say plainly enough, "Here is a

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THE DEAF WITNESS.

deaf old post, who will pretend to be much more deaf than he really is, and will be sure to have the sympathies of the public if we bully him." The Deaf Witness, when the counsel begins to ask awkward questions, says "eh?" to every thing; and if he be a knowing witness at the same time, pretends not to understand, which justifies him in giving stupid and irrelevant answers. As a rule, both sides are not sorry to get rid of a deaf witness; and he is told to stand down in tones of mingled pity and contempt.

The Knowing Witness, who is not deaf, is a too-clever-by-half gentleman, who soon falls a prey to his overweening opinion of his own sharpness. They are not going to frighten him by asking him to kiss the book. He kisses it



THE KNOWING WITNESS.

with a smack of the lips and a wag of the head, by which he seems to indicate that he is prepared to eat the book if required. Then, after a question or two, when he thinks he is getting the best of it with the lawyers, he winks at the general audience, and so fondly believes he is taking every body into his confidence, against his cross-examiner. This is the gentleman who is credited with those sharp retorts upon lawyers which we find in jest-books and collections of wit and humor; but I fear he has little real claim to distinction as a dealer in repartee. Those smart things are "made up" for him, as they are made for the wag, and generally for Joseph Miller. The retorts of the Knowing Witness are usually on the simplest principle of *tu quoque*, and as their pith chiefly consists in their rudeness—only counsel are allowed to be rude in court—they are certain to be checked by the court. The court does not tolerate jokes that are not made by itself.

The Irrelevant Witness, who introduces foreign matter into her evidence, is generally of the female gender, and is a person whose appearance and manner warrant counsel in addressing



THE IRRELEVANT WITNESS.

her as "my good woman." She will declare that she is "*not* a good woman," and secure for that standard witticism the laugh which it never fails to raise, whether spoken innocently or with intent. She deals very much in "he said" and "she said;" and of course the counsel doesn't want to know what he said or she said, but what the good woman saw with her own eyes and heard with her own ears. But nothing on earth will induce her to stick to the point; and though she is pulled up again and again, she still persists in giving all collateral circumstances in minute detail. I should say that when this witness goes to the play, she provides herself with a small bottle of rum and an egg-cup.

The Interesting Witness is also of the feminine gender—slim, prim, modest, and demure. She is a young lady of "prepossessing appearance, and notably interesting. The moment she steps into the box and puts up her veil to kiss the book, the counsel fix their eye-glasses and scrutinize her narrowly; and, as these gentle-

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men are proverbially polite, they will be seen, while staring the interesting young lady out of countenance, to nudge each other and pass round pleasant jokes. The interesting young-lady witness is rarely to be met with in the civil courts. The place to look for her is the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, where it is generally the object of the cross-examining counsel to prove that the Interesting Witness, who has prepossessed every one by her modest demeanor, is no better than she should be. There is possibly no warranty for this course of proceeding; but then the noble practice of the law requires that a lawyer shall do the best he can for his client, and that he must not scruple to blacken the character of the innocent, in order to protect from the consequences of his crime one whom he well knows to be guilty.

The interesting female witness is of two kinds. One is what she seems; the other is *not* what she seems. The mock-modest lady usually gives her cross-examiner a good deal of trouble. She is wary; brief in her answers, decisive in her replies; and her habit of dropping her eyes enables her to conceal her emotions. This witness holds out to the last. The other, who is really the interesting, modest, demure, timid creature that she appears, soon betrays herself under a severe cross-examination. Her only weapon of defense rises unbidden from the depths of her wounded feelings, in the shape of a flood of tears.



THE INTERESTING WITNESS.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IX.—THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF MORGAN.

The Rebel Raiders.—The Heroine.—Commencement of the Pursuit.—Bravery of Colonel O. H. Moore.—Repulse of the Rebels.—Rebel Barbarism.—Plan of the Raiders.—The Quaker and the Copperhead.—Morgan in Cincinnati.—The Repulse at Jackson.—Rout of the Rebels at Buffington Island.—Anecdotes.—The Escape of Morgan.—His Treachery.—Final Capture.

IN a Prayer-Book in a church in Louisville a worshiper found written, "Hurrah for John Morgan! the Marion of the South, following his footsteps as much so as the apostles followed the footsteps of Christ." Despite the bad rhetoric and the irreverent comparison, we can from this get some idea of the admiration felt by a large portion of the Southern people for the most daring freebooter and the most lawless adventurer since the days of our childhood's hero, Robin Hood.

It is said that the Saracen mothers quieted crying children and subdued angry boys with the nursery threat, "If you do not stop King Richard will catch you." It is not unlikely that for years to come the name of John Morgan, the rebel raider, may be the terror of little ones in that part of the country where he rode his great ride.

The narrative of his bold march through parts of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, and the heroic pursuit by the militia and a small command under Generals Hobson and Judah, will not be one of the least interesting sketches in the history of these eventful days.

John Morgan, with twenty-five hundred effective men and four pieces of artillery, left Sparta, Tennessee, on the 27th of June, 1863. His command was divided into two brigades. One he led himself. The other was led by Colonel Johnston. The men comprising this raiding party were from both classes of the Southern people. Some were young men in high life, the sons of planters and of merchant princes, who, impelled by a restless spirit of adventure and a deluded sentiment of devotion to the rebel flag, and of hatred of the national banner of Stars and Stripes, flocked to the standard raised by that noted guerrilla chief. The larger portion, however, of the marauding band was composed of that part of the Southern community known as "poor whites." These illiterate, half-starved, semi-barbaric men chose the exciting cavalry raiding in preference to the idleness of the camp or the tediousness of the trenches, because, poor fellows! they were hungry and almost naked, and the abundance of food and clothing, rich treasure, license, and the easy victory promised by Morgan, resistlessly tempted their sorely tried flesh. It was a motley crew gathered in Sparta that bright spring morning. Some were in what had been once white linen, now sadly the worse for wear. Some wore blue homespun. Some were in jackets. Some wore long coats; some frock-coats, some dress-coats, and many no coats at all. Side by side with the "clay eater," in his filth and rags, rode the handsomely-uniformed and finely-mounted lord of the soil.

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JOHN H. MORGAN.

Most of the horses were thin, half-starved looking beasts, only to be endured until, as the rebels said, "We get over the river, when we can help ourselves."

With banners flying and din of rebel music the host began its advance toward Burkesville, in Kentucky, near which town they intended to cross the Cumberland River. On this same day, June 27, the Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry and the Forty-fifth mounted infantry, under command of Colonel Woolford, with a howitzer battery, left Somerset, Kentucky, for Jamestown, to watch the movements of the desperate raiders, and catch them if they could.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

This day was no exception to the rule. A clear, bracing air, which it was a luxury to breathe, invigorated the men. A cloudless sky overarched the advancing host, and the joyous sunshine caressed the glorious banner as it was borne aloft at the head of the column. For a few days the march was continued with but few intervals for rest. At last Jamestown was reached, on the Cumberland River, about thirty miles above Burkesville. At this spot, where the rebels had intended to cross, the command halted for further orders.

On the 2d of July General Carter, in command of the United States forces at Somerset, was startled by the sound of clattering hoofs in front of his tent. To leave the table and hasten to the door was the work of an instant. A

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MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

horse, reeking with foam and panting with fatigue, stood there. His rider was a woman; her habit torn and bespattered with mud; her veil gone; her cheeks pale with fatigue and excitement, while her long black hair, loosed from its bands, fell in a wealth of curls to her waist.

"Will you alight, madam?"

"Not till I see General Carter. Can you show me to him? I am in haste. Every moment is precious."

"I am Carter, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Listen. John Morgan, with two brigades, has crossed the Cumberland, near Burkesville, and is now marching on Columbia."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, Sir, believe me," exclaimed the heroine, her eyes kindling with emotion; "my home is in East Tennessee. A Union scout came to our house early yesterday morning and told me. My husband is in the army. I have no boys. The scout is wounded, and unable to ride. So I took my horse and came to tell you myself." The title of these articles is the "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men;" but I am unable to pass unnoticed this act of true patriotism and heroic

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devotion of a woman, who may be proud to call the "Switzerland of America," the wild mountain fastnesses of Liberty in East Tennessee, her home.

The news brought by this noble woman led to an armed reconnoissance, which was sent out, under Captain Carter, in the direction of Columbia. With only a small force he advanced toward the enemy. He, however, soon met a much larger force, by which he was quite overwhelmed. Captain Carter fell, mortally wounded. Reinforcements came to the succor of the overpowered patriots, and though they struggled with great bravery they were so entirely outnumbered that retreat became inevitable. Whole volleys of musketry responded to their few rifle shots, and a park of artillery opened its murderous fire upon their thin ranks. Still, without serious loss, they retreated with rapid march to join their patriot friends who were stationed at Jamestown. Courier after courier was dispatched to General Carter, imploring help. The report of the lady being thus confirmed, the pursuit of John Morgan and his band of desperadoes was now commenced with great vigor.

The rebel general had the advantage of the patriot forces by two days' march. Morgan infused his own tireless energies into his men. Not allowing his troops to lose an hour, even for plunder, he pushed rapidly forward toward Green River, one of the important tributaries of the Ohio, which flows through the heart of the State of Kentucky. The rebel raiders, in their sweep through the State, were largely augmented by reckless adventurers, who, without any moral or political principles, were eager to join in any expedition which promised wild adventure and plunder. The cool, wary, crafty rebel chieftain, Basil Duke, aided the impetuous Morgan in the reckless enterprise. It was said that Duke furnished the thinking brain, and Morgan the impetuous hand which guided and nerved this lawless band, as it swept a tornado path of destruction through three States.

Colonel Orlando H. Moore was in command of two hundred patriot troops stationed at Tebbs's Bend, on Green River. This was the only force to retard the advance of the rebels upon New Market. On the 2d of July scouts brought in the report that Morgan's band was advancing in full force upon the Bend. Undaunted by the vast superiority of the rebels in numbers, Colonel Moore, as soon as he received the news, mounted his horse, and rode over the surrounding country to select his own battle-field. About two miles from his encampment he found a spot which suited him. The site chosen for the morrow's battle was truly beautiful. It was a lawn of level ground, carpeted with velvety turf and thick with trees, which, without the slightest impediment of underbrush, were waving in all the luxuriance of June foliage—a spot which the silvery river

"Forsakes his course to fold as with an arm."

All night long the men relieved each other in the arduous work, with spade and pick, in throwing up intrenchments. Rifle-pits were dug. A barricade of felled trees was made to check cavalry charges. Breast-works were thrown up, to stand between the bosoms of the patriots and the bullets of the rebel foe. On the night of the 3d the gallant two hundred took possession of these hurriedly-constructed works, to beat back a small army of more than as many thousands.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."

With not one word of murmuring, and with not one straggler, these heroic men planted themselves behind their frail redoubts to wait the oncoming surge of battle. All were prepared to meet, and with God's aid were determined to repel, the charge from the foe, however numerous that foe might prove to be. There was but little sleep in that patriot encampment that night. The men, grasping their arms, lay down in the trenches, and thought of home, wife, children, and friends. Memory was busy with the days which had fled, while stern yet anxious thought dwelt upon the future of to-morrow. The next day was the Fourth of July. That thought alone helped to make them heroes. Who could tell how many, then and there, would be called to put on the martyr's crown?

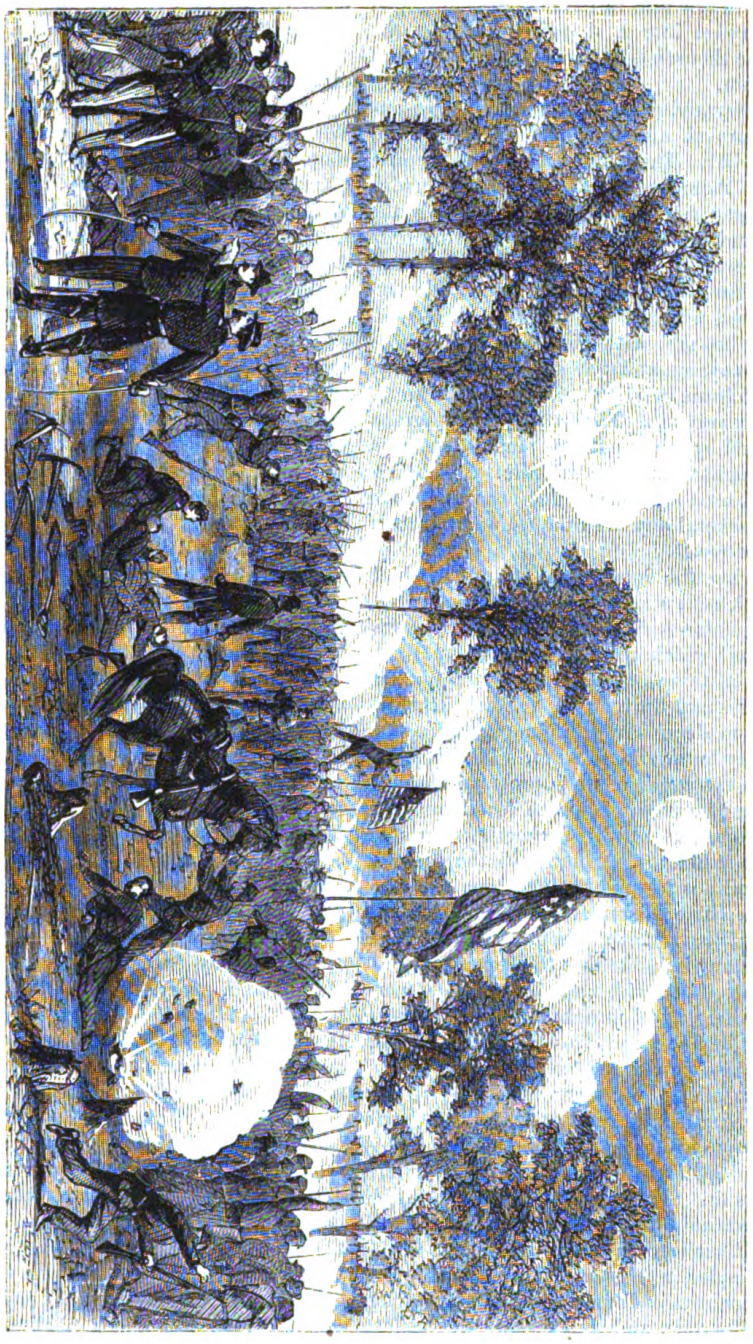
With the first rays of the morning sun came the first balls from the rifles of Morgan's sharpshooters. Soon a shell came, with its hideous shriek, plump into the little redoubt, wounding two men. With this hint of what they might expect, if obstinate, Morgan sent a flag of truce, with Major Elliot, demanding an immediate surrender of the entire force under Moore's command. Colonel Moore replied, "Present my compliments to General Morgan, and say to him that this being the Fourth of July, I can not entertain the proposition." Then turning to his men he said, "Now rise up, take good aim, and pick off those gunners."

At those words the patriots opened a calm, deliberate, and deadly fire. The numerous trees and the intrenchments they had thrown up afforded them very efficient protection. Gradually the little redoubt became nearly encircled by the rebels. Still no one thought of yielding. Colonel Moore was every where, encouraging and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic patriotism. The heroic band still loaded and fired with fatal precision, though

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered."

No hand trembled. No heart faltered. For God and the Flag they fought and bled. The battle raged, with unabated fury on both sides, for four hours. At last the enemy retreated, leaving his dead on the field. The rebel army, thus checked and discomfited, relinquished the prey they had hoped to grasp, and by a circuit avoiding New Market continued their plunder-

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THE FOURTH OF JULY FIGHT.

ing raid. The conquerors, justly exultant over their chivalric achievement, with new zest celebrated the Fourth of July. They were entitled to unusual joy, for they themselves had contributed another triumph to the ever-memorable day.

Meanwhile the patriot pursuers were not silent. On, on they rode, allowing themselves only a few hours' rest at a time. At Bradfordsville the command received the first reliable news of the raiders. Morgan had been detained by his fight at Tebbs's Bend, and arrived at Lebanon only thirty hours in advance of the avenging patriots on his track. At Lebanon the militia were rallied. They presented a brave but unavailing resistance to the determined raiders, who greatly outnumbered them. In their defeat three hundred were taken prisoners. The barbaric rebels, who were all mounted, goaded these unhappy captives at the point of their sabres to run at the double-quick to Springfield, a distance of twelve miles. If any one, through exhaustion, lagged, he was forced on by sabre thrusts and menaces of death. One unfortunate young man found it impossible to keep up with his merciless captors. The wretches knocked him in the head, as a warning to

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the rest, and left him in the middle of the road to be trampled into a shapeless mass by the hoofs of the thousands of horses which composed their column.

When they arrived at Springfield the prisoners were paroled, after having been first robbed of every dollar. Their hats and coats were also taken from them and transferred to the persons of the ragged rebels. On the 6th of July the rebels found themselves at Bargetown, only twenty-four hours after Morgan had left that place. Here General Hobson joined the national troops, which were under Colonel Wolford. He brought with him four brigades of Kentucky cavalry and two pieces of artillery. General Hobson, by virtue of his superior rank, now took command. The patriot troops, greatly exhausted by the impetuous pursuit, encamped for the night near Shepherdsville. The horses were about used up. They had been under the saddle for several days and nights, with scarcely an hour for rest.

Not having the intellectual stimulus which nerved both soul and arm of the patriot in the hot chase, horse-flesh could not stand that exhausting toil which the men bravely endured. The rebels at this point had robbed a mail train. With their sharp knives they slashed the mail-bags, and made quick work in examining for money every letter and package. The road was white with the wreck of these precious missives from loving hearts at home to loved ones far away. Some were full of cheering news of births and weddings. Some told the sad tale of grief and death—now the sunshine and now the shade. The hearts of the patriot soldiers beat in sympathy with the unknown writers. Little did they imagine that their carefully-prepared letters, filled with messages of love, were scattered along the Kentucky highway, or were used to light the camp-fires and the pipes of both rebel and patriot soldiers.

A night of rest was very refreshing to the wearied men and horses. But at the first bugle call in the morning every man sprang to his saddle, and again they pressed eagerly forward in the pursuit. Scouts reported Morgan on his way to Brandenburg, where he intended to cross the Ohio River into Indiana. His plan, as declared by spies, was to pass through the rich southern counties of Indiana and Ohio, ravaging as he swiftly rode, and thus circling round into Virginia, where he hoped to join Lee, and with him to make a raid upon Washington.

The patriot pursuers, both officers and men, resolved to indulge in no rest until this scheme was rendered abortive by the capture of the rebel chief. The marauding band reached the Ohio River successfully and exultantly. They seized upon two steamers, with which they crossed the stream. The torch was then applied to the steamers, and they were burned to the water's edge. Just as the Union army reached the river they saw the last of Morgan's cavalry galloping out of sight. The whole of the 9th of July was occupied in crossing the river. At night the troops went into camp to get strength for the long and arduous toil still before them.

After entering Indiana the rebels soon gave marked indications of the policy they intended to pursue in their invasion of the Free States. Wherever they appeared horses were impressed; shops entered and robbed; laces and ribbons were stored away in capacious pockets for lady-loves at home; mills were burned, unless instantly ransomed by the payment of a thousand dollars. And any man who ventured to offer resistance or remonstrance was sternly shot down upon the spot. The demons of theft, murder, arson, brooded over the guerrilla band, and urged them to every conceivable excess. For one thing, however, the rebels deserve credit—and that is for their uncompromising detestation of all *Northern* secessionists. They seemed to be taught by an unerring instinct that these men were the meanest of the mean, alike abhorrent to both God and man. An amusing incident is told of an interview with one of these crawling reptiles in Salem.

After Morgan entered the town some of his men went to burn the bridges and water-tanks on the railroad. They captured on their way two men, one of whom was a Quaker. The broad-brimmed patriot urged that he, as a peaceable citizen attending only to his own business, ought not to be held as a prisoner of war.

"But are you not hostile to the Confederacy?"

"Thee is right. I am."

"Well, you voted for Abraham Lincoln, did you not?"

"Thee is right. I did vote for Abraham."

"Well, what are you?"

"Thee may naturally suppose that I am a Union man. Can thee not let me go to my home?"

"Yes, yes; go and take care of the old woman," said the rebel, releasing the man, whose brave and honest truthfulness won the respect of the foe.

The other captive was not pleased with the speedy release of his comrade in misfortune. Turning to his captors with the ignoble and malicious spirit which has characterized all of his class, he said, hoping to ingratiate himself with the rebels,

"Look here! What did you let that fellow go for? He is a black abolitionist. Now *I* voted for Breckinridge. I have always been opposed to the war. I am opposed to fighting the South *decidedly*."

"You are?" replied the rebel, contemptuously. "You are what they call about here a *Copperhead*, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Copperhead, insinuatingly. "That is what all my neighbors call me. They know that I am not with them."

"Come here, Dave!" shouted the rebel to one of his comrades. "There is a Copperhead! Just look at him! Now, old man," continued he, turning to the wretch, "where do you live? We want what horses you have to spare. And

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if you have any greenbacks just shell them out; that's all!"

Thus the traitor was righteously robbed. It surely was right that he should pay his share to support that cause which his heart espoused. At the little town of Vernon Colonel Lowe commanded two thousand militia, hastily assembled from the surrounding country. Morgan sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the town. "Come and take it," was the intrepid reply. Women and children were removed, and the intrepid Colonel made preparations to defend the unfortified place with his raw recruits to the last possible extremity. This resolute show of fight put Morgan on his discretion. He burned the bridges, and did all the damage he could outside of the place, but concluded not to risk an encounter which so seriously threatened him with a repulse.

On, on Morgan's men rode through the counties of Indiana, and the Union troops were eager in the chase after them. The rebels had greatly the advantage over those who were chasing them; for in every town the pursuers found the exhausted horses which the rebels had cast aside, providing themselves with every fresh steed upon which they could lay their hands. The bridges which spanned the streams wherever the rebels wished to cross were burned behind them, so that the patriots were compelled either to swim or ford the streams or to construct new bridges.

On the night of the 13th of July General Hobson ordered his men into camp at Harrison, on the boundary-line between Indiana and Ohio. His horses were thoroughly worn out, and the poor soldiers were in a condition not much better. For four days neither men nor horses had enjoyed a night's rest, and had not even had the encouragement of a brush with the foe. That night all slept soundly; and while the pursuing force were dreaming of home, the rebels rested for an hour near the thronged streets of the city of Cincinnati. Incredible as the statement may appear, it is positively asserted that the rebel chief, in disguise, entered the city, and, in company with a traitor friend there, actually attended a ball given by one of the ladies of the place.

The eager pursuit of the patriots allowed the rebels to make but a short tarry in the vicinity of the Queen City. They were not strong enough to venture into its streets. Onward they pressed, burning bridges, destroying railroads, and stealing all they could lay their hands upon. Thus they left their desolating track behind them as they rode through the rich counties of southern Ohio, unobstructed and unopposed, until they came to the little town of Jaspar, in Pike County. There the citizens collected, and, cutting down trees, built a barricade in the road. Morgan came up and contemptuously opened fire upon the little band of citizens, expecting to scatter them as dogs disperse the flock. But though these citizens were outnumbered nearly ten to one, they fought bravely from behind their intrenchments. The rebels, in their unavailing assault, were thus detained four precious hours. In the mean time their pursuers were gaining upon them.

It is difficult to realize, in our own quiet homes, the intense anxiety, and often terror, which filled the hearts of the quiet farmers in southern Ohio when the tidings came, "Morgan is coming, and we are in his path!" We must draw upon our imaginations for a picture of the scene in Jaspar. Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, laborers, all joined the bold yeomanry in the effort to repel the invader. And this strangely-mixed crowd, drawn thus suddenly from their firesides, fought bravely and successfully with the rebel raiders. They taught the rebels a lesson of the courage of the Hoosiers which they did not soon forget. The rebels by this brave resistance were compelled, after the loss of several hours, to abandon their path through the town, and by a circuitous route to press on their way.

Again at Jackson the backwoodsmen fought the raiders; and again, by this timely check, the pursuers gained two hours upon the rebel band. The chase now became intensely exciting. The country is level, intersected by numerous little streams, all fordable at this season of the year—thus affording no obstruction to the march, but adding greatly to the beauty of the landscape. The weather throughout the whole pursuit had been delightful. A cloudless sky, an invigorating atmosphere, plenty of food for man and forage for horses, kept up the spirits of the pursuers, and fitted them for a contest with Morgan, if they could only get near enough to strike him.

As the patriots pressed impetuously along the track of their flying foes they could almost hear, in advance of them, the tramp of their horses' hoofs, with the mingled din of fife and trump and drum. It was evidently Morgan's plan to advance directly upon Chester, and from there to cross the river into Virginia. He would thus escape his vengeful pursuers, who were now very uncomfortably near to him. The raiders began to give indications of alarm. General Hobson was close in their rear. General Judah, who had left Portsmouth on the 16th, was vigilantly keeping himself between the rebels and the river to cut off their escape by crossing the stream. Almost abreast, the two bands of Generals Judah and Morgan, by parallel roads, rushed along their race-course. The shores of the beautiful banks of the Ohio echoed to the tramp of these warrior horsemen. But no effort was made by either party to bring on an engagement. The patriot officers knew that the rebel force was not in one compact mass, but scattered over many miles of country, and they wished to bag the whole game at once. Morgan, now eager only for escape, wished to avoid a battle, because his supply of powder was very low. General Hobson was too near his heels to admit of his tarrying in the towns he passed through long enough to replenish from the powder-houses his exhausted caissons.

Many of the rebels, from sheer exhaustion,

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were utterly unable to keep up with the march, and, straggling behind, were picked up by the patriots. These reported that the rebels were in excellent spirits; that they were confident that they would continue their raid successfully until they entered Virginia, and that then they would, aided by General Lee, make a brilliant march upon Washington. They seemed to cherish no doubt that they would be able to outwit Generals Hobson and Judah, and triumphantly effect their passage across the Ohio. But

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

The Union generals were not outwitted. And the well-fought battle of Buffington Island, which soon ensued, was a great obstacle to the fulfillment of the career Morgan had marked out for himself. Buffington island is situated in the Ohio River, about thirty miles above Pomeroy. It was selected by the rebels as the point for crossing into Virginia. The reason of this choice was that there are large shoals or sandbars in the river near the island, so that it would be comparatively easy to cross by fording. The whole body of rebels under Generals Dick and John Morgan, with Basil Duke, who, as we have said, was regarded as the brain of the enterprise, marched with the speed which anxiety now gave the leaders from Vinton toward Buffington. They reached the Ohio shore, opposite the island, about 2 o'clock Sunday morning on the 19th of July.

The people of Marietta, quite an important town a few miles further up the river, heard of the march of Morgan toward Buffington. The town was thrown into intense excitement. Merchants and clerks, gentlemen and laborers, were all eager to bear a hand in the chastisement of the audacious raiders. Captain Wood of the 18th regulars had been stationed at Marietta as a recruiting officer. He was persuaded by the eager citizens to take the command and lead them to the fray. At one hour's notice these heroic men started from their homes for the field of deadly battle and of blood. Their only uniform was the halo of patriotism with which each one was enveloped. Their arms were such as they could most readily grasp.

The party from Marietta reached Buffington on Saturday afternoon. Rumors of Morgan's near approach increased every moment. Captain Wood found here a steamer aground, loaded with flour and with but two men on board. The rest of the crew had left. The steamer and its cargo would have been a precious prize for the rebels. Captain Wood seized the steamer, threw enough flour over to lighten her, got up the steam, and ran her out of the range of Morgan's guns.

The river road, along which Morgan came, runs very close along the banks of the stream. On this same road General Hobson's command were now in close and eager pursuit, but a few hours behind. About two miles back from the shore there is a long low range of hills over which there is a road leading to the river near the island. About three hundred yards above this road there was a private road, leading into some large corn-fields and separated from the public mountain road only by a large wheat field.

The rebels encamped in the corn-field on their arrival at this point opposite the island. After a few hours of rest they were all ready to accept the wager of battle with the Union troops, who they knew were pursuing them. The rebels had planted their artillery on a swell of land which commanded the road over the hills along which General Judah's troops were advancing. During the night this patriot force had been pressing along as with tireless sinews. About dawn Sabbath morning they came abreast of the corn-field where the rebels were encamped. A heavy river fog intercepted the view. The men could scarcely see a rod before them. The patriot troops were first made aware of the presence of the enemy by the whistling of Minié and pistol balls over their heads. The road was narrow, with fences on both sides, and an impenetrable vapor veiled every thing from view.

The Union troops, undismayed by the sudden assault, returned shot for shot. But when Morgan opened fire with his artillery the bursting shells threatened great slaughter, and General Judah ordered the bugle to sound a retreat. Just as the trumpet peal gave its unwelcome voice the sun declared himself on the side of liberty and suddenly dispersed the fog. The patriot troops were thus enabled to get the artillery of their command into line. The banner of our country was unfurled to catch the fresh morning breeze as it came down the Ohio, and to gleam in the first rays of sunshine which came bursting through the clouds.

Exhilarated by the enthusiasm of the moment, the order to retreat was recalled, and instead of it the bugle sounded the inspiriting order to "charge the enemy." With loud cheers the patriots rushed upon the solid battalions of the foe. The fight was desperate. Many prisoners were taken on both sides. In the furious charge made by the patriots death reaped a large harvest from the rebel ranks.

At this time Captain John C. Grafton, of General Judah's staff, was taken prisoner. His captor, a rebel cavalryman, with the savagery which often characterized the rebels, leveled his pistol to shoot him after his captive had surrendered and dismounted. To spring upon the perfidious wretch, tear him from his horse and dispatch him with a pistol-shot, was the work of but a moment. The assassin now lay dead at his feet and Captain Grafton was free—but on foot, and almost alone in the midst of the enemy. Glancing around through the smoke and the tumult of battle, his practiced eye spied a place where the rebel force was weak. With the sword of his fallen foe in his hand he fought his way through the shattered line, reached the shore of the Ohio, and hailing the gun-boat *Morse*, which had come up from Portsmouth, swam out into the stream and was received on

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board. Then, by his knowledge of the position of the enemy, he directed the fire of the steamer's guns, and thus aided essentially in the discomfiture of the rebels.

As soon as the news of Morgan's advance to Buffington Island had reached Portsmouth the *Morse*, under Lieutenant-Commander Fitch, was towed up stream by the *Imperial*, and arrived just in time to take Captain Grafton on board and to render its efficient aid in the brilliant victory. At the moment when General Judah's command charged the enemy in front from the road, Lieutenant O'Neil, of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry, with only fifty men, came down by a lane behind the corn-field and gallantly charged two regiments of the enemy. On, on without a pause the heroic little band spurred their horses into the thickest ranks of the foe. Under iron hoofs they trampled the Stars and Bars of the rebel rangers. With every stroke of their sabres and every shot from their pistols death claimed a victim. Blood crimsoned the ground. Horses in the death-agony emitted their appalling shriek. The stillness of the Sabbath was broken by groans and prayers and curses and cheers. Shell after shell came screaming into the rebel ranks, guided on their deadly mission by the cool unerring skill of Captain Grafton.

About this time the steamer *Alleghany Belle* arrived at the battle-ground. Her single gun inflicted exemplary chastisement upon the rebels. The hero of this gun was Nathaniel Pepper, a boy only eighteen years of age, the son of Captain Pepper of the *Alice Dean*. This boy, his face flushed with excitement and his lips firmly set in manly resolve and his eyes beaming with patriotic fire, sent death to the rebels with every shot he fired.

The battle raged until nearly noon. Then the raiders, completely routed, fled in utter confusion. Some, in their bewilderment and terror, ran directly along the road where the forces of General Hobson were advancing. Thus the patriot troops, who had followed more than a hundred miles just in the rear of the guerrilla band, took about a thousand prisoners. The rebels, in their flight, left all their artillery on the field, which, with the spoils of their camp, fell into the hands of the victors. Books, stationery, cutlery, women's garments, hoops, hats, caps, and bonnets were strewed in profusion through the rebel camp, together with many jaded, half-starved mules and horses scarcely worth capturing.

The patriot Colonel G. S. Warner, of the Eighth Michigan cavalry, in his official report, says: "During the long tedious march of five hundred and seventy-three miles, which took sixteen days, and that with short rations, they [his command] have endured it, as Michigan soldiers through this war have done, without complaint. With cheerfulness and alacrity have my orders been responded to by both officers and men. I was obliged to leave several along the line of march, either sick or worn out—some on account of their horses giving out, with no fresh ones to be procured at the time. Our arms, the Spencer rifle, proved as before a terror to the rebels. They thought us in much stronger force than we were, when each man could pour seven shots into them so rapidly. This is the first instance during the war, I think, where the proportion of killed was greater than the wounded. As far as reports come in, at least three killed to one wounded, and this fact is owing to the terrible execution of our rifles."

Captain Ward, with his Marietta volunteers, took charge of the prisoners. Fifteen hundred privates, about one hundred minor officers, and Basil Duke were included in the number. John Morgan, with about five hundred of his band escaped. After resting for a few hours, to refresh the exhausted patriot troops and their horses, the pursuit was again vigorously resumed. A few moments after the feeble residue of the rebels had disappeared, in their clattering flight, the patriot General Shackleford arrived with his command. His brigade was comparatively fresh. They therefore started immediately in pursuit of the fugitive guerrilla chief. Morgan fled rapidly from the scene of his disaster, and, unincumbered with baggage of any kind, turned his horses heads inland, intending, so spies reported, to make a detour through Muskingum and Guernsey counties, then back to the river, crossing at whatever point he could back into Virginia.

As the rebel band neared Athens County the farmers grew intensely excited with patriotic fervor, and resolved that if they could arm but two hundred men they would fight the lawless freebooter. Every road along which the gang were to pass was obstructed as much as possible by the farmers felling trees and destroying bridges. At every impromptu barricade the rebels were stopped at least for an hour. Aged men and young boys rallied for the work. Women ministered with eager hands to the wants of the patriots. Refreshments were always ready, and no man fainted for want of food or encouragement.

Morgan rode as rapidly as possible through Morgan County with General Shackleford close at his heels. On the 24th of July the Union forces chased Morgan fifty miles, when the guerrilla chief, finding Colonel Wolford, with the Forty-fifth Ohio Regiment on one side, and General Shackleford on the other, turned again like the stag at bay, desperately to give fight. For one hour a fierce battle raged. The rebels, however, steadily worsted and hotly pressed, retreated to a very high bluff near M'Connellsville.

General Shackleford sent a flag of true demanding the unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. A personal interview was held between General Shackleford and the rebel Colonel Coleman. The rebels asked an hour for deliberation. General Shackleford granted them forty-five minutes. There were but three alternatives now left for the maraud-

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IMPROMPTU BARRICADE.

ers. They must either fight their way through a triumphant and superior force or plunge down a precipice to meet certain disorder, rout, and ruin, or to give themselves up unconditional captives. Colonel Coleman surrendered the command. It was then found that the crafty, treacherous Morgan had employed the forty-five minutes in stealing away through a by-path with about two hundred of his men. The prisoners taken by General Shackleford were sent to Zanesville and the pursuit was instantly resumed.

Quite a number of stragglers joined Morgan, and in the course of three days his retreating force was increased to over four hundred men. Fear lent them wings, and they fled rapidly in the direction of Zanesville. Every step of the retreat was, however, rendered difficult by the constant attacks of the yeomanry of the country. General Shackleford pressed hard after the freebooters, resolved that they should not escape him again. Scarcely once drawing rein or stopping a moment to rest the rebel gang was chased through Guernsey and Harrison counties into Jefferson County. Like the driven stag in his last extremity Morgan rushed for the river. At last again he came to bay.

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At Sabinesville news of the advance of the reckless raiders created a perfect panic. Women and children were sent into the country for protection. Houses and stores were locked and barred, and brave men prepared to fight. A regiment of Pennsylvania infantry was posted along some rising ground which commanded the road approaching the town, and along which road Morgan must pass. In a few moments after these arrangements were concluded the rebels, on their jaded horses, made their appearance. They halted and gazed appalled upon the formidable preparations which had been made to receive them. Conscious of their inability to pass such a barrier, they turned their horses' heads in another direction. But suddenly, before they could advance a single step, Major Way, leading two hundred and fifty men from the Ninth Michigan cavalry, with gleaming sabres dashed in among them, cutting right and left.

The rebels, exhausted in all their physical energies, and with hopes discouraged by their long and unsuccessful march, in a general panic lost all presence of mind, threw down their arms, and wildly cried for mercy. Morgan was in a buggy drawn by two white horses. He lashed them furiously, hoping to escape. But Major Way, on his fleet horse, overhauled him and seized the reins. Morgan sprang out of the buggy on the opposite side, and catching a riderless horse, spurred him to his utmost speed. A few of his men followed him. In the buggy were found Morgan's rations, consisting of a loaf of bread, two hard boiled eggs, and a bottle of whisky.

The desperate rebel chief meeting three citizens of Sabinesville on the road, compelled them, with pistols at their heads, to act as guides, and continued his frantic flight toward New Lisbon. Forced service is very unreliable. One of the conscripted guides seized upon a favorable moment to plunge into one of the by-paths and escape. Riding back he disclosed to General Shackleford the route the guerrillas had taken. The General made his dispositions very carefully to prevent the possible escape of his foe. A few companies of militia were ordered to advance from Lisbon on the north. A small force from Wellesville guarded the roads on the east. General Shackleford, with his command, followed in the rear of the fugitives.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of July 26, Morgan found himself in the vicinity of West Point, a little village about half-way between New Lisbon and Wellesville. The rebels here realized that they were entirely surrounded. There was no possibility of escape. To fight was only death for all. Under these circumstances Morgan, with the remainder of his gang, unconditionally surrendered. The reckless chief seemed to regard his bloody raid, along whose path he had strewed the bodies of his lifeless men, merely in the light of a spirited joke. He seemed quite unconcerned and jovial, notwithstanding the death, dispersion, or captivity of his whole band of two thousand five hundred men. For several days the hills and forests around were filled with armed men, searching for and picking up the fugitives.

These poor deluded victims of the rebellion seemed very much dejected. Most of them were ragged, dirty, and in the extreme of exhaustion. They were generally attired in the citizens' garments which they had stolen on their raid; but these, by hard usage, were mostly bespattered with mud and torn to shreds. General Shackleford's command had good reason to be very exultant over their victory. The exciting chase in which they had engaged had lasted for a month, and had led them over more than a thousand miles of territory. By day and by night they had followed the guerrilla band. With little rest and many hardships the pursuit had continued from day to day till it was thus crowned, at last, with the most signal and glorious success.

[The very great difficulty, and, in some cases, impossibility, of obtaining perfectly accurate accounts of the minute details of the movements of our armies is hardly realized by any one who has not made the attempt. Even official reports often vary materially.

We make this statement in apology for an unintentional error in the April number of the Magazine. The commander of the Fort De Rusey Expedition was stated to be General Franklin. It should have been General A. J. Smith, who has so nobly earned many laurels in this eventful conflict.

The writer of these articles is greatly obliged to any one who will apprise him of any like errors by addressing him at New Haven, Conn. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.]

BY THE APPLE-TREE.

IT was not anger that changed him of late;
It was not diffidence made him shy;
Yon branch that has blossomed above the gate
Could guess the riddle—and so can I.

What does it mean when the bold eyes fall,
And the ready tongue at its merriest trips?
What potent influence holds in thrall
The eager heart and the burning lips?

Ah me! to falter before a girl
Whose shy lids never would let you know
(Save for the lashes' willful curl)
The pansy-purple asleep below.

Nothing to frighten a man away—
Only a cheek like a strawberry-bed;
Only a ringlet's gold astray,
And a mouth like a baby's, dewy-red.

Ah, baby-mouth, with your dimpled bloom!
If but yon blossomy apple-bough
Could whisper a secret learned in the gloom,
That deepens its blushes even now.

No need, for the secret at last is known:
Yet so, I fancy, it might not be
Had he not met her, by chance, alone,
There in the lane, by the apple-tree.

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PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SHERIDAN.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN must always be looked upon as one of the miracles of war—not so much from the result as the manner of his achievements. If he were neither a great strategist, like Sherman, nor a great tactician, like Thomas, nor both, like Grant, he would still be a successful leader. We have seen in former articles that the Lieutenant-General is, as a military leader, complete in himself, possessing all the attributes of general-

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ship; while Sherman, embodying nervous intellectual force, and Thomas, representing physical power, are constituted by nature, as well as by the choice of Grant, to be his chief subordinate commanders. Sheridan, in character, is like neither of the others, but is an original genius, and a leader not unworthy to rank with Sherman and Thomas, or to hold position as the third subordinate commander of General Grant. He may be said to be an Inspiration rather than a General, accomplishing his work as much, not to say more, by the inspiring force of his courage and example as by the rules of war. He supplies to the army the passion and fire which is smothered in Grant and Thomas, and imperfectly developed in Sherman. He renders an army invincible more by the impartation to it of his own courage and fire than by any system of organization; and appears to accomplish by this imparted enthusiasm all that results under the leadership of the others from discipline. When the historian sums up his character, with all the facts now hidden laid profusely before him, he will hardly rank Sheridan with those who have carefully and wisely planned. He belongs rather to that class of our officers whose strong arms have boldly and brilliantly executed, and who have won the distinctive classification of "fighting generals." The writer can find among all his recollections of Sheridan's career no development of any brilliant strategic ability, while in every battle in which he has been prominently engaged he has given brilliant examples of his courage, vigor, and skill, and as a quick, dashing, stubborn fighter. Stone River, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Cedar Run, and Five Forks are examples which illustrate the position which is taken in representing Sheridan as a representative "fighting general." It is in the light of the more familiar scenes of Cedar Run and Five Forks that the public have formed their idea of Sheridan, without knowing that in the other battles named he has displayed the same characteristics, while his entire career in private and public has shown him to be impetuous, passionate, bold, and stubborn. He was born a belligerent. His natural element is amidst the smoke, his natural position in the front line of battle. He fights vigorously and roughly, and when the tide of battle flows and ebbs most doubtingly he holds on most grimly. In private life his great energy is a little curt, and his fiery temper a little too quick, but his abruptness and belligerency are too honest and natural to excite condemnation; while his manner, when not excited or opposed, is distinguished by great courtesy, modesty, and pleasantry. A sketch of his life which, while illustrating these qualities and characteristics, gives an insight into his early career, will not be without interest.

Sheridan is descended from the same class of the north of Ireland emigrants which produced Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson. His parents, having settled on their arrival in this country in a more populous, thriving, educated, and free district, Ohio, were enabled to offer their son better educational advantages than were those of Jackson and Johnson, who had settled in the less civilized district of North Carolina; and hence young Sheridan became possessed of a good common school education in his native place, Perry County, Ohio, where he was born in 1831. From fourteen to fifteen he is remembered as a quick but careless student and rather wild and belligerent youth, fond of a frolic and a trick, sometimes thoughtless in wounding the feelings of others, but quick to generously heal when in fault. The necessities of his family early forced him to manual labor, and his seventeenth year beheld him employed in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, in driving a water-cart, and in sprinkling the dusty streets of that old town. Before the year was finished, however, he resigned this "command" to enter West Point, having been unexpectedly appointed a cadet to that institution through the recommendation of the then Congressman of the district. The characteristics which had distinguished him at the humble school in his native town soon made him noted at West Point as the "best-natured and most belligerent cadet" in the Academy. He has often declared since his late successes that he had passed through West Point only by the "skin of his teeth." In fact his belligerent disposition retarded his advancement in youth and as a cadet as much as it has since advanced him. He fought so much at West Point, was so unruly and "so full of deviltry," that, despite his fine scholarly attainments, he graduated so low down in his class that he could only be commissioned in the lowest arm of the service. He required at the time of his graduation only "five points" more to his number of "black marks" to exclude him from the honors of graduation; and if he had not toward the close of the session, by skillful management and unusual control over his quick temper, won the good opinion of one or two of his tutors the future Major-General would have been forced to leave the Academy as he had entered it instead of Second Lieutenant of Infantry by Brevet. One of his instructors, who had admired his generous character, employed the argument that a belligerent temperament was not a fault in a soldier, and this is said to have secured him the needed approval of the West Point staff of instructors and the honors of graduation. The argument was too powerful to be resisted by educated soldiers, and Sheridan was consequently sent forth fully authorized to be as great a belligerent in time of war as he desired.

Eight years of almost profound peace followed his graduation, and little opportunity was offered for advancement. In May and June, 1855, Lieutenant Sheridan was in command of Fort Wood, New York Harbor, but in the July following he was ordered to San Francisco in charge of a body of recruits. On arriving there he was detailed to command an escort of cavalry

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intended for the protection and assistance of Lieutenant Williamson and the party engaged in the survey of the proposed branch of the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Columbia River, Oregon. An opportunity offering soon after for a fight Sheridan succeeded in getting himself detached from this command and ordered to join a battalion of dragoons under Major Raine, of the Fourth Infantry, then on an expedition against the Yakima Indians. In this expedition he distinguished himself by gallantry at the "Battle of the Cascades," of the Columbia River (April 28, 1856). Although his action on the occasion is not described, it is not difficult to imagine it as of the same character as the later deeds of daring which have distinguished him. He was rewarded for his gallantry by being placed in command of the Indian Reservation of the Coast Range. Here he was engaged for a year in keeping the Conquillo Indians on Yakima Bay in proper subjection, and in building the military post and fort at Yamhill.

From this distant post he was recalled in 1861 to find himself promoted, by the resignation of large numbers of the Southern officers of the army, to a captaincy in what was then Sherman's regiment, the Thirteenth Infantry. He was ordered to join his regiment at Jefferson Barracks, and thus became attached to the Trans-Mississippi or Army of the Southwest, in which he saw his first service in the present war. Although this army had gone through a campaign under Lyon, and the preparations for another under Frémont, and was then under command of Halleck, it was so far from being organized that Sheridan could find no active duty, and was placed upon a military commission to inquire into certain alleged irregularities of the Frémont administration of Missouri affairs. About the time that Curtis, who had assumed command of the troops in the field, was ready to begin an active campaign Sheridan was appointed Acting Chief Quarter-master, with which the duties of Commissary were at that time blended. He was out of place, and his success as a quarter-master was very indifferent indeed. He used to laugh and say, many months after, when located at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, that providing "hard tack and sow-belly" wasn't in his line, and was very fond of relating, in connection with the remark, his first experience in restricting the contraband traffic in salt with the rebels.

As Chief Quarter-master it was his duty to take such steps as would not only provide for his own troops but deprive the rebels of contraband supplies. Hearing that Price, then at Springfield, was suffering for salt, he employed every means to stop the export of that article beyond our lines; and, congratulating himself on his success, used often to say, with a chuckle, that "the rebels were actually starving for salt." When the advance of the army took place, and Price was hastily driven out of Springfield, the only article left behind was, much to Sheridan's disgust, an immense quantity of salt. He ever afterward professed himself disgusted with his quarter-mastership, and fortunately soon after got himself under arrest and sent to the rear.

Officers generally look upon arrests as misfortunes. Sheridan's arrest was the turning-point in his fortunes, since it placed him, after a brief delay, on the staff of a rising Major-General and in the line of promotion. The circumstances of his arrest are not without interest, as showing one or two of his characteristics. Like many regular officers of the army, as organized in 1862, Sheridan was in favor of carrying on the war by striking hard blows at the organized armies of the rebels, and generously protecting the people who, while remaining at home under United States protection, furnished the men and material to the rebels. He has overcome this too delicate and nice consideration for the interests of rebel aiders and abettors, and, like the country, has been educated by war in the belief that treason is to be fought with fire. Feeling thus during the Pea Ridge campaign, and being a great stickler for military regularity and routine, Sheridan was particularly disgusted with the ravages committed by the regiment of Kansas Jay-Hawkers, and used often to denounce them in unmeasured terms. He was so much embittered against the regiment and opposed to their style of warfare, that, when General Blunt ordered him to impress a large amount of provender from the citizens, he replied in any thing but decorous terms, declining to execute the order, and intimated in conclusion that "He'd be damned if he was a Jay-Hawker." Blunt, of course, relieved him. Sheridan reported to Halleck. The letter was forwarded as evidence against him, and fell into Halleck's hands. That officer, having a just appreciation of a good joke, laughed heartily over the letter; and, sharing Sheridan's prejudices against "Jay-Hawking" and "bummers," he caused the charges to be withdrawn, and in May, 1862, ordered him to duty on his own staff as Acting Chief Quarter-master.

Halleck was then before Corinth, and thither Sheridan repaired to find himself suddenly and unexpectedly transferred from the regular to the volunteer service, as Colonel of the Second Michigan cavalry. Halleck had, with that wise appreciation which he has displayed in organizing the United States armies, noticed Sheridan's qualities, and placed him in the branch of the service for which he was best qualified. But even Halleck did not fully appreciate the admirable qualities of his young protégé, and failed, when intrusted shortly after with the absolute organization of the armies, to advance him to the position for which the quicker appreciation of Grant subsequently singled him out after observing his conduct in one battle only.

His promotion to Colonel aroused the ambition of Sheridan, who had before modestly hoped to eventually become a Major. He now had opportunities to distinguish himself, and immediately went to work to improve the opportunity,

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determined to win rank and fame before the close of the war, which having now changed its character also gave promise of being long and adventurous, and full of occasions for one in his arm of the service.

His regiment was brigaded with that of Colonel Elliott, who as the ranking officer became brigade commander, and under his leadership Sheridan made his first campaign. It was the famous raid around Corinth and upon Beauregard's communications at Boonesville, which was noted at the time as one of the first and most successful adventures of our then rapidly improving cavalry, and won for its leader a reputation for dash that the loyal press, with very bad taste, continually compared to the daring of Stuart and Morgan in their bloodless raids against weak outposts and unguarded rear-lines. This irregular warfare of the rebel cavalry had not up to that time partaken of the bloody character which has since been given the cavalry encounters of the war; and Sheridan was one of the first to expose the fallibility and weakness of the boasted rebel cavalry when vigorously opposed.

The opportunity was offered him in July, 1862, at Boonesville, by an old class-mate at West Point, and one who subsequently won, under Bragg and Forrest, a character for belligerency similar to that now enjoyed by Sheridan. The rebel J. H. Chalmers has at all times been as ready to fight as Sheridan; but he has neither the perseverance nor personal daring of Sheridan. His complete readiness to fight was evinced to Sheridan's satisfaction on the occasion alluded to, and Sheridan's superior endurance and enterprise were made apparent to the rebel at the same time. This engagement, although of a minor character, served to illustrate his characteristics as a quick, dashing, stubborn fighter, as more brilliantly developed in Sheridan at the more important engagements already alluded to in this connection. Chalmers attacked his single regiment with a whole brigade of cavalry, evidently expecting little resistance. Sheridan was not required, by the importance of the post he commanded nor the position of the army whose front he covered, to hold his ground, and could have with propriety declined battle, and fallen back on the infantry line; but it was not in the heart of the "belligerent cadet" to slight his old class-mate by refusing to meet him—nor, indeed, to decline an invitation to battle from any gentleman. He drew up his regiment in line, and received the attack in handsome style. Chalmers's first repulse taught him that he should have to proceed with his attack more systematically, and he brought up his line for a more regular and general assault. While he was thus engaged Sheridan, with perhaps more enterprise than sound discretion, in view of the insignificance of the stake for which he contended, sent a detachment on a detour to the rear of the rebel position. These, by strenuous exertions, succeeded in effecting this purpose, and made an attack from that direction, while Sheridan, attacking from the front, succeeded in defeating the rebels and driving them from the field in confusion.

It was this success which made Sheridan a Brigadier-General. It has always been an unfortunate feature of our army organization that there is no provision for the promotion of the deserving in the branch of the service in which they have won distinction, and for which they have evinced high qualifications. A colonel of cavalry shows himself eminently deserving of promotion by his services in that branch, and he is promoted to be brigadier-general of *infantry*, and not only taken from the line of the service for which he is best fitted, but, though promoted in rank, is sent to command an inferior arm of the service. By this fault of organization not only does the army lose the service of the person thus promoted out of his sphere, but often the promotion becomes the ruin of the recipient, who may be totally unfitted for this new line of duty. There are numerous examples of this. Among several of these failures, which have resulted from this cause, the writer can recall that of a captain of artillery who gained a great reputation for his successful handling of a number of massed batteries, and who was promoted to be a brigadier-general of infantry, to utterly fail and throw away his young life in his chagrin and desperation. A young staff-officer, who had graduated at the head of his class, and who had distinguished himself as an engineer, was promoted rapidly from captain to corps commander, to find himself totally unfitted for such duty, and in time to waste, by his inadaptation to infantry and a lack of decision, the rich fruits of a successful strategic march.

Sheridan's fate was not exactly the reverse of this; but when taken from the cavalry, for which he was eminently fitted, and made Brigadier-General of infantry, his success at first was not encouraging. He was placed in command in Kentucky of a division of raw troops, for the organization of which he was not so well fitted as for fighting them. The command was under General Nelson. Shortly afterward Nelson was killed, and the reorganization of his army and its incorporation with that of General Buell placed Sheridan in command of a division of partly disciplined and veteran troops. A short time subsequently the army was again reorganized by Rosecrans, and Sheridan was given a division and assigned to the corps of General A. M'D. M'Cook. Sheridan's Division suffered disaster at Stone River and Chickamauga. But amidst that disaster and defeat the fighting qualities of the "little cadet" found illustrations as brilliant but not so familiar as that of Cedar Creek.

Stone River was a battle in which the endurance of the soldiers rather than the generalship of their leaders gave us possession of a field in which the enemy all the time retained the tactical and strategic advantage. Each corps, and even each division, "fought on its own hook."

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Sheridan's Division was posted at the left of M'Cook's Corps, which, being struck in flank and rear, was very quickly and unexpectedly doubled up and thrown back upon Sheridan's Division, which was thus forced while fighting a division in its front to turn and form a defensive *crotchet* to the whole army, and thus was compelled to expose one or the other of its flanks. It was forced back by superior numbers until its line of battle described three sides of a square; and these being broken after a terrible resistance, it was forced to retreat through a dense forest of cedars, in which artillery could not be moved, to the line formed by the reserves. While the rest of the corps had been rapidly driven Sheridan's Division fought for hours desperately, losing all the brigade commanders, seventy other officers, and nearly one half his men killed and wounded. The other divisions were never rallied until they reached Nashville. Sheridan's fell back upon the line of reserves and fought for three days afterward. This result was entirely owing to the personal exertions, daring, and skill of Sheridan; and his conflict formed such a brilliant episode of that badly-managed battle, and his abilities shone so prominently in contrast with the delinquencies of others, that he was at once made a Major-General.

Chickamauga was only a repetition of this. The same corps, consisting then of Davis's, Sheridan's, and Negley's divisions, was again defeated. General Negley, very unfortunately for that gallant officer and gentleman, was taken from his division in the heat of battle and ordered to the command of a number of batteries, and the division suffered badly, while the other division, under General Jefferson C. Davis, was scattered in every direction. Sheridan, who had formed the extreme right, had a desperate fight, but, after being separated from the rest of the army, eventually cut his own way out, brought in his division about half organized, and took his place in the line to which Thomas fell back to Rossville.

On these two occasions Sheridan was a subordinate. The disaster to his division was general to his corps, and resulted from the failure of others and not his own bad management. He was powerless to avert, he could only partly retrieve the disaster. On both occasions he did so with a skillful hand, by the most strenuous exertions, and at great personal risk. In the dark cedars at Stone River and the narrow defiles of Chickamauga he kept his men together, when almost surrounded or entirely cut off, only by being at all times along the front line of battle with them; by well-directed encouragement to the deserving, and the blackest reproaches to the delinquents; by alternate appeals and curses, the latter being loud and deep and far more plentiful than the first. Rousseau, who commanded the reserves, and who pushed forward into the cedars at Stone River to cover the retreat of Sheridan and Negley through them, once said,

"I knew it was hell in there before I got in, but I was convinced of it when I saw Phil Sheridan, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, damning and swearing as if he were the devil incarnate, or had had a fresh indulgence from Father Tracy every five minutes." (Father Tracy was Rosecrans's chaplain, and often officiated at Sheridan's head-quarters. Sheridan is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.)

"The history of the combat in those dark cedars," wrote the only historian who has truly written of Stone River, Mr. W. S. Furay, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his own regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought bravest or they who proved recreant to their trust. It was left to Sheridan to stay the successful onset of the foe. Never did a man labor more faithfully than he to perform his task, and never was leader seconded by more gallant soldiers." When Sheridan had extricated his command from the forest and got in line with the reserves he rode up to Rosecrans and, pointing to the remnant of his division, said,

"Here is all that is left of us, General. Our cartridge-boxes contain nothing, and our guns are empty."

The Tullahoma campaign, which followed that of Stone River, offered few opportunities for the display of any other quality of the soldier in Sheridan than that of energy. The pursuit of Bragg, which formed the main feature of that campaign, required rapid marching but no fighting. After the expulsion of the rebels from Tullahoma and Winchester the general pursuit was abandoned, as the enemy had reached the mountains, and only Sheridan's Division and Stanley's cavalry received orders to pursue the enemy across the mountains to the Tennessee. Sheridan moved with great alacrity, hoping to reach the bridge over the Tennessee at Bridgeport in time to save it from destruction. He moved so rapidly that he reached the river before Stanley's cavalry did, and saved the greater part of the bridge. He used to tell with great glee that on reaching Bridgeport he found members of the rear-guard of Bragg's army sitting on the end of the bridge and asking his advance if "they were part of Stanley's cavalry." The infantry had moved so rapidly in pursuit that the enemy had all the while mistaken them for cavalry.

Sheridan has since displayed the same energy in moving, with better effect. The surrender of Lee was, without doubt, the effect of the admirable and vigorous execution by Sheridan of Grant's plan of operations from Five Forks to Burksville Junction. It will be remembered that Sheridan, by rapid movements, placed his forces at Jettersville before Lee had reached Amelia Court House, and thus cut off all retreat to Danville. His dispatches relating to those operations partake of the vigor of the actual movements, and handsomely illustrate his energy.

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"I wish you were here yourself," he wrote to Grant—a compliment that the little Lieutenant-General may be proud to point to. "If things are pressed," he added, "I think Lee will surrender."

"Press things," was Grant's order. It needed no other. Sheridan pushed forward rapidly, struck right and left, punishing the enemy wherever found, and at last forcing Lee to surrender.

Chattanooga was the battle in which Sheridan caught the eye of Grant, who there selected him without hesitation for the important position which he subsequently filled. Sheridan's Division formed the right of the centre column which, in the battles at Chattanooga, November 23, 24, and 25, 1863, assaulted and carried Mission Ridge, and, breaking the rebel centre, won the victory. His men were kept in position waiting for the signal to assault for over thirty-six hours; and they and their leader had grown very nervous, half fearing the battle would be won too soon by the others, and the chance for glory stolen from them, when, at last, the wished-for signal came, and away went the assaulting columns. General T. J. Wood commanded the other, and he and Sheridan strove with a lofty ambition, in which there was nothing that a saint could condemn, to reach the summit first. Sheridan gloried in the deed. He could not contain himself, and yet he rode along the front line, half leading, half directing his men, as clear-headed as if the cross-fire of the twenty rebel batteries that opened upon his men were directed against charmed lives, and he knew them to be futile as against him. During the charge he took a canteen of whisky from his aid, Captain Avery, and filling a cup which he carried, raised it with a gesture toward Bragg's head-quarters, which were plainly visible on the mountain crest, saying, "How are *you*, Mr. Bragg?" Before he could drink the liquor a rifle-ball carried away cup and beverage. There was no time for more; and exclaiming, "That's damned ungenerous!" Sheridan spurred forward, and soon again formed part of his front line. His horse was killed under him, and he led the remainder of the assault on foot, reaching the summit with the first, and as horses were not plentiful on the ridge he sprang upon one of the fifty captured guns, swinging his sword over his head, and shouting for joy with his men, while, at the same moment, he poured invective after invective on the heads of the rebels whom he was unable to pursue. Before the battle was ended Grant, having left his head-quarters in Orchard Knobb, rode along the summit of the ridge, and before the fire of the enemy had ceased he had marked Sheridan for future use. Chattanooga was the flood-tide of his fortunes, and, without knowing it at the time, he that day launched his bark anew. Henceforth his abilities were not to be lost by his being made subordinate to men of inferior calibre. He was henceforth to win great successes, not retrieve in some degree the great disasters of others.

Sheridan did not know for months after of his good fortune on that day. On the contrary, his friends soon after had reason to imagine that he was again under a cloud. It was but a few months after this memorable battle that Gordon Granger and Sheridan were relieved of their commands. It was generally known that Granger had offended Grant by his delay in moving with Sherman to Burnside's aid at Knoxville, and it was supposed that both he and Sheridan were "———." Sheridan passed through Nashville without exactly knowing his destination, except that it was Washington City. The announcement was soon made, however, that he had been placed in command of all of Grant's cavalry on the Potomac, and those who knew him learned to appreciate more highly the clearness with which Grant read the characters of his subordinates. Returning Sheridan to the cavalry service was not by any means the least important of Grant's services to the country. If in the reorganization of the army which must soon follow the close of the late war Halleck is intrusted with the organization of the *materiel* and Grant with the selection of the *personnel*, the United States will very soon have an army which, when embracing such a general as Grant, such lieutenant-generals as Sherman, Thomas, Canby, and Sheridan, such major-generals as Hancock, Hooker, M'Dowell, Howard, Hunter, Burnside, Ord, Slocum, Stoneman, Reynolds, Meade, and many others who have won the rank, will be inferior to none in the world. The past four years of experience, and the imperative duty of the nation to provide for those who have so nobly served the country, as well as the necessity which must exist for the retention of a large force, will strongly suggest the reorganization of the army by the establishment of the ranks of general and lieutenant-general. Three corps of infantry, each twenty-five or even thirty-five thousand strong, under Sherman, Thomas, and Canby, and one of cavalry of the same strength under Sheridan as lieutenant-generals, would be an army which even Grant as general might be proud to command. No people on the face of the globe can at this time furnish superior *personnel* for such an army.

It was not intended, in the scope of this article, to give a detailed statement of the events of Sheridan's life. The purpose was rather to make the public more familiar with his character than his history. The reference which has been made to his early career was thought necessary, as filling up a blank existing in the sketches which have been hitherto written of him. The prominent points of his late career are well known to all. His cavalry operations in Virginia, his assumption of the command in the Shenandoah Valley, known as the Middle Military Division, his brilliant battle at Winchester, and the wonderful effect of his presence at Cedar Run, as well as the later deeds at Five Forks and the pursuit of Lee, are tales too lately told to need repetition here. The affairs of Cedar Run and Winchester have been admirably described

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by Captain De Forest in this Magazine.* And it is to be regretted that he did not devote a page or two to the thorough analysis of the wonderful effect which Sheridan's presence had upon his men during the rout at Cedar Run. It can not be accounted for on any theory, however philosophical, framed by a person who was not an eye-witness; while it might be comprehended in the light of a minute and graphic description of the manner of the General on that occasion. His success in restoring order, and then confidence, was doubtless due to his decisive manner; while the subsequent restoration of *morale* was owing to the promptness with which the offensive was resumed. The control which Sheridan then held over his men is certainly very remarkable, in view of the short time during which he had commanded them, and the condition in which he found them on this day. Absent at the beginning of the battle of Cedar Creek, it will be remembered that he pushed forward to the front to find his troops routed and retreating rapidly, and, although not pursued, much demoralized. His presence seemed to inspire the men with a new purpose, and in an incredible short space of time he had them reformed in line and ready to receive the onslaught of the enemy. But the enemy, intent on rifling the captured camps, had not pursued in force, and Sheridan found waiting was in vain. The confidence of the troops had been restored by the presence of their leader, the facility with which he re-established the broken lines, and the cheering language and encouraging tone of his conversation and orders. He fully re-established the morale of the men when, finding the enemy failed to pursue, he ordered an advance. The fact that he did advance on the same day of the rout serves to show, among Sheridan's other great qualities as a leader, his decision and daring. There are few generals, in our own or any other service, who would have conceived the idea, or for a moment entertained the purpose of immediately resuming the offensive. Two years before pursuit after a victory, not to mention pursuit after a defeat, was held to be impossible. The fact that Sheridan was able on this occasion to resume the offensive with complete success shows how absolute was the confidence of the men in this comparative stranger who had plead, entreated, cursed, and browbeat the flying army into order again. The magnificent ride from Winchester to the field, which at the time was made in all the accounts the salient feature of the battle, grows commonplace when compared to "Little Phil's" ride among the routed masses of his corps. He may be said to have been every where at once, for his presence was felt in every battalion. His orders, so brilliantly illustrated and varied by his peculiar and numerous oaths, found their natural echoes in the cheers of the men in whose hearts his presence restored confidence. The rapidity with which he rallied his broken lines and brought order out of chaos is incredible even to those who have seen the "belligerent cadet" in the midst of battles; and to one who has never witnessed the singular effect which the reception of orders to attack have on men, it will still remain incredible how he so far restored the confidence and morale of his troops as to enable him on that occasion to snatch victory from defeat.

There was some occasion for the display of the same personal daring and the exercise of the same influence by example, on the part of Sheridan, at the battle of Five Forks. His *presence* on every part of that contested field, it is now generally conceded, had as much to do as generalship with the final result of that battle, where every thing depended on the persistence of the attack on the weak point which Sheridan had discovered. It is doubtful if success would have followed the efforts of a general who had been content to *direct* the battle. Sheridan *led*. He was in the front line, under the heaviest fire, at all times, waving his sword, encouraging his men, exhorting them to incredible deeds, and, as usual, swearing at a fearful rate, alternately at the enemy and his own skulkers. He is represented by those present as the "impersonation of every thing soldierly." He rode up and down the lines, under fire, continually waving his sword, commanding in person, exhorting them to seize the opportunity within their grasp, and sweep their enemies to destruction. It is related of him, and the story is characteristic enough to be true, that at the conclusion of the first day's unsuccessful battle at Five Forks, while striding up and down in front of his field head-quarters, apparently absorbed in deep and calm thought, he suddenly startled his staff by breaking out in a series of horrible oaths, in which he swore he would carry the rebel lines next day or "sink innumerable fathoms into hell." Sheridan's oaths are fearful; but one can easily find it in his heart to forgive them. They are merely the emphasis to his language. Oaths are said to be fools' arguments. Sheridan throws them at one in a discussion not from a want of more forcible arguments, but from a lack of patience to await the slow process of logical conclusions. He heartily despises a council of war, and never forms part of one if he can avoid it. He executes, not originates plans; or, as Rosecrans once expressed it, "He fights—he fights!" Whatever is given Sheridan to do is accomplished thoroughly. He will not stop to criticise the practicability of an order in its details, but does not hesitate to vary his movements when he finds those laid down for him are not practicable. He does not abandon the task because the mode which has been ordered is rendered impossible by any unexpected event. If the result is accomplished Sheridan does not care whose means were employed, or on whom the credit is reflected. He grasps the result and congratulates himself, the strategist of the occasion, and the men, with equal gratification and every evidence of delight. His generous care for the reputation of his sub-

* January and February, 1865.

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ordinates, his freedom from all petty jealousy, his honesty of purpose, and the nobleness of his ambition to serve the country and not himself, his geniality and general good-humor, and the brevity of his black storms of anger, make him, like Grant, not only a well-beloved leader, but one that the country can safely trust to guard its honor and preserve its existence. It is easy for one who knows either of the two—Grant and Sheridan—to believe it possible that, during all the period in which they have held such supreme power in our armies, not a single thought of how they might achieve greatness, power, and position, at the expense of country, has ever suggested itself to their minds. There is only one other character known in profane history of whom the same thing can be truly said.

Sheridan goes into the heat of battle not from necessity merely. The first smell of powder arouses him, and he rushes to the front of the field. It is related of him that when the engagement of Winchester began he stood off a little to the rear, as Grant would have done, and endeavored to calmly survey the field and direct the battle. But it was not in his nature to remain passive for a great while. When the fight warmed up and became general he could stand it no longer, and, drawing his sword, he exclaimed, "By God! I can't stand this!" and rode into the heat of the engagement.

The belligerent in Sheridan's organization is often aroused without the stimulus of the smell of gunpowder. In 1863, while Sheridan was encamped at Bridgeport, Alabama, he invited General George H. Thomas, then encamped at Deckerd, Tennessee, to examine the works erected at Bridgeport and the preparations going on for rebuilding the bridge. The writer, then at Deckerd, was invited to accompany the party to Bridgeport, and did so. At one of the way-stations the train halted for an unusually long time, and Sheridan, on asking the conductor, a great, burly six-footer, the reason, met with a somewhat gruff reply. Sheridan contented himself with reproving his manner, and ordered him to proceed with the train. The conductor did not reply, and failed to obey. After waiting for a time Sheridan sent for the conductor, and demanded to know why he had not obeyed. The fellow answered, in a gruff manner, that he received his orders from the military superintendent only. Without giving him time to finish the insulting reply Sheridan struck him two or three rapid blows, kicked him from the cars and into the hands of a guard, and then ordered the train forward, acting as conductor on the down and return trip. After starting the train he returned to his seat near General Thomas, and, without referring to the subject, resumed his conversation with that imperturbable dignitary.

Sheridan will always be prominent among the Marshal Neys of the war for the Union—as the representative of that class of fighting generals in which Hancock, Rousseau, Hooker, and Logan are among the most distinguished. These generals have the same character among the men with whom they have served as Sheridan has throughout the whole country. General L. H. Rousseau was by far the most popular general who ever served with the army of the Ohio or Cumberland, and his popularity dated from the day of Shiloh, where he, like Sheridan, *led*, not *directed*, his men. Rousseau loves fighting as much, and is as naturally a belligerent, as Sheridan, fights in the same style, with equal exposure of person, equal personal daring, and with equal effect. "Fighting Joe Hooker" received his title from the same predisposition for fighting. At the first sound of battle Hooker springs nimbly to his saddle, and is off into the field at the head of his men. Rousseau and Hooker are both men of large, handsome, towering proportions, and have in the field the advantage in that respect of Sheridan. Logan is a man of Sheridan's own style in build and appearance, and is the same daring, enthusiastic, and vigorous fighter that Sheridan is. "Black Jack," as Logan is called by his men, in consequence of his very dark complexion, resembles Sheridan also in the freedom with which he indulges in the most desperate and original of oaths.

Sheridan's appearance, like that of Grant, is apt to disappoint one who had not seen him previous to his having become famous. He has none of the qualities which are popularly attributed by the imagination to heroes. "Little Phil" is a title of endearment given him by his soldiers in the West, and is descriptive of his personal appearance. He is shorter than Grant, but somewhat stouter built, and being several years younger and of a different temperament, is more active and wiry. The smallness of his stature is soon forgotten when he is seen mounted. He seems then to develop physically as he does mentally after a short acquaintance. Unlike many of our heroes, Sheridan does not dwindle as one approaches him. Distance lends neither his character nor personal appearance any enchantment. He talks more frequently and more fluently than Grant does, and his quick and slightly nervous gestures partake somewhat of the manner of Sherman. His body is stout but wiry, and set on short, heavy, but active legs. His broad shoulders, short, stiff hair, and the features of his face betray the Milesian descent; but no brogue can be traced in his voice. His eyes are gray, and being small are sharp and piercing and full of fire. When maddened with excitement or passion these glare fearfully. His age is thirty-four, but long service in the field has bronzed him into the appearance of forty.

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JULIAN.

MANY of our readers will undoubtedly remember the dry, hot summer a few years ago, when the long-continued drought parched up the face of the country, and the green herb withered, and the scorched and blackened foliage of the trees shriveled and dropped in untimely maturity; when the water-courses were dried up, and the dull and panting cattle were driven weary miles to some fast-diminishing lake or pond or river-side to quench the daily and tormenting thirst; when still, day after day, the unclouded sun rose with fierce but melancholy brightness, till the earth became "as dust and ashes under our feet, and the heavens as brass above our heads;" till the wasted fields could no longer yield sustenance to flocks and herds, for which—possibly for the first time within the memory of living men—the anxious and despondent farmer, with sad forebodings, spread out upon the blackened summer pastures the scanty remaining store of the past winter's fodder, and turning his eyes from his burned fields and meagre cattle to the blazing heavens, saw in the coming harvest-time only want and desolation instead of the fullness of increase. Then, too, the wrath of the incendiary, the carelessness of man, or the thoughtless folly of childhood, set fire to the dried and crackling herbage, and creeping along the dry land, the fast-devouring flame, catching and spreading in the woods, leaped like a destroying angel from tree to tree, from forest to forest, unchecked and untamable; until the sun's eye looked redly down through the dim and smoky haze, and a smell of burning, and a faint, hot atmosphere, and heavy lurid clouds hung over town and country; and the luxurious pleasure-seekers rushed more eagerly than usual to the sea-side, craving even the sight of the liquid element and the grateful freshness of the sea-breezes, which had gathered moisture from its surface.

Toward the close of one of those days of solemn splendor and melancholy brightness an open carriage, containing only a lady and child, leaving the crowded hotel of one of our fashionable watering-places, was driven down to the beach. The elder occupant of the carriage was a young and lovely woman, with the unmistakable air of a lady. She was richly and fashionably dressed, although still in widow's weeds, and bore upon her delicate features a look of fixed dejection and anxiety, which seemed to speak that the mourning which enshrouded her was not merely external. She reclined upon the back seat of the carriage; and kneeling upon the cushions of the front seat, in such a position as to command a view of the spirited horses, was a fair boy of possibly six years old. Unlike his companion, the child was gayly dressed in colors, yet there was too close a resemblance in their several features to permit a doubt that they were mother and child. Occasionally the pretty, playful boy would reach out his hand, and slyly pulling the sleeve of the coachman, which was within his easy reach, would sign to him to drive faster; and then turn invariably with shy, furtive glances at his mother, to see if she had observed his action, or to deprecate the expected rebuke. But the mother, though her eye was ever upon him, uttered no remonstrance; a sad, sweet smile alone answered his eager glances. She had evidently confidence enough in her driver to rest secure in his discretion, and she would not interrupt the enjoyment of the boy by a word or look of unnecessary prohibition.

When they had reached the entrance to the beach the carriage was stopped; the lady descended, and giving her orders to the man, dismissed him, and taking the boy by the hand, they went down to the water's edge, and walked together for some time up and down the sands of the beach; then the lady, whose languid motions bespoke an invalid, seated herself upon a rock, and permitted the child to play by himself, fixing her gaze upon him the while with loving, anxious assiduity.

She had sat thus watching the graceful, capricious movements of the child, and, lost in her own silent contemplations, was wholly unconscious of the lapse of time, when a loud, sudden peal of thunder startled her from her reveries; and turning her head, she saw with surprise that the western heavens were black with clouds, and that the almost imperceptible withdrawal of sunlight, which she had hardly noticed, or, if seen, had imagined but the coming-on of evening, was in reality the gathering portent of a coming thunder-shower.

Recalling to mind the old adage, that "all signs fail in a dry time," Mrs. Arlingford did not feel much apprehension. Still she thought it safest to recall the child, who was now at some distance from her upon the beach, and turn their steps homeward. But she found this was no easy matter to do; for the child did not wish to return to the house, and as she walked rapidly toward him with beckoning hand, the little truant, who had evidently been unaccustomed to constraint or government, fled laughingly from her. This took her still farther up the beach, and when at last the merry little fugitive suffered himself to be captured, they had nearly a quarter of a mile of the sands over which to retrace their steps; and as they reached the gateway giving them access to the high-road, large heavy drops of rain began slowly to fall.

Taking off her own light summer mantle to wrap it round her child, the mother hurried on as fast as her own delicate strength and the boy's short, childish steps would allow; and as the now thick-coming drops grew larger and heavier, she was questioning herself what she should do, or where find shelter, when the triumphant words, "Hallelujah! hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent *raineth!*" uttered in a high, loud key, and with a hearty intonation of devout thanksgiving, fell upon her ear; and looking up, she saw an old woman of the laboring class, neat but very humble in dress, who stood

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leaning her folded arms upon the top rail of a little gate, which, half concealed by overgrown lilac bushes, now rusty and dusty from want of rain, was close beside the pathway. As the old woman saw Mrs. Arlingford approaching with flushed cheeks and hurried steps, she flung open the little gate, and hospitably invited her to come in out of the coming shower. The fervent warmth of devotion with which the old woman had uttered her quotation from Scripture, though almost ludicrous from her evident misapplication of the meaning of the words to the present occasion, had predisposed Mrs. Arlingford in her favor, and courteously thanking her for the proffered hospitality, she unhesitatingly entered. The little cottage was very small and humble, but it was neat, and it was a welcome shelter; and the aged inmate, producing a clean napkin, proceeded, with evident good-will, to wipe the drops of rain from the dresses of the lady and her child.

"Oh! thank you; thank you," said Mrs. Arlingford, with natural and instinctive courtesy; "that will do very nicely; we are not very much wet, I believe, after all; that will do very well indeed; I am sorry to give you so much trouble. I hope we are not going to have much of a shower—what do you think?"

"*You hope it isn't going to rain!* For the massy sake! what are you thinking of?" said the old woman, suddenly stopping in her eager work of good-will; and drawing back, she regarded the object of her friendly offices with a stern look of mingled wonder and disapprobation. "What on the face of the arth are you thinking of, woman? *You hope it won't rain!* I hope in the massy of God it *will* rain—rain *hard*, and rain *long*. What in the world makes you say you hope it *won't?*"

"Because I did not want to get wet, I suppose," said the lady, smiling.

"Well, and you ain't agoing to get wet, are you? And I guess a little warm, summer rain would not be like to kill you, either. Maybe you was afeard it would spile your nice dresses. Well, maybe it would; I don't say it wouldn't; but if it did, I guess folks that wear sich gownds as these"—gently touching with her forefinger the rich, heavy folds of Mrs. Arlingford's "widow's silk"—"ginerally has more'n one of 'em. S'pose, now, this one was spilt, I shouldn't wonder if you had another at home nigh about as good."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Arlingford, smiling at the brusque simplicity of the question.

"And there's your boy there," continued the old woman, turning her quick glance upon the child, who had strolled off to the window, and was regarding with silent admiration a huge Maltese cat, which lay coiled up and sleeping there. "I s'pose, my little man, you've got more'n one of them dandy jackets of your'n, hain't you?"

"Oh yes," answered the mother; "that is not the thing; only it is not very pleasant to get wet; and besides, he might take cold, you know."

"I guess not," said the questioner; "it's more like 'twould make him grow, as 'twill all the other growing things. He looks healthy enough to beaf that, and more too. What's your name, now, my little Commodore?—won't you tell me?"

"His name is Julian," said the mother—"Julian Arlingford."

"Julian, hey? Well, that's a pretty name enough; but I don't know as I ever knowed any body called by it afore; and it's the first time, far's I know, as I ever heerd it. He's a real pretty little chap too! Don't you tetch the cat's tail, my little General," she said, as the boy gently and caressingly passed his little hand over the furry head of the old mouser, to which she amiably but rather sleepily responded by wrinkling up the skin of her back and gravely waving her majestic tail. "You see, our Malta—well, she's awful pertic'lar about her tail: she won't stand having on't pulled nohow. She's a good cat as ever lived, and real pleasant with children, on'y she won't allow nobody to tetch her tail. I sometimes laugh and tell her, if she has a vice in this world I guess it's her sinful pride in that long tail of hern. But," she said, returning to their former subject of debate, "I jest want to know—didn't you know that the arth is all parched and drying up with the heat; that the growing crops is all wilting down for want of rain; that the pasters is all burnt up; that the cattle—poor creters!—are failing for water, and will soon be a-starving for food; and that good men and women everywhere, in their churches and on their beds, are praying for God in his massy to send us rain? And you—you are hoping it *won't* rain, lest you should get wet! What was you thinking of!"

"Well, excuse me," said Mrs. Arlingford, pleasantly; "it was very wrong in me, I allow; but I spoke without thought. I am sorry I said it."

"Well, there, that sounds better," said the old woman, somewhat mollified by this concession. "I dare say 'twas cause you did not think, for you must know better. Why, when I went out jest afore you come along, to behold the goodness of the Lord, I declare I most begrudged standing out there; it seemed mean to let any of the blessed drops be wasted on my old head when the arth was wanting it so. Yes, it must have been 'cause you did not stop to think; and it's nat'ral, perhaps. I don't suppose it makes so much difference to folks like you as it does to hundreds and thousands of others—you, who, I suppose, have every thing which your heart can desire."

"Oh no, no; you mistake indeed," interrupted the lady, hurriedly, while her eyes filled with tears; "I have not my heart's desire; I can never have it—never, never in this world! I have one great sorrow—one sorrow so great that all other sorrow seems to me to be as nothing in comparison with it."

The old woman turned her earnest gaze upon the excited speaker and looked at her for a mo-

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ment, wonderingly; then, speaking in low, subdued tones, she said only, "Then I hope the Lord gives you grace to bear it as you oughter."

There was a moment's silence, and then the old hostess got up and went to the window, where the child was still standing, his attention still occupied by the cat.

"Shall I take her down for you, sonny, and put her in the chair?" she said, kindly, laying her hand as she spoke on his bright curls.

There was no answer; and she repeated the question.

"He does not hear you," said the mother, faintly.

"Don't hear me? what's the reason he don't?" said the old woman, hastily; and passing her other hand under his chin she gently raised his head and looked full in his face. The child lifted his bright, expressive eyes to hers, smiled, nodded, and pointed significantly to the cat. As she gazed a quick change came over the face of the startled woman. "For the massy sake!" she said, releasing the smiling child and turning hurriedly toward the pale and agitated mother; "you don't mean to say that he is—?"

"Yes," said the mother, in faltering tone.

"What! not deaf and dumb?" said the inquirer, compassionately. "And such a pretty, bright-looking little fellow, too! Oh, what a pity!"

"Yes," said the poor mother, bursting into a flood of irrepressible tears. "*That* is my great sorrow. Did I not tell you I had one great sorrow, to which all other sorrows were as nothing?"

"Yes," said the woman, returning to her seat near her guest, "you did; but I reckon you was wrong there. This is a heavy sorrow—I know it is—and hard to bear; but I can tell you there's worse sorrows than that in the world. Folks are very like to think that their own kind of sorrow is the worst kind; we all think so, and I dare say you think so of your'n. But it might have been worse; I can tell you that."

Mrs. Arlingford silently shook her head.

"Well, yes, it might. I know it's a hard thing to bear. I dare say you think that I don't know how hard; but I guess I do, for I had a deaf and dumb child of my own."

"*You* had?" said the lady, turning toward her with the new interest which the bond of a common sorrow often awakens. "Did *you*, too, have a child born deaf and dumb?"

"No," said the old woman, gravely, "not *born* deaf and dumb; I have often wished she had been. You have the advantage of me there."

"How do you mean?" questioned the mother. "In what had I the advantage? I do not understand."

"Well, then, your child was born deaf and dumb; he came to you so from God's own hands; it was God's own work and will; He made him so. Now my poor child warn't made so by God; she warn't born so. It was poverty, carelessness, neglect—not *my* neglect, mind yer—that made her so. And was not that worse to bear? To be sure, you may say, the sorrow come from God all the same—for nothing comes to us without His will—but still, I guess, if your child had been made so by another person's neglect—well, you'd feel there was a difference."

"Yes, you are right," said Mrs. Arlingford, reflectively. "I feel there would be a difference. I own your trial was a heavier one than mine; I thought none could be."

"I dare say you did," said the old woman. "And that warn't the only nor the worst one I have met with. Now if, while you sit here, I jest tell you a few of my experiences, you mustn't think I do it complaining like, for I don't. I know I've had a sight more mercies than I had any right to. But I think, maybe, if you knowed more of what other folks' trouble has been you wouldn't feel so bad about your'n.

"Well, my first trouble began afore I was old enough to understand it, though not too young to suffer from it. I lost my mother before I was two years old, and the first person I can remember was my mother-in-law. Well, maybe mothers-in-law is better than nothing—I don't say they ain't—but they don't come up to the real article, I guess, hardly ever. I s'pose mine warn't better nor worse than other folks's. She warn't a bad woman, by no means; she didn't beat me nor abuse me; but she was an awful mighty creter to work and to make others work—that's a fact. She used to say she wouldn't keep no cats that didn't ketch mice; and I guess she didn't—you may be sure of that, any way. She had me up early and late—work, work, work. I never hadn't no rest nor time on'y when I was in my bed. Well, I don't know as it hurt me any; I was young and strong then. I thought it was a pretty slavish life at the time; but now, come to look back, and see how free from care I was, and how, if my back and limbs ached, my mind was easy, why, it don't seem so hard to me. Still I thought then that she was rather hard on me; and when Munroe Bassett come along our way and asked me to marry him my love for her didn't stand in his way. I warn't sorry to leave her, I tell you. I had heerd tell of a change in the Admin'stration, and I thought I'd like to try how 'twould work in my case; for I says to myself, as good's have a master as a mistress. Well, I never had no call to be sorry for that change; for Bassett was a good, stiddy, temp'rate, peaceable man, and a real good, kind husband and father. The on'y thing was, he was a sea-faring man, as most of the men round here was in them days; and so, of course, when he was away, which he mostly allers was, why, I had all the care of the house and children. To be sure, I had then enough to do with; for he allers saved all his wages for me, and as long as he lived I had full and plenty.

"We had five children—four boys and one gal—the youngest *she* was. Two of my boys died young—one of 'em only four months old; but Jimmy, he was about as big as your boy

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there when he died, and I thought then there never was no sorrow worse than mine. But worse than that was before me.

"My baby, Semphrony, she was most two years old when her father he went to sea for the last time. Well, the ship come home, and he didn't come in her; he had died at Manilla. *That* was trouble to which all other seemed nothing. If you're a widder, as I guess from your dress you are, I s'pose you know something of what the loss of a good and loving husband is; but I guess you don't begin to know how much worse it is for the poor woman than for the rich one. Of course I know the rich folks say it ha'n't nothing to do with it; *riches* ain't every thing, they say. Of course they ain't, but *poverty* is. I know well enough all the gold in California wouldn't have made up to me for his loss. But when his death took from the children their food and clothing I guess it made it harder to bear. You don't know, I s'pose, what it is when your head and heart both seem bursting, and you'd like to creep away into a dark corner and die there, to have to up and work for them that's dependent upon you for their daily bread—I do. But let that go. My two boys they were jest as good as they could be—good, stiddy boys, jest like their poor father. They went and got places in the farmers' families round here, and brought me all their wages. But that wouldn't feed and clothe us all, and the little money I had was soon used up.

"The neighbors were very kind, and somehow we managed to scratch along through the summer as well as we could; folks can in warm weather, you know. But when it come along to the fall the boys and the neighbors they said I couldn't do it all winter nohow, and they all advised me to sell off, and try to go out to service myself, and put Semphrony out to board. Now that last was the worst of the plan to me. I didn't mind the hard work—that warn't nothing to me; but Semphrony—she was my *baby* and my on'y gal, and I hated to turn my back on her, poor child. And she was a real mother child too, and took on like any thing every time 'twas talked of. Well, I tried hard to get a place round where I could take my child with me; I said she shouldn't be no trouble to nobody, and no hindrance to me in my work; but I couldn't. The man that kept the tavern here then, he would take me without her and give good wages; and folks said I'd oughter go, and I didn't seem to oughter refuse, and then expect to live on other folks's help. So I went. One of my old neighbors said she'd board my child, and do as well by her as if she was her own; and I went.

"I staid there about eight months, and then Semphrony was took sick; and I had to leave my place, and go to board, and take the poor child home. It was a rheumatic fever. It seems the woman where I boarded her let her play out and sit in the wet grass, and she had a terrible sickness, and we thought she couldn't live. At last the cold, or whatsomever it was, settled in her ears and head, and she growed deaf. I took her to the best doctors there was, but they gave me no help, and no hope; they said her hearing was kinder killed out, and they didn't think she'd ever hear agin, and she didn't. For a while she could talk, and the poor little creter, she couldn't understand it nohow; and it did use to make my heart ache to hear that poor little thing begging and praying of us to speak to her, and wondering why we wouldn't; and promising to be 'oh, so good!' if I would on'y speak to her. But little by little she forgot her little words, and became wholly deaf and dumb. Then the boys, her brothers, they felt dreadful bad about it, and they hired this little house for us—it's a poor place as you see, only a little shanty—but it was cheap; and as they were well-grown boys then, and nat'rally took to the sea, as their father had, they went out fishing-voyages, and did very well for some time. But maybe you remember that awful storm when so many lives were lost. Well, their boat went down, and the skipper and all hands aboard of her but just one man was lost—both my two boys were taken at once."

The poor woman's voice faltered; she paused a moment, and then went on:

"Three years after that, Semphrony, who was all I had left, died in a consumption; she hadn't never been quite strong after that terrible sickness. She lingered along about six months, and then the Lord called her away to her father and brothers, and left me a childless and desolate old woman. But, blessed be His holy name! I can bear it, if it is his will; and I know he has on'y took back what he lent me!"

"I wish I had your submission," said Mrs. Arlingford, kindly. "I own my afflictions do seem light in comparison with yours; and I do not know how you are able to be so cheerful under them. I wish I could take a lesson from you."

"You may if you've a mind to," said Mrs. Bassett; "there ain't no secret in it."

"But how? I wish you could tell me."

"Well, I will. The thing is this—you just make up your mind that the trouble has come from God, and has got to be borne; and you look at it full in the face—don't be afraid of it—don't look at it sideways, this way and that way; but face it down—stare it out of face, if you can, and the worst is over. Half the time trouble is jest like a bur; touch it lightly and it'll stick to you, and sting you, but ketch right hold of it, grab it roughly, and it's easy handled.

"Now in your case—well! this is the way I look at it: This child of your'n is deaf and dumb, ain't he? You say he was born deaf and dumb, and deaf and dumb he *is*, and deaf and dumb he's *got to be*, and there ain't no help for it. All the drugs in the 'pothecaries' shops, and all the doctors between here and the river Jordan can't cure that, we know; and the days of miracles is done and ended! Here is where it is—it is a fact, and it has got to be, and you

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can't help it; you can't get over it, and you can't get under it, nor you can't get round it, no way that you can fix it—that's sartin. And now the next question is, What are you going to *do* about it?"

During all this speech the fine pale face of the poor mother had been resolutely turned away, in hopes, perhaps, to hide from her well-meaning but rough companion the anguish written upon every feature. The large, melancholy brown eyes were looking miles and miles away; gazing out over the wide expanse of water with an intense and pertinacious gaze, as if she sought, by the concentration of her thoughts upon some distant object, to escape the slow torture which the speaker's words were dealing out to her. But the abrupt question, "What are you going to *do* about it?" and the sudden silence which followed it, broke in upon her enforced calmness. Trembling visibly she turned to the speaker with white lips which uttered no words, but with a look of startled inquiry in each expressive feature.

The old woman looked full in her face for a moment, with intense and silent earnestness, as a skillful surgeon might contemplate the wound he found it necessary to probe, and then resumed,

"Yes! what are you going to *do* about it? that is the next question; and it's a hard question to ask—I know it is, and it's harder still to answer; but, I s'pose it has its answer. Well, there's a good many ways of taking things; some takes 'em hard, and some takes 'em easy like. But, if a thing is sent to us—why, take it hard or take it soft, it has got to be *took* some way or other, hain't it? I reckon it has.

"Well, now, this trouble has been sent to you, and it's your trouble, and you've got to take it. And s'pose you take it hard, s'pose you go and fly in the face of Providence, and make a great fuss about it, and stamp round as some does, and rave, and say it didn't oughter be, and it can't be, and it mustn't be, and it sha'n't be—well! what's all that agoing to come to? Why, it's plain to see you hain't helped the matter, not a mite; and like as not you've been and gone and made an enemy of the only One who could have helped you if He see fit. And so, it's jest about as silly, though it ain't quite so wicked maybe, if you go moping round, sighing and crying, complaining and lackadaisying, and making yourself and all round you look and feel jest as mis'able as possible, because you can't make things gee jest as you want 'em to. Why, it's ridic'lous!

"Now, you see, this ere is *your* cross. Well, we all of us have our crosses—the world is full of 'em. Some seems to have heavier crosses than others does; but I guess they was all sorted out right for us by One who knowed; and every body has their own shere, though you don't see it, maybe. And this sorrow is *your'n* —it's your cross—it is laid upon *you*—and you've got to kerry it. It ain't no use in the world—not the leastest mite of use—to try to fling it off, nor yet to lay down under it. You've got to take it up, and kerry it!

"Folks talk (I've heerd 'em) of being 'ready to give up.' Well, say they *are* ready to (and I s'pose they think they are), how, in the name of natur, are they going to do it? What does it mean? What do folks do when they give up? I'm sure I don't know. It does well enough to *talk* of, this 'giving up;' but, I declare, I don't know as I know of a fust one that ever yet made out to *do* it. 'Giving up!' there ain't no sech a thing!

"And jest so, it's easy enough to cry out, 'I'm tired of life—I'm ready to die;' but I can tell you folks can't die jest when they please (at least not without they break the sixth commandment; and I guess them as does that don't go to no better place than they quit here), and if they knowed they could, I reckon they wouldn't say it so often as they do. But if you can on'y make up your mind to take it easy-like, and feel it's all sent for the best; that there's a good, wise meaning to it, though you can't see it yet (for the Lord never promised to explain all his wisdom or his meaning to you, or no other of his creters, as ever I heerd of); and you work round, in the lot He's given you, and do all the good you can, and do your best to be happy yourself, and to make others happy too—I guess you'll find your cross ain't so dreadful heavy but what you can kerry it after all; and maybe, when you git to the end of the road, you'll be able to see how it was not a cross after all, but a blessing."

As they sat thus together a slow, shuffling, and uncertain step approached the house, and the open door of the little room was darkened by a strangely uncouth figure. Too short to be a man, and yet far too broad-shouldered, bluff, and burly to be a boy; with huge head, hands, and feet, altogether disproportioned to his low stature; with a face, worn and seamed and scarred by the fingers of Time, yet without the intelligence which years should have given it—it seemed difficult if not impossible to fix any date to his period of existence; for he presented such a strange combination, physically and mentally, of strength and weakness, that the first idea which his appearance naturally awoke in the beholder's mind was the doubt if he was a stunted and dwarfed old man or a promature and preternaturally old boy. His dress, though coarse and awkward, was clean and whole, and loutish as he was in face and figure still there was an honesty and good-will in his strangely-assorted physique which disarmed ridicule, and awakened a sort of interest in him in spite of his many peculiarities. He stood a moment in the doorway, gazing with his great lack-lustre gray eyes at the unusual visitors; and then, shaking off the great drops of rain from his person as a big water-dog might have done, he said, in a strange tone of oracular gravity,

"It rains outdoors—it does."

There was something so supremely ridiculous in this proffered information, given too, as it

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was, with an air of solemn earnestness, while the rain was pouring down with all the violence of a summer shower, that even Mrs. Arlingford smiled in spite of herself, and she said, with kind affability of manner,

"Yes, I see it does; it rains very hard; have you got very wet?"

The individual thus addressed did not reply to the kind inquiry. Standing just within the door, with his great winking eyes fixed full upon the lady, his long, lean forefinger pointing at the object of his wonder and curiosity—his whole body swaying backward and forward with short, sharp jerks, as if he were making lunges at her with the uplifted finger, he said in solemn, deep, oracular tones, sepulchral as the cawing of a raven, and actually seeming to come up from the very cellar beneath his feet:

"Marm Bassett!—I say, whose *her?*"

"Well, Robbie," answered the old woman, good-naturedly, "that's a pretty lady come to see me, you know. Now you go and git your supper; it's all ready."

Gravely pulling off his old straw-hat, and thus disclosing to view a great, preposterous bullet head, with a coarse black covering more resembling the pelt of some wild bear than the natural hair of human being, poor Robbie, squaring himself full before Mrs. Arlingford, bowed solemnly to the lady thus announced to him, saying hoarsely in the same deep, monotonous tones,

"How de do—pretty lady come to see Marm Bassett? Glad to see yer!"

Then turning his great owl-like eyes upon the little Julian, who was still devoting himself to the cat, and repeating toward him the same threatening but harmless manifestations, he again croaked out:

"Marm Bassett!—I say, whose *him?*"

"Well, never mind, Robbie, who it is," said Mrs. Bassett; "you go and git your supper; that's a good boy—won't you now?"

But the persistive inquirer did not move, and possibly Mrs. Bassett knew from experience that there was nothing to be gained by attempting thus to put him off; for, as he repeated the question, she answered quietly,

"Well, well, Robbie, that's a little gentleman come to see me."

Apparently this was satisfactory. Again the old hat was pulled off; again he squared himself for the mighty effort, and bowing gravely to the little Julian he croaked out:

"How de do—little gentleman come to see Marm Bassett? Glad to see yer!"

"Very well, Robbie—very well indeed!" said the old woman, soothingly. "That was very well indeed! and now you go and git your supper. I'll tell you something—there's cold baked beans for supper, Robbie. You didn't know that, did you?"

But even this tempting offer could not call off the attention of poor Robbie. It was a great inducement, but he felt he had a duty still to perform, and he would not leave until he had performed it.

"And now," he said, slowly replacing his hat, and speaking as a man who felt he had done, and was doing, conscientiously all that the occasion could demand of him, "if I may be excused, I humbly take my leave; and *now*, Marm Bassett, I'll go and git them beans."

"Who and what is that very singular person?" asked Mrs. Arlingford, as the door of the inner room closed upon the ungainly figure of the slowly-retiring Robbie. You said you had no children living; so I presume he is not a very near relation of yours."

"He isn't no relation at all," said the old woman; "I hain't got no kin; he is only a boarder. He's a kind of funny-looking one, I must own; but then he's jest as good and clever as he can be; and I've got used to his ways and to his looks. It ain't no fault of his if he is half-witted, poor fellow—he can't help it; I dare say he'd be as smart as any body if he on'y knowed how. Well! I'll say this for him, he acts up to the light that's been given to him as well as ever he can, and that's more'n half the folks as has got their wits does. You see, they board him with me 'cause I look after him, and mend his clothes, and so on. Lors! why, I'd ruther do it than not; I hain't got nobody else to care for. He's better company than a cat or dog; and if I didn't have him I shouldn't have nobody. Well, he's somebody to speak to, any way; and it's something to look after him, agoing out and coming in. They don't pay much for him, to be sure, but a little goes a good ways if folks knows how to spend it; and I'd rather have him than be all alone, as I should be if 'twarn't for him. Poor fellow! his is quite a story, and it's got a meaning to it too," she said, fixing her keen eyes upon her listener; "I say it's as good as preaching; and I guess, if I tell it to you (that is, if you ain't tired ahearing of my talk), you'll be cute enough to sense it's meaning, and guess why I told it to you.

"Poor Robbie's mother—Ann Jane Robberson she was—she was as pretty a gal as you'd be like to meet in a month of Sundays, for all *he's* sich a poor, forlorn-looking chap. Yes! she was real pretty to look at, and just as smart as a steel trap; wide awake, and full of fun she was; and a pretty good gal too, as gals go; neat, industr'ous, and respectable, on'y terrible high! Well, some folks calls it *sperets*—'high-spereted' they called her. Well, yes, I s'pose she was high-spereted; and I guess that Mary Magdalene was high-spereted too, warn't she? I call it *temper*—but there! maybe I don't know; but that's what they called it in my days. Ann Jane was pleasant, and civil, and good-tempered enough, when she had things all her own way; and so they say is somebody else. But when her temper was up, she driv all before her! You see she was an on'y child, and her folks fairly spilt her; they inconvened themselves in every way to please her, and she didn't think nothing of it, nuther. Why, it was Ann Jane this, and Ann Jane that, till she had her own way in every thing. The old folks they had to stand

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round, and walk on their tip-toes, when Ann Jane was at home, I can tell you. And when she was *put out*—and that was pretty often—she'd thrash round like a young harricane!

"Well, I don't see the sense of bringing up children in that fashion, and I never could. I guess my children had as good times in this world as other folkses children—I mean any poor folkses children—and I never had to tell them twice what they was to do; there warn't no need to, and I never struck a child yet.

"Well, Ann Jane she wasn't brought up according to my notions at all; and I guess her folks found out afore they died that she wasn't brought up quite to their notions nuther; but that's none of *my* business. Well! she had every thing her own way at home, and had every thing in the world done for her; but I s'pose she thought, as most gals do, she'd be better off yet if she was married; so after a spell she picked up a poor kind of a lovyer in Robert Harrington. She had half-a-dozen better ones shying round after her; but you know when gals has more'n one to choose from, they allers take the worst one in the whole lot.

"Well, Robert Harrington he was good-looking, that's a fact; and do let's give him the credit of *that*, for it was all he had got. He had come down from the city, sparking round among the gals here; and Ann Jane was taken with his curly hair, and white hands, and citified airs (for he'd been in a drug-shop), and so she went with him."

"Went *where* with him?" asked Mrs. Arlingford.

"Well, every where; I mean kept company with him. I s'pose if her folks had on'y kep still, and held their tongues, and let her play her game out, she wouldn't have married him a bit more than I would; for she had good sense, Ann Jane had, under all her nonsense. But old folks won't wait, in no such cases. They will up and talk, and have their say, though all nature and experience tells 'em to keep still, and hold their tongues. It allers is so, it allers has been, and I s'pose it allers will be, to the end of the chapter. So old Robberson and his wife they pitched into the business head over heels! Of course, Ann Jane, having had her own way allers, and ruled them ever since she could run alone, wasn't going to be pulled up with a tight rein *then*—'twasn't in reason to expect she would; she hadn't been used to it. 'Twas the old story; the more they said aginst him, the more she took his part (and really they was hard upon him, and no mistake), 'till I actually think she fit so many battles for him that she larnt at last to care for him, jest because she had *fit* for him; and she married him in the end, without the consent of father or mother.

"Well, that was a bad beginning, and worse come of it. I s'pose when Harrington first come after her, he calc'lated upon old Jerry Robberson's money; for he was well known to be a forehanded old man, and nobody but Ann Jane ever saw the color of his money; and when he found he had got Ann Jane and nothing else, well! it wasn't what he had calc'lated on by no means. He couldn't work, or he wouldn't, which comes to about the same thing where earnings is concerned. Ann Jane had been used to having every thing, full and plenty, and she expected that and more too, now she was married. I guess they led a cat-and-dog's life of it; he a-loafing round, and doing nothing, or worse; and Ann Jane hectoring him, and taunting him, and aggravating him in every way, and making his home jest as uncomfortable as a—well, as a *high-spereted* woman knows how to! And the long and short of it was, that at the end of two years Harrington left his wife and child, run off, and went to sea, and in less than six months come news of his death in foreign parts, and then old Robberson he come forward and took 'em home agin.

"Well, if Ann Jane warn't *glad* when she heerd of his death, so much the better—I'm glad of it. But I guess it won't hurt me none to say she warn't *sorry*. She said a good many things, I guess, which might jest as well not been said. What's the good of saying them sort of things? They're evil words, and I s'pose we've got to give an account of 'em. Well, then; maybe she didn't say them; I hope she didn't; folks *said* she did; but that ain't nothing. Folks says every thing but their prayers, you know.

"When Ann Jane had been a widder about two years her little boy was taken sick; took right down, all of a suddin, with the sore throat and scarlet-fever of the very worst kind. Did you ever chance to see or know any thing of that complaint?" she said, stopping suddenly, and fixing her eyes upon the face of her companion.

"No!" said Mrs. Arlingford, glancing nervously at her beautiful boy at the window, "I never have known any thing of it."

"Then you have good reason to thank the Lord gratefully that you never have, and to pray that in his mercy you never may; for it's the awfulest disease a child can have, bad enough in itself, in all conscience, but worse in what it brings after it. If a child gits through with it it's ten to one if it don't have fits, or dropsy, or loss of limbs or senses. There! I've often said, even when I had children of my own, and I say it agin now, that if I had a child that had the *real* scarlet-fever, and had it bad, I'd thank the Lord to take it out of the world! I would—it's hard to say it—but I *would*, I know.

"Well, poor Miss Harrington (that is Ann Jane) she was wild about her child. She sot every thing by him, and well she might, for he was a sweet, pretty, little creter, to be sure, just as pretty as a picter! He had his father's good looks and his mother's too, and he was jest as bright as a di'mond into the bargain.

"Poor Ann Jane! she didn't know nothing about sickness—not the first thing. It was the on'y sickness the child had ever had, and she

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was scared to death from the very first; but when he growed worse, and the doctor said he was dangerous, she was half crazy. I certainly thought she'd lose her senses, and I don't know now but that she did—it's a charity to think so; for seems as if she wouldn't have took on so if she'd had her reason. I was in there a good deal, for we was near neighbors then, and so I used to run in as often as I could and kinder help old Miss Robberson do for the poor child; for as to Ann Jane, she warn't the leastest use in the world. She couldn't do nothing for him—on'y rave and scream, 'Oh! he'll die, he'll die! oh! he can't die—he mustn't die—he sha'n't die! My baby—my beauty—my darling!—I can't part with him; he is all I have got in the world, and I can't give him up; it is cruel, I won't, I won't!'

"I couldn't bear to hear her a-running on like that, so I says to her one day, says I—'Ann Jane!' says I—'don't go fly in the face of the Lord that way,' says I; 'it is sinful!' I says to her, 'and no good can come of it.' 'I can't help it,' she says to me; 'I can't give him up, I can't lose my child, my darling! oh, I can't—I won't! it's too hard; why should all the ill-luck come to me? Other gals have good husbands and live happy; and their children live and grow up. Why should I have a poor, lazy, drunken husband, and be left a widder to slave to death for my child, and then lose him after all? tell me that, Miss Bassett!' 'I can't, Ann Jane!' says I, 'nobody can tell you that,' says I. 'We are all in the dark—we are all poor, blind, ignorant creters, every one on us. But we do know *one* thing, and that's the best of all—we know that God is good! yes, Ann Jane!' says I, 'we do know that God is good.' 'No, he ain't!' she shrieks out, 'He ain't good to *me*, I tell you—not if he takes away my child, my pet, my bird! Let him give me the life of my child, and *then* I'll say he is good. His life—his life—his life!' she kept on saying them words over and over again. 'All I ask is for his life—his life—his life!'

"So when I heerd how she went on I says to her mother, 'Well, Miss Robberson, I see we ain't a-doing her the leastest mite of good with all we can say to her. I think it on'y aggravates her into talking back again. Don't let's you or I say nothing more to her lest we lead her on to sin the more; for,' says I, 'the more she talks the more she sins; and I s'pose the Lord can do his own work in her soul without the help of poor creters like you and I.' So after that I never made no more talk with her; on'y I went in jest the same and did up the house-work for 'em, and helped tend the poor child.

"Well, one day when he was at the worst old Dr. Parker he come in. I don't know as you knowed the old Doctor—he has been dead this five years. No? Well, I didn't hardly s'pose you did; well, I can say of him he was a real good, Christian man, and as knowledgable a doctor as ever I see—pertic'larly 'mong children; and jest as faithful to the poor as to the rich! Well, he come in, and he looked at the child, and he didn't say much of any thing. I see in a minute how it was; he hadn't a good opinion of the child, and he didn't want to say so. But Ann Jane she was at him like a mad woman to know his opinion of the boy; he kind of put her off and tried not to say what he thought; but she would have an answer; and at last he told her, and he done it as tenderly as he could, that he saw no room for hope. Oh! then Ann Jane was worse than ever—she shrieked out, 'Save him! save him! Oh, Doctor, Doctor! save him! save him! You can, you must, you shall!' And down she went on her knees to him, wringing her hands and crying, 'Oh! save him; save him; save my child's life—his life—his life—his life!'

"Well, Doctor Parker he was the feelingest man in a sick room—I will say that for him—that ever I see; but he was real wrathy then, and who could wonder? He says to Ann Jane real stern, 'Get up, woman! don't kneel to me. Your child's life is in God's hands, not mine. I have done all I can. No power, short of the power of God himself, can save his life. And I tell you now if you knowed as much of sickness in general, and of this disease in pertic'lar' (them was his very words—I shall never forget 'em)—'if you knowed as much of sickness in general, and of this disease in pertic'lar, as I do, you would understand that this child's life *now* would be a far greater evil to you than his death.' And with that he lifted her off her knees, sot her down in a chair, and went right straight out of the house; and I didn't blame him not a mite!

"Well, strange to say, the poor child did get well—no, not *well*, for he never was well agin. But he got about—seemed to me he begun to mend from that very day. But after the fever left him the dropsy set in; and then he had fits, and his limbs they was kind of palsied like for a time; indeed he don't walk like other folks to this day. But the worst of all was his senses. Why, before he was took with that sickness he was just as bright as a dollar; quite a little scholar he was too; he knowed all his letters; could spell little, easy words, and could read some. But after it he didn't know round O from crooked S! And the worst on't was, you couldn't larn him nothing nuther; he didn't seem to have no memory; and you might try all day, and you couldn't make him remember a single letter; and the little toad was jest as cross and as passionate as he could be all the time.

"Poor Ann Jane! she was fairly beside herself with joy when she found he was like to live, for she didn't know nothing nor dread nothing of what was like to come afterward. But, poor soul! she had a time with him. I've seen her, often and often, a-standing afore that boy jest as white as a sheet, and her great eyes full of tears, trying to coax and soothe him, and he jest as cross and contrary as ever you see a cre-

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ter. And then her father and mother—they were old, and they was allers putting in about him. Natural enough, he fretted them, and that made it bad for Ann Jane. But she never said a word; I guess she daresn't. She was jest as patient as patient could be. I couldn't have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes, for I didn't think it was in her to be so meek and patient. I guess, poor thing! she lived to find out that the cross she had chosen for herself was a sight heavier than the one she refused to kerry 'cording to the Lord's will. And I do think, afore she died, she was a real, believing, trusting Christian; and I shall allers think the Lord he knowed best the lesson for her; and as I told old Miss Robberson at the time, He didn't need none of our poor help—He could do His own work, in His own time and His own way, without she and I.

"After a while Robbie kind of settled down and got over his temper turns, and got to be about as you see him now. But laws! he ain't good for nothing, and never will be, in this world. When his poor mother died—which was seven years ago come next November—she asked me to kind of look after him a little; for her father and mother they was dead and gone, and there wasn't nobody to care for him. Old Jerry Robberson had been sick, and helpless to work for some years, and I don't s'pose Ann Jane was much of a manager, and so the old man's money didn't turn out so much after all. What little there was left clothes Robbie and pays me a little for his board. I'd a taken him for nothing on'y good-will, if I could have fed him. So they pay what they can, and he earns a little, now and then, raking hay and cutting wood, and picking up stones, and so on; and then he catches fish and digs clams, and picks berries and gathers wood for me, and altogether helps along, and we manage to live pretty comfortable, Robbie and I."

As Marm Bassett finished her little story, Mrs. Arlingford, who had for some time been anxiously watching the clouds, called upon her to hold a consultation as to the weather; and as it was the opinion of the old woman, who was evidently familiar with the signs in the heavens, and considered herself weather-wise, that there was no chance of the rain abating, she offered to send Robbie up to the hotel to order the carriage for her.

"But can he carry such a message and do it right?" asked the lady, somewhat doubtfully.

"Well, yes; he's faithful enough," was the ready answer. "But I guess maybe you had as good give him a bit of a ticket to kerry to the man; for, you see, if the folks up there at the tavern get hazing of him, as they do sometimes, they may bother him so he won't know what's what; and they'll put it all out of his head. But you give him a bit of a ticket, and I'll be bound for him he'll kerry it just as true as steel."

This seemed very likely to be the case; so, as stationery was not to be found in abundance in Mrs. Bassett's household, she produced the fly-leaf of an old book, upon which the lady wrote her order in pencil, and, armed with these credentials, the obtuse but willing messenger departed upon his errand, and soon returned, jubilant, on the carriage-box, and the lady and child were conveyed back to their hotel; Mrs. Bassett candidly owning that, although she didn't want her guests "to git wet and take cold, nor nothing of that sort, still, she should just as lieves as not have it rain all night; for the arth, poor creter! was just as dry as a beggar's bone!"

This wish, which was no doubt shared by many in the community, was granted, and for the next two days the welcome rain came down as a blessing to refresh the parched and withering face of the earth. On the third day the sun rose clear and unclouded, the smoky, burning haze which had so long hung over the landscape, obscuring its beauty and filling the minds of observant gazers with dread forebodings, had all been washed away, and the refreshed earth gladly put on new robes of greenness and beauty.

Mrs. Arlingford, accompanied by her little boy, who was her constant companion, stopped on her way to the beach to leave a liberal and useful present for Marm Bassett and for Robbie; and in compliance with the pretty, wordless pleadings of the child, who, with rapid, graceful, and expressive gestures, begged another interview with the old Maltese cat, they again entered the cottage. This proved to be only the commencement of a series of visits; for the little Julian (who had, of course, but few objects of interest) was so taken by the gentle charms of the quiet old tabby, who not only permitted his attentions, but even seemed to reciprocate them, by rubbing her head gently against him and patting him softly with her velvet paws, in which she had carefully sheathed the sharp claws, that he could never be persuaded to pass the house where this feline charmer resided. And as his mother found interest and amusement, and oftentimes instruction, from the sterling good sense and firm principle of the homely and quaint old woman, it gradually grew into a habit for them to stop there on their way to the beach, and for Marm Bassett, if she was at leisure, to accompany them to the water-side, where Mrs. Arlingford, seated upon the rocks high up on the beach, would occupy herself with her netting or crochet work, while little Julian, under the watchful eye of his mother, amused himself by seeking shells and building sand-hills; and the old woman, with her ever-ready blue-yarn knitting, would seat herself on the rocks just below her companion, and, while knitting rapidly, would amuse her with her graphic sketches of the earlier times and manners, when the little fishing village was not, as now, the fashionable resort of the wealthy and the gay.

There was ever a pointed moral, and a strong sense of religious dependence pervading all these

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communications, while there was also perceptible in them a flavor of keen natural good sense, mingled with wit and humor, and a quaint originality of thought and speech, which, from its very freshness and novelty, amused the more refined listener; and under the combined influences of the fresh sea-breezes and this new element of companionship Mrs. Arlingford's mind and body were fast rising out of their morbid condition into a freer and more healthful action; while from Marm Bassett's loving recollections of her own child's more perfected sign language, Julian's hitherto very limited manual vocabulary was daily and widely increasing.

One fine bright morning, when the day promised to be one of uncommon beauty and freshness, they had come to the cottage at an earlier hour than usual; and little Julian gleefully taking from the man-servant who had followed them a small, nicely packed basket, opened one corner of it with great mystery, and permitted Mrs. Bassett to enjoy just one little peep at its contents. Then hastily closing the lid, he explained to her with delight, in graceful pantomime, that they were going down to the beach to lunch there, and that she must come with them. As the eager invitation of the child, given with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, was seconded by the gentle quiet mother, Mrs. Bassett was soon ready, informing her kind friend she could go better than usual that day, as Robbie was going out in the boat to fish, and would not return before sunset.

A few moments, willingly devoted by Julian to his furry friend, served the old woman to make her simple arrangements, and shutting up the house-door and leaving the key with Robbie, who was not quite ready, she relieved Julian of his basket and the trio set out. It was a perfect day; one of those days when the mere sense of being is an enjoyment. Not a cloud dimmed the heavens; the soft morning breeze just gave a healthy freshness to the summer sunshine. The tide was up, and the brimming sea, scarcely heaving, lay calm and tranquil, sparkling in the morning light, the blue shimmering waves breaking with quiet regularity and low rippling music along the line of the shore, and lazily lifting and swaying Robbie's light boat which was moored just at the water's edge.

Taking their usual seat upon the rocks, the desultory thread of conversation between the two oddly-assorted friends ran rippling and brokenly for a time as the waves before them; and then gradually the old woman had got somehow into a narrative of her young days, and the quiet, homely ways of even the wealthy people of those times. She was still in the full tide of her narration when Robbie, coming down from the house with his oars upon his shoulder and his basket in his hand, stopped on his way to the boat to make his clumsy bow to "the pretty lady come to see Marm Bassett," as he invariably termed her.

As, having performed this duty, which he never omitted, he passed with his shuffling, uncertain step and lounging gait toward the sea, his ungainly shadow fell upon the sand where Julian was at play with his gathered shells and sea-weed. The little one looked up, and seeing it was only Robbie, between whom and himself a strange kind of good-fellowship—possibly originating in their mutual admiration of the old cat—had been early established, he sprang up, clapping his hands with joy, and signing to his mother that he was going down to the boat to see Robbie off, he ran lightly by his side, making his many short steps to keep time with the wide strides of Robbie, who, utterly unable to comprehend the affliction of his little companion, talked on all the time in his slow, random, disconnected way to "the little gentleman come to see Marm Bassett" without caring, or even seeming to notice, that he was not answered.

Together they reached the little dory, which lay rocking upon the very edge of the water, and Julian stood by in delighted attention, as he had often done before, while Robbie, talking all the time, put in his oars, his basket, and fishing-tackle. Then Julian stood with his hand upon the edge of the boat while Robbie got in to cast her off; but just as he was loosening the last turn of the rope he remembered the house-key, still in his pocket, and with a useless injunction to the child to "hold on!" he scrambled out and lounged up the beach to return the key to Marm Bassett. It was but the work of a moment, but, as he turned to retrace his steps, Robbie gave an unearthly cry,

"Marm Bassett! Marm Bassett! little gentleman come to see Marm Bassett's gone aboard. Look!"

With a wild answering cry of terror the two women started up. It was all too true. The moment Robbie had left him Julian had sprung into the boat, cast off the rope, and was already yards from the shore.

Vainly and impulsively the terrified women rushed to the water's edge, the frantic mother screaming aloud, and vainly signing to Julian to come back to her. In vain, even if he had wished it, for the tide had turned, and the ebbing waters would have prevented his return had he attempted it. But he did not; wholly unconscious of his danger, proud of his exploit, evidently amused rather than alarmed by their earnest gesticulations, the delighted boy, with his sweet young face all flushed and radiant with success, was standing up in the boat, smiling and bowing, and kissing his hand to them in his pretty childish triumph; and then catching up the oars he propelled the boat farther from the shore as he had seen Robbie do.

"Oh, my soul and body!" cried Mrs. Bassett, while the great beaded drops of excitement started out upon her wrinkled forehead, "what can we do? He'll upset that boat; he'll be drownded, jest as sure as you're alive!" Then seeing the white agony on the face of the wretched mother, she added hastily, "No, no! I didn't mean *that;* he's in God's keeping there as well as

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here—only—only— Oh, God help us! what can we do?"

"Can't you swim?" gasped the poor mother's white lips, as she turned breathlessly to the poor half-witted Robbie who stood beside her.

"Me? No, no!" said Robbie. "Robbie can't swim; dog can swim, fish can swim, Robbie can't swim."

"No," said Mrs. Bassett, regretfully; "he can't swim a stroke."

As this last poor hope faded from her the frantic mother made a mad rush into the water, but in one moment Robbie's strong, wiry arms were about her and drew her back.

"No, no," he said, gravely; "pretty lady come to see Marm Bassett can't swim; dog can swim; fish can swim; pretty lady come to see Marm Bassett can't swim."

"No!" said the old woman, laying a restraining hand upon her arm, "that's only madness; that won't help him not a mite. Robbie!" she continued, speaking rapidly but impressively, "you run up to Tim Jones; you tell him or his boys to come here at once. Run quick, for your life—go." And he was gone, scurrying over the sands at full speed with loose, wide strides, and long, flapping arms, which he seemed to use as wings.

"I could swim as well as a man once when I was a gal," said the old woman, sadly; "but ah! that's years and years agone. I'm an old woman now; my strength is all gone; I don't s'pose I could swim now if I tried. A pretty creter! I'd give my old life freely to save him, but I couldn't do it—I couldn't do it!" and, with a choking in her throat, she turned her face away from the mute, imploring gaze of the pale mother.

At this moment Julian, having dropped one of the oars, reached out so far in the vain effort to regain it (careening the boat) that it seemed impossible he should recover himself; and the old woman, bursting into tears, broke out:

"There! Lord save him; he will be drowned to a cartainty! and I can't stand here and see it. God helping me, I'll try to save him any way. If I can live to reach the boat, I can paddle her in well enough, I guess."

The hands of the two excited women met in a silent heart-clasp, and then, flinging off some portions of her dress, Marm Bassett resolutely entered the water. With long, steady, skillful strokes she made her way toward the little boat, while the child, who had not seen her movements, had taken the remaining oar, and was, by the incautious use of it, spinning the boat round and round with a fearful velocity which threatened its immediate overthrow. But on, calmly, swiftly, with practiced eye and motion and strong sinewy arms well used to labor, Marm Bassett was drawing nearer and nearer, while the mother, overwhelmed with the agony of suspense, had sunk upon her knees and hidden her face.

But now the child discovered his pursuer, and, wild with frolic, he flung away the remaining oar and began rocking the little boat from side to side in frantic merriment; and just as the hand of the rescuer was upon the edge of the little skiff, and his safety seemed already within her reach, the willful and excited boy, all unconscious of danger, and possibly believing that the water which bore her up in safety would bear him likewise, flung himself fearlessly over the other side (upsetting the boat as he did so) and went down headlong.

As he emerged from the water Marm Bassett caught him. It was in vain now to try to regain the boat; that hope was lost to her; and holding the child by the collar of his little robe, and cautiously keeping him off at arm's-length from her, she attempted to make her way back to the shore. But her strength was weakened by the exertions she had already made, and the burden of years was upon her. She had to sustain both herself and the child; she had but one hand at liberty to assist herself with; and the tide was against her. Under all these disadvantages—partly swimming, partly floating, and partly by the support of one of the oars which she had managed to secure as it drifted by her—she made slow, painful, but gradual progress toward the shore. Slowly—slowly—and yet more slowly, for her strength was wasting rapidly now. Oh! would the Joneses never come? She looked to the shore. The poor mother had risen again, and was watching her with clasped and extended hands and devouring eyes, in which the light of a new hope was dawning.

That sight gave her a new impetus and a momentary strength, and she struggled on. Could she ever reach the shore? It seemed doubtful, yet not all impossible. More than half the distance was already passed: a few rods more, and she would reach the shallow water, and again she made new efforts, putting forth almost superhuman exertions. But her limbs were getting benumbed; and as the child, who from the moment she secured him had never ceased struggling violently to reach her, and had been sending forth those shrill, discordant, unearthly cries which only dumb lips utter, now seemed to become more quiet, the overburdened woman made an effort to relieve herself slightly by transferring him from one hand to the other. It was a natural but an unwise thing for her to do. The terrified child, thinking she was going to let him sink, took advantage of the unguarded moment and flung himself suddenly upon her, clinging closely around her neck with a persistent and suffocating clasp which checked her breath and hampered all her motions.

In vain were reason or entreaty. Though his head was upon her shoulder, though his ear lay close below her lips, no sound but the trump of the archangel could pierce those sealed and deafened organs. Closer and closer grew the loving but deadly clasp about her neck. She turned her wild, despairing eyes to the beach: she knew now she could never reach it. In the vain effort to unclasp those twining arms

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she had already lost ground, she was sinking! They must die—and so near to the shore—almost within the clasp of the longing, hoping mother, whose words of prayer she could almost hear! And they were going down—down! a wild gasp for breath—"the bubbling cry of the strong swimmer in his agony," a wild upflinging of the arms, and the calm, smiling, treacherous blue waters closed over their victims.

Five minutes later, and poor Robbie and the Joneses came rushing down the beach, strong, athletic swimmers, full of zeal for the rescue; but the unconscious mother, lying faint and senseless on the shore, could give them no information.

Thus time was lost. At last observing the floating oar, they swam out to it, and after diving several times found the bodies, and succeeded in raising and bringing them to the shore. By that time help, all too late, had arrived; and assistance and sympathy were eagerly proffered. Alas! all too late—too late!

With painful effort they loosened the grasp of the little dimpled hands, and unwound the soft white arms from their loving but fatal clasp around the old shriveled neck to which they had clung with such close and deadly tenacity in the death-struggle, and laid the two, side by side, upon the cold, gray sands of the beach. The child, with his bright, wavy hair all rippling into curls with the moisture of the sea, which had washed the hues of life from his fair, rounded cheeks, and pretty rose-bud mouth, but with his high, delicate features showing hushed and beautiful in their calm look of ineffable repose, like some saintly and beautiful cherub head exquisitely wrought in purest marble! The old woman, with her uncovered locks of scanty gray (scattered and disheveled by wind and wave) streaming wildly back from the old, sallow, wrinkled, sunbrowned face, with its strongly marked and care-worn features, all seamed and scarred with the toils and sorrows of more than threescore years and ten of mortal pilgrimage.

There they lay, in strange contrast—the extremes of life, youth and age. Yet not so; for *them* there was neither youth nor age. Equals now, twin-born they had entered together that wonderful land of the Hereafter, where years and days are not reckoned; where the mighty angel, who stood with his right foot upon the sea and his left foot on the earth, hath sworn with uplifted hand, "by Him that liveth for ever and ever," that there shall be no more Time!

NEVADA.

CARRY yourself in imagination far from the centres of civilization, over weird wastes and savage wilds, to a point where the 116th degree of west longitude intersects the 42d degree of north latitude. The head-waters of the Owyhee—there a small river or brook—are gurgling a mile or so behind you; your right foot presses the golden sands of Idaho; your left is under the spiritual jurisdiction of Brigham Young; while at your feet the unerring eye of science marks out the northeastern corner of the new State of Nevada. Travel thence due west for a hundred miles, over rugged mountains, lofty buttes, and patches of desert and valley, and you reach the Mica Hills, glittering in the sunlight like cones of gold; thirty miles more in the same direction will bring you to the divide between the waters of the Columbia River and the Great Basin; a hundred miles more still due west, and you are in a wondrous country of petrified trees—stony finger-points of the antediluvian past—of sparkling streams, translucent lakes, high mountains, and gloomy cañons. Then you have a range of granite mountains to cross, and forty or fifty miles more carries you to the northeastern corner of our young State, where, in the vicinity of Nye's Lake and Roop's Lake, 7000 feet above the sea, 250 miles from the initial point, and where the 120th line of west longitude crosses the 42d parallel of north latitude, the State of Oregon stretches to the north, and Lassen County, California, faces you on the west. Southward thence along the 120th longitudinal line, with California on your right, and Nevada on your left, pursue your course. You will need the wing of an eagle and the eye of a bee to follow this line. The sombre Sierras, crowned with tresses of pine, frowning with battlements of barren rock, wrinkled with mighty cañons, and set with a tiara of glittering lakes, will be your companion for hundreds of miles. You skirt the western border of Honey Lake, and pass over the centre of the inland sea of the Sierras—Lake Bigler, or, as it is now called, Lake Tahoe, from the Pahutah designation of Big Water. About thirty miles from the northern end of this lake, some ten miles from the eastern shore, at a point where the 120th line of west longitude intersects the 39th parallel of north latitude, the boundary line strikes off in a southeasterly direction, at an angle of about 45 degrees, following the sweep of the Sierras for 200 miles to a point where the 37th parallel of north latitude intersects the 117th line of west longitude. Thence across a region seldom or never trodden by the foot of man; along the line of desolate Arizona, with the burning sands of the distant Colorado heating the air to intensity—sixty miles—to the spot where the southwestern corner of Nevada joins Utah and Arizona; thence 300 miles due north along the Utah line to the point of commencement.

These are the boundaries of Nevada—battle-born child of the republic, thirty-sixth star of the American constellation. As are her boundaries, so are her varied physical aspects within those boundaries. Three hundred miles north and south, and 250 miles east and west, of an elevated plateau between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, is the general description of Nevada; but what pen shall do justice to the wonderful details? The man who loves the wild in nature, who delights in contrasts, and seeks strange sights, will not visit her soil in vain. He will behold a land of rugged mount-

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ains, still bearing the marks of the volcanic fires by which they were upheaved from the chaotic gloom which stretched out before the morning ere God said, "Let there be light." He will stand by the side of a hundred springs or geysers, ejecting boiling water impregnated with mineral, potent in the cure of diseases as the pool of Bethesda of old, and as sulphurously and unpleasantly suggestive of a region not to be mentioned to ears polite as the most orthodox Puritan could desire. He will travel through lovely valleys blossoming in emerald beauty, and, crossing a river, find himself in a region of awful sterility, blasted by the breath of the Almighty, with no drop of water to cool the desert air, and no living thing to stir the stillness which has brooded there since the dawn of creation. He will enjoy a delicious climate, and an atmosphere balmy as the breath of June, occasionally alternated by a rigor that renders the name of Nevada, or "snowy," not altogether inappropriate—by snows which last until late in May, and blasts that hurl the giant pines of the mountains in a demon waltz to the music of the shaking hills.

The new State, boisterous in patriotism, and exulting in a majority of nearly two to one for Abraham Lincoln, with a clause in her organic law declaring that "the paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the Federal Government," comes bursting into the Union without the decorous delay of long courtship that preceded the "sealing" of her sisters. Five years ago and the State of Nevada was only Carson County in Western Utah, uninhabited except by a few Mormons at Genoa in Carson Valley, and hurried through by the California bound emigrant as a sort of Valley of the Shadow of Death through which it was necessary to pass to reach the promised land. To many it was a valley of death indeed, as the skeletons of men and cattle that line the banks of the Humboldt still testify. Silver was the vivifying power that caused this lotus flower of the mountains to burst forth full-blown upon the national stem to which her war-crimsoned sisters are clinging. In 1859 silver was discovered upon a spot in the mountains east of Carson Valley, where now the City of Virginia stands. A few hundred pioneers crossed the Sierras that season and hibernated in the hills through the winter. The following year (1860) the value and permanent character of the silver-bearing quartz ledges was partially demonstrated and a considerable emigration attracted. In 1861 expensive toll roads across the Sierras were completed, mills erected, machinery transported, and the foundations of Nevada, or, as it was then familiarly called, "Washoe," permanently laid. The developments already made proved that along the base of Mount Davidson, under the streets of the future metropolis of Silverland, for a distance of two miles from Cedar Hill on the north to Gold Hill on the south, there meandered immense, and, in point of depth, seemingly inexhaustible veins of rich silver-bearing rock, running parallel to each other, and called—after the discoverer of silver—by the generic name of "the Comstock Ledge." There was no good reason why these same veins should not be discovered for miles north and south of their present points of boundary. There was no good reason why a hundred other "Comstocks" might not be found, or why every quartz ledge might not be of equal richness. The busy era of adventure, enterprise, and toil was followed by the era of "wild-cat." From October, 1862, until March, 1864, speculation ran riot, and the Territory of Nevada was converted into one vast swindling stock exchange. The rich developments upon this famed Comstock Ledge, the growing exports of bullion from the Esmeralda region, discovered in 1861, the glittering promise from quartz ledges discovered in Humboldt County, and the rich assays of "chloride" rock from the Reese River country, whose mineral wealth was discovered in the autumn of 1862, all exaggerated tenfold, frenzied the public mind upon the subject of silver mining, and a feverish gambling excitement usurped the places formerly occupied by legitimate and prudent adventure. Hundreds of companies with capitals—on paper—of from $500,000 to $5,000,000 each, were formed every month in California and Nevada. Every merchant and merchant's clerk, every mechanic, every laborer, every servant girl, in every city and village on the Pacific coast, was in possession of a pocketful of stock not inappropriately designated as "wild-cat." A grocery importer in San Francisco complained that he could not get his business properly attended to, because his book-keeper and assistant were President and Secretary, and his salesmen and porters Trustees of a flourishing mining company, and the necessities of the stock market deranged the due delivery of sugars and teas. Montgomery Street, in San Francisco, and C Street in Virginia—which had now become a city of 20,000 inhabitants—were thronged from morning until night with crowds buying and selling stock, chaffing each other, and exhibiting specimens of quartz. Three stock boards, with rooms magnificently furnished, were in full operation in San Francisco. Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton, each had their stock board. In Virginia City there were four, and transactions to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars were often made in an hour. A report of a "rich strike," a report of a mine being "salted," an alleged discovery of the Comstock, a rumor that the Supreme Court would grant an injunction, a rumor that the Supreme Court would raise an injunction—any or all of such would affect the value of prominent stocks from 20 to 100 per cent. in a day. In this whirl of mad excitement Virginia City most profited. Hotels, boarding-houses, stables, and hay-yards were filled to overflowing. In stages, in buggies, on horseback, muleback, and on foot thousands flocked across the mountains to swell the excited throng. A few brought their families, and $100 in gold per month was demanded and freely

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paid for a cabin of four or five rooms, and three times that amount for a decent cottage. In Austin, Reese River district, the bubble was inflated to even a greater extent. Men bought town lots for $400 a front foot in a spot where twelve months before only the cry of the coyote disturbed the primeval stillness. On these lots buildings were erected with lumber purchased at an expense of $500 in gold per 1000 feet, and the building readily rented for a monthly sum equal to 10 per cent. of the cost of the building and ground. Of every hundred who invested in mining stock ninety-nine never saw, or intended to see, or designed to work the mine. To sell out, to speculate, to gamble was the object of all. What wonder that when the bubble burst, as it did late in the spring of 1864, the distrust and disgust was as wide-spread as the disaster it brought. Gould and Curry tumbled from $6400 to $840 per foot; Ophir from $4000 to $400; other leading stocks in proportion; while the numerous "wild-cats," quoted at from $20 to $200 per share, descended irrevocably to that sum which can only be designated by a cipher. All over the mining districts of Nevada may now be seen hundreds of partially opened mines once of known and recognized value, but now utterly valueless, or with shares of only a nominal value in the stock market. The sound of the pick is heard no more in their deserted galleries; their shafts are caved in or partially filled with water; their disheartened, disgusted owners will not even pay a small assessment to preserve works already constructed from devastation and decay, and yet the mines are as rich as ever; the ledge is perhaps just beyond, waiting only the Midas touch of patient industry to uncover its glittering deposit. Silver mining, like every other business, requires to be managed as a business and not as a speculation. The people of the Pacific coast have discovered this by bitter experience, and the dark cloud of despair and hard times which settled upon Nevada after the wild-cat bubble burst is slowly beginning to fade away. The Mexican proverb, that "it takes a mine to work a mine," has become a truism; for when a quartz ledge promising richness is "struck," and discovered to prospect well, the troubles of the discoverer are about to commence. To run a tunnel or sink a shaft, often blasted through solid rock four or five hundred feet, will require six months' labor of five or six men. If water be struck, as is generally the case, expensive pumping machinery will be needed; then drifts and galleries must be cut and timbered up for protection against caving, and all generally before pay ore can be profitably extracted. To open, drain, and thoroughly prospect a first-class silver mine, with miners' wages at the present rates of $4 in specie per day, will cost from $50,000 to $100,000 in gold. Is it a marvel that Comstock, the discoverer of all this wealth, is mining with indifferent success in the Boise country; that Gould, the locator of the great "Gould and Curry Mine," is cutting shingles for subsistence; and Chollar, the locator of the Chollar Mine, now worth between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000, is prospecting still for "a pile?"

It is true that many silver mines, opened at a cost of $100,000, yield $1,000,000 in gold and silver each year, and pay annual dividends to their stockholders of over 100 per cent. upon their original cost, nevertheless considerable misapprehension exists concerning the profits of silver mining. Twenty per cent. of profit upon the gross value of the bullion extracted is esteemed as very rich, and few mines will average as much. The Gould and Curry Mine, situated in Virginia District, produced during the autumn, winter, and spring of 1863–'64 about three quarters of a million of dollars in bullion bars each month; the dividends to the stockholders during the same time were about $200,000 per month. There are dozens of small claims yielding from $25,000 to $100,000 in bullion each month, and paying their owners a profit of from $1000 to $6000 per month. The effect of such a tax as was proposed at the last session of Congress of "5 per cent. upon the gross proceeds" would be to close most of such mines. Ore has been found yielding $2000 in silver to the ton of quartz rock, but $100 per ton is very rich, and the great mass of the best claims yield on an average not over $40 to $50 per ton. When it is remembered that the charge for milling or reducing rock is from $20 to $25 per ton, and that it costs from $5 to $15 per ton to excavate the quartz, raise it to the surface, and haul it to the mill, it will readily be seen that the silver bars which generous Nevada poured into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission were the result of a toilsome and expensive process, and not picked up by the way-side.

The character of the mining in Nevada, requiring a large outlay of capital before return, has produced the present system of incorporated companies. This system was originally designed for the laudable purpose of concentrating the capital of many to undertake expensive works for which individual means would be totally inadequate; but it has in many instances been widely perverted from the original design, and used as a vehicle for swindling speculative purposes. Brown and his four friends discover and locate a quartz ledge, taking up five claims thereon of 200 feet each, with 200 feet extra for the discoverer. Labor enough is performed upon the ledge to comply with mining laws and hold it for one, three, or six months. Forthwith a company is formed and incorporated. Brown is made President, Jones Secretary, and the other locators Trustees. Beautifully engraved stock is placed in the market, and given away or sold for one, two, or five dollars a share. A small assessment of fifty cents or one dollar per share is levied to pay the expenses of incorporation, and of commencing a shaft. Sometimes succeeding assessments of five, ten, and twenty-five dollars a share are levied, and the development of the mine vigorously prosecuted; oftener, however, all work is suspended as soon as the original holders have suc-

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ceeded in getting rid of their "wild-cat" stock. In those cases—few in proportion—where heavy assessments have been paid and mines thoroughly opened, it would be safe to estimate that from one-third to one-half of the money expended has been wasted in high salaries to officers, squandered in the erection of useless and expensive brick offices and houses for superintendents, or misappropriated in unnecessary works. Litigation has also been a fruitful source of outgo and corruption. A mine never becomes valuable in Nevada without starting half a dozen litigious claimants after it. Companies are incorporated to prosecute "fighting titles." If a compromise be not effected, then heavy fees to counsel, large sums to scientific "experts," enormous bribes to witnesses and jurors, and, as has been often asserted, to judges, follows, until the stockholder is fain to imagine his silver mine a species of incorporeal Oliver Twist, continually "asking for more," and yielding no return. It is an evidence of the real wealth of Nevada, that, in despite of half of the ore-yielding claims being tied up by injunction, pending a determination of title—in despite of enormous expenditures and waste—in despite of the flocks of "wild-cats" and the thousands of "honest miners," whose object is to sell and not work their claims, the yield of bullion has continued to steadily increase. A new system of procuring capital to work silver mines has recently been devised, and meets with some success, as indeed it should, because it obviates the objection which many entertained against buying into a company whose trustees might at any time perform the not uncommon antic of levying a heavy assessment, depreciating or "bearing" the stock in the market, and as "freezing out" the poor holder. The new system is to make a liberal estimate of the actual expense of opening a mine and placing it in dividend-paying order; to issue full paid stock upon this basis, and sell it outright for a sum sufficient to meet the required expenditure, the owners of the ledge receiving a portion of such stock in payment for their interest. Suppose that it will cost $100,000 to open a mine, then stock to the amount of $200,000 may be issued, one half paid to the owners of the ledge for their title and the other half sold at par. With the money obtained from the sale the mine is placed in paying order, and all parties draw large dividends. This process is decidedly preferable to the present plan of continuous assessment and "selling out" of delinquent holders. If the mine so developed be of even average value it can scarcely fail to return from 10 to 20 per cent. per month to the investor, and silver mines are unlike gold mines in that they are inexhaustible, and may be worked for generations when once opened.

Nevada is still largely in debt to California—indeed how could it be otherwise? The freight alone on goods, machinery, etc., hauled across the Sierra mountains during the year 1863 amounted to something more than $13,000,000 in gold. It would be safe to estimate that the original cost in California of the articles for which this freight was paid was not less than $27,000,000 in gold: making $40,000,000 of imports, while the yield of silver and gold for that year was less than $20,000,000. To this $40,000,000 must be added the large sums of ready money sent over for investment in buildings, mines, mills, etc., and it will readily be seen that the people of Nevada are still greatly in debt; although 1864 has produced a larger yield of bullion and the amount of articles purchased in California has greatly decreased, both because of the diminished demand for heavy castings of machinery, and the increase of home agricultural and mechanical productions. Nevada will pour from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 of silver into the treasury of the world during the year 1865; and when the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, to a point near Virginia City, shall afford facilities for cheap transportation, which will justify forwarding the lower grade of silver ores to the Sierra mountains for reduction, the present annual yield of silver will be trebled. There are hundreds of mines in the mining districts within five to twenty miles of the Carson River now lying idle and unworked, which are capable of yielding many million tons of ore that will produce 20 or 25 ounces of silver to the ton. Such mines are now valueless because—as has been before stated in this article—the charge for reduction at the mills is not less than from $20 to $25 in gold per ton. In the Sierras, thirty to fifty miles distant, where wood and water is abundant, the same rock might be profitably worked for from $5 to $10 per ton; and a railroad could drive a most lucrative trade by transporting it for $5 per ton.

If Nature has denied to Nevada the fertile beauty, the smiling prairies, the green verdure, and the wooded hills of more favored States, she has amply compensated for the deficiency by most munificent and peculiar endowments in other directions. Silver and gold will not be the only exports of this State when the Pacific Railroad shall have hewed for her a highway to the rest of the world. Several companies are now supplying her people with fine salt of the very purest character found in an immense bed, hundreds of acres in extent, about sixty miles from Virginia. This salt is very fine and pure, perfectly crystallized, and needs no other preparation for market than being shoveled into sacks. The value of this inexhaustible supply may be estimated when it is known that salt is used in all quartz mills, and is an article of prime necessity in the reduction of silver ores by the present process. Immense beds of natural potash, sulphur, and alum, perfectly pure and ready for use, have been discovered in various portions of Central Nevada; all these are of course valueless at present, but must some time become of great value. Bituminous coal of a very fair character has recently been found in several localities, and there is no doubt of the existence of large beds of this indispensable article for fuel and manufacturing purposes.

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Nevada, although peculiarly a mineral country, is by no means destitute of agricultural lands. The business of farming, however, must for many years be limited in extent, inasmuch as her great distance from navigable streams connecting with the ocean, her isolation behind mountain barriers, and her utter destitution of railroad facilities forces her farmers to rely exclusively upon the mining population for a market. Washoe Valley, Carson Valley, and the Truckee meadows, all upon the western border of the State, already produce grasses, cereals, and vegetables enough for the mining communities adjacent, and have still many thousand acres uncultivated within their borders. The Reese River country upon the eastern border of the State, Humboldt to the north and Esmeralda to the south, also contain many fertile valleys. As there are necessarily large quantities of barley and hay used for the vast number of animals employed in transportation of freight across the Sierra Mountains, and as the long road across these same mountains acts in the nature of a protective tariff, the farmers have hitherto been among the most prosperous members of the community. Prosperity is not difficult to the owner of natural meadows yielding from one and a half to two tons of hay per acre, selling on the ground for from $40 to $50 in gold per ton, with corresponding prices for barley, potatoes, and all articles of dairy or farm produce. The country being new there has as yet been but little attention paid to orchard gardening. The altitude even of the lowest valleys being some 4000 feet above the sea, and the seasons late, it is not probable that Pomona will ever smile upon Nevada as she has beamed over all the broad valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin; but the apple and the pear can certainly be most profitably cultivated, the hardier varieties of peach can be made to grow without difficulty, while the volcanic nature of the soil upon the mountains renders it peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape. In Nevada as in California artificial irrigation must be resorted to in order to raise crops, and here again a difficulty in the path of agricultural development presents itself. The great mass of the water collected in the Sierras pours down their western slope, forming springs and rivulets in abundance, which, in their progress toward the Pacific ocean, are carried into every town by the great flumes or ditches constructed for mining purposes until every mining village in California is now embowered in shrubbery. In Nevada, however, comparatively but little water descends from the Sierras, and the mining being almost exclusively quartz mining, there are none of these life-giving, grass and flower-bringing "flumes." In Virginia City, for instance, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, all the water possible to collect is needed for other purposes than irrigation, and there are not fifty shrubs or a hundred square feet of grass in the entire city. Artesian wells or an aqueduct from Lake Tahoe, thirty miles distant, will probably finally furnish the means of correcting the unsightly appearance of Nevada's chief city. Virginia, being 6400 feet above the sea level, is literally "a city set upon a hill whose light can not be hid." "Croppings," or surface developments of quartz ledges, were discovered running along the side of Mount Davidson about 1500 feet below its summit, and from 500 to 800 feet above its base. Here Virginia sprang into being like a mushroom, but has gradually changed its fungous character of a mining camp, until it has become in four years a thriving city of brick and stone edifices, containing more than 20,000 inhabitants, with theatres, churches, public halls, three daily papers, aldermen, city indebtedness, and other public improvements. Gold Hill, adjoining Virginia to the south at the head of a cañon running down to the Carson River, contains from 5000 to 6000 inhabitants, and boasts of its daily paper. Austin in Lander County—Reese River District—and Aurora in Esmeralda, distant respectively 180 miles east, and 120 miles south of Virginia, are each of about 5000 inhabitants. Carson City, the State capital, situated in a valley at the base of the eastern slope of the Sierras, contains 2500 to 3000 inhabitants, while Dayton, Washoe City, Star City, Unionville, and Silver City have from 1000 to 2500 each. Many families reside in all these towns, and Nevada is changing very much for the better in all her social characteristics. In 1862 a distinguished divine, who visited "the land of sage-brush and silver," and examined the great Ophir mine and the numerous small excavations resembling those dug by gophers and called mines by courtesy or in ridicule, said, on his return to California, that "Washoe" was a land of "Ophir holes, gopher holes, and loafer holes." The latter have not entirely departed; but the halcyon days of the desperadoes and cut-throat gamblers have gone, it is to be hoped, forever. In 1860 and 1861 the refuse ruffianism of California flocked over to the new Dorado. The sound of the pistol was almost as frequent upon the streets of Virginia as the clink of silver from a hundred gambling-hells that lined her principal streets. "A man or two for breakfast," was the staple; and the first inquiry of the morning made by the sober merchant or the tired sojourner to the man about town was, "Who was killed last night?" The hard times which succeeded the financial crash of the spring of 1864 drove this undesirable class of citizens to "fresh fields and pastures new." Virginia is now orderly and well governed, while an increase of churches and schools tells the tale of growing civilizing tendencies.

In 1860 a war broke out between the whites then in Nevada and the Pahutah or Piute Indians. Parties of miners out on prospecting expeditions were attacked by these savages, who are a brave and warlike tribe, very unlike the miserable Diggers of California. Many settlers, miners, and savages were killed, and an expedition from Virginia of a company of volunteers resulted in the defeat and almost entire

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destruction of the company by the Piutes under Winnemucca. Peace was soon after made; and to-day dozens of these savages may be seen upon the streets of Virginia splitting cord-wood and packing water for food and clothing, or seated in the street, playing cards for half dollars in emulation of their white instructors.

In the winter of 1860–'61 Nevada was organized as a Territory by Act of Congress, and James W. Nye, of New York, appointed Governor. The first Territorial Legislature met at Carson City in November, 1861, and enacted a code of laws for the government of the Territory. Population continued to rapidly increase, and the second Territorial Legislature in the winter of 1862–'63 passed an act providing for an election of Delegates to a Convention to frame a State Constitution in case the people should vote for calling such Convention. They did so vote almost unanimously in September, 1863, and the first Constitutional Convention assembled at Carson City in November of that year. Some six weeks were consumed in framing a Constitution, which was submitted to the people on the 19th January, 1864, and refused ratification by a vote of about five to one. The causes of its rejection were manifold. The Democracy opposed it with their party organization because of a clause in the Bill of Rights declaring "that the paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the Federal Government." The Union men opposed it both because a most unacceptable ticket of State officers had been nominated, and because of a disbelief in the ability of the people to support the expensive machinery of a State Government. Perhaps the greatest source of opposition to it, however, originated in the fact that the Constitution as framed contained a clause declaring specifically that mines and mining property should be taxed equally with all other property. This was an entirely different theory from that which prevailed in California, where mines have always been exempted from taxation, and was construed by the great body of the miners to mean, not that the ore taken from the mine should be taxed, but that the right to search for a mine, the hole in the ground, the prospecting shaft, the expectation of a rich quartz vein, the substance of silver hoped for, the evidence of gold unseen, should be taxed. The miners, therefore, went bodily against the Constitution. In March, 1864, Congress passed an Act to enable the people of Nevada to form a State Government, wisely providing therein for an election of Delegates to a Constitutional Convention and a day certain for holding the Convention, else might the disgusted and State-weary people have paid no attention to the opportunity of obtaining sovereignty. As it was, a sickly sort of election was held in June, when not one-fourth of the popular vote was polled, and in July the members of the second Constitutional Convention assembled in Carson City, with every body laughing at them for laboring to form a State Constitution which was "certain to be rejected," and none so poor to do them reverence. A legislative chamber, or court-room, being empty, they were allowed to take possession of it, and the Territorial Secretary donated them a very few quires of paper. A pony purse was made up among the members to buy candles, an obliging saloon-keeper was decoyed by promises of future legislative payment to act as Sergeant-at-arms, and the Convention commenced its deliberations. The papers throughout Nevada generally ridiculed the proceedings, and advised the members to go home; but they persevered amidst discouragements, and in three weeks the present excellent Constitution was produced. The rocks which wrecked its predecessor were carefully avoided. Mines were especially exempted from all taxation except upon proceeds; the rate of taxation on property was restricted for the first three years to one per cent.; the salaries of all public officers limited, and admirable checks placed upon public expenditure. The new Constitution grew in popularity from the hour of its birth. Miners favored it because only the proceeds of the mines could be taxed. Merchants favored it because a State organization would enable them to enjoy the benefits of a specific-contract or gold-currency act. Attorneys favored it because the Territorial judicial system was so entirely inadequate to the necessities of litigation, and the Territorial judges so utterly odious to the people, that more courts and new judges became a prime necessity, unobtainable except at the price of Statehood. Politicians favored it because of the many State offices to be striven for. Last, but not least, the great loyal heart of Nevada was fired by patriotic appeals to add another star to the banner, and exhibit to the world a renewed confidence in republican government, even while the field of azure which bears our national symbols was trembling beneath the vibrations of war.

And thus a constitution of State government with a "paramount allegiance clause," but slightly modified from the first Constitution, was adopted in September, in a time of general financial depression, with a unanimity greater than that which characterized the rejection of its predecessor in a time of general prosperity and excitement.

We have given in this hasty sketch an imperfect outline of the political, financial, and social history of Nevada. So fruitful of events has been the life of the young State that a detailed history of men and things would occupy volumes instead of pages. The future of Nevada presents the outlines of a glowing picture, on which we might love to dwell but that we are dealing with facts and not fancies. To the emigrant, bringing with him either a small capital in money, or the wealth of honest industry contained in a pair of strong, willing arms, no more certain opportunity can present itself for the speedy acquisition of a competency than settlement within her borders. Whether he engage in agriculture or mining, he can not fail. Unlike California, unlike any gold-bearing country

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in the world, silver mines are inexhaustible, and, as a rule, grow richer as they descend into the earth. Not one in a hundred of the silver-bearing quartz veins of Nevada are worked or even prospected. The production of the precious metals is yet in its infancy, while—with numberless lodes of copper and iron—production of the baser metals has not yet been attempted. When science shall devise some process to extract the gold and silver which now is wasted in reduction; when railroads convey ores to the vicinage of abundant supplies of fuel and water-power in the Sierras; when this new State shall furnish yearly from its bowels a sum great enough to control the exchanges of the world, and cause even the great national debt which this war has evoked to melt before the silver current as icebergs dwindle in the warm flow of the Gulf stream—then shall the citizen of Nevada, pointing to her patriotic motto of "All for our Country," look back upon the days of territorial immaturity and pupilage, and of early statehood, and bless the pioneers who created an empire in the wilderness, and laid the foundations of a mighty commonwealth upon the summits of sterile hills.

ACCOUNTS BALANCED.

WHY is it that two principal men, and a sieve through which filters, drop by drop, all the family greatness, make up the record in brief of most households in the little sea-port of New Bracket? Does the sea stamp the fortunes coined in its mint with its own instability, or is American soil unfavorable to that noble tree, the Family Tree? New Bracket is a sunny, quiet little town that has dozed and dreamed out sundry quiet streets, with prim houses standing back under their elms in a recluse way, in which it might be fairly concluded that heraldic slips would send down deep root and spread wide branch abroad, and taking heart of grace, thrive prodigiously; and yet, though in an upper section of its strata, are to be found certain fossils, marine deposits, known with gentle sarcasm as "Old Families," who, clinging barnacle-wise to Fortune's wheel, roll on comfortably with it through the years, yet at the turn of the third generation inevitably they tumble from it into oblivion, and their butcher or baker reigns in their stead.

Overton *versus* Gryce is a case in point. The Overton name and lands had been first among the facts of which New Bracket in its infancy took note. There was an Overton Square, an Overton charity, and a Governor Overton; on all of which the little town plumed itself, and following the Governor, an Overton who wrote himself the Hon. John, but then also dabbler in speculations; and in his fortieth year, possessed of an unquiet and short-sighted demon of improvement, pulled down not only his barns, but his house to build greater. To build, saddling the remaining property with mortgages, and then went the way of that other fool spoken of in Holy Writ. Ralph, his successor, found in that saddle of the mortgages but uneasy riding; inherited, moreover, the bent for speculation, and as a New Bracket man, had his ventures at sea, and Antonio's luck with them—struggled a while in a muddled way and died, the most decided thing he had ever done in his life; and the Overton estate went under the hammer to Geoffrey Gryce.

This latter personage was had much in discussion by the ancient and honorable guild of New Bracket gossips. He had shouldered life at eighteen, starting with nothing but the broad, general principle that the world owed him a living; and collecting that debt of the world at large, between shrewdness and China, brought it back to his native town with a handsome interest in time to purchase the Overton place, on which his father had once been head-gardener. To call him hard and cold only vaguely expressed him; for though we say cold as ice and hard as rock, ice melts, and the grayest crag has its fern relentings and lichen outbreaks; and again there are varieties in hardness: there is that of a pudding overdone in the oven, and that of steel from the ordeal of fire and blows. Geoffrey's was of the latter, and he used it as a weapon with which to cleave his way to the success which he held to be the object of life. He inclined naturally to generosity and kindly emotions; he admired revelation as a form of loveliness; he believed in truth and right—and that they were lost long time ago in a well, and while there mattered no more to him than a brace of drowned kittens. The "form of loveliness" had nothing to do with work and war, which are carried on, as all the world knows, solely by force of iron and gunpowder. Generosity and kindly emotions are not tonic—that is, hardening—and were as a rule to be avoided, as trenching on the strength which is needed to achieve the success which is the object of life. Life, or what makes it, was classed under two heads: business-like and unbusiness-like. That was business-like which was good for success, social or financial, in so many days or at sight; all else was unbusiness-like. Cleaving to the first he carefully eschewed the second. In brief, he formed himself on Juggernaut, walked the streets of New Bracket with long, heavy, masterful strides—voice, manner, and muscles under discipline and on guard against nature; and no touch of a meaner life, or remembrance of the shy gardener's lad, was ever suffered to jar the lordly and inexorable courtesy which was his habit.

This man sat with shutters closed and curtains drawn in the red light of great logs burning with free flame on the broad flags, and hearing the steady drip from the eaves, the long, thundering surge of the wind, and the distant mutter of the sea with contented sense of contrast. Over his head a lithe demon in bronze held out a dial-plate with a subtle sneer. On the opposite panel the Arch-Fiend played at chess for a soul, the boy and his watchful angel

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in shadow, the demon brought into ugly seeming of life by the flickering light. Enough of infernal suggestion to make the room uncanny spite of book and bust and mellow blaze; neither was there any thing reassuring in the strong figure and stern, indrawn look of its master, deeply thinking, for his reverie was after the fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, "See this great Babylon which I have built!" and exultation without thanksgiving is sinister. He was in fact reviewing his life, which, if the angels read our thoughts, must have looked oddly to them; for Geoffrey, though as yet he had no hint of it, was close on his downfall.

In the hall sounded voices, but Geoffrey lived according to programme; after nightfall received no one; order rigidly enforced without respect of persons, and secure in discipline, did not trouble to rouse from his thinking; but the man at the door hesitated to turn a woman back into such a raving storm, and while he stood trying to reconcile humanity with twelve dollars a month and perquisites, the woman, being of a prompt nature, stepped past him, and catching his instant look of dismay at the library door, opened it and entered. So Geoffrey, looking up at the soft trail of wet garments, and the tap of a woman's foot, saw, as if she had risen on his hearth from the shadow, a girl in a drenched cloak, and hood thrown back from a face that showed very fair in the dimness.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she said, tremulously, "but my business is urgent; that is, urgent on me. I am Sybil Overton."

At that name three men out of four must have had instant compassion on this poor child, trembling on the hearth where her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather sat out the winters of their lives; but Geoffrey was the fourth man, who kept nothing on hand but tools with which to carve out success; and turning up the flame burning low in a vase on the table, sat with an air of waiting that gave her, faltering and at a loss, no encouragement to proceed. Better though for her, for the silence goaded her into prompt, curt speech.

"We are your tenants, Mr. Gryce," she said, speaking with some difficulty, and looking at the little hands in her lap; "that is, my mother and I rent the second story of your house, No. 11 Pine Street; and your agent—"

But I do not know that I need be at the trouble to write out this poor little speech. It was the same story that Mary Coursall, washerwoman, with three children and a babe in arms, brought to Geoffrey the week before: "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;" and he had dismissed her with a cold, "I am sorry for you, but I never interfere with Rohr" (the agent): that was after Juggernaut. But have I said that Geoffrey had no wife? Women as a rule bungled, wavered, and prosed, and that rasped his nerves—for this savage had nerves. He had his ideal also, but it was not "the queen rose in the garden of girls;" for, to his thinking, your rose is a flower that looks to have grown itself with care and after recipe; so many leaves, of such tint and curve, packed in a given number of buds, to open at proper hour by the sun; but rather the lily, that folds its one broad leaf upon itself, cream white, satin smooth, into a cup whose curve is grace. He desired, you see, his antipode—a saint; but then one that should stand in no need of bolstering from proverbs and parables about "handsome is that handsome does," the sweetness of rough rinded nuts, and the excellence of uncut gems. Something in the brown eyes of Miss Overton, and her terse coming to the point, without tears, hard names, and side issues, suggested that happy union of rare qualities and contours—his ideal. Strangely stirred, and yet feeling deeply how many a man has lapsed miserably into weakness and humanity from some one relenting of which he scarcely thought at the time, Geoffrey held back generous assurance and kindly promise while he counted their cost; but forgot in his calculation that Satan venturing into Paradise raised war there and was thrust out; and that a good deed should never be risked except out of a virtuous intention; and suddenly his rigid face was suffered to soften, his moody eyes brightened, and he gave both, beaming with paternal kindness for Miss Overton.

The second story of No. 11 Pine Street comprised two rooms under the eaves, furnished with the classical simplicity of extreme poverty, where Mrs. Overton secluded herself in a lofty way from her neighbors, making exception only in favor of the Misses Primme, who rented the remainder of the dwelling, and who, in virtue of a fourth cousinship to the half sister of Timothy Guildernstein (who is nothing to this history, but was of much account to New Bracket), were admitted to a system of tea drinkings, alternating between the upper and lower halves of the house. Sybil was seldom at these revels, being much badgered by that problem of roof, fire, clothes, and daily bread, which must be had for her mother, self, and two children. Her mother was indolent and ailing, the children mere babes; four mouths and one pair of hands, which must do, as enjoined in Scripture, "whatsoever they found to do with all their might;" a few lessons in music and French at a third of the usual rates; plain sewing for old friends of the family at half-price for the friendship; and Lucy Berlaps's dresses, the initials on her handkerchiefs, the quilling of her ruffles, the artful ribbon knots at Lucy's white throat; and in those days there was much remodeling of gowns and adjusting of bows, signs of the times, as later beating of drums and flaunting of banners; for could the hopes and intentions of New Bracket have been made tangible then would the air have dangled with hooks, and sung with the smart rebound of arrows from Geoffrey's cool breast; or could the little city have been done allegorically, then would its daughters have been seen riding that fox to cover with Lucy Berlaps half a length ahead.

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Geoffrey lounged three mornings out of the week in the Berlaps' drawing-room. There was a noble view of the sea from its windows, and there was Lucy Berlaps with an arched foot, a Grecian profile, and a peach-blossom skin. He looked, I presume, at which he chose; but if he came with hope of seeing Sybil often there, in virtue of her ancient friendship with Miss Berlaps, he must develop into clairvoyance; for Sybil, up two flights of stairs, is busy always with pins, clear starch, cushions, and crimping scissors, and Lucy, in the zeal of her friendship, will take care that she is mortified by no intrusion on her labors, least of all from Geoffrey Gryce.

It illustrates our fallen nature that Mrs. Overton interpreted this disinterested forethought most unkindly, and regarded it with profound annoyance. Geoffrey had found his way to No. 11 Pine Street, and out of that visit forged a link of excuse into which to hook another visit, and so on through an indefinite series; and baskets thick crowded with flowers, and salvers heaped with hot-house fruit came with Mr. Gryce's compliments—not for her false front and pongee silk, Mrs. Overton shrewdly conjectured. She would have been better pleased then if Sybil would have looked less at her work, smiled more frequently, and brushed her hair like Lucy Berlaps. She held forth ceaselessly on the subject, and on the turpitude of Miss Berlaps. She felt as you might were you bolstered in your easy-chair with, we will say, inflammatory rheumatism, the goose that lays a golden egg a day at your gate with evident intention of coming in, and some Lucy Berlaps scattering corn in an artless way on the other side of the fence. "Here, quick, Emily! strew crumbs, and shut the gate; and how many dollars in a goose-egg of solid gold, and how much is three hundred and sixty-five times that?" But how if Emily refuses to budge? How if Marplot stalks at that unlucky moment up the path with elephantine tread, capable of startling the most confiding goose?

Mainwaring Dallas was Mrs. Overton's Marplot. A sailor—such a vulgar profession!—with nothing but energy, ability, good heart, good looks, good morals, and a brave, steadfast temper. Ralph Overton had once stepped between him and Sybil with, "That were much love but little policy," and Sybil, as a dutiful daughter, had foregone her engagement. Captain Dallas, in supreme disgust, sailed on an Arctic voyage, and was lost; spitted on an iceberg probably, but died at all events; was properly mourned, obituaried, and forgotten, and then resurrected in time to give emphasis to Sybil's "No" when Geoffrey asked her to become his wife.

"But I will have it so," cried Geoffrey, with sudden passion; "you do not know the firm texture of resolve." And then as suddenly calm again, smiled with cold scorn at his folly, and went back quietly to his old groove, never omitting, however, when opportunity offered, to forge another link in the chain of circumstances and appearances by which he was binding her fast. Meantime New Bracket and Miss Berlaps must have a finger in the pie; the former told Mainwaring that Sybil and Geoffrey were at *aux petits soins;* the latter told Geoffrey a New Bracket idyl concerning Sybil and Captain Dallas, and that "course that never does run smooth."

Geoffrey schemed, Mainwaring stormed, and wrote Sybil the bitterest reproaches, which she sighed over, and left unanswered because of the fifth commandment; for Mrs. Overton took high moral ground, and out of respect to the "dear departed," closed her doors, and forbade all communication with that "wild and erring young man," while the watchful Geoffrey took care of the out-of-door chances. Once, indeed, they met at a "Dorcas," or some gathering of that sort, and Captain Dallas, being asked to read, chose Locksley Hall, and when he came to "I am shamed through all my being to have loved so slight a thing," looked full at Sybil, and gave it out with withering emphasis; and the little society was quite stirred with indignation at Sybil, who, as every one plainly saw, was playing Judas to her first love for the sake of the thirty pieces of silver.

Worse than all, there actually came to pass a friendship between Mainwaring and Geoffrey Gryce, though in the beginning the young sailor had hated his rival, as was natural; but Mainwaring had a theory, and wanted a ship; and if it had been to try whale oil there would have been a dozen for his choosing, for his seamanship and energy were proved; but as it was to try conclusions he found but one, the good ship *Sea Foam*, offered him on the most liberal terms by its owner, Geoffrey Gryce. His instinct rebelled, and his natural anger helped out the revolt against kindness from Sybil's lover; but ill-success, and possibly a friend, whispered that it was folly to lose both loves for a girl's treason; and above all, Geoffrey, whose ship was a pawn, and all whose behavior ruled as a game to further certain objects he had in view, chose to win him. So the *Sea Foam* echoed all day with the clang and haste of those who were making her ready to sail at the earliest possible date; and Mainwaring, after much persuasion, had abandoned the den that New Bracket called its hotel to spend the remainder of his stay under Geoffrey's roof; but at this juncture, whether from strategical motives or a gleam of good-nature, Lucy Berlaps interfered.

"And don't you see," she said to Mainwaring, "that Sybil is breaking her heart because she can not love you, and honor her mother according to her reading of the commandment? and that Mrs. Overton is determined to ride in Mr. Gryce's carriage, and cut us all dead? and that when you are rude and violent—for you *are* that, Sir—that you play into the hands of Mr. Gryce? whose manners are quite perfect, and who is the most fascinating person that any body but Sybil ever saw; and Sybil is a patient Griselda, and a pattern of faith, and—stupidity, to prefer to the New Bracket nabob a poor half-civilized

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sailor, who reads Locksley Hall to her, and sends her to cry her eyes out wherever she can get a chance, which just now is in our library, where you can see her while I keep Mr. Gryce on line."

Contrary to all precedent, you see, this young lady had placed the text of her sermon at the end. Mainwaring was not the man to let opportunity slip; but there are opportunities to make bad worse, and this had much the air of one. Both were equally obstinate—Mainwaring about his rights, Sybil about her standard of right.

"You have so little patience!" she sighed.

"Patience! I have a gift that way, with a knot—with a lawsuit—with a stammerer—with a chase after a whale; but not to serve like Jacob for the woman I love, unless I am sure of her. I am not to be thrust aside with an ill-favored Leah of an excuse at the end of the time."

"Of what use to promise, without my mother's consent?"

"Consent! Where is her right to keep you from me? It rests with you, Sybil. If a man leaves father and mother to cleave to his wife, doubtless the rule holds good with his wife. Choose between your mother and me."

"I certainly would never abandon my mother."

"You are not asked that; our home would be her home. I only desire you to marry me now, and wait no longer for a blessing exactly and only fitted for the crown of Geoffrey Gryce's head."

"I can not."

"Then you do not love me."

"As you please," returned Sybil, faintly.

"I wish it were," he retorted, dropping her hand, and pacing up and down the room. Then coming back to her: "Dearest, you drive me frantic with your cold prudence, your one-sided piety, boggling over one commandment, while it would make nothing of stealing my little Sybil from me, and giving her to Geoffrey Gryce. Will you marry that man? You will have your mother's blessing then, and I shall have your heart. Will that be just to him, to yourself, to me? If I asked you to forsake your mother and her children, or if my fault were any thing but my rent-roll, I might honor your hesitation."

"Why waste words?" interrupted Sybil, sadly. "You may distress me by your violence, but you can not make wrong right, or extort from me other promise than never to be the wife of the man with whom you have so often reproached me."

"A negative happiness; sufficient perhaps for you, but not for my coarse practical nature. I shall not trouble you again with what you call my violence; but if I found my papers or my property with my neighbor I should certainly take it; and, Sybil, I will have my wife."

"When I am dead, then," vowed Geoffrey, whom Lucy had not found, whom consequently she had not kept on line, who was in possession of the entire conversation—thanks to an open window—and who now stepped into the library, his face a trifle paler perhaps, and his eyes burning with a dangerous spark, but otherwise quite himself, and showing no sign by which men might say "'Ware the wild beast!" Captain Dallas was less at ease. The plan which his fertile brain had already in rough draft was antagonistic to Geoffrey, and he felt the regret of a generous foeman. There were also practical difficulties. He must relinquish the command of the *Sea Foam*—now within three weeks of sailing—and Geoffrey's friendship. Hard tasks these, and it was characteristic that he set at once about them, and frankly rendered his reason.

"You have heard," he said, "of an engagement existing between Miss Overton and myself, formerly opposed by her father, opposed now by her mother, but which I mean to make effectual. In that determination you will find the reason of a change of scheme that looks unpardonable."

Geoffrey heard with a grave kindliness of manner that suited him well, and answered with a generosity that should have aroused Mainwaring's distrust, as too Utopian by half; for though, when the fiery young sailor threw down his gauntlet, Geoffrey's remorseless eyes had lighted with actual admiration of his pluck and promptitude, it was admiration unsoftened by any touch of pity. "I would have saved him," was the dark undercurrent of his thought, "and he has insisted on his own destruction. Let him look to it."

The other preliminaries adjusted, Captain Dallas started on business, known only to himself, for Waretucket, setting out before light; and on that morning Geoffrey's man found, on opening the house, the library window already flung wide, and supposed that Mainwaring had gone by way of the sash, rather than disturb the family slumbers by the jar of the door, till he discovered bolts drawn back, and the door unlocked also. Re-inspection of the library showed him a pane of glass neatly cut out, and bits of the glass lying on the carpet. This put a new complexion on affairs, and sent him in all haste to his master's room. Geoffrey's door was fast, and the hall faint with a pungent smell of ether. The man in a fright applied his shoulder to the door, but its excellent lock resisted him. He recollected then a narrow passage-way and door of communication giving from the room occupied by Captain Dallas into that of his master. Mainwaring's room was open, of course, as he had expected, and passing through it, he found Geoffrey on his bed, half dressed, and seemingly in a state of semi-stupefaction. Followed, of course, panic, gabble, and the doctor, in the course of all which Geoffrey revived; and once himself, acted with his usual cool promptitude; put out the chatterers, heard the man's story, and went at once to the safe, where a day or two before he had placed several thousand dollars in gold and notes. The safe stood in the passage-way between his room and Mainwar-

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ing's; its door was open, and beside it lay the key, which he kept always under his pillow. Gold and notes were gone. At that, "See the use of revolvers and patent locks," said Geoffrey, sententiously, and having ordered his breakfast, sent for the constable.

It happened, fortunately for justice, that Captain Jeffreys, the New Bracket head-constable, had a guest from the city to help out his blunt rustic wit, a smart detective in fact, following a special trail, but nothing averse to any little side stroke of business with which depravity might supply him. Each officer had his theory; Jeffreys in favor of a certain artist, popularly known as Larking Bill, a belief wholly scouted by the detective. "Nearer home, Sir; take my word for it, nearer home," declared that gentleman warmly to Geoffrey, who listened with the still grim attention peculiar to him, but offered no suggestion in answer to the deferential questioning of the officers. He remembered nothing of the morning, after an attempt at dressing, from which he desisted in consequence of a feeling of weight on his head, till he found the windows open, and a crowd about his bed. He could describe the money; he had a memorandum; it was his habit; he had drawn the money two days before for expenses incident on the fitting out of the *Sea Foam;* could not be certain if there were persons present in the bank at the time of drawing the money, but thought it probable; had not mentioned the fact to any one—or, yes, "to Captain Dallas, in a conversation relative to the *Sea Foam*." "Captain Dallas was not in the house;" he had started before light for Waretucket; certainly, they could see Captain Dallas's room.

It proved to be in admirable order; boxes neatly strapped and ticketed, bed and pillows quite unruffled. In the passage-way stood the open safe, the key lying precisely as Geoffrey had found it. In Geoffrey's room beyond was the usual morning disorder, and a lingering hint of ether.

"Captain Dallas could not have gone to bed last night," said the detective, glancing a second time at the plump unfurrowed bed, and serenely pocketing a bottle that stood on Mainwaring's toilet table, "And now, gentlemen, we are ready for the library, I think."

Geoffrey led the way, and following on with Jeffreys.

"There is a man thrown away, absolutely squandered as you may say," whispered the detective. "What an honor he would have been to our profession, Sir! I never saw such a beautiful combination of bull-terrier and caution as there is in his face."

Quite unconscious of the compliment, Geoffrey marshaled them to the window, which, reeking as it was with suggestion of burglary, took the scrutiny of the two officers with the usual stolidity of wood and stone. There was a pane out; cut out, clearly; and though the officers looked at it with heads on one side, mouths pursed, and eyes critically half shut, there was still a pane out, and that was all. As they could make nothing of that, they opened the window and stepped out into the grounds, and here the case began to look better. There was a deeply marked trail in the spongy ground of footprints going from the window, off at right angles to a hedge, and skirting the hedge to the gate; "which is a blind, you see," observed the detective with much complacency, "since what could any fellow want of coming through all this mud, when he might have walked the best part of the way on the gravel?"

"Larking Bill—"

"Larking Bill be hanged! Jeffreys, as he will be, some day. Don't you see—but what is the use of talking? Mr. Gryce, would you have the goodness to step in them prints?"

A dark flush overspread Geoffrey's face, but he complied instantly.

"You'll excuse my freedom, Sir," said the officer, mistaking the flush for pride; "but a moment will show you I've got my reasons. You see them prints don't fit, because why? you're standing face to the house, like as you were coming in, naturally; but now turn your back to the house—you are coming out now, you see, and they fit precisely them prints—"

"Larking Bill—"

"Must have flown in then, and walked out."

"Might have come in the front-door, and gone out this way."

"The locks and bolts on the front-door ain't been tampered with, and—"

"The man said Captain Dallas left it open."

"What did your man cut his way out the window for then? I tell you it is a blind."

"He might have walked backward then, when he came in."

"Not the head for it; not up to it, Larking Bill ain't! I tell you, Jeffreys, he's no genius for combination. Show him the spoons, and give him a road, and he'll cut out a pane, and steal them. By-the-way, Mr. Gryce, your silver wasn't touched? No? All on't too! Likely story that Larking Bill 'd have left that! Look at them prints; one of Bill's great shoes would have made two of them. *This* fellow had a springy step, an arched foot, and a handsome boot. They just fit you, Mr. Gryce, and you wear a small-size for a man as big in the bone as you are. I say it is a gentleman's foot."

If Geoffrey had reddened the instant before he was pale now as the dead, and his right hand clutched nervously at something in the breast of his coat.

"The long and the short of it is," said the detective, pulling out the bottle which he had taken from Mainwaring's table, and turning sharp on the little knot of servants gaping behind them, "do any of you know this bottle? Well, speak out," as one of the women opened her mouth and as hastily shut it again. "You don't want to be took for a witness? Wait till you are asked, my good girl. Now, have you ever seen this bottle before? You have? Well, where? Come, out with it. You think it is the one Captain

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Dallas had on his table? What makes you think that?—the label? There are more bottles of ether than one in the world. Oh! he asked you to clean his coat with it. What with?—the bottle? Oh, the ether! and the bottle had a lip for pouring, and a bit of blue ribbon about the neck, just like this. Well now, was it full when you saw it? Full? But you see this is nearly empty; therefore it can not be the one after all. Let that teach you to be careful how you are so positive a second time.—Gentlemen, suppose we step into the library: we have too many ears here."

"The long and the short of it is," resumed the officer, "that the thief must have flown or telegraphed himself to this window, for he has clearly only walked out—cut out the pane, and passed through Captain Dallas's room, where the Captain evidently slept standing, as his bed is untouched, and must have known where you kept the key of your safe, Mr. Gryce, and of the money which you drew two days ago, and of which you told no one but Captain Dallas. Did this gentleman know also where you placed the key of the safe at night?"

"If your drift is to criminate my friend I prefer to remain silent," answered Geoffrey, coolly.

"I see. Captain Dallas *did* know. Captain Dallas remained in his room while the burglar unlocked the safe, no short job I fancy, and obligingly shut his eyes when the thief passed back with—"

"All this might have occurred after Dallas left the house," cut in Geoffrey, sharply.

"*Might*—yes! Mr. Gryce, do you know the nature of the business that took Captain Dallas to Waretucket? No? Do you remember, then, when he first talked of going?"

"Last night."

"Never before? He is to sail as captain of the *Sea Foam*, I think?"

"*Was*. He has relinquished the command."

"May I ask when?"

"Last night," returned Geoffrey, his eyes on the ground, and with much show of reluctance.

"And the reason: you will excuse me, Mr. Gryce, but officers of the law—"

"The reason is not mine to give. It concerns a lady. Once more, I can lose a few thousand dollars. If the evidence bears against Captain Dallas I do not choose to follow it up."

"But the law does," returned the detective. "Why, it is as plain as the sun. You draw a large sum of money, of which no one knows definitely but Captain Dallas, and at once, for some reason about a lady, he gives up a ship and a command that he has raised heaven and earth to get—for I heard it all talked over last night; and on top of that, posts off to Waretucket, on business which he explains to no one, but which may possibly have something to do with the ships there ready to start for Europe. You are robbed on the morning of his departure. If the robbery occurred before he left the house he must have witnessed it, since his bed shows that he has not slept in it; or, granting that he slept in his chair, how was this thief to pass through his room, drench your room with ether, unlock your safe and pass back again, without awakening this sleeper—a young and active man, and from his profession used to wake on slight alarm? And what burglar, with a bottle of ether in his pocket, would leave such an enemy between him and his only chance of escape, to wake when he chose? The theory that the robbery occurred after the Captain left the house is to my mind sheer nonsense. If the robbery was premeditated, the burglar certainly would not have chosen daylight. If he had entered because he saw a door imprudently left ajar, he would never have cut a pane from a window and made that trail. Your maid recognizes this bottle of ether, which I took from his table, and declares that when she saw it it was nearly full. I say again, all this bears hard on him. He has bungled his evidence, which was to find guilty some unknown burglar. He has drawn the bolts to say, N.B., Captain Dallas went out this way! and he has cut a pane to say, N.B., second, the burglar came in here! and then he has made a lot of footprints that turn the wrong way, unluckily for him, and posted off to Waretucket, in place of staying quietly here till the breeze blew over. You can see it is the work of a green hand, with only half a look."

Geoffrey smiled grimly at that, but offered no further opposition. A warrant was procured, and the three started for Waretucket, where they found Mainwaring still at the little hotel where he had ordered breakfast; and on a first hearing of their errand the young man blazed with a passion so fierce that the officer made a hasty grasp for his revolver, but cooled instantly, only saying to Geoffrey,

"You have chosen a bad weapon, Mr. Gryce."

Geoffrey's answer was softer than oil. "Heaven knows, Mainwaring, I came in spite of myself. I believe nothing of it." Still, something in his look belied his tone.

The usual search was set on foot; the detective opening Mainwaring's traveling trunk and handing out its contents to Jeffreys and Mr. Gryce. Mainwaring stood a little apart in scornful confidence, and yet with a doubt of the result that he could not fathom, as they shook out and unrolled his clothes and opened his papers. At last:

"There is nothing more," said Jeffreys, who had manifested throughout the utmost dislike to the proceedings in which he found himself engaged; "and you'll see the rest of it'll flat out too. Needn't tell me! the whole town has known Main Dallas since he was a boy."

"The trunk is certainly empty," said the detective, reluctantly, fingering the lining; "no room for a false bottom here, I should say. The money isn't here, but there's evidence enough to hold him for all that."

Geoffrey made a step forward, but checked himself. The detective left the trunk and went back to it. He was a pertinacious man, and

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his theory was in danger. There was a pocket running lengthwise of the little valise, and this time his fingers lighted on the button close under the edge, and "By George, here they are!" he exclaimed, drawing out a roll of notes laid smoothly one over the other, to bulge as little as possible. "This is your money, Mr. Gryce, I take it—a part of it, at least."

"It is mine, certainly," said Geoffrey, in a stifled voice, examining the bills.

Mainwaring kept obstinate silence. He was stunned; and what wit he had left warned him that words just now would only entangle him in the net into which he had fallen.

All New Bracket was moved to meet them, and received the assertion of Mainwaring's guilt with utter incredulity. "I've known him from a baby," said old Berlaps, stoutly, "and his father before him, and it ain't in the grain. I'll go his bail myself; and Mainwaring, my boy, you'll stay with me till this thing blows over." But later in the day, the evidence growing current, the tide of opinion began to turn, and its hoarse murmur penetrating the more secluded portions of the town, reached Sybil. She waited in unutterable anxiety for Geoffrey, but he was careful to keep at home.

A night and a day wore away. New Bracket generally settled to a conviction of Mainwaring's crime, "for why had he given up the command of the *Foam?*" What nobody could fathom must of course be wrong; and every where Sybil heard long homilies on "Lord, I thank thee I am not as other men are, even as this Mainwaring." The accusation was sufficiently dreadful, but the preaching was intolerable. The clock doled out to her anguish in minutes that seemed hours—hours that were centuries—till, throwing aside her work, she went to find Geoffrey, since he would not come to her as he had expected.

He received her with a grave compassion that appalled her. He answered her questions by a terse summoning of the evidence and details of Mainwaring's arrest; not a link was wanting to his cruel logic, not a loop-hole offered itself for doubt. For a moment his pale listener wavered; but love has all faith, and laughs at evidence that would shake it, and lifting her head to look into Geoffrey's eyes,

"But for all that he is innocent," she said, proudly.

"I trust the court may find him so," he returned, inflexibly.

"You trust; are you quite sure you trust?"

"Miss Overton, are you sure you do well to be angry with me because evidence amounts to the miserable proof that your lover has robbed me of what I would gladly have given him if he desired?"

"I do not think I am angry; and Mainwaring a robber! a burglar! Impossible! Say that I did it; I will as soon believe it. Neither do you credit it, Geoffrey Gryce; neither do you?"

"Captain Dallas is guilty, or I am," said Geoffrey, speaking with much deliberation, as if to emphasize his words. "Either I made circumstances tally with his movements, placed the notes in his trunk, smoothed his bed after he left it, opened my safe, cut out the pane, made the trail purposely in the wrong direction, and drugged myself with the ether standing on his table, or he has committed the crime. In the latter case, I do not see why you should be angry with me. In the former case, you ought next to ask why I have done all this."

"I do not understand you," said Sybil, uneasily, "nor do I wish to do so. But I do know that Mainwaring is innocent, and you must save him."

"On what compulsion, and how? That is for the jury."

"No, it is for you; and you must, or God will, and in the doing of it shame you."

"God!" repeated Geoffrey, disdainfully. "Sybil, let us be practical; we are talking of life and death; for a verdict of guilty is death—in life—to Captain Dallas. Leave God out of the case. There is a source of all our life and motion, doubtless; but what does it matter to this great First Cause of prodigious effects whether Mainwaring Dallas is innocent or guilty? The coal measures were submerged, and our hearths are warm in consequence; but how much thought did the First Cause take for the life that then was flattened, and crushed, and squeezed out of existence?"

"I can not argue," answered Sybil, shuddering; "but I know 'that he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is His thought, the Lord the God of hosts is His name;' and when you defy Him I tremble for you rather than for Mainwaring."

"I see you have come armed; but believe me, Sybil, it is with me you have to deal—a man determined not to bate an iota of his advantage. I do not know on what grounds you assert that I am able to save Captain Dallas, but you are right. I have the power, and I will use it, but on conditions, mark you! I do not propose to clear my rival in the fourth act, and join your hands in the fifth. It is you who must save him."

If there could be any thing more hopelessly inexorable than Geoffrey's words, it was the look he bent on Sybil while he waited for her answer. She, utterly daunted by his vehemence, and the strange propositions that he advanced, shrank away from him; and "You are a bad man," she cried, in a sort of sudden terror, while great tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

Geoffrey cared nothing for the reproach, but much for the tears. "Why?" he asked, tenderly; "because I wish to make you, silly child, happy in spite of yourself? If you were blind, and had not courage for the operation that would restore your sight, you would doubtless call me by the most abusive epithets in your little répertoire if I held you by force while the operation was performed; but afterward you would thank me. And, Sybil, I love you with a love that would

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be young when that boy's passion for you was dead. I have been a man of iron, never swerving from a purpose, and yet in your hands wax to mould—a feather blown here and there by your breath. Judge how strong is that love, that has power thus to stem a current as deep and swift as that of my life; and your love for Mainwaring is but the sweet remembrance of a girl's first dream—dew, that will vanish in the sun of mine." He took her hand, and bent eagerly toward her. "Sybil, be reasonable; give me the answer I want." But only a faint murmur of "Be generous" reached his ear. He rose, his ardor cooled at once to sarcasm.

"That is in your line, Miss Overton. You are aware that I don't do the virtues. Be generous yourself; to your family, whose fortunes are in your hands, and to Captain Dallas, whom nothing can save when his case is once before the court. You will not again have the opportunity. I will not dangle longer between suspense and decision. At five o'clock to-day I shall come for your answer—for your final answer, remember—and be as practical in your intervening meditations as your æsthetic nature will permit." And, taking her hand, he kissed it, smiling, and so they parted.

Geoffrey felt himself as sure of Sybil's submission as that two and two make four; or, perhaps I had better say, that he felt the same gentle degree of doubt concerning both facts; for he always held it quite possible that we might some day unearth the indisputable evidence that two and two make six. He said to himself that he was close on the end; and he was right there, only the end showed differently to himself and his guardian angel; for within grasping distance of success, won in a game of which every day in the last two years had been a pawn, and all the general principles were in his favor, the hand of a child was to scatter his masterly combinations, and send general principles to the right about.

He had four hours yet to wait, and, impatient of the suspense, strolled down the streets to rid himself of the time; and it happened that half-a-dozen boys were chasing each other about a tree-box, one of whom was Jack Overton, Sybil's brother. All children loved Geoffrey, on the principle that "made the lamb love Mary so;" and Geoffrey loved children because he had a *penchant* for innocence—in other people. Therefore the moment that the youngster made out the tall figure of Geoffrey, half a block below, he gave chase, and, coming up, breathless and laughing, struck his little hand into Geoffrey's, with:

"I say, Geof, how you do walk! like blazes! and *ain't* you going to take me to the *Sea Foam* to-day: I'm about tired of being promised, and promised, and promised."

Geoffrey took the way to the wharves readily enough, for he had nothing in view that he liked better, and petted Jack habitually because he resembled Sybil. On the way he filled the boy's pockets with oranges.

"Bully for you!" cries Jack, the open-mouthed. "I wish I was Sybil. I'd marry you quick. Ma says Sis is selfish, and I think so too; for if she'd have you I could come and live with you, and have a black and tan, and a rough pony, and just as many grapes as I like: ma says so."

"Suppose you put the matter to your sister in that light," said Geoffrey, coolly. But that was too deep for Jack, who besides was sucking oranges, and looking out sharp to see how they were to get up the tall side of the ship, still in process of making ready for her voyage, though the process went on languidly with her Captain under arrest. Geoffrey was met there by the intelligence that the detective whom he had retained in his service had that morning paid the vessel a visit.

"And the last, I hope," growled Whately, the first mate, and a rough, big-boned Waretucket man. "It riles me too much when I see that long-nosed hound overhauling the Capen's papers. Mebbe it's his duty, but there's different ways of doing duty I notice; and this Paul Pry runs a man down as ef he was a weasel; seems to take to the business and chuckle over it. I'm a peace man, Mr. Gryce, but I'd a notion more nor once to let my fist drop in his face. Such accidents will happen, you know."

"Dallas's papers?" repeated Geoffrey, on whom the rest of the speech was lost. "What did he want of them?" and dived into the cabin. The table there was covered with Mainwaring's papers: charts, memoranda, and letters. Geoffrey fingered them over. All harmless, so uninteresting. What did that man, of whom for certain reasons he could never think without a shudder, want there? On what trail was he scenting now? for there was no further evidence to be found against Dallas, as who should know better than its maker? Geoffrey's conscience was nervous and suspicious. It suggested to him that a wise man always found out what he did not know—it was too well-bred to say, a guilty man; and that the officer should be found and pumped. Meanwhile Jack had three times been rescued from the dangers of an open hatchway, about which he hovered like a moth in love with a candle; had as excellent a prospect of being drowned as any boy of his years, when Whately seized him by the leg just as he was tumbling overboard; had nearly broken his neck among the rigging—in short, amused himself after his kind, with the usual lets and hindrances wont to crop out in the path of enterprising small boys, while his meanderings might be accurately traced by the bits of orange-peel that strewed the deck. And when Geoffrey came, as flurried and eager as he had been listless, and ordered the boat for shore, Jack pleaded hard to stay; and being relentlessly snubbed by Geoffrey, who was now in his savage humor, fairly threw down the gauntlet, and vowing that he would stay, planted his small back against a cask, and his small legs wide apart, in the true spirit of James Fitz James:

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

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Geoffrey swooped at him, his long arm out to seize him—missed the cunning elf, who slid from under his very fingers and stood laughing at him—trod on a bit of that wretched orange-peel, slipped, and fell through the hatchway.

The system of Juggernaut is doubtless good in its way, but no system can be calculated to a nicety; there must be always a margin for accidents; and so a child and a bit of orange-peel had reduced Juggernaut to a failure; for though Geoffrey had neither dashed out his brains, nor broken a leg or an arm, he lay quite helpless down there, where Jack peered over at him fearfully and crying; and when the men lifted him he told them that he could not feel them touch his legs, which made them look at each other queerly.

Presently it was buzzed about New Bracket that the doctors had declared "that it was a mere matter of time;" so is all life, but it seems that they intended a short time; say from three days to a week. Geoffrey at first refused all credence to such a theory till the hours brought him so close to death that he felt the chill of his clutch; then he promptly sent for a lawyer and made his will—business first as always—making New Bracket his inheritrix, heir to an orphan asylum; that done, "And now," said Geoffrey, "for the full, true, and particular account of that modern Joseph who put the silver cup in the sack of a Benjamin, meaning to send him to State Prison; the dying confession of one Geoffrey Gryce, who, on the night of the 24th instant, did feloniously and burglariously rob himself of five thousand dollars in gold and notes;" and though Geoffrey's tone was careless, there was no mistaking the purpose of his face.

Mr. Deepdwell's astonishment was good to see, for he was a man running always in one groove, and devoutly believing that respectability was goodness, and that a man who was regular at church, and swore only in private, had all the Christian virtues; and a man slipped up on his theory is as funny in his way as a man slipped up on the ice. It was well that Geoffrey's account was terse, clear, and complete, not a link wanting; otherwise Mr. Deepdwell would have set it aside as the fancy of a man in delirium.

You think now Geoffrey had repented. Not in the least. He loved Sybil, and he cared nothing for obituaries. He knew it would be useless to will that self-willed girl his estate or a portion of it, as she would inevitably donate it to the first charitable institution. Mainwaring Dallas could insure her future, but for that he must first be acquitted of the charge against him. Geoffrey debated the point long. He would have relished a posthumous vengeance on the man who had dared to rival him, and he gnashed his teeth at thought of that man's happiness. But he loved Sybil with a mighty love, stronger than all the other impulses of his life; and so New Bracket was treated to the confession of the modern Joseph. "Tell Sybil Overton this is my bequest to her," he said at its close.

After such a confession the good simple folk thought that this man, who lay sneering at them over Death's shoulder, might stand in need of a minister as well as a lawyer; and some of them ventured to hint as much; but Geoffrey only turned his face to the wall and lay there in sullen silence. He had very nearly done with life. True, there were yet more breaths to draw, but each more labored than the last, and bringing him closer to the end. Juggernaut had forsaken him. Justice had found him out at last, and accounts were balanced between them. "God's mills grind slow but fine."

To the windows of the house belonging once to Geoffrey Gryce crowd often the little rosy faces of the orphans for whom it is now a home. In the church-yard stands a slab, bearing the inscription:

GEOFFREY GRYCE,
AGED 45.

Roses cluster and blossom around the stone, trimmed and tended from year to year by the hands of Sybil Dallas and her children.

BRAINS.

"YES'M!"

I turned with a start. I was quite alone, as I thought, and the fine treble of that odd little voice struck strangely upon my ear. I had been saying that I was tired of life, or some such repining speech, which I never allowed myself except in solitude, and this object at my knee answered me, "Yes'm!" I looked at her in amazement. She was a little morsel, scarcely so tall as a well-grown child of seven, but with a grave, mature, preternaturally wise face, which might have belonged to any age from fifteen to twenty-five. Was she goblin or mortal?

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Susan Mory, ma'am, but they mostly call me 'Brains.' They say I've an old head to be on such young shoulders." And she laughed, a small, fine, queer laugh, as uncanny in sound as her voice. I was hardly yet convinced that she was human.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, ma'am, last birthday."

"And what do you want, Brains? How came you here?"

"I want to do your errands, ma'am. I heard you needed some one; and your door wasn't quite shut, so I came in. Excuse the freedom." And here she bobbed me a droll little courtesy, quite in keeping with her voice, and her laugh, and the quaint correctness and propriety of her conversation. It was true I wanted an errand-girl; but what could this odd morsel of humanity do?

"What wages did you expect?" I asked, more from curiosity to see what estimation she put upon her services than with any serious intention of employing her.

"I heard you had been paying three dollars a week, and the girl boarded herself. I think I could earn as much."

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"But she was a large girl," I said, in surprise. "She swept and dusted my room, carried home all my work, and shopped for linings and trimmings."

"Yes'm." She spoke with an acquiescent air, as if she thought the work I had mentioned was not at all too much for her. She seemed so ready and cheery that I couldn't bear to refuse her.

"Can you sweep?" I asked.

"If you'll try me, ma'am, I think my work will please you. If not, you know it's only to send me away again."

There was no room to dispute her assertion. I began to like the quaint, neat little creature, with her earnest, unchildish face. I would question her a little more, I thought.

"Have you a home?" I asked. "Do you live with your parents?"

"With my mother. There are three of us —mother, and I, and Body—I mean my sister Jane; she grew so fast, and was so careless and thoughtless, that father always used to call her Body, and me Brains. When the war broke out he went for a private soldier, but he was shot the second summer. We have eight dollars a month, you know—mother's pension—but that won't quite make us comfortable, and mother's delicate; and so I thought if I could do your errands, ma'am."

So she, too, had lost by the war—she in one way and I in another. The thought made my heart warm to her yet more.

"You may come to-morrow morning," I said. "Come at half past six, and ask the porter for the key of No. 10. You will find a broom in that closet behind the door, and you can get the room swept and dusted before the girls come to work."

"Yes'm."

Another droll little courtesy, and she was gone.

Then I went back to my thoughts again. They were a little less melancholy and self-compassionate, however, for the diversion. Yet I had lost so much. Before the war began my father had been one of the wealthy merchants of New York. He did a large wholesale business, mostly with the South, and when the crisis came it ruined him utterly. In the summer of 1861 we went to a little place in the country which belonged to my mother, and there he died. I think it was his trouble which brought on the long, slow fever from which he never rallied. Then, in that fall after his death, I had to decide upon my future. We had scarcely a hundred dollars in the world besides the little place which sheltered us, but which insured us only a roof over our heads. My mother was a delicate woman, accustomed ever since her marriage to be petted and waited on and tended. She was utterly broken down by her grief at the loss of my father. I must think for both and work for both.

I, too, had been accustomed to luxury, and never trained to any thing useful. I had received a fine-lady sort of education. I could play and sing—with taste rather than with science. I danced well; I drew a little; I read French; I could manage Italian enough for a song; but what one thing did I know well enough to teach it? Not one. And even if I had, there were fifty applicants for every vacant situation in the department of instruction. Clearly I must do something besides teaching. I could not sew fast enough to earn much in that way. What was I good for? My self-esteem went rapidly down to zero, when suddenly a new idea took possession of me. I had one endowment which I might make available as capital—taste in dress. I use the words in their highest sense. I not only knew what was pretty when I saw it—I knew what would be pretty before I saw it. I had original ideas. In the days when I had been a leader of fashion in my own set my dresses and my trimmings had never been servile imitations of French models. I had always invented something for myself, often for my friends. Schneider had said that my taste would be a fortune to any mantua-maker. It should be a fortune, then, to me.

I matured my plan and then communicated it to my mother. As I had foreseen, it vexed her sorely at first. But when I set matters before her in their true light, and she saw it afforded our only chance of comfort and independence, she began to look on the idea more favorably. She made only one stipulation—that I should not attempt to carry out my undertaking in New York. To this I was quite ready to accede. The supercilious patronage of all my former friends would have been a burden quite too heavy to be borne. I should feel more comfortable, even if I made less money, to begin elsewhere. My scheme was quite an ambitious one. I ignored the proverbs about small beginnings, little acorns, and so on. I meant to storm success at the outset. I let the house which we were occupying for a year, and arranged to leave my mother with the new tenants until I was ready to come for her. Then I went to Boston.

I found vacant rooms in a building on Summer Street, in which nearly all the up-stairs apartments were used by milliners and dress-makers. I had no references, but I engaged to pay my rent monthly in advance; and having paid the first month I arranged my rooms, and put my sign—"Miss Macgregor"—on my door, and down stairs at the lower entrance. I had hired a dress-maker to go on with me from New York—one who had been in the habit of going out by the day, and had often sewed for me on common dresses. She could fit exceedingly well, but she would have been utterly wanting in the comprehensive ability necessary to carry on a business, and she made no pretensions to taste about trimming. She was quite satisfied to be hands and let me be head, and would be contented with her weekly wages. In one of my rooms was a wardrobe bedstead,

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which she and I were to occupy together till I could send for my mother. These arrangements made, I sent to the *Transcript* an advertisement setting forth the claims to patronage of Miss Macgregor from New York.

The evening the notice appeared I sat with it alone in my own room—where, until it was time to retire, Miss Granger never intruded. The die was cast, and now I must go forward. For the first time a sort of passionate regret, a wild misgiving, took possession of me, and I cried bitterly. It seemed to me I had given up every thing I valued in life. If my social position, my New York acquaintances, had been all, I could have borne it without complaining; but I had resigned much more. Two years before I had experienced a new phase of emotion. Not to be romantic, or put too fine a point upon the matter, I had fallen heartily, and, I thought then, irrevocably in love. I felt sure, too, that Horace Weir had loved me. There had been no engagement between us, but when he went away in the spring of 1860 to study for three years in the hospitals of Paris—he was to be a physician—I think we had both felt sure of each other's hearts, and looked forward to a future together almost as confidently as if we had been betrothed.

I felt that in giving up all my old associations and entering upon this new life I was giving him up also. If we had been engaged, I had faith enough in him to feel sure that he would have been changed by no change of fortune. But, as it was, I had not the shadow of a claim on him. We had never corresponded, and when he came back he would not know where to find me. I should drop out of his life. I will confess that I suffered keenly at this prospect. I would have clung to him if I could. For his sake I would have clung, if I could, to position and old associations. But the simple fact was I could not. If I had been willing to starve genteelly I was not willing that my mother should, and there was no resource but to go to work. Just then I took up a Bible lying near me, with some vague idea of finding in it comfort or direction, and, curiously enough, my eyes fell upon this passage:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

I was just in the state of mind to receive these words as a special direction—a sort of omen. I took them as meant for an indication that I had chosen the right path and must walk on in it. So I tried to be brave—to cease to think of Horace Weir—to suppress every repining thought, every longing for the old days of ease and luxury, and to content myself with the present. I trusted that I should succeed. I felt sure I should, if I could but once make a beginning. I would let the old life go, and commence this new one bravely. I had used on my sign my middle name, Macgregor, only. I trusted that if any old friends ever chanced to read my advertisement they would not associate Miss Macgregor, dress-maker, with Helen Macgregor Bryce, their friend of the old time. Perhaps this was a weakness; at any rate it harmed no one, and Macgregor was a more imposing name than Bryce would have been. To *be* imposing, to be elegant, to become the fashion, was my only hope. I had sold two diamond rings of considerable value for money enough to start me fairly; but if, in the two months to come, I could not secure a paying run of custom, I should have lost my last chance.

The very next morning a magnificent-looking dame walked into my room, stately after the manner of Boston, with a certain severe majesty appropriate to the hub of the universe. She was followed by two pretty young ladies. I had made a distinguished toilet that morning, and for stateliness it would go hard if I could not match her. She bowed loftily. I bowed loftily in response, and offered chairs.

"Miss Macgregor, I suppose."

Bow the second on my part.

"I saw your advertisement last evening, and came to talk with you about some dresses. Lubec has disappointed me so many times, that if I could find some one equally good who would be punctual, it would be a satisfaction to make a change."

Bow the third.

"Are you very busy, Miss Macgregor?"

"Not at all so. To-day is the first day I have been open, and you are my first caller."

Then followed a whispered consultation of the mamma with the tallest young lady. I knew they were debating whether it would be safe to trust a stranger whose work they had never seen, whose first patrons they were. I waited in apparent unconcern, watching the customers go in and out of the store opposite.

"You are sure," the lady began again, turning back to me, "that you would have no difficulty in fitting us for the first time?"

"I apprehend none, Madam."

"And for trimmings—what fashion-books do you use?"

"None. I have them all, but I invent my own styles, for the most part."

Upon that the youngest daughter spoke, in a pleasant, baby-like voice,

"That will be nice, mamma. We shall not be copies of every one else."

"It would be better," the elder lady remarked, "if we could try some more common dresses first, but there seems to be no time. Could you get two light silks done for a wedding reception day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, since, as I said, you have the fortune to come first."

"Then will you fit my daughters this morning?"

"At once."

I led the way into the other room, where Miss Granger sat waiting.

"White linen linings, Miss Granger," I said, with an air of command; "and please pin them on immediately."

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Madam started at this with a gesture of alarm.

"Do you not fit them on yourself?" she asked. "Even Lubec always did that."

"By no means. There is no surer way to spoil one's power of adapting a dress to the figure. I stand at a little distance, and see that an artistic effect is preserved."

By this time Miss Granger was pinning on the lining over the slight girlish form of the elder daughter. She could fit well, and they must have perceived it. I gave a few hints and directions, and the work was accomplished.

"Will you leave the trimming entirely to me?" I asked, as the mamma shook the lustrous, pearl-colored silk out of its folds, "or have you a choice?"

"Leave it her," I heard the younger daughter whisper—"I know by her own looks she has good taste."

So it was settled that I should make the dresses as I chose. No sooner had they left than I began my task. I had only two seamstresses engaged besides Miss Granger; but we all worked. A few other customers came in, and I put them off until these two dresses should be finished. When done, they were to be sent to Mrs. John Sturgis, Beacon Street; and I felt that if they gave satisfaction I should have made as good a beginning as I desired. I trimmed them so differently that, though the silk was the same, the dresses were totally unlike, and yet equal in elegance. I sent them home the afternoon before the reception, and Miss Granger was kind enough to go with them and try them on, though that was not at all in her province. She came back and reported elegant fits and perfect satisfaction.

The next morning Mrs. Sturgis came for my bill. It was a matter on which I had bestowed some thought. I had questioned whether it would be the best policy to conciliate custom by the moderation of my charges, or to convey a sense of my own importance by their extravagance. One of my girls had formerly worked for Madame Lubec, who had stood at the head hitherto of Boston fashion. After a consultation with her I had made out my bill, charging perhaps two or three dollars on a dress more than Lubec would have done.

Mrs. Sturgis ran over the items.

"You are a little higher in your rates than is customary here," she said; "but I suppose we must be willing to pay something for your taste. My daughters' dresses were the loveliest in the room. Can you make them some more next week? They want some walking dresses, and I a dinner dress."

"Not next week, I am sorry to say. I am more busy than when you came first. I think I might promise for the week after next."

I had decidedly made a hit. After that customers came fast enough; and a good many of them spoke of the dresses Aggie Sturgis and her sister had worn at the wedding. I was able, in two months from that beginning, to bring on my mother, and to take for her a third room—a small one which happened about that time to fall vacant—so that she could be as retired as she wished. I completed this arrangement early in the winter of 1861, and for the two years between that time and the first appearance of little "Brains" in my establishment, I had been prospering beyond my hopes. But I was not happy. Success brought, indeed, a certain kind of satisfaction; but I missed sorely the care-free life of the old days, the liberty to follow my own tastes and ways, and I did miss Horace Weir. I had heard of him incidentally. He had come home from France, and was now practicing his profession in New York. I would have given much to know whether he had thought of me, inquired after me, tried to trace me out. Vain enough it must have been if he had. I had given no clew to my present residence to a single old friend. Every one of them to the best of my belief had lost sight of me. I was wedded to a life very different from any of my early dreams. I had been successful, it is true, beyond my expectations. I was saving money. I could make my mother comfortable. I had little to do with the laborious details of my business. My task was to invent graceful fashions—to suit colors to fair faces—to make charming toilets for girls living just such lives as I used to live once. God forgive me if sometimes I almost hated them—if now and then a mad rebellious impulse seized me, and I cursed fate in my heart, forgetting that fate was but another name for Providence.

I had been in one of these murmuring moods when little Susan Mory interrupted my meditations with her fine, small voice. After she went away I relapsed into it only partially, and roused myself with determination at last, and went to my mother, to amuse her with an account of my droll little visitor. After all, mother had much more to bear than I. She had not even the diversion of business. She must sit through the long, slow days, remembering the past and all its good gifts and false promises—stung by its contrast with the empty-handed present. How much more she had lost, too! What was the sentimental regret of a young girl over a love that had never even been declared, to a wife's sorrow and longing for the household tenderness which had been hers for a quarter of a century? As I opened her door I reproached myself for all my repinings.

I was glad to perceive that she was really interested about "Brains." She wanted to see her on the morrow, and began planning about garments we could give her to make over for herself and her sister.

The next morning, curious to see whether my small handmaiden had arrived, I put on my dressing-gown a little before seven, and looked into the work-room. I opened the door so quietly that she did not hear it. She had swept the room carefully, and now she stood in a chair dusting the window frames. It was very amusing to see her grave, womanly patience and care, and her queer expedients to accomplish the tasks

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for which she was too *absurdly* short. As she turned round I said,

"Good-morning, Brains."

She dropped instantly from her chair, and made me her droll little courtesy.

"Yes'm," she said, cheerfully, "I'm come. I've been trying to make it as clean here as usual." And she glanced at me interrogatively with her bright, thoughtful eyes, that looked so large and wistful in her queer, little, old-young face.

"Yes," I said, "you have made it very nice; I think you will please me."

When her morning work was done I took her in to see my mother, and her verdict was decidedly in the little one's favor. "She'll be the best errand-girl you ever had," she said to me after Brains had gone back to the work-room.

Time went on, and proved her right. Through all the winter she was the most faithful of little maidens. Never did pieces go astray, or bundles fail to reach their destinations; and she developed a remarkable capacity for matching dresses with buttons and braid, and similar trifles. I grew really attached to her, and would not have exchanged her for any other messenger of twice her years.

Early in March she took a severe cold, and began to cough. I tried to make her stay at home until she was better, and let some one else take her place; but she insisted on coming. She knew just my ways, she said, and she was sure it didn't hurt her. She was going to get better of her cold as soon as there were some warm days. Still I was not just comfortable about her. I did not like the sound of that constant cough—the color on her cheeks was too bright—she was growing, too, into such a mere little shadow.

One morning when I entered into the work-room I missed her. Some one else had been sweeping and putting away things, but it was not in the accustomed order.

"Brains didn't come. I'm afraid she's worse," Miss Granger said. They had all fallen into the habit of calling her Brains—the name seemed so appropriate—there was so much thought, and care, and womanliness in such a little body.

Half an hour later there was a timid knock on the door, and in came a girl whom I had never seen before. I recognized her at once for the ten-year-old sister of my little errand-girl—recognized her, as one often does, by some mysterious family likeness, which seemed to vanish when I looked at her more steadily. This one was a real, actual child—large of her age, with full, rosy cheeks, and eyes round as beads. She came straight up to me, and delivered her message with the air of one who had been taught it carefully.

"Sister Susy is sick, and can't come. She is sorry, and hopes it won't put you to much inconvenience."

It was just like "Brains"—the polite, careful message.

"And you are 'Body?'" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am"—and she looked as if she longed to ask how I had learned her home name—"Yes, ma'am; I am Jane, and they call me Body."

"Is Susy very sick?"

"Pretty bad, I guess, ma'am. She can't sit up, and she coughs most all the time, and mother sent me after a doctor this morning."

I asked where they lived, and she mentioned a number on Pleasant Street.

"Well," I said, "tell Susy not to worry. I shall get along nicely, and I will come to see her as soon as I can make time—to-night, if not before."

"Yes, ma'am."

She went away then. She had a lazy sort of voice, and spoke lingeringly—quite unlike the quick, characteristic utterances of little Brains. How well I remembered that first day, and the brisk "Yes'm" that broke in upon my musings.

It was quite late in the afternoon before I could make time to go to Pleasant Street. I found the Morys living in the third story of a comfortable-looking house. I went first into a room which seemed to serve as a kitchen and sitting-room. Mrs. Mory, a tired-looking woman who had been pretty once, was stirring something in a sauce-pan over the fire. She turned to greet me, and invited me to go into the next room, where Susy was. It was a small bed-room, but every thing was neat and clean. There lay poor little Brains, with a bright flush burning on her cheeks, her eyes glittering, and her poor little body shaken by a paroxysm of coughing. As soon as she could speak she put out her hand.

"Thank you, Miss Macgregor; it was very kind of you to come. I didn't mean to give up this way, and disappoint you. And I suppose you will have to get some one else. I thought first that perhaps Body could do my work for a week or two, until I got better; but I don't suppose she'd answer."

"No, I fear she wouldn't; and besides, while you are ill your mother will need her at home. But I'll keep the place for you. I shall have to get some one else, to be sure, but I'll get them with the understanding that you are to come back just as soon as you are able, and they must be ready to give up to you at any time."

"Oh, how good, how good you are!" the poor little morsel cried, with kindling eyes. "I was so afraid I should lose my place that it was worse than the sickness."

Her gratitude touched me profoundly, for it seemed to me, even then, that she would never get any better; and it was so hard to think of that poor little patient life going out so early, quenched in its dawn.

It brought on her cough to talk, so I did not stay with her long. In the way out I said to her mother,

"Do not be troubled by any fear of want. I shall pay Susy her wages just the same as if she were well. I can well afford it, for I am prospering in my business, and if she wants any

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thing that you can not get her you must let me know."

As I went out of the house I caught a faint red glow of the March sunset, shooting up high enough to show a glimpse of its splendor even to the dwellers in brick walls. Would little Brains see many more days decline? I longed to take her away into the country, and give her, before she died, one glimpse of wide-stretching fields, of sunsets, and sunrisings. But it was too late. She was not well enough to be moved, and if she should never get any better she would see a light before long such as no sun ever kindled, breathe airs of healing, smell flowers that grow not on any earthly soil. Her "country" would be brighter than any of her dreams —the land that lies "very far off."

The next day I went to see her again. I had not thought of going so soon, but a spell seemed to draw me. It was reward enough to see her poor little face brighten, and her eyes grow eager with welcome when I went in. But she was no better. She never would be, I thought. I asked her mother what the doctor said, and she answered me, with a burst of sobbing,

"I don't think he has much hope of her. He says her lungs are very much inflamed. He thinks it might have been better if she had staid at home when she first got her cold, but I couldn't keep her. She was such an ambitious child. Oh, ma'am, if God takes her how shall I bear it? Since her father left me, little as she is, she's been what I depended on."

I could well understand it. The girl had one of those natures on which weaker ones rest instinctively. She was thoroughly reliable, with a courage, a patient hope, a quiet strength, utterly out of proportion to her tiny frame. I could not say any thing to console her poor mother, for I knew too well what she was losing, and it seems so idle to talk about heavenly consolations to ears deaf with misery. The soul is so seldom ready to accept them until after the blow has fallen, and God himself speaks to the stricken one through the darkness of desolation. I could only say,

"We need not quite give up hope yet, and we ought to think of *her* now—of making her as comfortable as we can."

Then I went out again into the March twilight.

Every night after that found me at Pleasant Street. I could not stay away. Besides all my interest in her an unaccountable impression took possession of me that she was in some wise associated with my own fate. I was going, so it seemed to me, straight toward my destiny—a destiny in some dim, undreamed of way connected with "Brains" and her little room.

I have said that from the first I had not much hope of her. My hope lessened every day. She would never come back to the place I had engaged another to fill till she got well. I should never watch again her tidy little ways, or be amused at her quaint womanliness. I had not thought it was in me to care for her so much, but my heart grew heavy as I saw her fading away. She suffered terribly with her racking cough, and the constant wearing pain in her side and chest; but she did not lose her bright cheerfulness. For a long time, too, she continued to make light of her illness, and tell me that in a little while she should be back doing my errands as of old.

The first time she said any thing else was one April night. I went to her a little later than usual, and found the doctor with her. I had never seen him before, this Dr. John Sargent. His name seemed somehow strangely familiar, though I could not recall at the moment where I had heard it. He was bending over poor little Brains when I went in, but he raised his head and met my eyes with his own, so kind, so pitiful, so serious, that I felt drawn toward him at once. The child put out her hand.

"You'll have to keep her, Miss Macgregor," she said, with a sad smile.

I did not think at first who she meant, and I asked her.

"The girl that took my place, you know. I've been asking Dr. Sargent, and he doesn't think I'll ever be able to go back any more."

She was so calm that for very shame I tried to be calm also, but the tears would come, and I went out into the next room without speaking. Soon Dr. Sargent joined me.

"It is very sad," he said. "I have seldom been so much interested in a case. Such a bright, patient little thing as she is, and so wonderfully womanly! She asked me herself, to-night, if there was any hope, and I had to tell her. You see how she bears it."

After he had gone I went back to little Susy. I had brought her a bunch of violets, which I saw in a shop window as I came along, and her very pleasure in them made my heart ache. How she loved all beautiful things! How much she was capable of enjoying, and how little she had had to enjoy in this world, poor child! And now she was going!

I think she guessed my thought, for she touched my hand with a timid, caressing motion, and said, very softly,

"There will be brighter flowers there, Miss Macgregor. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, you know. It is well for me; only it will be so hard for mother and Jane. But their Father will take care of them. You know what it says about the widow and the fatherless."

How unconsciously she reproved my lack of faith! I bent over her, and pressed my lips to the little cheek where the hectic burned. How many times I had doubted God, and what faith she had! She seemed to infuse into my soul new strength. As I went through the other room to go home I found Mrs. Mory crying very stilly, so as not to disturb her sick child, in a quiet, dreary way, inexpressibly pitiful. Poor Body was kneeling with her face buried in her mother's lap, fairly shaken by the violence of her suppressed sobbing. I only said, as I went by,

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"Don't grieve *her* by weeping. She has been telling me that God will take care of you."

When I reached home I sat down and tried to think what I had known before about Dr. Sargent. It carried me back to Horace Weir. John Sargent was his friend, I remembered—a classmate, and the *fidus Achates* of his early manhood. Did they occupy such a relation still, I wondered. Would I be mentioned between them? But no, Dr. Sargent knew of me only as Miss Macgregor, the fashionable dress-maker for whom little Brains had worked. He would never associate me with Helen Bryce, even if Weir had once made that name familiar to him. What was there to arouse such tumult of hope and memory in my heart? I remembered little Susy, and the world where she was going, and tried to grow calm.

For a fortnight after that she failed fast. Of course I went to see her every day, and it carried me strangely near to the eternal world whither her footsteps tended. You can not think what a change it seemed to come back to the thoroughly earthly atmosphere of my fashionable establishment—to see the bright-hued silks, and laces white and dainty as hoar-frost—to hear the perpetual talk about what was stylish and what was becoming, and be complimented about my invention, my charming taste. It was like turning back to earth from the gate of Heaven.

At length there came a day—it was toward the last of April—when I went earlier than usual to see little Brains. She had been so weak the day before that I felt anxious. I carried her the first May flowers I had seen. The little creature had a sort of passionate fondness for flowers not unusual in such an organization. She loved and cherished them as if they were of her own kindred.

When I went in I saw Dr. Sargent was in the room, and with him, his back toward the door, another gentleman. The Doctor heard my footsteps and came out.

"A friend of mine is there," he said; "Dr. Weir, from New York. He came on to visit me, and I brought him to see the child. There is no hope, of course; but he might think of something to relieve her that I did not."

I felt my face turning crimson under his searching glance. But neither he nor I made any comment. As soon as I felt sufficiently mistress of myself I went into the room. Calmness stole like balm over my spirit as I crossed its threshold. I felt as if I were in the presence of waiting angels. I met Horace Weir's eyes, but I scarcely knew it as I went up to Susy, and saw the strange, seraphic light which made her little wan face seem as the face of an angel. I gave her the flowers, and she took them and my hand together into her clinging hold.

"Dear, kind Miss Macgregor," she said, fondly; "you won't have to bring me any more flowers. I am going where they blow all the time. What should I have done without you? How thankful I am that I went to your shop!"

"But if you hadn't come there, perhaps you would have lived," I said, as well as I could for the sobs which were choking me. She thought a moment, then she shook her head.

"No, I should not have outlived God's time; and you have made me so much happier. If I can pray for any thing after I die, I shall ask *Him*, when I get to his feet, to bless you for evermore. Can you stay with me a little while?"

I took off my shawl and bonnet, and sat down at her bedside. Dr. Sargent came up to bid her good-night.

"I must go now," he said, "but I will come very early in the morning. Will you stay a while, Weir, in case any thing should be wanted?"

"Certainly," answered a voice, every tone of which I knew well.

Little Brains looked up with such a bright smile—

"How kind every one is," she said. "How kind you've always been, Dr. Sargent. Good-by!"

Moved by some sudden impulse of tenderness, Dr. Sargent bent over and kissed the little wistful face of the child he had tended so long and patiently. Next time he sees her it will be after he too has gone over the river. He will not be sorry then that he "did it unto one of the least of these," Christ's little ones.

Weir sat down in the outer room. I staid by Susy. Her mother came in and out restlessly, with white face, and eyes full of anguish and longing. Body had cried herself into a state of exhaustion, and she sat on the floor, her head in a chair, sleeping heavily. Shall I ever forget the glimpse I had that night into the heart of that dying child? Holding that little hand, looking into those eyes so full of meaning, and so soon to close forever, I drew nearer than I ever had before to the mysteries of death and of life. It was midnight, I think, when a sudden light illumined all her face, and as if in answer to a call we did not hear she said,

"I am ready."

Her mother clung to her in a passion of tears and prayers. Her sister, wide awake now, was sobbing at her side. She kissed them both fondly.

"God loves you," she said.

Then she looked at me with wistful eyes. I bent down and kissed her, my tears falling fast on her white face.

"God loves you, too," she said; and then, a moment after, she spoke again, as if that voice we could not hear were once more calling:

"*All* ready."

Then she turned her face, with that last smile on it, to the wall, and went home.

An hour afterward she lay, as we had robed her, in white garments, with shut eyes, and a look so calm and sweet upon her face you would have thought her sleeping. I had to go then. I knew my mother was waiting for me anxiously.

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"May God comfort you," I said, going up to Mrs. Mory to bid her good-night. She did not turn her eyes away from the dead face on the pillows.

"Yes," she answered dreamily, "*she* said God loved us."

As I went down the stairs Weir followed me. When we were in the street he drew my hand through his arm, and spoke to me for the first time.

"Helen, that dead child has given us to each other. But for her should I ever have found you? Sargent knew how vain all my inquiries for you, since I came back, had been. He had seen a photograph of you which I carried—perhaps you have forgotten it—across the sea with me. He felt pretty sure that he recognized you from it the first time he saw you; and he knew, besides, that Macgregor was your middle name. So last week he wrote to me, and I came on to find you out."

We buried poor little Brains, two days after that, in the cemetery at Forest Hills, under the shadow of a great rock. You will see her tombstone if you go there—a little white cross, on which there is no word save "SUSY."

We left her there on the last day of April, under a sunshine bright as June. We put white flowers round the little white face, and into the hands that would never be tired any more. And on the sod piled above her grave we left sweet blossoms to lie there and give forth their sweetness, and then die as she had died.

It was not long after that before I gave up my business to a successor and married Dr. Weir. We have been together for more than a year, enjoying a happiness that sometimes seems to me too blessed to last. But we try to sanctify it by making ourselves ministers of God's bounty to His children. What we do for Mrs. Mory and Jane is no charity, for we consider them a bequest from little Brains, at whose bedside we found each other anew.

HUGH MILLER AND GEOLOGY.

THE latest born and not the least interesting among the natural sciences is Geology. It belongs to the present century, almost to the present generation. When the first developments in this science were made public the believers in Revelation experienced no small alarm; even the defenders of the Faith, regarding the stranger as an invention of the enemy, cautiously advised the avoidance of so novel and dangerous a study. But truth, though slow in its first movements, and opposed by preconceived opinions, never fails in the end to triumph over prejudice. Religious toleration and the advances made in political economy are marked evidences of the moral power of truth, and that its progress admits of no reflux.

Among the first who successfully defended the harmony between Geology and Sacred History was Buckland, of Oxford. "No reasonable man can doubt," says the Doctor, "that all the phenomena of the natural world derive their origin from God; and no one who believes the Bible to be the word of God has cause to fear any discrepancy between this, His word, and the results of any discoveries respecting the nature of His works." Other writers have maintained the same argument. To the lamented Hugh Miller, however, belongs the credit of having demonstrated beyond a peradventure that the history of the world, written by the hand of God on the rocks and in the everlasting hills, is perfectly consistent with the inspired narrative of the servant of the Lord. Chalmers and Pye Smith exhibit the Creation recorded in Genesis as an event which took place about six thousand years ago; both describe it as begun and completed in six natural days; and both represent it as cut off from a previously existing creation by a chaotic period of death and darkness. That is, the creation of *matter* took place "in the beginning," long antecedent to the six days of labor. This view is generally founded upon the assumption that the first verse of Genesis is an introduction to the Bible. Late developments, however, in Hebrew scholarship render it probable that Moses, in writing the Book of Genesis, was assisted by archaic records, oral or written,* which accounts for there being two histories of Creation and two of the Flood. The arrangement of the first verse, therefore, can not be relied upon to sustain the position, while geological investigations prove that from the beginning until the creation of man there was a regular sytematic progress in the formation of the globe. There is no evidence of a chaotic period, and no such theory is suited to the "present state of geological knowledge."

The word "YOM," translated "day," in the first chapter of Genesis, may with propriety be rendered *period of time*, and does convey that idea in the fourth verse of the second chapter. It may be safely assumed, therefore, in accordance with the facts of geology, that the days of creation were periods of great duration. Of three of these periods, viz.: (1.) when "light was;" (2.) when the firmament was made; (4.) when the heavenly bodies appeared, of course no record is found in the rocks. For the other three, viz.: (3.) the period of plants; (5.) the period of amphibia; (6.) the period of mammalia, Hugh Miller has accounted in a manner not less satisfactory to reason than to Revelation. And of the whole six he has given a panoramic view in the "Vision of Creation," as it appeared to Moses in the "open vision," in language unsurpassed for beauty and sublimity in the pages of science. Jeremy Taylor has been aptly styled the Shakspeare of theology; Hugh Miller, with equal truth, might be called the Milton of science. "He did for geology what Burns had done for the songs of Scotland." He was indeed, as his beautiful motto declares, "in league with the stones of the field" for the cause of truth. Upon the basis of it Revelation and science are reconciled; and, as prophesied by Buck-

* Rawlinson's Evidences, chapter ii.

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land, "geology and religion are found potent and consistent auxiliaries, exalting our conviction of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator."

The last and the finest work which Hugh Miller produced is the "Testimony of the Rocks." Hardly had his pen traced the concluding lines of that noble effort of genius—the much-loved and crowning labor of his life, upon which he had "put out all his strength," and worked with the "topmost pitch of intensity"—when the overwrought brain gave out.

Years have passed away since the event to which we have alluded cast a gloom over the scientific world. The memory, however, of Hugh Miller's death is still fresh, and there is no need that we should enlarge upon so sad a theme. Our purpose is, aided by the "Testimony of the Rocks" and other sources of information, to give our readers a sketch of the science to which Miller devoted his best energies, and which he so nobly adorned.

Geology is divided into two departments—Systematic and Descriptive. The former treats upon the structure of the earth—how it

"——rose out of chaos:"

the latter, of the details of that structure, manifested in the kind, character, and position of the constituent matter; also of organic remains.

At the beginning the earth was composed of a burning, molten nucleus, surrounded by a dense atmosphere of great extent, saturated with vapor and gas. As the heat from the nucleus was radiated into space, and the surface cooled, the minerals which are fused with most difficulty—such as alumina, silica, and mica—formed a crust, which gradually increased in thickness, and separated the atmosphere from the burning mass. The vapor contained in the latter became condensed, and the globe was encircled by a hot sea of moderate depth, holding in solution immense quantities of minerals and chemical elements. These were slowly deposited as the heat diminished. From time to time the crust would give away in places, when whole oceans of water would be precipitated into the molten nucleus, and an enormous amount of steam generated, the expansive force of which would burst through the encircling barrier, carrying up floods of liquid rock to overflow the surface of the globe, and when dissolved by the water to be deposited again in various strata. By these operations, in process of time the surface of the earth became greatly altered. Continents were upheaved by internal convulsions, and the waters collected into the valleys formed lakes and seas. It was a long time, however, before the earth attained a definite arrangement. Ages passed away ere it was fit for plants and animals, and ages still before it was suited for the habitation of man. Repeated deluges, violent earthquakes, varied its aspect and sometimes almost reduced it to chaos. The birth of a world is not in a day. What scenes the earth must have passed through can with difficulty be imagined, or in what grand and varied forms nature must have exhibited itself. At last the work was finished. The lofty mountains and the low savannas assumed the relative positions marked out for them, and the rivers returned to the seas whence they came. The internal fires were restrained, and only by volcanic eruptions at intervals gave notice of their existence.

Such was the mode in which the earth was formed and adapted for the abode of man. No material changes have taken place in its form or surface since he appeared upon the scene. That the centre is still in a state of ignition is proven by the experiments made in the Artesian wells near Paris and elsewhere. It has been ascertained that at about sixty feet beneath the surface the temperature is unvaried by the changes of the seasons, and that beyond that point the heat increases at an average of one degree for fifty-four feet; so that at a depth of twenty-one miles the hardest rocks would be in a state of fusion. The surface, however, is uninfluenced by the action of the internal fires, except in cases of earthquake or volcanic eruption. The heat which the earth now receives, and which renders it habitable, proceeds from the sun and the stars—the latter contributing no small amount.

The details of the general creation thus concisely described, form the second department, or Descriptive Geology.

This branch of the science is arranged in two divisions, viz., the Plutonic or Igneous formation, which is abnormal, and had its origin through fire; and the Aqueous formation, which is normal or stratified, and resulted from the action of water.

The first of these formations is composed of those portions of the molten mass which were upheaved by the convulsions of nature, and remained in that state unchanged by the influence of water. They are known as massive rocks, and are always unstratified, destitute of fossils, and more uniform in their character than the rocks of the aqueous formation.

Sometimes veins of metal are found to have been protruded through them when the mass was in a partially fused state, and drusic cavities, or geodes—cavities in the rock lined with crystals—exhibit themselves. The massive rocks are distinct in their entire formation; no other rocks are ever found under them, except in a few cases, where the Plutonic rock evidently overflowed the aqueous strata. Great boulders are now and then discovered in parts of the world where geologists affirm there is nothing that resembles them in character. Deluges, which frequently passed over the earth, undoubtedly brought these fragments of massive rock from their distant homes. Evidences now exist of boulders having been transported from the northern regions by the icebergs which annually leave the shores of Greenland.

Five groups compose the Plutonic rocks: viz., the granite and its varieties; the greenstone, sometimes called the trap formation, including

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serpentine; the porphyry, the basalt, and the volcanic rock, or lava and scoria. An examination of the character of these rocks would involve the science of mineralogy. Most of them are compound—quartz, mica, and feldspar being the principal constituents. Other elements, however, enter into some of them, and they all differ in various respects. No rocks equal them for hardness and durability; and the soil derived from their disintegration is generally excellent for agricultural purposes. The neighborhood of volcanoes, where the lava has combined with the soil, often exhibits a most luxuriant vegetation. At the foot of Mount Vesuvius the land is remarkably fertile, and produces the vine from which is made the Lachrymæ Christi, the celebrated Italian wine, which some suppose to be similar to the old Falernian so much lauded by Horace.

The second division of Descriptive Geology contains the aqueous or stratified formations. They extend back to the remotest period, and are rendered peculiarly interesting by fossil remains of organic life which record the physical progress of the world through unnumbered ages. "Geologists agree," says Mr. Miller, "that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts. The master divisions, in each of which we find a type of life so unlike that of the others, that even the unpracticed eye can detect the difference, are simply three—the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division; the secondary (Mesozoic), or middle fossiliferous division; the tertiary (Kainozoic), or latest fossiliferous division." These divisions comprehend five classes, which are again subdivided into formations and groups.

The first class comprises the primitive rocks. Resulting from the combined action of fire and water, at the time the crust of the earth was formed, they are also termed metamorphic, or altered rocks. They include the different varieties of slate, gneiss, and primitive limestone, and, widely distributed, they often form part of many mountain ranges. Slate, the first of these, composed the earliest shell of the earth, and underlies, frequently at a great depth, all the aqueous formations. Massive rocks often pierce through it, and exhibit veins of ore, which—especially in Scotland—are mined to advantage. It is of various qualities, evincing the action of heat and water in its formation. Where the former prevailed the fossils are almost entirely obliterated. In some cases, the slate being crystalline, there are none.

Gneiss, an arbitrary name given by miners, differs from granite only in being stratified. No doubt it was granite originally, thrown up from the centre of the globe and disintegrated by water, when it became gradually deposited in strata upon the slate.

The last of these rocks is limestone, the finest specimen of which is found in the quarries of Paros and Pentelicus, whence the ancients derived the pure statuary marble, in which the genius of Greek art has been so nobly perpetuated. Of this stone were made the Apollo and the Hercules of the Vatican, works so "express and admirable" that the pen of Winckelmann can alone interpret them. Out of this stone also was carved the Laocoon, which Lessing has so inimitably described. And in this stone

"——stands the statue that enchants the world,"

the Venus de Medicis, rich with

"The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

The second class, containing the Transition rocks, is subdivided into two groups, the Silurian and the Carboniferous. The former, so called from its prevalence in Wales—Siluria being the ancient name of that country—possesses only graywacke, a fine sandstone, associated with lime and magnesia. The Silurian abounds in fossils, principally polypi, which form the coral reefs, trilobites, and other small shells. A few fishes and some plants are also found in this group; but its peculiar treasure is the trilobite.

The other group, the carboniferous or coal formation, is perhaps the most important in the geological scale, and the one most intimately connected with the present interests of man. Its first member is the Devonian or old red sandstone, from the examination of which Mr. Miller derived a distinguished name, and the science of geology an equivalent advantage. This stone, a coarse conglomerate, made up of the fragments of older rocks, bound together by silica or sand, is of a red color and attains the thickness of three thousand feet, and sometimes constitutes mountains of itself, as the Hartz in Germany. It overlies the graywacke and sustains the coal. Fossil fish and shells are abundant in it, but few plants appear. Next follows the coal. "What distinguished this period," says Miller, "was its gorgeous flora. It was emphatically the period of plants—of herbs yielding seed after their kind. The youth of the earth was peculiarly an umbrageous youth, a youth of dark and tangled forests, of stately araucarians and tall tree ferns." It has been determined that forests of the greatest density must have existed in the large basins in which the coal is principally found. These forests, overthrown by some fearful convulsion, were calcined under enormous pressure. Hence the coal is of various qualities, according to the amount of heat and pressure to which it was subjected. Entire calcination produced *anthracite*, or nearly pure carbon, the gas being mostly consumed; partial calcination, *bituminous* coal, the hydrogen gas being retained; imperfect calcination, the *brown* coal. It is an interesting fact that microscopic examinations of the carbonized ferns show that they were not influenced by a variety of seasons, but grew with an unchecked growth. In connection with this point it must be remembered that we are now in the *third* day, the period which preceded the appearance of the heavenly bodies. A dense vapor then surrounded the earth and intercepted the rays of the sun. The heat therefore which stimulated vegetation was radiated through the crust of the earth from the internal fires, and as

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it was continuous in its action, so vegetation was continuous in its growth.

Among the coal, especially the brown variety, vestiges of plants and leaves are discovered. Whole trees even may be seen in various states of carbonization, and in many different shapes, evincing the numerous and singular actions they must have undergone.

The beds of coal, which sometimes lie quite deep, and in some places crop out, vary in thickness from one to forty feet, and are mingled with mountain limestone, coal-sandstone, and clay. The coal measures, as they are called, exist in many parts of the world. Russia has very little coal, and that is of an inferior quality; England possesses a great quantity, mostly bituminous, however; while in North America the coal measures extend from Nova Scotia to Vancouver's Island, comprehending all descriptions, from the inflammable cannel to the hardest Lehigh. The mountain limestone which accompanies the coal often contains iron ore of great value. In smelting the latter this stone is used to form a flux, and also to crust the surface of the liquid metal with schlag to preserve it from the oxydizing effect of the atmosphere. Organic remains are numerous in this stratum, especially fish. Some of these appear to have been of a very high organization, and were perhaps allied to amphibia; they have no representatives in the present age. Fossil trees and plants are likewise found in a great variety, and to a great extent, and afford the ancient botanist no small pleasure. The latter know nearly as much about extinct plants and trees as their brethren do of those now existent. By the aid of the microscope they are enabled to divide them up according to their respective groups, classes, orders, genera, and species, following the artificial system of Linnæus, and finding it as applicable to fossil as to living flora. Coal, when carefully heated to redness and then allowed to cool, will exhibit, under the glass, the character of the wood from which it was formed. Leaves, too, have been brought to light, and their nervation and indentation as certainly proven as if they had left the tree but yesterday instead of myriads of years "before Noah was a sailor."

Much interest attaches to ancient botany, and not a little curious are the facts which its study reveals; but we have not space to dwell upon it.

We have alluded to the gorgeous flora which characterized the period of which we are now writing. Its exuberance may be explained upon the following hypothesis, which is doubtless a correct one. The moist atmosphere which then surrounded the earth was probably surcharged with carbonic acid gas. This deleterious element necessarily promoted an enormous vegetable growth, and was thus eliminated from the atmosphere, which gradually purified in process of time we know not how soon, became respirable for superior orders of animals. So all things "worked together for good."

The Palæozoic age here terminates—"the evening and the morning were the *third* day." Destitute of animal life in all the higher forms, it was "emphatically the period of plants as described in the Mosaic record, peculiarly a period of herbs and trees, yielding seed after their kind."

The first, second, and *third* days referred to in Genesis, as we understand them, have now been traversed. As the first two, however, do not belong to geology, only the last has been specially treated. We have reached the *fourth* day. That is not a geologic day; but the grand event of that day, bearing as it does so directly and importantly upon all that follows, must not be passed over in silence. Upon the fourth day the dense atmosphere became rarefied, and the heavenly bodies appeared; the sun shone in upon the dank earth with its benign and genial influences, causing all creation to smile. Previously its operation could hardly have been appreciable. With the sun, too, was introduced a new principle—*actinism*—the life-giving influence which belongs to the sun's ray, and acts so powerfully in the generation of both plants and animals. Upon the sun also depends the beauty of the world in all that relates to color. In the Palæozoic age, the various hues and tints which result from the action of light and heat emanating from the sun could have had no existence; all must have been dun and dreary. Light "was," it is true—perhaps it was electric—but not the glorious light of heaven. The operations, therefore, of the fourth day—the rolling away of the dense mist, the lifting up of the thick curtain which obscured the face of the earth, and the revelation of the "two great lights," with the consequences that ensued, are among the grandest themes that can be suggested for contemplation. Indeed, the fourth day of the Mosaic record in sublimity yields to none save the first.

We return to our subject. Now commences the fifth day—the Mesozoic, or middle fossiliferous division—comprehending the secondary rocks. This class is divided into four formations and as many groups.

The first Sir Roderick Murchison designates as the Permian, from the name of that part of Russia where this formation is most extensively developed. It contains magnesian limestone, or zechstein, and is less distributed than any other of the stratified rocks. Germany, after Russia, exhibits it the most; and France and England are not without it. Its especial feature is the marl-slate, celebrated for the richness of the copper ore which it yields; also the beds of rock salt and gypsum which accompany it. Poland possesses extensive mines of salt, which seem to have resulted from the evaporation of great seas, as sea-shells, the claws of crabs, and vegetable impressions have been found in them. In England, near Liverpool, similar mines also exist. Secondary limestone underlies both salt and gypsum. This is quite apparent in the salt formation of the State of New York, where the Niagara limestone ex-

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tends through a large section of the State. The same may be said likewise of the salines in the State of Michigan. The latter have hardly been worked, but are presumed to be of great value. Should the prognostications in regard to the latter prove correct, they will rival the salines of New York, and be a source of great wealth to Michigan. Virginia has salt-mines, but the salt which they furnish is of an impure character, and can not compete with that of New York except for the commonest uses, in regions where the latter may not readily be obtained.

The fossils of the Permian are more abundant in quantity than variety, and do not differ much from those of the carboniferous group.

The second group, known as the Trias, or new red sandstone, derives its name from the three members of which it is composed—the keuper sandstone, the muschalkalk, or shell limestone, and variegated sandstone. This formation appears in Europe and England; and in the United States extends from Vermont to the Carolinas. It is characterized in the former countries by gypsum and rock salt. The Trias is extremely poor in organic remains of all kinds. The fact most interesting and worthy of record is the evidence preserved in the variegated sandstone of the footprints of beasts and birds. In the valley of the Connecticut especially, the magnitude and separation of the tracks determine the birds to have been nearly, if not quite as large as camels. In Saxony footprints remain of the labyrinthodon, formerly called the hand-beast, from the character of his marks. The remains of one beautiful plant are also found in this stone well worthy of note—"the lily encrimite; remarkable for the elegance and symmetry of its form and for its complicated skeleton, which consisted of not less than twenty-six thousand pieces."

The third group is the Jura, embracing the oölitic formation and the lias, and obtains its appellation from the mountains of that name. The former is subdivided into the upper, middle, and lower oölite—a limestone so termed from the egg-like shape of the grains which compose it. Clay, sandstone, and dolomite or magnesian limestone, are found mingled with the oölitic; fossils are abundant; and it is rendered quite interesting by the caverns which have been discovered in it, containing quantities of petrified bones. None of them, however, belong to man. The lowest member, the lias (layers), is distinguished by the remains of enormous amphibia. It was the period when the Saurians lived, animals of the lizard and crocodile species, no less remarkable for their size and length than for their voracity. The chief were the icthyosaur, the plesiosaur, and the pterodactylus. "It was the age," says Miller, "of egg-bearing animals, both winged and wingless—the age when reptiles of the sea tempested the deep; the age of enormous creeping reptiles of the land, and of gigantic birds; the age when the waters brought forth abundantly."

The last group of the secondary is the cretaceous. Chalk being the prominent member, it gives its name to the group, but other strata are found in it, as clay, marl, and green sand. Fossil shells, the remains of deep-sea animals, with a few fish and a small number of plants, have been discovered in this formation. With chalk flints are always associated, and are resolved by the microscope into "agglomerates of the silicious shells of infusoria." Among the rocks of this class the most celebrated are those which have given the name of Albion to England. The white cliffs of Dover are seen afar and hailed with cries of exultation by the returning mariner as an earnest of his home. The chalk is the last of the middle series. Thus ends the Mesozoic period—the day in which God "created the fowl that flieth over the earth," the creeping thing and the *tanninim* of the deep.

The Kainozoic, or latest fossiliferous division—the Tertiary—follows. It contains but one group, the Molasse—a coarse, loose sandstone, forming the base of the Alps—and is divided into the Eocene, the Meiocene, and the Pleiocene, or early, middle, and later formations. Fragments of other rocks are found cemented together among it, and it often alternates with brown coal and limestone. Clay, green earth, gypsum, and, near Paris, millstone are abundant. A peculiarity of this formation is, that it appears to have proceeded in many places from the filling up of great basins. The principal capitals of Europe are situated in such basins. They are of marked interest, particularly the extensive Molasse basin of Paris. In the United States this formation extends along the Atlantic coast from Long Island to Louisiana, sometimes reaching inland, as in the valley of the Mississippi, which is one great Molasse basin, and evinces no sign of having ever been disturbed by inferior strata.

The organic remains exhibited in the Tertiary distinguish it as the period of the Mammalia. Its flora is not remarkable, its reptiles occupy no important place, but its animals almost exceed credibility. For this reason it is called the elephantoid epoch—the epoch of the pachyderms, elephanti, rhinoceri, and hippopotami, animals of the hog genus, which surpassed the largest animal of the present day, as the tiger surpasses the cat, and whose number was so vast that "ivory quarries" of their bones are found in Siberia, and even the local museums in England are stored with specimens. The latter, however, probably came from a little later formation—the diluvium. Herbaceous and carnivorous animals of the types now existent, as the deer, horse, wild cattle, lions, tigers, bears, hyenas, etc., existed in immense numbers, and attained a prodigious size. It was the age of beasts: of the dinotherium of Mayence, the greatest of all beasts, a behemoth among elephants; the age of the Megatherium of Cuvier; the ponderous sloth, the laziest of all beasts—the age of animal life.

The Quarternary rocks—the Alluvium and

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Diluvium—close the Kainozoic age, and the aqueous formations. The gradual disintegration of rock, the slacking of various minerals, the falling down of matter and the movement of the waters through many ages, often increased by deluges, deposited and diffused the different earths and soils which now render the fields susceptible of cultivation. The rivers rolled down quantities of matter in their turbid courses, and deposited them at their embouchures. Thus the deltas of the Nile and the Mississippi were formed, and have not occupied less than a million of years. Floods undoubtedly passed over the globe, carrying boulders from one region to another, filling up basins, washing down hills, distributing the débris of mountain rocks in their progress, and diversifying the surface of the earth. The centre of the State of New York, known as the Onondaga Salt Basin, is one of these diluvial deposits, superimposed upon the Niagara limestone. It derives its salt from the formation on its southern boundary; hence the superiority of the Syracuse to the Salina wells. Alluvial soil increased wherever climate would permit, and often attained great depths, as in the bottom lands of the United States, and some of the most fertile parts of Europe. The flora of this epoch was similar to that of the present day, but more luxuriant, and, owing to a higher temperature and a more equable climate throughout the world, exhibited much less the influence of latitude. Life, too, was expressed in every form, from the smallest to the largest species—from the bird to the mammoth. One example may illustrate it. "Grand indeed," says an English naturalist, "was the fauna of the British islands in those early days. Tigers as large again as the biggest Asiatic species lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants of nearly twice the bulk of the individuals that now exist in Africa or Ceylon roamed in herds; rhinoceri forced their way through the primeval forest; and the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami, as bulky and with as great tusks as those of Africa. The massive cave-bear and hyena belonged to the same group, with great oxen, and an elk ten feet in height." Truly, adds Mr. Miller, "this Tertiary age—this third and last of the great geological periods—was peculiarly the age of great beasts of the earth after their kind, and of cattle after their kind."

For this age desolations were likewise appointed; the exuberance of life was crushed out by fearful cataclysms and throes which shook the globe to its centre; and the preparation of the earth for its high destiny was continued through countless ages of time.

The sixth day of Moses—the sixth grand period of the genesis of the world which has been thus rapidly and succinctly delineated—was now drawing to a close. The earth had been long, long quiet; no convulsions disturbed the face of nature; all was repose. The ever-revolving seasons, and the gray eve and the ruddy morn returned anon to bless creation; and the "bright eyes" of heaven "rained influence."

> "——Earth in her rich attire
> Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
> By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked
> Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained:
> There wanted yet the master-work, the end
> Of all yet done."

With the advent of man the labor of creation terminated. Adam, "the goodliest of men," came from the hand of God to rule the glorious heritage, "the image of his Maker." How majestic he was in his original uprightness, how admirable, how beautiful his abode, may be gathered from the words of Dr. South: "Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise."

> "From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began;
> From harmony to harmony,
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full in man."

The beauty was not to last. Sin soon entered and marred the fair creation; and God, who had rested from all his work, hallowed the seventh day—the present period—by commencing the task of the redemption of His fallen race. In the great Sabbath of God is worked out the restoration of man, and the glory of the creation perfected through the sacrifice of the Eternal Son, "by whom are all things."

Since the advent of man no great derangement of the earth has occurred. The Noachic deluge, though universal for man, was, as is clearly proven by the records in the hills, confined to the portion of the globe then inhabited. It was a judgment, the first of God's great visitations in wrath for the sins of man, but it was not without mercy.

The seventh day—the last great period with which the "grand drama" must close—progresses; nearly sixty centuries have passed away, and nature still is quiet. To man it seems as if it could never change—that seed-time and harvest would endure forever. It is the period of forbearance. Another convulsion must come, more awful than any that have preceded it; again "the elements will melt with fervent heat."

But what then? "The general tenor of prophecy, and the analogies of the Divine dealings," says Alford, "all point unmistakably to this earth, purified and renewed, as the eternal habitation of the blessed." When the last fearful day shall have been numbered, the purposes of God completed, and His word fulfilled, the "new earth," purged from corruption and redeemed from sin—the Paradise of the faithful in Christ—will abide in an everlasting Sabbath. "*But of that day knoweth no man.*"

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOUSE-MAID'S FACE.

ALL was quiet at Thorpe-Ambrose. The hall was solitary, the rooms were dark. The servants, waiting for the supper-hour in the garden at the back of the house, looked up at the clear heaven and the rising moon, and agreed that there was little prospect of the return of the picnic party until later in the night. The general opinion, led by the high authority of the cook, predicted that they might all sit down to supper without the least fear of being disturbed by the bell. Having arrived at this conclusion the servants assembled round the table, and exactly at the moment when they sat down the bell rang.

The footman, wondering, went up stairs to open the door, and found, to his astonishment, Midwinter waiting alone on the threshold, and looking (in the servant's opinion) miserably ill. He asked for a light, and saying he wanted nothing else withdrew at once to his room. The footman went back to his fellow-servants and reported that something had certainly happened to his master's friend.

On entering his room Midwinter closed the door, and hurriedly filled a bag with the necessaries for traveling. This done, he took from a locked drawer, and placed in the breast-pocket of his coat, some little presents which Allan had given to him—a cigar-case, a purse, and a set of studs in plain gold. Having possessed himself of these memorials he snatched up the bag and laid his hand on the door. There, for the first time, he paused. There the headlong haste of all his actions thus far suddenly ceased, and the hard despair in his face began to soften. He waited, with the door in his hand.

Up to that moment he had been conscious of but one motive that animated him, but one purpose that he was resolute to achieve. "For Allan's sake!" he had said to himself, when he looked back toward the fatal landscape and saw his friend leaving him to meet the woman at the pool. "For Allan's sake!" he had said again, when he crossed the open country beyond the wood, and saw afar, in the gray twilight, the long line of embankment and the distant glimmer of the railway lamps beckoning him away already to the iron road.

It was only when he now paused before he closed the door behind him—it was only when his own impetuous rapidity of action came for the first time to a check—that the nobler nature of the man rose in protest against the superstitious despair which was hurrying him from all that he held dear. His conviction of the terrible necessity of leaving Allan for Allan's good had not been shaken for an instant since he had seen the first vision of the Dream realized on the shores of the Mere. But now, for the first time, his own heart rose against him in unanswerable rebuke. "Go, if you must and will! but remember the time when you were ill and he sat by your bedside; friendless and he opened his heart to you—and write, if you fear to speak; write and ask him to forgive you, before you leave him forever!"

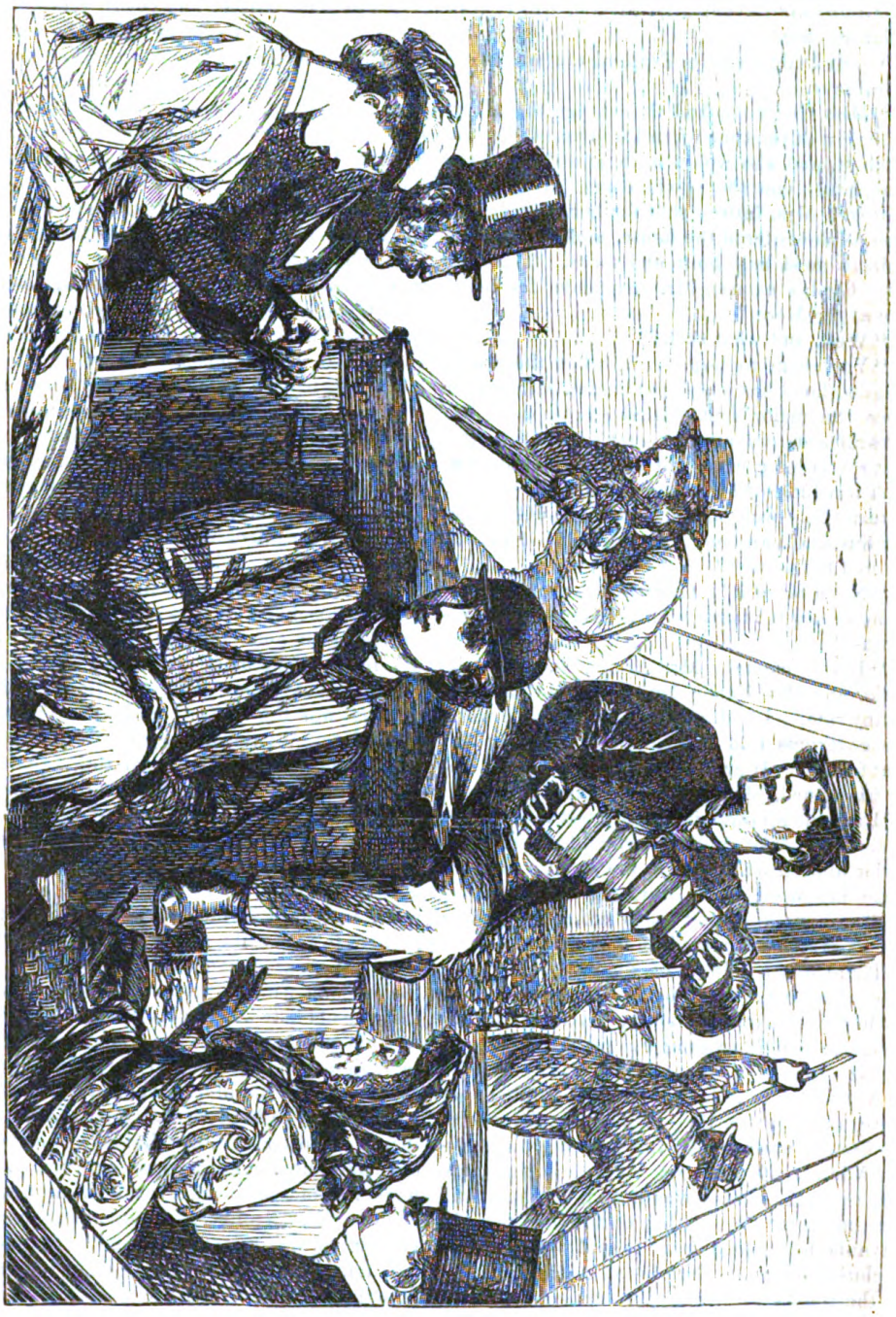
The half-opened door closed again softly. Midwinter sat down at the writing-table and took up the pen. He tried again and again, and yet again, to write the farewell words; he tried till the floor all round him was littered with torn sheets of paper. Turn from them which way he would the old times still came back and faced him reproachfully. The spacious bedchamber in which he sat narrowed, in spite of him, to the sick usher's garret at the west-country inn. The kind hand that had once patted him on the shoulder touched him again; the kind voice that had cheered him spoke unchangeably in the old friendly tones. He flung his arms on the table, and dropped his head on them in tearless despair. The parting words that his tongue was powerless to utter his pen was powerless to write. Mercilessly in earnest, his superstition pointed to him to go while the time was his own; mercilessly in earnest, his love for Allan held him back till the farewell plea for pardon and pity was written.

He rose, with a sudden resolution, and rang for the servant. "When Mr. Armadale returns," he said, "ask him to excuse my coming down stairs, and say that I am trying to get to sleep." He locked the door and put out the light, and sat down alone in the darkness. "The night will keep us apart," he said, "and time may help me to write. I may go in the early morning; I may go while—" The thought died in him uncompleted; and the sharp agony of the struggle forced to his lips the first cry of suffering that had escaped him yet.

He waited in the darkness. As the time stole on his senses remained mechanically awake, but his mind began to sink slowly under the heavy strain that had now been laid on it for some hours past. A dull vacancy possessed him; he made no attempt to kindle the light and write once more. He never started; he never moved to the open window when the first sound of approaching wheels broke in on the silence of the night. He heard the carriages draw up at the door; he heard the horses champing their bits; he heard the voices of Allan and young Pedgift on the steps—and still he sat quiet in the darkness, and still no interest was aroused in him by the sounds that reached his ear from outside.

The voices remained audible after the car-

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MUSIC ON THE WATER.—[SEE JULY NUMBER, PAGE 201.]

riages had been driven away; the two young men were evidently lingering on the steps before they took leave of each other. Every word they said reached Midwinter through the open window. Their one subject of conversation was the new governess. Allan's voice was loud in her praise. He had never passed such an hour of delight in his life as the hour he had spent with Miss Gwilt in the boat on the way from Hurle Mere to the picnic party waiting at the other Broad. Agreeing, on his side, with all that his client said in praise of the charming stranger, young Pedgift appeared to treat the subject, when it fell into his hands, from a different point of view. Miss Gwilt's attractions had not so entirely absorbed his attention as to prevent him from noticing the impression which the new governess had produced on her employer and her pupil.

"There's a screw loose somewhere, Sir, in Major Milroy's family," said the voice of young Pedgift. "Did you notice how the major and his daughter looked when Miss Gwilt made her excuses for being late at the Mere? You don't remember? Do you remember what Miss Gwilt said?"

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"Something about Mrs. Milroy, wasn't it?" Allan rejoined.

Young Pedgift's voice dropped mysteriously a note lower.

"Miss Gwilt reached the cottage this afternoon, Sir, at the time when I told you she would reach it, and she would have joined us at the time I told you she would come, but for Mrs. Milroy. Mrs. Milroy sent for her up stairs as soon as she entered the house, and kept her up stairs a good half hour and more. That was Miss Gwilt's excuse, Mr. Armadale, for being late at the Mere."

"Well, and what then?"

"You seem to forget, Sir, what the whole neighborhood has heard about Mrs. Milroy ever since the major first settled among us. We have all been told, on the doctor's own authority, that she is too great a sufferer to see strangers. Isn't it a little odd that she should have suddenly turned out well enough to see Miss Gwilt (in her husband's absence) the moment Miss Gwilt entered the house?"

"Not a bit of it! Of course she was anxious to make acquaintance with her daughter's governess."

"Likely enough, Mr. Armadale. But the major and Miss Neelie don't see it in that light, at any rate. I had my eye on them both when the governess told them that Mrs. Milroy had sent for her. If ever I saw a girl look thoroughly frightened, Miss Milroy was that girl; and (if I may be allowed, in the strictest confidence, to libel a gallant soldier) I should say that the major himself was much in the same condition. Take my word for it, Sir, there's something wrong up stairs in that pretty cottage of yours; and Miss Gwilt is mixed up in it already."

There was a minute of silence. When the voices were next heard by Midwinter they were farther away from the house, Allan was probably accompanying young Pedgift a few steps on his way back.

After a while Allan's voice was audible once more under the portico, making inquiries after his friend; answered by the servant's voice giving Midwinter's message. This brief interruption over, the silence was not broken again till the time came for shutting up the house. The servants' footsteps passing to and fro, the clang of closing doors, the barking of a disturbed dog in the stable-yard—these sounds warned Midwinter that it was getting late. He rose mechanically to kindle a light. But his head was giddy, his hand trembled—he laid aside the match-box, and returned to his chair. The conversation between Allan and young Pedgift had ceased to occupy his attention the instant he ceased to hear it; and now again, the sense that the precious time was failing him became a lost sense, as soon as the house-noises which had awakened it had passed away. His energies of body and mind were both alike worn out; he waited with a stolid resignation for the trouble that was to come to him with the coming day.

An interval passed, and the silence was once more disturbed by voices outside; the voices of a man and a woman this time. The first few words exchanged between them indicated plainly enough a meeting of the clandestine kind; and revealed the man as one of the servants at Thorpe-Ambrose, and the woman as one of the servants at the cottage.

Here again, after the first greetings were over, the subject of the new governess became the all-absorbing subject of conversation. The woman was brimful of forebodings (inspired solely by Miss Gwilt's good looks), which she poured out irrepressibly on the man, try as he might to divert her to other topics. Sooner or later, let him mark her words, there would be an awful "upset" at the cottage. Her master, it might be mentioned in confidence, led a dreadful life with her mistress. The major was the best of men; he hadn't a thought in his heart beyond his daughter and his everlasting clock. But only let a nice-looking woman come near the place, and Mrs. Milroy was jealous of her—raging jealous, like a woman possessed, on that miserable sick-bed of hers. If Miss Gwilt (who was certainly good-looking, in spite of her hideous hair) didn't blow the fire into a flame before many days more were over their heads the mistress was the mistress no longer, but somebody else. Whatever happened, the fault, this time, would lie at the door of the major's mother. The old lady and the mistress had had a dreadful quarrel two years since; and the old lady had gone away in a fury, telling her son, before all the servants, that if he had a spark of spirit in him, he would never submit to his wife's temper as he did. It would be too much perhaps to accuse the major's mother of purposely picking out a handsome governess to spite the major's wife. But it might be safely said that the old lady was the last person in the world to humor the mistress's jealousy, by declining to engage a capable and respectable governess for her grand-daughter, because that governess happened to be blessed with good looks. How it was all to end (except that it was certain to end badly) no human creature could say. Things were looking as black already as things well could. Miss Neelie was crying, after the day's pleasure (which was one bad sign); the mistress had found fault with nobody (which was another); the master had wished her good-night through the door (which was a third); and the governess had locked herself up in her room (which was the worst sign of all, for it looked as if she distrusted the servants). Thus the stream of the woman's gossip ran on, and thus it reached Midwinter's ears through the window, till the clock in the stable-yard struck, and stopped the talking. When the last vibrations of the bell had died away the voices were not audible again, and the silence was broken no more.

Another interval passed, and Midwinter made a new effort to rouse himself. This time he kindled the light without hesitation, and took the pen in hand.

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He wrote at the first trial with a sudden facility of expression, which, surprising him as he went on, ended in rousing in him some vague suspicion of himself. He left the table, and bathed his head and face in water, and came back to read what he had written. The language was barely intelligible—sentences were left unfinished; words were misplaced one for the other—every line recorded the protest of the weary brain against the merciless will that had forced it into action. Midwinter tore up the sheet of paper as he had torn up the other sheets before it—and sinking under the struggle at last, laid his weary head on the pillow. Almost on the instant exhaustion overcame him, and before he could put the light out he fell asleep.

He was roused by a noise at the door. The sunlight was pouring into the room; the candle had burned down into the socket; and the servant was waiting outside with a letter which had come for him by the morning's post.

"I ventured to disturb you, Sir," said the man, when Midwinter opened the door, "because the letter is marked 'Immediate,' and I didn't know but it might be of some consequence."

Midwinter thanked him, and looked at the letter. It *was* of some consequence—the handwriting was Mr. Brock's.

He paused to collect his faculties. The torn sheets of paper on the floor recalled to him in a moment the position in which he stood. He locked the door again, in the fear that Allan might rise earlier than usual and come in to make inquiries. Then—feeling strangely little interest in any thing that the rector could write to him now—he opened Mr. Brock's letter, and read these lines:

"*Tuesday.*

"My dear Midwinter,—It is sometimes best to tell bad news plainly in few words. Let me tell mine at once in one sentence. My precautions have all been defeated; the woman has escaped me.

"This misfortune—for it is nothing less—happened yesterday (Monday). Between eleven and twelve in the forenoon of that day, the business which originally brought me to London obliged me to go to Doctors' Commons, and to leave my servant Robert to watch the house opposite our lodging until my return. About an hour and a half after my departure he observed an empty cab drawn up at the door of the house. Boxes and bags made their appearance first; they were followed by the woman herself, in the dress I had first seen her in. Having previously secured a cab, Robert traced her to the terminus of the Northwestern Railway—saw her pass through the ticket-office—kept her in view till she reached the platform—and there, in the confusion caused by the starting of a large mixed train, lost her. I must do him the justice to say that he at once took the right course in this emergency. Instead of wasting time in searching for her on the platform, he looked along the line of carriages; and he positively declares that he failed to see her in any one of them. He admits, at the same time, that his search (conducted between two o'clock, when he lost sight of her, and ten minutes past, when the train started), was, in the confusion of the moment, necessarily an imperfect one. But this latter circumstance, in my opinion, matters little. I as firmly disbelieve in the woman's actual departure by that train as if I had searched every one of the carriages myself; and you, I have no doubt, will entirely agree with me.

"You now know how the disaster happened. Let us not waste time and words in lamenting it. The evil is done—and you and I together must find the way to remedy it.

"What I have accomplished already, on my side, may be told in two words. Any hesitation I might have previously felt at trusting this delicate business in strangers' hands, was at an end the moment I heard Robert's news. I went back at once to the city, and placed the whole matter confidentially before my lawyers. The conference was a long one; and when I left the office it was past the post-hour, or I should have written to you on Monday instead of writing to-day. My interview with the lawyers was not very encouraging. They warn me plainly that serious difficulties stand in the way of our recovering the last trace. But they have promised to do their best; and we have decided on the course to be taken—excepting one point on which we totally differ. I must tell you what this difference is; for while business keeps me away from Thorpe-Ambrose you are the only person whom I can trust to put my convictions to the test.

"The lawyers are of opinion, then, that the woman has been aware from the first that I was watching her; that there is, consequently, no present hope of her being rash enough to appear personally at Thorpe-Ambrose; that any mischief she may have in contemplation to do will be done in the first instance by deputy; and that the only wise course for Allan's friends and guardians to take is to wait passively till events enlighten them. My own idea is diametrically opposed to this. After what has happened at the railway I can not deny that the woman must have discovered that I was watching her. But she has no reason to suppose that she has not succeeded in deceiving me; and I firmly believe she is bold enough to take us by surprise, and to win, or force, her way into Allan's confidence before we are prepared to prevent her. You and you only (while I am detained in London) can decide whether I am right or wrong—and you can do it in this way. Ascertain at once whether any woman who is a stranger in the neighborhood has appeared since Monday last at, or near, Thorpe-Ambrose. If any such person has been observed (and nobody escapes observation in the country), take the first opportunity you can get of seeing her, and ask yourself if her face does, or does not, answer certain plain questions which I

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am now about to write down for you. You may depend on my accuracy. I saw the woman unveiled on more than one occasion—and the last time through an excellent glass.

"1. Is her hair light brown, and (apparently) not very plentiful? 2. Is her forehead high, narrow, and sloping backward from the brow? 3. Are her eyebrows very faintly marked, and are her eyes small, and nearer dark than light—either gray or hazel (I have not seen her close enough to be certain which)? 4. Is her nose aquiline? 5. Are her lips thin, and is the upper lip long? 6. Does her complexion look like an originally fair complexion, which has deteriorated into a dull, sickly paleness? 7 (and lastly). Has she a retreating chin, and is there, on the left side of it, a mark of some kind—a mole or a scar, I can't say which?

"I add nothing about her expression, for you may see her under circumstances which may partially alter it as seen by me. Test her by her features, which no circumstances can change. If there is a stranger in the neighborhood, and if her face answers my seven questions—*you have found the woman!* Go instantly, in that case, to the nearest lawyer, and pledge my name and credit for whatever expenses may be incurred in keeping her under inspection night and day. Having done this, take the speediest means of communicating with me; and whether my business is finished or not, I will start for Norfolk by the first train.

"In any event—whether you succeed or whether you fail in confirming my suspicions—write to me by return of post. If it is only to tell me that you have received my letter, write! I am suffering under anxiety and suspense, separated as I am from Allan, which you alone can relieve. Having said this, I know you well enough to feel sure that I need say no more.

"Always your friend,
"DECIMUS BROCK."

Hardened by the fatalist conviction that now possessed him, Midwinter read the rector's confession of defeat from the first line to the last without the slightest betrayal either of interest or surprise. The one part of the letter at which he looked back was the closing part of it. He read the last paragraph for the second time; and then waited for a moment reflecting on it. "I owe much to Mr. Brock's kindness," he thought, "and I shall never see Mr. Brock again. It is useless and hopeless—but he asks me to it and it shall be done. A moment's look at her will be enough—a moment's look at her with his letter in my hand—and a line to tell him that the woman is here!"

Again he stood hesitating at the half-opened door; again, the cruel necessity of writing his farewell to Allan stopped him and stared him in the face.

He looked aside doubtingly at the rector's letter. "I will write the two together," he said. "One may help the other." His face flushed deep as the words escaped him. He was conscious of doing what he had not done yet—of voluntarily putting off the evil hour; of making Mr. Brock the pretext for gaining the last respite left, the respite of time.

The only sound that reached him through the open door was the sound of Allan stirring noisily in the next room. He stepped at once into the empty corridor; and, meeting no one on the stairs, made his way out of the house. The dread that his resolution to leave Allan might fail him, if he saw Allan again, was as vividly present to his mind in the morning as it had been all through the night. He drew a deep breath of relief as he descended the house steps—relief at having escaped the friendly greeting of the morning from the one human creature whom he loved!

He entered the shrubbery with Mr. Brock's letter in his hand and took the nearest way that led to the major's cottage. Not the slightest recollection was in his mind of the talk which had found its way to his ears during the night. His one reason for determining to see the woman was the reason which the rector had put in his mind. The one remembrance that now guided him to the place in which she lived, was the remembrance of Allan's exclamation when he first identified the governess with the figure at the pool.

Arrived at the gate of the cottage he stopped. The thought struck him that he might defeat his own object if he looked at the rector's questions in the woman's presence. Her suspicions would be probably roused, in the first instance, by his asking to see her (as he had determined to ask, with or without an excuse); and the appearance of the letter in his hand might confirm them. She might defeat him by instantly leaving the room. Determined to fix the description in his mind first, and then to confront her, he opened the letter; and turning away slowly by the side of the house, read the seven questions which he felt absolutely assured beforehand the woman's face would answer.

In the morning quiet of the park slight noises traveled far. A slight noise disturbed Midwinter over the letter.

He looked up and found himself on the brink of a broad grassy trench, having the park on one side and the high laurel hedge of an inclosure on the other. The inclosure evidently surrounded the back garden of the cottage; and the trench was intended to protect it from being damaged by the cattle grazing in the park. Listening carefully as the slight sound which had disturbed him grew fainter, he recognized in it the rustling of women's dresses. A few paces ahead the trench was crossed by a bridge (closed by a wicket-gate) which connected the garden with the park. He passed through the gate, crossed the bridge, and, opening a door at the other end, found himself in a summer-house, thickly covered with creepers, and commanding a full view of the garden from end to end.

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He looked, and saw the figures of two ladies walking slowly away from him toward the cottage. The shorter of the two failed to occupy his attention for an instant—he never stopped to think whether she was, or was not, the major's daughter. His eyes were riveted on the other figure—the figure that moved over the garden-walk with the long, lightly-falling dress, and the easy seductive grace. There, presented exactly as he had seen her once already—there, with her back again turned on him, was the Woman at the pool!

There was a chance that he might take another turn in the garden—a turn back toward the summer-house. On that chance Midwinter waited. No consciousness of the intrusion that he was committing had stopped him at the door of the summer-house; and no consciousness of it troubled him even now. Every finer sensibility in his nature, sinking under the cruel laceration of the past night, had ceased to feel. The dogged resolution to do what he had come to do, was the one animating influence left alive in him. He acted, he even looked, as the most stolid man living might have acted and looked in his place. He was self-possessed enough, in the interval of expectation, before governess and pupil reached the end of the walk, to open Mr. Brock's letter, and to fortify his memory by a last look at the paragraph which described her face.

He was still absorbed over the description when he heard the smooth rustle of the dresses traveling toward him again. Standing in the shadow of the summer-house he waited while she lessened the distance between them. With her written portrait vividly impressed on his mind, and with the clear light of the morning to help him, his eyes questioned her as she came on; and these were the answers that her face gave him back.

The hair in the rector's description was light brown and not plentiful. This woman's hair, superbly luxuriant in its growth, was of the one unpardonably remarkable shade of color which the prejudice of the northern nations never entirely forgives—it was *red!* The forehead in the rector's description was high, narrow, and sloping backward from the brow; the eyebrows were faintly marked, and the eyes small, and in color either gray or hazel. This woman's forehead was low, upright, and broad toward the temples; her eyebrows, at once strongly and delicately marked, were a shade darker than her hair; her eyes, large, bright, and well-opened, were of that purely blue color, without a tinge in it of gray or green, so often presented to our admiration in pictures and books, so rarely met with in the living face. The nose in the rector's description was aquiline. The line of this woman's nose bent neither outward nor inward: it was the straight delicately-moulded nose (with the short upper-lip beneath) of the ancient statues and busts. The lips in the rector's description were thin, and the upper-lip long; the complexion was of a dull sickly paleness; the chin retreating, and the mark of a mole or a scar on the left side of it. This woman's lips were full, rich, and sensual. Her complexion was the lovely complexion which accompanies such hair as hers—so delicately bright in its rosier tints, so warmly and softly white in its gentler gradations of color on the forehead and the neck. Her chin, round and dimpled, was pure of the slightest blemish in every part of it, and perfectly in line with her forehead to the end. Nearer and nearer, and fairer and fairer she came, in the glow of the morning light—the most startling, the most unanswerable contradiction that eye could see or mind conceive to the description in the rector's letter.

Both governess and pupil were close to the summer-house before they looked that way and noticed Midwinter standing inside. The governess saw him first.

"A friend of yours, Miss Milroy?" she asked, quietly, without starting or betraying any sign of surprise.

Neelie recognized him instantly. Prejudiced against Midwinter by his conduct when his friend had introduced him at the cottage, she now fairly detested him as the unlucky first cause of her misunderstanding with Allan at the picnic. Her face flushed, and she drew back from the summer-house with an expression of merciless surprise.

"He is a friend of Mr. Armadale's," she replied, sharply. "I don't know what he wants, or why he is here."

"A friend of Mr. Armadale's!" The governess's face lit up with a suddenly-roused interest as she repeated the words. She returned Midwinter's look, still steadily fixed on her, with equal steadiness on her side.

"For my part," pursued Neelie, resenting Midwinter's insensibility to her presence on the scene, "I think it a great liberty to treat papa's garden as if it was the open park!"

The governess turned round and gently interposed.

"My dear Miss Milroy," she remonstrated, "there are certain distinctions to be observed. This gentleman is a friend of Mr. Armadale's. You could hardly express yourself more strongly if he was a perfect stranger."

"I express my opinion," retorted Neelie, chafing under the satirically indulgent tone in which the governess addressed her. "It is a matter of taste, Miss Gwilt; and tastes differ." She turned away petulantly, and walked back by herself to the cottage.

"She is very young," said Miss Gwilt, appealing with a smile to Midwinter's forbearance; "and, as you must see for yourself, Sir, she is a spoiled child." She paused—showed, for an instant only, her surprise at Midwinter's strange silence and strange persistency in keeping his eyes still fixed on her—then set herself, with a charming grace and readiness, to help him out of the false position in which he stood. "As you have extended your walk thus far," she resumed, "perhaps you will kindly favor me, on

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your return, by taking a message to your friend? Mr. Armadale has been so good as to invite me to see the Thorpe-Ambrose gardens this morning. Will you say that Major Milroy permits me to accept the invitation (in company with Miss Milroy) between ten and eleven o'clock?" For a moment her eyes rested, with a renewed look of interest, on Midwinter's face. She waited, still in vain, for an answering word from him—smiled, as if his extraordinary silence amused rather than angered her—and followed her pupil back to the cottage.

It was only when the last trace of her had disappeared that Midwinter roused himself and attempted to realize the position in which he stood. The revelation of her beauty was in no respect answerable for the breathless astonishment which had held him spell-bound up to this moment. The one clear impression she had produced on him thus far began and ended with his discovery of the astounding contradiction that her face offered, in one feature after another, to the description in Mr. Brock's letter. All beyond this was vague and misty—a dim consciousness of a tall, elegant woman, and of kind words, modestly and gracefully spoken to him, and nothing more.

He advanced a few steps into the garden, without knowing why—stopped, glancing hither and thither like a man lost—recognized the summer-house by an effort, as if years had elapsed since he had seen it—and made his way out again, at last, into the park. Even here, he wandered first in one direction, then in another. His mind was still reeling under the shock that had fallen on it; his perceptions were all confused. Something kept him mechanically in action, walking eagerly without a motive—walking he knew not where.

A far less sensitively organized man might have been overwhelmed, as he was overwhelmed now, by the immense, the instantaneous revulsion of feeling which the event of the last few minutes had wrought in his mind.

At the memorable instant when he had opened the door of the summer-house no confusing influence troubled his faculties. Right or wrong, in all that related to his position toward his friend, he had reached an absolutely definite conclusion by an absolutely definite process of thought. The whole strength of the motive which had driven him into the resolution to part from Allan rooted itself in the belief that he had seen at Hurl Mere the fatal fulfillment of the first Vision of the Dream. And this belief, in its turn, rested necessarily on the conviction that the woman who was the one survivor of the tragedy in Madeira must be also inevitably the woman whom he had seen standing in the Shadow's place at the pool. Firm in that persuasion, he had himself compared the object of his distrust and of the rector's distrust with the description written by the rector himself—a description carefully minute, by a man entirely trust-worthy—and his own eyes had informed him that the woman whom he had seen at the Mere and the woman whom Mr. Brock had identified in London were not one, but Two. In the place of the Dream-Shadow there had stood, on the evidence of the rector's letter, not the instrument of the Fatality—but a stranger!

No such doubts as might have troubled a less superstitious man were started in *his* mind by the discovery that had now opened on him.

It never occurred to him to ask himself whether a stranger might not be the appointed instrument of the Fatality, now when the letter had persuaded him that a stranger had been revealed as the figure in the dream-landscape. No such idea entered, or could enter, his mind. The one woman whom *his* superstition dreaded was the woman who had entwined herself with the lives of the two Armadales in the first generation, and with the fortunes of the two Armadales in the second—who was at once the marked object of his father's death-bed warning and the first cause of the family calamities which had opened Allan's way to the Thorpe-Ambrose estate—the woman, in a word, whom he would have known instinctively, but for Mr Brock's letter, to be the woman whom he had now actually seen.

Looking at events as they had just happened, under the influence of the misapprehension into which the rector had innocently misled him, his mind saw and seized its new conclusion instantaneously; acting precisely as it had acted in the past time of his interview with Mr. Brock at the Isle of Man.

Exactly as he had once declared it to be an all-sufficient refutation of the idea of the Fatality; that he had never met with the timber ship in any of his voyages at sea—so he now seized on the similarly-derived conclusion that the whole claim of the Dream to a supernatural origin stood self-refuted by the disclosure of a stranger in the Shadow's place. Once started from this point—once encouraged to let his love for Allan influence him undividedly again—his mind hurried along the whole resulting chain of thought at lightning speed. If the Dream was proved to be no longer a warning from the other world, it followed inevitably that accident, and not fate, had led the way to the night on the Wreck, and that all the events which had happened since Allan and he had parted from Mr. Brock were events in themselves harmless, which his superstition had distorted from their proper shape. In less than a moment his mobile imagination had taken him back to the morning at Castletown when he had revealed to the rector the secret of his name; when he had declared to the rector, with his father's letter before his eyes, the better faith that was in him. Now once more he felt his heart holding firmly by the bond of brotherhood between Allan and himself; now once more he could say, with the eager sincerity of the old time, "If the thought of leaving him breaks my heart, the thought of leaving him is wrong!" As that nobler conviction possessed itself again of his mind—quiet-

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ing the tumult, clearing the confusion within him—the house at Thorpe-Ambrose, with Allan on the steps, waiting and looking for him, opened on his eyes through the trees. A sense of illimitable relief lifted his eager spirit high above the cares and doubts and fears that had oppressed it so long; and showed him once more the better and brighter future of his early dreams. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the rector's letter in his wild, passionate way to his lips as he looked at Allan through the vista of the trees. "But for this morsel of paper," he thought, "my life might have been one long sorrow to me, and my father's crime might have parted us forever!"

Such was the result of the stratagem which had shown the house-maid's face to Mr. Brock as the face of Miss Gwilt. And so—by shaking Midwinter's trust in his own superstition, in the one case in which that superstition pointed to the truth—did Mother Oldershaw's cunning triumph over difficulties and dangers, which had never been contemplated by Mother Oldershaw herself.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS GWILT AMONG THE QUICKSANDS.

1.—*From the Reverend Decimus Brock to Ozias Midwinter.*

"*Thursday.*

"My dear Midwinter,—No words can tell what a relief it was to me to get your letter this morning, and what a happiness I honestly feel in having been, thus far, proved to be in the wrong. The precautions you have taken, in case the woman should still confirm my apprehensions by venturing herself at Thorpe-Ambrose, seem to me to be all that can be desired. You are no doubt sure to hear of her from one or other of the people in the lawyer's office, whom you have asked to inform you of the appearance of a stranger in the town.

"I am the more pleased at finding how entirely I can trust you in this matter—for I am likely to be obliged to leave Allan's interests longer than I supposed solely in your hands. My visit to Thorpe-Ambrose must, I regret to say, be deferred for two months. The only one of my brother-clergymen in London who is able to take my duty for me can not make it convenient to remove with his family to Somersetshire before that time. I have no alternative but to finish my business here, and be back at my rectory on Saturday next. If any thing happens, you will of course instantly communicate with me; and, in that case, be the inconvenience what it may, I must leave home for Thorpe-Ambrose. If, on the other hand, all goes more smoothly than my own obstinate apprehensions will allow me to suppose, then Allan (to whom I have written) must not expect to see me till this day two months.

"No result has, up to this time, rewarded our exertions to recover the trace lost at the railway. I will keep my letter open, however, until post time, in case the next few hours bring any news. Always truly yours,

"Decimus Brock."

"P.S.—I have just heard from the lawyers'. They have found out the name the woman passed by in London. If this discovery (not a very important one, I am afraid) suggests any new course of proceeding to you, pray act on it at once. The name is—Miss Gwilt."

2.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.*

"The Cottage, Thorpe-Ambrose,
"*Saturday, June* 28.

"If you will promise not to be alarmed, Mamma Oldershaw, I will begin this letter in a very odd way, by copying a page of a letter written by somebody else. You have an excellent memory, and you may not have forgotten that I received a note from Major Milroy's mother (after she had engaged me as governess) on Monday last. It was dated and signed; and here it is, as far as the first page: 'June 23, 1851. Dear Madam,—Pray excuse my troubling you, before you go to Thorpe-Ambrose, with a word more about the habits observed in my son's household. When I had the pleasure of seeing you at two o'clock to-day, in Kingsdown Crescent, I had another appointment in a distant part of London at three; and, in the hurry of the moment, one or two little matters escaped me, which I think I ought to impress on your attention.' The rest of the letter is not of the slightest importance, but the lines that I have just copied are well worthy of all the attention you can bestow on them. They have saved me from discovery, my dear, before I have been a week in Major Milroy's service!

"It happened no later than yesterday evening, and it began and ended in this manner:

"There is a gentleman here (of whom I shall have more to say presently), who is an intimate friend of young Armadale's, and who bears the strange name of Midwinter. He contrived yesterday to speak to me alone in the Park. Almost as soon as he opened his lips I found that my name had been discovered in London (no doubt by the Somersetshire clergyman), and that Mr. Midwinter had been chosen (evidently by the same person) to identify the Miss Gwilt who had vanished from Brompton with the Miss Gwilt who had appeared at Thorpe-Ambrose. You foresaw this danger, I remember; but you could scarcely have imagined that the exposure would threaten me so soon.

"I spare you the details of our conversation, to come to the end. Mr. Midwinter put the matter very delicately, declaring, to my great surprise, that he felt quite certain himself that I was not the Miss Gwilt of whom his friend was in search, and that he only acted as he did out of regard to the anxiety of a person whose wishes he was bound to respect. Would I assist him in setting that anxiety completely at rest, so far as I was concerned, by kindly answering one

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plain question, which he had no other right to ask me than the right my indulgence might give him? The lost 'Miss Gwilt' had been missed on Monday last, at two o'clock, in the crowd on the platform of the Northwestern Railway, in Euston Square. Would I authorize him to say that on that day, and at that hour, the Miss Gwilt who was Major Milroy's governess had never been near the place?

"I need hardly tell you that I seized the fine opportunity he had given me of disarming all future suspicion. I took a high tone on the spot, and met him with the old lady's letter. He politely refused to look at it. I insisted on his looking at it. 'I don't choose to be mistaken,' I said, 'for a woman who may be a bad character, because she happens to bear, or to have assumed, the same name as mine. I insist on your reading the first part of this letter for my satisfaction, if not for your own.' He was obliged to comply—and there was the proof, in the old lady's own handwriting, that at two o'clock on Monday last she and I were together in Kingsdown Crescent, which any directory would tell him is a 'crescent' in Bayswater! I leave you to imagine his apologies, and the perfect sweetness with which I received them.

"I might, of course, if I had not preserved the letter, have referred him to you, or to the major's mother with similar results. As it is, the object has been gained without trouble or delay. *I have been proved not to be myself;* and one of the many dangers that threatened me at Thorpe-Ambrose is a danger blown over from this moment. Your house-maid's face may not be a very handsome one; but there is no denying that it has done us excellent service.

"So much for the past; now for the future. You shall hear how I get on with the people about me; and you shall judge for yourself what the chances are, for and against my becoming mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose.

"Let me begin with young Armadale—because it is beginning with good news. I have produced the right impression on him already, and Heaven knows *that* is nothing to boast of! Any moderately good-looking woman who chose to take the trouble, could make him fall in love with her. He is a rattle-pated young fool—one of those noisy, rosy, light-haired, good-tempered men, whom I particularly detest. I had a whole hour alone with him in a boat, the first day I came here, and I have made good use of my time, I can tell you, from that day to this. The only difficulty with him is the difficulty of concealing my own feelings—especially when he turns my dislike of him into downright hatred by sometimes reminding me of his mother. I really never saw a man whom I could use so ill if I had the opportunity. He will give me the opportunity, I believe, if no accident happens, sooner than we calculated on. I have just returned from a party at the great house, in celebration of the rent-day dinner, and the squire's attentions to me, and my modest reluctance to receive them, have already excited general remark.

"My pupil, Miss Milroy, comes next. She too is rosy and foolish; and, what is more, awkward and squat and freckled and ill-tempered and ill-dressed. No fear of *her*, though she hates me like poison, which is a great comfort, for I get rid of her out of lesson-time and walking-time. It is perfectly easy to see that she has made the most of her opportunities with young Armadale (opportunities, by-the-by, which we never calculated on); and that she has been stupid enough to let him slip through her fingers. When I tell you that she is obliged, for the sake of appearances, to go with her father and me to the little entertainments at Thorpe-Ambrose, and to see how young Armadale admires me, you will understand the kind of place I hold in her affections. She would try me past all endurance if I didn't see that I aggravate her by keeping my temper—so of course I keep it. If I do break out it will be over our lessons—not over our French, our grammar, history, and globes—but over our music. No words can say how I feel for her poor piano. Half the musical girls in England ought to have their fingers chopped off in the interests of society; and, if I had my way, Miss Milroy's fingers should be executed first.

"As for the major, I can hardly stand higher in his estimation than I stand already. I am always ready to make his breakfast—and his daughter is not. I can always find things for him when he loses them—and his daughter can't. I never yawn when he proses—and his daughter does. I like the poor dear harmless old gentleman; so I won't say a word more about him.

"Well, here is a fair prospect for the future surely? My good Oldershaw, there never was a prospect yet without an ugly place in it. *My* prospect has two ugly places in it. The name of one of them is Mrs. Milroy; and the name of the other is Mr. Midwinter.

"Mrs. Milroy first. Before I had been five minutes in the cottage, on the day of my arrival, what do you think she did? She sent down stairs and asked to see me. The message startled me a little—after hearing from the old lady, in London, that her daughter-in-law was too great a sufferer to see any body; but of course when I got her message I had no choice but to go up stairs to the sick-room. I found her bedridden with an incurable spinal complaint, and a really horrible object to look at—but with all her wits about her; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, as deceitful a woman, with as vile a temper, as you could find any where in all your long experience. Her excessive politeness, and her keeping her own face in the shade of the bed-curtains while she contrived to keep mine in the light, put me on my guard the moment I entered the room. We were more than half an hour together without my stepping into any one of the many clever little

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traps she laid for me. The only mystery in her behavior, which I failed to see through at the time, was her perpetually asking me to bring her things (things she evidently did not want) from different parts of the room.

"Since then events have enlightened me. My first suspicions were raised by overhearing some of the servants' gossip; and I have been confirmed in my opinion by the conduct of Mrs. Milroy's nurse. On the few occasions when I have happened to be alone with the major, the nurse has also happened to want something of her master, and has invariably forgotten to announce her appearance by knocking at the door. Do you understand now why Mrs. Milroy sent for me the moment I got into the house, and what she wanted, when she kept me going backward and forward, first for one thing and then for another? There is hardly an attractive light in which my face and figure can be seen in which that woman's jealous eyes have not studied them already. I am no longer puzzled to know why the father and daughter started, and looked at each other, when I was first presented to them; or why the servants still stare at me with a mischievous expectation in their eyes when I ring the bell and ask them to do any thing. It is useless to disguise the truth, Mother Oldershaw, between you and me. When I went up stairs into that sick-room I marched blindfold into the clutches of a jealous woman. If Mrs. Milroy *can* turn me out of the house, Mrs. Milroy *will*—and, morning and night, she has nothing else to do in that bed-prison of hers but to find out the way.

"In this awkward position my own cautious conduct is admirably seconded by the dear old major's perfect insensibility. His wife's jealousy of him is as monstrous a delusion as any that could be found in a mad-house—it is the growth of her own vile temper, under the aggravation of an incurable illness. The poor man hasn't a thought beyond his mechanical pursuits; and I don't believe he knows at this moment whether I am a handsome woman or not. With this chance to help me I may hope to set the nurse's intrusions and the mistress's contrivances at defiance—for a time, at any rate. But you know what a jealous woman is, and I think I know what Mrs. Milroy is; and I own I shall breathe more freely on the day when young Armadale opens his foolish lips to some purpose, and sets the major advertising for a new governess.

"Armadale's name reminds me of Armadale's friend. There is more danger threatening in that quarter; and, what is worse, I don't feel half as well armed beforehand against Mr. Midwinter as I do against Mrs. Milroy.

"Every thing about this man is more or less mysterious, which I don't like to begin with. How does he come to be in the confidence of the Somersetshire clergyman? How much has that clergyman told him? How is it that he was so firmly persuaded, when he spoke to me in the park, that I was not the Miss Gwilt of whom his friend was in search? I haven't the ghost of an answer to give to either of those three questions. I can't even discover who he is, or how he and young Armadale first became acquainted. I hate him. No, I don't; I only want to find out about him. He is very young—little and lean and active and dark, with bright black eyes which say to me plainly, 'We belong to a man with brains in his head and a will of his own; a man who hasn't always been hanging about a country-house in attendance on a fool.' Yes; I am positively certain Mr. Midwinter has done something or suffered something in his past life, young as he is; and I would give I don't know what to get at it. Don't resent my taking up so much space in writing about him. He has influence enough over young Armadale to be a very awkward obstacle in my way, unless I can secure his good opinion at starting.

"Well, you may ask, and what is to prevent your securing his good opinion? I am sadly afraid, Mother Oldershaw, I have got it on terms I never bargained for. I am sadly afraid the man is in love with me already.

"Don't toss your head and say, 'Just like her vanity!' After the horrors I have gone through, I have no vanity left; and a man who admires me is a man who makes me shudder. There was a time, I own— Pooh! what am I writing? Sentiment, I declare! Sentiment to *you!* Laugh away, my dear. As for me, I neither laugh nor cry; I mend my pen, and get on with my—what do the men call it?—my report.

"The only thing worth inquiring is, whether I am right or wrong in my idea of the impression I have made on him. Let me see—I have been four times in his company. The first time was in the major's garden, where we met unexpectedly, face to face. He stood looking at me, like a man petrified, without speaking a word. The effect of my horrid red hair, perhaps? Quite likely—let us lay it on my hair. The second time was in going over the Thorpe-Ambrose grounds with young Armadale on one side of me and my pupil (in the sulks) on the other. Out comes Mr. Midwinter to join us—though he had work to do in the steward's office, which he had never been known to neglect on any other occasion. Laziness, possibly? or an attachment to Miss Milroy? I can't say; we will lay it on Miss Milroy, if you like—I only know he did nothing but look at *me*. The third time was at the private interview in the park, which I have told you of already. I never saw a man so agitated at putting a delicate question to a woman in my life. But *that* might have been only awkwardness; and his perpetually looking back after me when we had parted, might have been only looking back at the view. Lay it on the view; by all means lay it on the view! The fourth time was this very evening, at the little party. They made me play; and, as the piano was a good one, I did my best. All the company crowded round me, and paid me their compliments (my charming pupil paid hers, with a

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face like a cat's, just before she spits), except Mr. Midwinter. *He* waited till it was time to go, and then he caught me alone for a moment in the hall. There was just time for him to take my hand and say two words. Shall I tell you *how* he took my hand, and what his voice sounded like when he spoke? Quite needless! You have always told me that the late Mr. Oldershaw doted on you. Just recall the first time he took your hand and whispered a word or two addressed to your private ear. To what did you attribute his behavior on that occasion? I have no doubt, if you had been playing on the piano in the course of the evening, you would have attributed it entirely to the music!

"No! you may take my word for it, the harm is done. *This* man is no rattle-pated fool, who changes his fancies as readily as he changes his clothes—the fire that lights those big black eyes of his is not an easy fire, when a woman has once kindled it, for that woman to put out. I don't wish to discourage you; I don't say the chances are against us. But with Mrs. Milroy threatening me on one side, and Mr. Midwinter on the other, the worst of all risks to run is the risk of losing time. Young Armadale has hinted already, as well as such a lout can hint, at a private interview! Miss Milroy's eyes are sharp, and the nurse's eyes are sharper; and I shall lose my place if they either of them find me out. No matter! I must take my chance, and give him the interview. Only let me get him alone, only let me escape the prying eyes of the women, and—if his friend doesn't come between us—I answer for the result!

"In the mean time have I any thing more to tell you? Are there any other people in our way at Thorpe-Ambrose? Not another creature! None of the resident families call here, young Armadale being, most fortunately, in bad odor in the neighborhood. There are no handsome highly-bred women to come to the house, and no persons of consequence to protest against his attentions to a governess. The only guests he could collect at his party to-night were the lawyer and his family (a wife, a son, and two daughters), and a deaf old woman and *her* son—all perfectly unimportant people, and all obedient humble servants of the stupid young squire.

"Talking of obedient humble servants there is one other person established here who is employed in the steward's office—a miserable, shabby, dilapidated old man named Bashwood. He is a perfect stranger to me, and I am evidently a perfect stranger to him; for he has been asking the house-maid at the cottage who I am. It is paying no great compliment to myself to confess it; but it is not the less true that I produced the most extraordinary impression on this feeble old creature the first time he saw me. He turned all manner of colors, and stood trembling and staring at me as if there was something perfectly frightful in my face. I felt quite startled for the moment—for of all the ways in which men have looked at me, no man ever looked at me in that way before. Did you ever see the boa constrictor fed at the Zoological Gardens? They put a live rabbit into his cage, and there is a moment when the two creatures look at each other. I declare Mr. Bashwood reminded me of the rabbit!

"Why do I mention this? I don't know why. Perhaps I have been writing too long, and my head is beginning to fail me. Perhaps Mr. Bashwood's manner of admiring me strikes my fancy by its novelty. Absurd! I am exciting myself, and troubling you about nothing. Oh, what a weary, long letter I have written! and how brightly the stars look at me through the window—and how awfully quiet the night is! Send me some more of those sleeping drops, and write me one of your nice, wicked, amusing letters. You shall hear from me again as soon as I know a little better how it is all likely to end. Good-night, and keep a corner in your stony old heart for L. G."

3.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, PIMLICO, *Monday.*

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—I am in no state of mind to write you an amusing letter. Your news is very discouraging, and the recklessness of your tone quite alarms me. Consider the money I have already advanced, and the interests we both have at stake. Whatever else you are don't be reckless, for Heaven's sake!

"What can I do?—I ask myself, as a woman of business, what can I do to help you? I can't give you advice, for I am not on the spot, and I don't know how circumstances may alter from one day to another. Situated as we are now I can only be useful in one way; I can discover a new obstacle that threatens you, and I think I can remove it.

"You say, with great truth, that there never was a prospect yet without an ugly place in it, and that there are two ugly places in your prospect. My dear, there may be *three* ugly places if I don't bestir myself to prevent it; and the name of the third place will be—Brock! Is it possible you can refer, as you have done, to the Somersetshire clergyman and not see that the progress you make with young Armadale will be, sooner or later, reported to him by young Armadale's friend? Why, now I think of it, you are doubly at the parson's mercy! You are at the mercy of any fresh suspicion which may bring him into the neighborhood himself at a day's notice; and you are at the mercy of his interference the moment he hears that the squire is committing himself with a neighbor's governess. If I can do nothing else I can keep this additional difficulty out of your way. And oh, Lydia, with what alacrity I shall exert myself after the manner in which the old wretch insulted me when I told him that pitiable story in the street! I declare I tingle with pleasure at this new prospect of making a fool of Mr. Brock.

"And how is it to be done? Just as we have done it already, to be sure. He has lost 'Miss Gwilt' (otherwise my house-maid), hasn't he?

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Very well. He shall find her again, wherever he is now, suddenly settled within easy reach of him. As long as *she* stops in the place *he* will stop in it; and as we know he is not at Thorpe-Ambrose there you are free of him! The old gentleman's suspicions have given us a great deal of trouble so far. Let us turn them to some profitable account at last; let us tie him, by his suspicions, to my house-maid's apron-string. Most refreshing! Quite a moral retribution, isn't it?

"The only help I need trouble you for is help you can easily give. Find out from Mr. Midwinter where the parson is now, and let me know by return of post. If he is in London I will personally assist my house-maid in the necessary mystification of him. If he is any where else I will send her after him, accompanied by a person on whose discretion I can implicitly rely.

"You shall have the sleeping-drops to-morrow. In the mean time, I say at the end what I said at the beginning—no recklessness! Don't encourage poetical feelings by looking at the stars; and don't talk about the night being awfully quiet. There are people (in Observatories) paid to look at the stars for you—leave it to them. And as for the night, do what Providence intended you to do with the night when Providence provided you with eyelids—go to sleep in it.

"Affectionately yours,
"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

4.—*From the Reverend Decimus Brock to Ozias Midwinter.*

"BOSCOMBE RECTORY, WEST SOMERSET,
Thursday, July 3.

"MY DEAR MIDWINTER,—One line before the post goes out, to relieve you of all sense of responsibility at Thorpe-Ambrose, and to make my apologies to the lady who lives as governess in Major Milroy's family.

"*The* Miss Gwilt—or perhaps I ought to say, the woman calling herself by that name—has, to my unspeakable astonishment, openly made her appearance here, in my own parish! She is staying at the inn, accompanied by a plausible-looking man, who passes as her brother. What this audacious proceeding really means—unless it marks a new step in the conspiracy against Allan, taken under new advice—is, of course, more than I can yet find out.

"My own idea is, that they have recognized the impossibility of getting at Allan, without finding me (or you) as an obstacle in their way; and that they are going to make a virtue of necessity by boldly trying to open their communications through me. The man looks capable of any stretch of audacity; and both he and the woman had the impudence to bow when I met them in the village half an hour since. They have been making inquiries already about Allan's mother—here, where her exemplary life may set their closest scrutiny at defiance. If they will only attempt to extort money, as the price of the woman's silence on the subject of poor Mrs. Armadale's conduct in Madeira at the time of her marriage, they will find me well prepared for them beforehand. I have written by this post to my lawyers, to send a competent man to assist me: and he will stay at the rectory, in any character which he thinks it safest to assume under present circumstances.

"You shall hear what happens in the next day or two.

"Always truly yours, DECIMUS BROCK."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLOUDING OF THE SKY.

NINE days had passed, and the tenth day was nearly at an end, since Miss Gwilt and her pupil had taken their morning walk in the cottage garden.

The night was overcast. Since sunset there had been signs in the sky from which the popular forecast had predicted rain. The reception-rooms at the great house were all empty and dark. Allan was away, passing the evening with the Milroys; and Midwinter was waiting his return—not where Midwinter usually waited, among the books in the library—but in the little back-room which Allan's mother had inhabited in the last days of her residence at Thorpe-Ambrose.

Nothing had been taken away, but much had been added to the room, since Midwinter had first seen it. The books which Mrs. Armadale had left behind her, the furniture, the old matting on the floor, the old paper on the walls, were all undisturbed. The statuette of Niobe still stood on its bracket, and the French window still opened on the garden. But now, to the relics left by the mother, were added the personal possessions belonging to the son. The wall, bare hitherto, was decorated with water-color drawings—with a portrait of Mrs. Armadale, supported on one side by a view of the old house in Somersetshire, and on the other by a picture of the yacht. Among the books which bore in faded ink Mrs. Armadale's inscription, "From my father," were other books inscribed in the same handwriting, in brighter ink, "To my son." Hanging to the wall, ranged on the chimney-piece, scattered over the table, were a host of little objects, some associated with Allan's past life, others necessary to his daily pleasures and pursuits, and all plainly testifying that the room which he habitually occupied at Thorpe-Ambrose was the very room which had once recalled to Midwinter the second vision of the dream. Here, strangely unmoved by the scene around him, so lately the object of his superstitious distrust, Allan's friend now waited composedly for Allan's return—and here, more strangely still, he looked on a change in the household arrangements, due in the first instance entirely to himself. His own lips had revealed the discovery which he had made on the first

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morning in the new house; his own voluntary act had induced the son to establish himself in the mother's room.

Under what motives had he spoken the words? Under no motives which were not the natural growth of the new interests and the new hopes that now animated him.

The entire change wrought in his convictions by the memorable event that had brought him face to face with Miss Gwilt, was a change which it was not in his nature to hide from Allan's knowledge. He had spoken openly, and had spoken as it was in his character to speak. The merit of conquering his superstition was a merit which he shrank from claiming, until he had first unsparingly exposed that superstition in its worst and weakest aspects to view. It was only after he had unreservedly acknowledged the impulse under which he had left Allan at the Mere that he had taken credit to himself for the new point of view from which he could now look at the Dream. Then, and not till then, he had spoken of the fulfillment of the first Vision, as the doctor at the Isle of Man might have spoken of it—he had asked, as the doctor might have asked, Where was the wonder of their seeing a pool at sunset, when they had a whole net-work of pools within a few hours' drive of them? and what was there extraordinary in discovering a woman at the Mere, when there were roads that led to it, and villages in its neighborhood, and boats employed on it, and pleasure parties visiting it? So again, he had waited to vindicate the firmer resolution with which he looked to the future, until he had first revealed all that he now saw himself of the errors of the past. The abandonment of his friend's interests, the unworthiness of the confidence that had given him the steward's place, the forgetfulness of the trust that Mr. Brock had reposed in him, all implied in the one idea of leaving Allan, were all pointed out. The glaring self-contradictions betrayed in accepting the Dream as the revelation of a fatality, and in attempting to escape that fatality by an exertion of free-will—in toiling to store up knowledge of the steward's duties for the future, and in shrinking from letting the future find him in Allan's house—were, in their turn, unsparingly exposed. To every error, to every inconsistency, he resolutely confessed, before he attempted to assert the clearer and better mind that was in him—before he ventured on the last simple appeal which closed all, "Will you trust me in the future? will you forgive and forget the past?"

A man who could thus open his whole heart, without one lurking reserve inspired by consideration for himself, was not a man to forget any minor act of concealment of which his weakness might have led him to be guilty toward his friend. It lay heavy on Midwinter's conscience that he had kept secret from Allan a discovery which he ought in Allan's dearest interests to have revealed—the discovery of his mother's room.

But one doubt had closed his lips—the doubt whether Mrs. Armadale's conduct in Madeira had been kept secret on her return to England. Careful inquiry, first among the servants, then among the tenantry, careful consideration of the few reports current at the time, as repeated to him by the few persons left who remembered them, convinced him at last that the family secret had been successfully kept within the family limits. Once satisfied that whatever inquiries the son might make would lead to no disclosure which could shake his respect for his mother's memory, Midwinter had hesitated no longer. He had taken Allan into the room, and had shown him the books on the shelves, and all that the writing in the books disclosed. He had said plainly, "My one motive for not telling you this before sprang from my dread of interesting you in the room which I looked at with horror as the second of the scenes pointed at in the Dream. Forgive me this also, and you will have forgiven me all."

With Allan's love for his mother's memory, but one result could follow such an avowal as this. He had liked the little room from the first as a pleasant contrast to the oppressive grandeur of the other rooms at Thorpe-Ambrose; and now that he knew what associations were connected with it, his resolution was at once taken to make it especially his own. The same day all his personal possessions were collected and arranged in his mother's room—in Midwinter's presence, and with Midwinter's assistance given to the work.

Under those circumstances had the change now wrought in the household arrangements been produced; and in this way had Midwinter's victory over his own fatalism—by making Allan the daily occupant of a room which he might otherwise hardly ever have entered—actually favored the fulfillment of the Second Vision of the Dream.

The hour wore on quietly as Allan's friend sat waiting for Allan's return. Sometimes reading, sometimes thinking placidly, he whiled away the time. No vexing cares, no boding doubts troubled him now. The rent-day, which he had once dreaded, had come and gone harmlessly. A friendly understanding had been established between Allan and his tenants; Mr. Bashwood had proved himself to be worthy of the confidence reposed in him; the Pedgifts, father and son, had amply justified their client's good opinion of them. Wherever Midwinter looked the prospect was bright, the future was without a cloud.

He trimmed the lamp on the table beside him, and looked out at the night. The stable-clock was chiming the half-hour past eleven as he walked to the window, and the first rain-drops were beginning to fall. He had his hand on the bell to summon the servant, and send him over to the cottage with an umbrella, when he was stopped by hearing the familiar footstep on the walk outside.

"How late you are!" said Midwinter, as Al-

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lan entered through the open French window.

"Was there a party at the cottage?"

"No! only ourselves. The time slipped away somehow."

He answered in lower tones than usual, and sighed as he took his chair.

"You seem to be out of spirits," pursued Midwinter. "What's the matter?"

Allan hesitated. "I may as well tell you," he said, after a moment. "It's nothing to be ashamed of; I only wonder you haven't noticed it before! There's a woman in it, as usual—I'm in love."

Midwinter laughed. "Has Miss Milroy been more charming to-night than ever?" he asked, gayly.

"Miss Milroy!" repeated Allan. "What are you thinking of? I'm not in love with Miss Milroy."

"Who is it, then?"

"Who is it? What a question to ask! Who *can* it be but Miss Gwilt?"

There was a sudden silence. Allan sat listlessly, with his hands in his pockets, looking out through the open window at the falling rain. If he had turned toward his friend when he mentioned Miss Gwilt's name he might possibly have been a little startled by the change he would have seen in Midwinter's face.

"I suppose you don't approve of it?" he said, after waiting a little.

There was no answer.

"It's too late to make objections," proceeded Allan. "I really mean it when I tell you I'm in love with her."

"A fortnight since you were in love with Miss Milroy," said the other, in quiet, measured tones.

"Pooh! a mere flirtation. It's different this time. I'm in earnest about Miss Gwilt."

He looked round as he spoke. Midwinter turned his face aside on the instant and bent it over a book.

"I see you don't approve of the thing," Allan went on. "Do you object to her being only a governess? You can't do that, I'm sure. If you were in my place, her being only a governess wouldn't stand in the way with *you?*"

"No," said Midwinter; "I can't honestly say it would stand in the way with me." He gave the answer reluctantly, and pushed his chair back out of the light of the lamp.

"A governess is a lady who is not rich," said Allan, in an oracular manner; "and a duchess is a lady who is not poor. And that's all the difference I acknowledge between them. Miss Gwilt is older than I am—I don't deny that. What age do you guess her at, Midwinter? I say seven or eight-and-twenty. What do you say?"

"Nothing. I agree with you."

"Do you think seven or eight-and-twenty is too old for me? If you were in love with a woman yourself, you wouldn't think seven or eight-and-twenty too old—would you?"

"I can't say I should think it too old, if—"

"If you were really fond of her?"

Once more there was no answer.

"Well," resumed Allan, "if there's no harm in her being only a governess, and no harm in her being a little older than I am, what's the objection to Miss Gwilt?"

"I have made no objection."

"I don't say you have. But you don't seem to like the notion of it, for all that."

There was another pause. Midwinter was the first to break the silence this time.

"Are you sure of yourself, Allan?" he asked, with his face bent once more over the book; "are you really attached to this lady? Have you thought seriously already of asking her to be your wife?"

"I am thinking seriously of it at this moment," said Allan. "I can't be happy—I can't live without her. Upon my soul, I worship the very ground she treads on."

"How long—?" His voice faltered, and he stopped. "How long," he reiterated, "have you worshiped the very ground she treads on?"

"Longer than you think for. I know I can trust you with all my secrets—"

"Don't trust me!"

"Nonsense! I *will* trust you. There is a little difficulty in the way, which I haven't mentioned yet. It's a matter of some delicacy, and I want to consult you about it. Between ourselves, I have had private opportunities with Miss Gwilt—"

Midwinter suddenly started to his feet, and opened the door.

"We'll talk of this to-morrow," he said. "Good-night."

Allan looked round in astonishment. The door was closed again, and he was alone in the room.

"He has never shaken hands with me!" exclaimed Allan, looking bewildered at the empty chair.

As the words passed his lips the door opened, and Midwinter appeared again.

"We haven't shaken hands," he said, abruptly. "God bless you, Allan! We'll talk of it to-morrow. Good-night."

Allan stood alone at the window, looking out at the pouring rain. He felt ill at ease, without knowing why. "Midwinter's ways get stranger and stranger," he thought. "What can he mean by putting me off till to-morrow when I wanted to speak to him to-night?" He took up his bedroom candle a little impatiently—put it down again—and, walking back to the open window, stood looking out in the direction of the cottage. "I wonder if she's thinking of me?" he said to himself softly.

She *was* thinking of him. She had just opened her desk to write to Mrs. Oldershaw; and her pen had that moment traced the opening line: "Make your mind easy. I have got him!"

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FOUR YEARS UNDER FIRE AT CHARLESTON.

FIVE years ago Charleston sat like a queen upon the waters. With the Ashley on the west and the Cooper on the east, her broad and beautiful bay covered with the sails of every nation, and her great article of export affording employment to thousands of looms, there was no city in the broad South whose present was more prosperous or whose future seemed more propitious. Added to its commercial advantages were those of a highly cultivated society. There was no city in the United States that enjoyed a higher reputation for intellectual culture than the metropolis of South Carolina. With this high intellectual culture were associated a refinement of taste, an elegance of manner, and a respect for high and noble lineage which made Charleston to appear more like some aristocratic European city than the metropolis of an American State. Combined with the English cavalier element which originally peopled the State there has always been a strong admixture of the descendants of old Huguenot families, who fled to this part of the world upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Some of these families, tracing their descent even back to a prior emigration from Italy into France, claim as their ancestor one of the Doges of Venice. The Huguenot element has always been strongly evinced in the society of Charleston, not only in peculiarity of taste and of feature but likewise in ecclesiastical organization. The present Huguenot Church is the third which has stood upon the site—the first organization of the congregation occurring about 1690—and is distinguished by a liturgy which for beauty of expression and simplicity of style is unsurpassed by that of any other religious body.

The general appearance of the city was in keeping with the historical precedents of the people. Its churches, especially those of the Episcopal denomination, were of the old English style of building, grand and spacious but devoid of tinsel and useless ornament. Its libraries, orphan asylums, and halls of public gathering were solidly constructed, well finished, and unique as specimens of architecture. Its dwellings combined elegance with comfort, simplicity with taste. The antique appearance of the city and its European character was the remark of almost every one who visited it. Mr. Gilmore Simms has in this Magazine* described the Palmetto City as it was before secession.

But all this is now changed. Except to an occasional blockade-runner the beautiful harbor of Charleston has been sealed for four long years; its fine society has been dissipated if not completely destroyed, while its noblest edifices have become a prey to the great conflagration of 1861, or have crumbled beneath the effect of the most continuous and terrific bombardment that has ever been concentred upon a city.

* June, 1857.

The act which ushered in this momentous change was the passage of the ordinance of secession on the 20th December, 1860. No one living in Charleston at the time that event occurred can ever forget the scenes by which it was accompanied. No sooner had the bells of St. Michael's announced the fact than the wildest frenzy seemed to seize the whole population. The air was rent with huzzas; the national ensign was every where supplanted by the emblem of State sovereignty; palmetto branches were borne in triumph along the streets; bales of cotton were suspended on ropes stretched from house to house, on one of which was inscribed in large letters, "THE WORLD WANTS IT;" while the stirring notes of the Marseillaise, afterward exchanged for those of Dixie, met the ear at every corner. When the night had set in the sky was lurid with the glare of bonfires, and the ground fairly shook beneath the double-quick of all the young men of the city under arms and apparently eager for the fray.

Some there were who viewed all this with tearful eye and deep though suppressed emotion. Notwithstanding the confident assertion of Mr. Rhett, of the *Mercury*, that he would drink all the blood that would be shed, they saw the future lurid with all the horrors of civil strife. Among these was the venerable Judge Pettigrew. Walking along the streets of Columbia when the secession furor was at its height, and being accosted by a stranger with the inquiry "Where the insane asylum" was to be found? his reply was, "My friend, look around you; the whole State is one vast insane asylum."

The first overt act of hostility which followed the passage of the ordinance of secession was the firing upon the *Star of the West*. It is true that, previous to this, Major Anderson had been compelled through threats of violence to evacuate Fort Moultrie, and that it had been taken possession of by the South Carolina Militia; but no gun had yet been fired, no act had been committed which might be regarded as a direct and open defiance of the United States Government. This was reserved for the following 9th of January. The resident in the lower part of the city, looking out of his window that morning, at first saw nothing particularly noticeable in the bright blue bay which lay stretched out before him, flanked by the low, shelving shores of Sullivan's and Morris islands, and embracing the grim, gray walls of Sumter. Soon, however, the top-masts of a vessel were seen to rise slowly above the horizon. As it approached every eye was strained to catch its form, and every ear opened to hear the reception which its arrival might evoke. Soon a white puff of smoke was seen arising over the gray sands of Morris Island, and the ear caught the faint report of a gun. Another, and then another, till the far-sighted of us could see the balls ricochetting over the waves in the direction from which the steamer was approaching. Had it kept on its course Sumter, whose ramparts were now glistening with bayonets, and whose shotted guns

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were protruding from every port, might have made the attempt to protect her, and there would have been enacted, though doubtless with greater honor to the United States Government, the combat which occurred three months later. But the *Star of the West* turned its prow and sped back to the open sea whence it came.

There is a little incident connected with the discharge of that first gun of the war which I have upon the testimony of one of the first ladies of the city. When ordered to fire, the cadet who held the lanyard of the gun was seen to hesitate. "How can I," he exclaimed, "fire upon that flag which I have been taught to respect and reverence from my youth? But a stern duty compels me;" and with that the iron messenger went speeding on its course.

Just three months after the firing upon the *Star of the West* occurred the attack upon Fort Sumter. The whole previous night the people of Charleston had spent in anxious expectation. It had been rumored that the opening of the contest would take place within the next twenty-four hours, but whether it would occur at midnight or at the early dawn it was impossible to conjecture. At just four o'clock in the morning, before the gray light had begun to break in the east, we were all aroused by the report of a heavy gun fired from one of the adjoining islands. It was the signal to open, and in five minutes the air was filled with the whizzing of shot and the explosion of shell. The famous iron battery on Cumming's Point, constructed by Stevens, the cashier of one of the city banks, belched forth flame and smoke at an interval of every three minutes, and sent its shot crashing against the very walls of the defiant fort. This was continued till the day broke, and the sun was up before Major Anderson saw fit to make any reply. Having, like a discreet commander, first refreshed his men and put every thing about the fort in fighting trim, he opened alike from barbette and port batteries. There was not a man who witnessed that scene who was not struck with admiration at the regularity and precision of Sumter's fire. Gun for gun and volley for volley, the heroic Major paid the rebels back in their own coin. Had the fort contained a supply of mortars as well as cannon, and a full complement of men, well provided with the necessaries of life, the strife might have continued for weeks instead of days, and the fort never passed into other hands than those of its rightful owners. But the hostile mortar-batteries, inaccessible to mere shot, first drove the Union soldiers from the use of the barbette guns, then set the fort on fire and compelled its surrender. Let me here state positively that in this combat there was not a single rebel, as there was not a single Union soldier, killed. The only destruction of life which occurred took place at the bursting of the gun with which Anderson saluted his flag upon the evacuation of the fort. It was the remark of Judge Huger, made in my hearing, that "Providence seemed determined to accomplish his decrees in regard to the South without the shedding of a single drop of blood."

When the old State flag, riddled with shot, was brought from the Stevens battery up to the city and carried through the streets, the excitement was tremendous. Church-bells rang out their peals of joy; handkerchiefs waved from every window; friend embraced friend in a wild delirium of delight; while the whole mass of the population, believing that the North must yield to such a display of Southern valor, pressed upon the heels of the horseman and actually did homage to the ensign which he bore aloft.

Let us now pass over the time which intervened till the occupation of Morris Island by the Union troops. It was a time of varied sorrow and gladness. Now the news of some victory, like that of Bull Run, would stir the whole heart of the city, and cause it to beat high with hope. Then some defeat, like that of Port Royal, would equally depress it. But, upon the whole, there was the most confident assurance in regard to the result. "Whatever drawbacks we may meet with," remarked one of the first citizens of the State, "there is not the least doubt in my mind about our eventual success." "We may have reverses," said the Rev. Dr. Palmer, "but the policy of Providence from the time of the dispersion at the Tower of Babel has been the disintegration of nations. He allows them to grow large and unwieldy, as this nation has grown, and then, to promote the interests of civilization and of His kingdom, He breaks them asunder, as He will eventually break asunder this mighty people."

The dread of the Monitors, which made their appearance about this time, was very general throughout the city. None had seen one except at a great distance, but every one had heard the most fabulous accounts of their formidableness and power. So lively was the apprehension created by them that batteries went up like magic on the shores around the bay. Sullivan's Island became one vast line of earthworks, the most formidable of which was Battery Bee, on its extreme western point. Earthworks were also thrown up along the shores of James Island. Fort Sumter was immensely strengthened. Castle Pinckney received a new armament. Fort Ripley, an entirely new fort, was constructed of palmetto logs in the centre of the bay. The beautiful Battery walk, the favorite promenade of the Charleston ladies and gentlemen, was partially torn up, and bristled with heavy guns. Then followed the submersion of torpedoes in the harbor and the organization of a company of men called "*Tigers*," who, in spite of shot and shell, were to board the Monitors as they came up the bay, and planting ladders against their smoke-stacks, to throw bags of powder and other explosive compounds into the furnaces beneath. So numerous were the preparations for defense, that it was certain no vessel could come up to the city without running the gauntlet of at least three concentric circles of fire.

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Some time after all these vast preparations had been completed, on a bright sunny day, about the hour of noon, Colonel Rhett telegraphed from Fort Sumter to the city that "*The turrets are coming!*" and over the low flat land of Morris Island we could see the smoke-stacks of the Monitors moving slowly along. One after another they came in solemn file, followed by the long black hulk of the *New Ironsides*, and took their stations near the fort. Then followed discharge after discharge from the heaviest guns which had ever been brought into naval warfare, answered by long, reverberating peals from the batteries on Sullivan, James, and Morris islands. The very earth and sea shook under the terrific din. At one time the *Ironsides* floated directly over a submarine torpedo, and must inevitably have been blown up, had not the apparatus by which it was to have been fired failed to elicit the necessary spark. After some hours the Monitors withdrew, having made but a slight impression upon the walls of the fort. The result of this combat inspired the Charlestonians with great hope. It relieved them of those fearful apprehensions which they had entertained in regard to the Monitors, and convinced them that they were by no means irresistible.

In anticipation of a conflict with the Monitors, great numbers of military men had flocked to the city from all parts of the South. As a consequence, the hotels and public promenades were crowded with officers, and the greatest dissipation prevailed. Balls and parties followed each other in rapid succession; gambling saloons were opened and drove a thriving business; loose women frequented the streets, impudently accosted passers-by, and filled the hotels with their presence. Nor were these evil influences encouraged and promoted by officers of inferior rank alone. Military men, high in station, and regarded as the principal supports of "the Confederacy," by their immoral bearing, succeeded in bringing themselves into disgrace, and tainting with suspicion the character of heretofore reputable women. At no time during the war have those high moral influences which have been brought to bear upon the Union soldiers, by means of the Christian Commission and other religious associations, pervaded the armies of the South. Both officers and men were swept away by the same current of dissoluteness and vice, till in many cases whole armies became pest-houses of immorality and irreligion.

The Charlestonians at this time also began to experience trouble with their slaves. Many were induced to follow the example of Robert Small, and in small boats running the gauntlet of the rebel batteries, to join the enemy. So frequent did this become that negroes were finally forbidden to occupy boats in certain parts of the harbor for fishing purposes, and the inhabitants of the city were deprived of one of their principal articles of diet. These runaway servants, it was well known, carried with them to the enemy much valuable information which would be made use of in case of an attack on the city.

Thus affairs went on till the early part of July, 1863, when just at daybreak one morning the people who lived on the Battery were aroused by a sharp, rapid fire of musketry. So sudden was it and so in contrast with the quiet of the preceding days that it took every one by surprise. It was soon discovered to proceed from the neighborhood of the southern extremity of Morris Island, and later information developed the fact that the Union troops had opened a masked battery on Folly Island and seemed determined to force their way across the narrow strait which separates it from Morris Island. How they contrived to elude the rebel generals in the erection of this battery was a mystery.* The surprise, however, was complete. The solitary company of artillerymen which had been stationed there were soon driven back, and thus an entrance effected through the only door by which an approach to Charleston could have been made. In vain had an attempt been essayed over James Island; in vain had the Union gun-boats endeavored to force the Stono; in vain had Sumter been assailed by the powerful armament of the Monitors. The Charlestonians began to exult over their secure and impregnable position, and avow their belief that all the armies of the world could not force their way to their metropolis, when the action of the 10th of July suddenly convinced them of their error and filled them with the gravest apprehension. There was no one so blind but could perceive that the charge of great negligence must be laid at the door of some one of their generals; but whether Beauregard, who had supreme command, or Ripley, who acted as his subordinate, and was intrusted with the particular supervision of the batteries, should be arraigned was long a

[* General Gillmore thus explains the manner in which this was effected: "Between the middle of June and the 6th of July, ordnance and ordnance stores were quietly accumulated at Folly Island. The following armament [10 batteries with 47 guns and mortars] was secretly placed on the north end of Folly Island, completely masked from the enemy's view by sand-ridges and undergrowth. It was necessary that the attack on Morris Island should be a surprise in order to insure success. Secrecy was therefore an essential element in the preparations. Most of the work on the batteries, and all the transportation to them, was accomplished at night, and in silence. Moreover, all signs of work had to be carefully concealed by day. One fortunate circumstance favored these operations. A blockade-runner had been chased ashore just south of the entrance to Light-house Inlet, within point-blank range of our batteries, and while the enemy on Morris Island were industriously engaged in wrecking this vessel by night and day (an operation which we could easily have prevented) our batteries were quietly and rapidly pushed forward to completion. They were ready to open fire on the 6th of July. The fact that forty-seven pieces of artillery, with two hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun, and provided with suitable parapets, splinter-proof shelters and magazines, were secretly placed in battery in a position within speaking-distance of the enemy's pickets, exposed to a flank and reverse view from their tall observatories on James Island, and to a flank view at pistol-range from the wreck, furnishes by no means the least interesting and instructive incident of this campaign."—EDITOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

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matter of dispute. The feeling of recrimination eventually ran so high between the two generals that Ripley was forced to resign, and the Charlestonians were thus deprived of the services of one of the best artillerists in the Southern army.

It may not be amiss just here to relate the impressions formed in regard to the character of Beauregard, who during most of this eventful period held command in the city. By all the Charlestonians he was held in high respect, even admiration. He was gentlemanly in his bearing, fluent and affable in conversation, remarkable in his military capacities as an engineer (as the fortifications around Charleston testify), and versed as a strategist. But he was greatly deficient in moral courage, and in the power to enforce discipline among his troops. This was manifest in the battle of Shiloh where, after virtually achieving a great victory, he lost its results in the dispersion of his soldiers to secure the plunder which the Northern troops had left behind them. It was also exhibited in the shameful and execrable conduct of many of the soldiers under his command which were stationed within the precincts of the city. All the disasters which he experienced may apparently be traced to this deficiency. But Beauregard likewise labored under great disadvantages from the inveterate prejudice which existed in the mind of Jefferson Davis against him. So strong was this prejudice that it was exhibited even in the most trivial military arrangements, and served to increase that sentiment of hostility toward Davis which began to be evinced in the minds of the people of Charleston soon after the commencement of the war. Like General Jo Johnston, Beauregard had the malignity and power of the administration pitted against him.

Having obtained a foothold on Morris Island, the Union troops slowly advanced by a system of parallels till they arrived within gun-shot of batteries Wagner and Gregg, which the rebel troops had erected on the extreme northern point of the island, and nearest to the city. With their Parrott guns they could even command the walls of Sumter. And now commenced that long artillery contest which will make the siege of Charleston eventful in all subsequent years. Night and day the air was filled with shrieking shell and whizzing shot. Standing on the Battery promenade in the darkness of the evening, I have counted no less than eight bombs in the air at one time. This bombardment was almost daily participated in by some portion or by all of the Union fleet, and then the thunder of artillery would be so great that every house in the lower part of the city trembled to its base. It was interesting also to witness the effect of the Parrott guns upon the walls of Sumter. They accomplished with ease what the heavy eight, ten, and even fifteen-inch balls of the Monitors had in vain essayed. Every shot sent the brick and beams and mortar high into mid-air, and in some cases went through and through the solid walls. Soon one could see the light shining through its grim, dark ramparts. Then followed great breaches; then fragments would topple down into the water below. The Southerners worked incessantly to repair these damages. Vessel-loads of sand and other materials were nightly sent down, and large forces of negroes were kept constantly at work. At one time a portion of the wall fell, burying beneath it a number of the garrison. At another time a Federal shell caused the explosion of a quantity of ammunition, and destroyed many valuable lives. Captain Harleston, a very promising young officer, who was intrusted with the command, was struck down while inspecting the injuries done to the fort, a loss which was felt to be irreparable.

But notwithstanding these apparent calamities, it was eventually ascertained that the enemy's guns, so far from materially injuring the work as a fortification, were actually making it stronger. The loose débris heaped up afforded a far more efficient protection against solid shot than the massive brick walls. It was only necessary that the soldiers should be protected from the fragments of shells which were continually bursting over the fort, and this was accomplished by erecting vast "rat-holes," or bomb-proofs, and by excavating long subterranean passages which connected one part of the fort with another. When the signal was given by the sentinel on the look-out of the discharge of a gun, it was amusing to see how the area of the fort, just before filled with men, would suddenly become as solitary as if never trodden by a human foot.

The superiority of a fortification of débris or sand over brick and stone, as opposed to heavy artillery, was particularly conspicuous in the instance of Battery Wagner. Day after day, and week after week, that simple sand-work withstood the whole Union fleet and all the land batteries which could be erected against it, and fell only through the close approach of the Federal parallels, whereby their sharp-shooters effectually prevented the Confederates from using their guns.*

The successful defense of Wagner and of other points of attack about the city was also owing to the possession by the Confederates of

[* General Gillmore says: "Fort Wagner was found to be a work of the most formidable character—far more so, indeed, than the most exaggerated statements of prisoners had led us to expect. Its bomb-proof shelter, capable of containing from 1500 to 1600 men, remained intact after one of the most severe bombardments to which any earth-work was ever exposed. The attempt to form an opening into the bomb-proof by breaching failed from want of time. The heavy projectiles were slowly eating their way into it, although their effect was astonishingly slight. Indeed the penetration of rifle projectiles, fired into a sand parapet standing at the natural slope, or approximately so, is but trifling. They are almost invariably deflected along the line of least resistance, or one departing slightly from it, scooping out in their progress a small hollow, the contents of which are scattered but a short distance. Under such circumstances the general effect produced by firing a large number of successive shots within a small area of say from fifteen to twenty feet square, is by no means commensurate with the necessary expenditure of ammunition."—Ed. Harper's Magazine.]

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the Union code of signals. From the walls of Sumter they could decipher with ease every communication which passed between the army and the fleet, and thus became cognizant of intended movements on the part of the Northern troops in time effectually to resist them.

Just previous to the bloody assault on Wagner I was sitting upon one of the seats of the Battery promenade in the city when a colonel passed by who had been in command of a battery on James Island. Upon inquiring of him the news, he informed me that an assault on Wagner would be attempted at a certain time, and that the Southern generals were making busy preparations to meet it. When I asked him how the information was obtained, he confidentially told me of the possession of the Union code of signals by the Confederate officers. Upon further inquiry as to how the Southerners were fortunate enough to obtain this code, he said that some days previous a Union signal-master had been captured on the beach, and when he had been locked up in prison the services of a clever fellow were secured, who was to array himself in Federal uniform and feign himself a captured Union officer. He was then to be surrounded by a guard, marched to the jail, and confined in the same cell with the signal-officer, where it was understood he was to obtain his confidence, and elicit from him the desired information. The device succeeded beyond the most sanguine anticipation!

The Union soldiers wounded and captured at the bloody assault on Wagner were brought up to the city on boats, and placed in a large brick warehouse in Queen Street, near to Church Street. It was in the month of July, when the heat is more intense than during any month in the year. The locality was close and confined, and the consequence was that they died by scores. I am not prepared to say that no other locality could have been obtained for them. I fear that the military authorities of Charleston will find it difficult, in this instance at least, to acquit themselves of the charge of a want of due consideration toward a prostrate and wounded foe. The high sense of magnanimity and honor, on the possession of which they were accustomed to pride themselves, was at this time entirely absorbed in feelings of resentment and vindictiveness.

There are events in a man's life which he never forgets; there are scenes which never fade from his sight, and sounds which are ever fresh in his hearing, though he attain a century of years. I can never forget, and there are many others who can never forget, the impression which the sound of the first shell thrown into Charleston made upon the mind. It was near midnight, and, with the exception of a few of the more wakeful ones, the whole city was buried in slumber. Suddenly, and without the least premonition, a whizzing, shrieking sound was heard above the roofs of the houses, which was conjectured by some to be a rocket sent up from one of the signal-stations in the lower part of the city. A few moments served to convince them of their error, for the sound was repeated, and this time with such unmistakable distinctness as to remove all doubt from the mind of even the most dubious. It was also noticed that the sound was each time preceded by the faint flash and reverberation of a gun located apparently on the southeastern extremity of James Island. The fact then became evident, and was soon corroborated by the shouts of the people in the streets, that the Federals were shelling the city. Had the advent of the final judgment been announced it could not have created greater surprise and consternation. The sidewalks were soon filled with flying women and children hurrying to secure in the upper part of the town a refuge beyond the reach of the deadly missiles. The excitement was increased by the breaking out of a fire reported to have originated by the explosion of one of the shells. These first shells, it was subsequently ascertained, were thrown from the Swamp Angel Battery, located in a marsh to the southeast of James Island, the erection of which had escaped the observation of the Southern generals. This marsh, it was calculated, was four miles from the nearest point of the city, and the shells were consequently thrown a distance of four miles and a half. And yet this was by no means equal to what the Union artillerists subsequently attained, for when they had taken possession of Battery Wagner they sent their shells three or four blocks above Citadel Green—a distance approximating to five and a half or six miles. The great difficulty which has always been experienced in throwing shells to such enormous distances consists in the great elevation which must thereby be given to the gun. When a horizontal shot is fired the retrograde motion of the gun caused by reaction is comparatively easy. It slides along the rail on which it rests until the force is spent, without the least injury to itself. But it is not so when the gun is elevated to a great angle. Then the concussion, instead of expending itself horizontally, drives the gun almost perpendicularly into the ground, and unless carefully guarded against will be certain to disable it. This was illustrated in the first attempts of the Union army to shell the city at such enormous distances. The guns at first almost invariably became disabled, and it required a considerable time to attain the perfection which they subsequently exhibited in the demonstrations made from Forts Gregg and Wagner.

Again, it is a well-known fact that a new gun will fire to a much greater distance than one that has been subjected to much use. This is owing to the grooves of the gun being sharp and unworn, whereby the shell fits the more compactly, and the whole blast of the powder is made available. We always knew in Charleston when a new gun had been mounted, by its length of range, and, however great the distance which it attained, always comforted ourselves with the reflection that the next shot would be sure to fall short.

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There was a great rush and crowd the next morning after the first shells were thrown into the city to see where they fell and the effect which they had produced. The fragments of one were discovered in the neighborhood of the store of G. W. Williams and Co., to the rear of the Charleston Hotel. It had shattered the building, and buried itself in the street just in front. Another had attained the distance of a square farther to the north, and fell at the corner of Anson and Hasel streets, scattering its fragments far and wide. It was soon positively ascertained that a residence in the lower part of the city was no longer safe. Even should the Confederate batteries succeed in silencing the "Swamp Angel," the energy and enterprise of the Northerners would soon command another station, where they might repeat the experiment, and perhaps with greater success. Houses in the upper part of the city, therefore, began to be in demand, and that exodus commenced which, upon the establishment of the Union batteries upon Morris Island, left the lower districts of the town a complete solitude.

It was ascertained when the Union troops had obtained possession of Morris Island that they trained their guns on the city by the tall, massive steeple of St. Michael's. About no one of the numerous churches of Charleston do such interesting associations cluster as about this time-honored edifice. It is reputed to have been built after a design furnished by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, London. Its organ was played at the coronation of one of the Georges; its chime of bells, by far the sweetest in the land, was originally brought from England, whither they were taken back upon the capture of the city in the Revolutionary war by the British. Here they were put up at auction, and bought in by a wealthy Englishman, who, after the war, returned them to the church. It was just in front of this church, at the corner of Broad and Meeting streets, that a statue of William Pitt used to stand, which was struck by a ball from the British batteries erected during the Revolution on James Island, and which threw their shot right into the streets of the city. The mutilated statue may still be seen standing in the grounds of the Orphan House.

During the whole of this present war the steeple of St. Michael's has been converted into an observatory. Near its top a room was constructed, fitted up with a stove to keep its occupant warm during cold weather, and furnished with a powerful telescope, through which all the movements of the Union army could be easily distinguished. Night and day the observer was kept at his post, transmitting not only frequent records of the various manœuvres of the enemy to the quarters of the general in command, but also making note of every shot fired at the city. There was imminent danger lest some one of these shot might strike the steeple and choke up the narrow passage by which alone a descent could be effected, and so a rope ladder was stretched on the outside from the observatory above to the ground beneath, by which, in case of such accident, an escape might be made. Strange to say, though the shells fell like a rain of iron all around, striking the guard-house opposite, riddling the City Hall on the north, plowing up the grave-yard on the south, and almost demolishing the Mansion House in the rear, yet this steeple was not once struck, nor was the body of the edifice injured till a short time previous to the evacuation of the city.

It was interesting to notice the varied effects of the shells in their descent into the city. Certainly one half failed to explode, the percussion shell being so arranged that it must fall at a particular angle in order to crush the cap which ignites the combustible material within. Failing to explode, they would simply drive a hole through the wall or roof against which they struck and bury themselves in the ground below. Many accidents occurred from digging up these unexploded missiles and attempting to extract the fuse. When a shell exploded on striking the noise was equal to that of a good sized piece of artillery, and it was certain to produce the greatest destruction for many rods around. I have seen almost the whole front of a two-story building torn off by a single shell. A large shell entered the loft of a warehouse on East Bay Street, and striking the joists of the roof at a particular angle, caused the whole roof to slide off to one side. A 30-pound Parrott exploded between the roof and ceiling of one of the churches of the city, made fifteen apertures of different sizes in the ceiling, demolished a bronze chandelier over the pulpit, broke the reading-desk, split the communion-table, partially demolished two or three pews, and made several rents in the floor beneath—all the effect of a 30-pound Parrott, the fragments of which were afterward collected and fitted together. Another shell tore open a Bible upon the pulpit-desk of a church, leaving a leaf upon which were conspicuous the words, "*An enemy hath done this.*" A large two-hundred pounder struck the Second Presbyterian Church in Charlotte Street just in the rear of the portico, and so seriously injured it that it was apprehended that the whole front of the church would fall in. But the percussion shells, though more destructive to property, were not so destructive of human life as the time fuse shells which were thrown comparatively late in the siege. The fragment of a shell one day entered a barber's saloon and took off the head of a negro while engaged in his work. Another negro walking along one of the principal streets of the city, and hearing the approach of a shell ran into an alley to get clear of it, and crouched behind a door. The shell entered the alley, struck the door and killed the negro. A couple newly married were found one morning lying dead in each other's arms. A shell had struck the house during the night, penetrated to the chamber in which they were, and extinguished the life of both at the same instant. In a house in Queen Street a woman was sleeping in her bed when a shell pen-

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etrated the roof of the building, passed through the bed, just grazing her outstretched arm, and then sank through the floor into the cellar beneath.

Yet notwithstanding the occurrence of so many casualties, people soon became hardened to the idea of danger, and would not hesitate to take their walks in the lower part of the city even when the shells were passing overhead. One of the most amusing incidents of the bombardment was the eagerness exhibited by the boys of the city to obtain possession of the shells. The sound of the approach of one would no sooner be heard than a troop of them would be seen dashing through the streets to the spot where it was likely to fall. Arrived at the place they would immediately commence to excavate it with such instruments as they could command. The fragments of the shells they would sell for old iron and obtain a very good price for them, but the copper ring which banded the shell was especially valuable from the great scarcity of copper in the arsenals of the Confederacy. An unexploded shell was picked up one day near the bridge at the head of Rutledge Avenue, on which had been inscribed by the Unionists, "Find your way to the arsenal, old fellow!" When we reflect that the arsenal was only two squares distant, and lying directly in the line which the shell was pursuing when it fell, we must give to the Union artillerists the credit of having been remarkably good shots. The accuracy of fire which was continually exhibited astonished the people of Charleston more than any thing else. I had frequent occasion to notice this accuracy. A fire would break out in the lower part of the city and the Federals would train their guns with such exactness that the shells would fall directly into the flames. Upon one occasion one of the fire engines was struck while it was being worked, and some of the firemen severely injured. Recalling the fact that these shells were thrown from a distance of over four miles, the accuracy of aim will appear astonishing indeed.

More particularly was this accuracy of fire exhibited when directed to the blockade-runners that were unfortunate enough to get aground in running into or out of the harbor. They were generally discovered at daylight, and in the course of a few hours hardly a vestige of them would remain.

During those long wearisome days and weeks when the city was under fire almost the only event of joy which would occur would be the arrival of some one of these blockade-runners. The business was finally reduced to a science. Even in the darkest night the cunning craft would work their way in or out through the tortuous channels of the harbor. When outward-bound the captain generally went down to Sullivan's Island upon the evening of sailing to learn the disposition of the Union fleet and plan the course of his exit. Lights also were always prearranged along the shores of the island, or suspended from boats in the harbor, in order to indicate the channel. The most dangerous point, and that which demanded the exercise of the greatest skill to avoid, was a narrow tongue of land which ran out from Sullivan's Island just opposite Sumter, and which was known as the Breakwater Jetty. Here the channel is not only very narrow but takes a sudden turn, and it was in making this turn that the vessel was in danger of getting aground. The Union artillerists after a while learned many of the cunning arts of the blockade-runner, and whenever they saw a light from the opposite shore of Morris Island, which they supposed was intended for the guidance of a vessel, they would immediately open fire. They had a way too of sending out picket-boats which would quietly allow the vessel to pass till it had rounded the jetty and return became impossible, and then by means of rockets would signalize the fleet outside.

The chase of a blockade-runner was the most exciting thing imaginable. Like a hunted deer it would speed through the water, its fierce avenger after it, every beam from stem to stern quivering through the violent pulsations of its great iron heart, and the dash of the paddles as in their lightning-like revolutions they would strike the water. Sometimes not only was one half of the cargo thrown overboard, but every combustible thing that could be laid hold of crowded into the furnaces to increase the steam. Some of these blockade-runners were very successful. I knew of one which had run the gauntlet no less than nineteen times, and had consequently proved a mine of wealth to its owners. When a vessel had once run the blockade it was considered to have paid for itself, and every subsequent trip was consequently clear gain. The captain generally cleared on each round trip ten thousand dollars in gold, and the pilot and mate in proportion.

To be at all connected with or interested in a blockade-runner was in those days esteemed in Charleston a signal piece of good fortune. It insured at least a partial supply of the comforts and luxuries of life; for the ladies an occasional new silk dress, the envy and admiration of the streets; for the gentlemen a good supply of Bourbon—a box or two of cigars, or a larder filled with Stilton cheese or West India fruits. By-and-by came an edict from Richmond forbidding the importation of luxuries of this kind, and restricting the cargo of a vessel entirely to those articles which the country needed in its military operations, or which contributed to the supply of the actual necessities of the people. One half of the cargo of the vessel going out was also required to be devoted to government account, and one half of the cargo of the vessel coming in. This, of course, greatly curtailed the profits of the owners, but still immense fortunes continued to be made on both sides of the water.

It was about this time that a large number of Union prisoners were brought into Charleston from various parts of the South. They were sent here partly for security against the Fed-

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eral raids, which were becoming very frequent through the land, and partly on account of the scarcity of provisions, which compelled their distribution through the various cities and towns of the country. The officers at first were crowded in with the men, and both were placed under fire in the lower part of the city. Upon a remonstrance, however, sent up from General Gillmore, on Morris Island, and a threat to retaliate, which was actually carried out, these prisoners were removed to a place of comparative security. Among the officers who were confined in Charleston at that time was General Seymour, whose frank and gentlemanly bearing won for him the high respect and admiration even of his enemies. Upon one day he sent for the Rev. Toomer Porter, rector of the church of the Holy Communion, with whom he had had a slight acquaintance before the war, to come and see him. Mr. Porter accordingly went, and in course of conversation the General remarked that he had sent for him to inquire whether arrangements could not be made whereby himself and his fellow-officers could enjoy the privileges of religious worship. If so, he was desirous that Mr. Porter himself should come the following Sabbath and preach to them. In reply to the General's request Mr. Porter immediately remarked that he "thought there would be no objection made to his coming, but that he would feel himself obligated to perform the whole service of his Church." "Certainly," replied the General, not at first comprehending his meaning; "I am sure that there is no service which will be more acceptable to myself, having been educated in your Church—and perhaps I may say to my fellow-officers." "But you do not understand me, General," continued the clergyman. "I mean to say that there is in our service a prayer for the President of the Confederate States, which I could not deem myself at liberty to omit." "As for that," replied the General, "I myself care nothing. There is no one whom I consider so greatly to stand in need of being prayed for as Mr. Davis. However, I can not answer for the sentiments of my brother officers, and I will consult them and let you know our determination by the approaching Sabbath." The other officers were accordingly consulted, and the result was that Mr. Porter received a note from General Seymour, the following Sabbath, stating that, upon the whole, it would not be agreeable that the services should be performed under such conditions. A clergyman, however, was found who, though of the same denomination, consented to respect the scruples of the Union officers and to omit the prayer.

Every day, as the war continued, the currency became more and more depreciated. Four months before the evacuation of the city gold was selling as high as seventy for one. This, of course, greatly increased the price of provisions, and rendered living to those who were dependent upon annuities or salaries a serious matter. A piece of roast beef, adequate for a family of three or four, cost forty dollars; sweet-potatoes, a natural product of the soil, one dollar each; a barrel of flour five hundred dollars, and other things in proportion. A family of four could hardly live on rice and the ordinary cow-pea soup under one hundred dollars a week. Butter, coffee, sugar, and tea were among those luxuries about which the least that was said the better.

The effect of this low diet, combined with the great anxiety attendant upon the support of a family and the political state of the country, soon became apparent in the countenances of the people. Never have I seen men grow old so fast as the inhabitants of Charleston, from the time the shelling of the city commenced down to its occupation by the Union troops. Heads which were of raven blackness became silvered with gray during the interval of only a few months. Faces which were as smooth as an infant's became seamed and furrowed with wrinkles. Boys looked like old men, and old men speedily dropped away and died. Never has there been such a mortality among old people as among the old people of Charleston since the commencement of this war. The anxiety, change of diet, and circumstance, were more than advanced years could endure, and they went down by scores to the grave.

Among the calamities which befell the city not the least was the conduct of the troops who had been quartered in the city for its protection. One or two companies of them were stationed on the Battery, and of all the thieves, burglars, and highwaymen who were ever brought together, I may not hesitate to affirm these were the worst. They roamed through the lower part of the city perfectly unrestrained. There was not a house which they did not enter, plundering it of furniture, of carpets, of books, of every thing upon which they could lay their rapacious hands. Leaden pipes were dug up; copper pumps were carried off; even the locks and keys of doors were abstracted, sent out of the city, and sold. By-and-by the lives of people who ventured into this part of the city to look after their abandoned property were not considered safe. The marauders prowled the streets, gun in hand, ready both to rob and murder any one who ventured within their power. For a season no one ventured out after nightfall, in any part of the city, without secreting a revolver about his person.

The lower portions of the city, thus given up to be a prey and plunder, soon began to evince the most unmistakable appearance of dreariness and desolation. Some of the streets became so covered with grass as to conceal the cobble-stones beneath. I have seen cows and goats quietly pasturing where for years the highway had been worn by the corrosion of passing vehicles; I have seen the crow and the owl roosting where for years the tramp of horses and the rattle of cart-wheels were almost the only sounds to be heard; I have seen rank weeds springing from the gutters of streets which were once busy with the tide of passing men, to such a height

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as almost to exclude from view the opposite sidewalk. The highways of Herculaneum and Pompeii never filled one with such a feeling of utter loneliness and desolation as some of the streets of the lower part of the city of Charleston.

At last the climax of all this misery and suffering approached. It became evident to the far-sighted that by the march of Sherman through the State the city must of necessity be evacuated. Military men, however, persistently refused to acknowledge this necessity; they refused to acknowledge it even while they were secretly transporting the large supplies of ordnance which the town contained. Finally, the truth was made apparent to all by the violent explosion of ammunition which it was found impossible to carry away. Then followed the heavy tramp of the retreating soldiery, and the bursting out on every side of the city of vast sheets of flame and clouds of smoke. The order from the commander was, as I know from unquestionable authority, that every building should be laid in ashes. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the iniquitous and barbarous edict was only partially consummated when the Union troops marched in and saved the city. The apprehension, tumult, and horror of that day will never be effaced from the mind, and can only be compared with the exceeding joy arising from the sense of relief produced by the entrance of the Union troops.

A NICE TIME.

MURRAY is not infallible.

I shudder at the audacity of this heresy.

The disinterestedness of my motives might be impugned were I to confess that we are even now smarting from the effects of excruciating torture endured in blind devotion to this Dagon of English travelers. "Christmas-Eve: Fine music at St. Luigi di Francisi at 11 P.M." (*Vide* Murray's "Rome.") Accordingly we sat for two (seemingly *im*-mortal) hours, and were stunned by the emulative roar of Bulls of Bashan and Buffaloes of the Campagna. Even the divine music of the "Pastorella," heard in St. Peter's two hours later, hardly sufficed to heal the wounds thus ruthlessly made.

But the special indictment on which I dare arraign the omnipotent culprit is of another sort. In his Hand-Book for France, and again in that for Northern Italy (1864), the gravest charges of extortion are brought against NICE. Landlords, lodging-agents, merchants, and the native population at large, are represented as unrighteously leagued against the defenseless traveler. In consequence of this statement, and the rumor current in Paris that the prices had doubled under the smiles of royalty, we poor pilgrims, traveling on a clergyman's moderate salary, paid in greenbacks, and forced to multiply every charge by two and a half at the least, approached the Mediterranean with hydrophobean spasms.

In the midst of picturesque scenery which renders the journey between Toulon and Nice the most delightful railway ride within our knowledge, we were fortifying ourselves at every point against the impositions which were to assail us at its terminus.

The young divine rolled his *r*'s, disheveled his hair and beard Teutonically, and responded "*Nix versteh*" to every word addressed to him in his mother tongue by the wife of his bosom (for who does not know that a tax of thirty per cent. is levied on English speaking on the Continent?); while his *Frau* made fresh bends and nicks in her old hat, and subdued herself to the normal aspect of a parson's wife.

Arrived at the station we selected our voiture, subjecting the driver to the severest cross-examination, and demanding his number and the printed "tariff" as precautionary measures, and shaking our heads frowningly at his mildest inquiry or suggestion.

At our hotel (which I need not state was a Dutch one) we ate our meat with no gladness and singleness of heart, regarding every mouthful as a half-franc piece, and laid down upon our couch with hearts heavier than the superincumbent feather-bed. All this until we made the appetizing discovery that we were actually living more economically than in Paris (where our quarters were very agreeable and reasonable), and infinitely more so than in London.

For the benefit of our countrymen, for whom the climate of this delightful city may be prescribed, but who are obliged, like ourselves, to count the cost, I give our experience somewhat in detail.

At the Hôtel et Pension Suisse, 25 (not 27, as in Murray) Rue Massena, we occupied for six days a large and comfortably-furnished apartment (frescoes included), on the third floor; were supplied daily at any time we chose previous to 10 A.M. with excellent *café au lait*, bread, butter, and eggs; *déjeuner* at 12 noon, of beefsteak or its equivalent, with potatoes, bread, butter, cheese, and *vin ordinaire*; dinner at 5 P.M., of four or five courses, sufficiently varied and excellently cooked. For this, together with candles, fire, and "service," we paid seventy-four francs. And this was in the height of the season, and within five minutes' walk of the beach, the Promenade des Anglais, and the Russian Empress! The Swiss landlord and lady speak English, moreover, and, best of all, are true republicans—the most intelligent and sympathetic discussers of American affairs whom we had chanced to meet in our wanderings.

At the *table d'hôte* I must confess I was nearly stunned by the sonorous gutturals and disenvoweled sentences; but this was in consequence of the young divine's inhuman habit of Dutch fraternization at every opportunity, leaving his unhappy spouse to gather such particles of knowledge from amidst the deafening jargon as a slight acquaintance with "Ollendorf's Method" made possible. Indeed, the whole sojourn in Nice was embittered by the apprehension that,

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going from bad to worse, my liege lord might come to balance himself on two legs of his chair between courses at dinner, brandishing wildly his fork, which, utterly divorced from its lawful use, should be employed alternately in shampooing his head, cleansing his teeth, and setting home an argument to the heart of his *vis-à-vis*, with the oracular "*Ja wohl!*" vociferated at intervals as regularly recurrent as the chorus of the Greek drama.

Lest I should, in consequence of this, be accused of introducing my readers into shabby company, I would say in passing, that among our fellow-boarders there was a sprinkling of counts, barons, and professors, together with a young Danish countess (whose lovely beauty, of the American type, even beatified her English —hers, and by no means the king's—which she aired with the naïvest and most bewitching vanity)—these, besides several French and English families of respectability.

Nice is one of the brightest memories of our pilgrimage in search of health. To those who are unfamiliar with its peculiar attractions I can only say, imagine a combination of Newport and the White Mountains crowned with snow; Worcester hills luxuriantly draped with the olive and orange; the skies, atmosphere, and roses of a New England June, together with the richer vegetation of the tropics; and having peopled this Paradise with fashion and royalty, you have the Nice which we saw in December, 1864.

Two circumstances contributed to render it more desirable as a residence at this time, perhaps, than ordinarily. The nine months of drought which, as we were informed, had left the landscape sere in August and stripped it of all foliage, had been succeeded by warm rains, stimulating a fresh growth of beautiful verdure over all the hills and groves. Again, the injurious allegations in regard to the extortions of Nice, coupled with the presence of the Empress of all the Russias, and the consequent dread of a still greater increase of gayety and inflation of prices, had driven away scores of invalids who would else have congregated here; so that apartments were abundant, and the eye and ear were less frequently tortured than in former years by the tokens of human suffering amidst the most joyous beauty of nature.

Mentone, on the other hand, was crowded to suffocation, while its prices were correspondingly oppressive. However, there still lingered sufficient invalidism to remind us of the serpent trail through Eden. The stillness of night was broken by solo, duet, and occasionally chorus coughs. So universal was this, and so irresistible the sway of fashion, that I presently found myself laying aside my rôle of nurse, and sporting a little cough of my own, quite to the delight of my charge, apparently, inasmuch as he ceased to be regarded as an invalid himself, and was able to transfer a great deal of second-hand good advice which had previously been given him, and which was just as good as new—having never been used—together with remnants of plasters, pills, and croton-oil.

But the exquisite climate rendered my compliance with the *mode* brief, and I am glad to believe that in graver cases it works greater wonders.

Besides these nocturnal disturbances our walks by day were often saddened by the sight of actual or imminent decay. Upon the beach, where the surf rolls in superbly, and in the *Jardin des Plantes*, under the shade of the palms, we frequently encountered paralytics, wheeled in garden-chairs; impotent children, whose wistful eyes outran the slow pace of their bearers; and consumptives of every age and degree, from the young girl with the first tinge of perilous beauty upon her cheek, to those in the last stages of the disease, who could surely find no more delightful mount of vision from which to take their last look of earth, and make their ascent to a clime where they shall never say, "I am sick."

The Great Bear is naturally in the ascendant at Nice during this winter's solstice. Everybody invests in a Russian dictionary, and a few in Russian bonds. Cabalistic placards affront the sensibilities of the unlearned from walls and shop-windows. I was specially offended by a Child's-Book in the barbaric tongue, and all the more since it had the impertinence to be charmingly illustrated.

A few weeks previous to the advent of our august highnesses, Napoleon III. had honored this recent accession to his empire by visiting in person the Russian Empress, in return for the Czar's graciousness toward Eugénie during her summer's sojourn in the north.

> "Oh, how pleasant 'tis to see
> Children of one family,
> Eagles and bearesses agree!"

For which overhaul your Dr. Watts, etc.

There are numerous excursions to be made in the vicinity of Nice, agreeably diversifying a winter's sojourn. The day after our arrival, instigated by Murray, we set forth for Cimies.

At this point I pause to make a pathetic appeal to those of my countrywomen who design to travel, but who are compelled by Exchange—"that monster of so dreadful mien"—to use their own feet mainly in lion-hunting: Crucify your vanity, and provide yourselves with walking boots which even your deadliest rival would admit were too wide for you.

Having been forewarned, I had sacrificed myself to the extent of a pair of Number— well, a size larger than my ordinary wear; and yet, in spite of this, I have seen the time since then when, after hours of walking over rough pavements, and climbing steep ascents, and traversing interminable picture-galleries, I have been fain to gaze upon the grandest panorama of nature through tear-dimmed eyes; to gnash my teeth in the very face of Raphael's most peerless Madonna; and to wish the Coliseum, Rome, and the world all gone to destruction together, according to the prophecy of the venerable Bede:

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"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world."

And all this loss and misery occasioned by two feet of goat-skin!

But boots or no boots we set forth toward Cimies. Leaving the city the ascent lies between high stone-walls, shutting in villas, and out our gaze. However, the orange-trees, burdened with fruitage glowing in the midst of the dark-green foliage, and the olive with its purple berries and graceful vines, especially the geranium, which overflowed the walls in rich masses, flaming with gorgeous blossoms, these could not so be shut in by metes and bounds. As for these villas themselves no one in his right mind would care to see them. The only conceivable advantage they can subserve to the beholder, in my estimation, is the questionable one of making the scenery of a second-rate theatre seem natural. Most of them are of plaster, painted in execrable taste to simulate brick-work, or with balconies, windows, doors, vines, landscapes, and even human figures daubed upon them in utter defiance of all perspective and verisimilitude.

As we trudged onward and upward the silence and solitude were almost oppressive. Occasionally we met a peasant with his donkey stumbling down the rough declivity, or were overtaken by his other beast of burden—a woman, balancing her basket deftly on her head, but no other signs of life were visible.

As Murray states, somewhat enigmatically, that "Cimies may be reached in an hour either on foot or in a carriage;" I suppose the road must be navigable by vehicles, but we met none, and it seemed to us that nothing but the world-renowned "one-hoss shay," in its pristine vigor, could withstand the wear and tear of the passage. At last the "long lane" terminated in a "turning" and the Roman ruins. They consist of an amphitheatre, whose well-preserved walls, draped with luxuriant ivy, make one of the most picturesque among our collection of photographs. It is desirable, by-the-way, to purchase photographs as far as possible *unmounted;* in this way, carefully rolled upon a stick, large numbers can be transported very easily and with greatly lessened duties.

In regard to Cimies, the ancient capital of the Maritime Alps, with its Franciscan convent, and its church upon a square "with gigantic ilexes, and an interesting Gothic cross of the fifteenth century," I regret to say that all trace of them has vanished; and where they are represented to have once stood, and for miles beyond, dense groves of olives are planted in serried ranks. This is my firm belief, the result of a toilsome search of more than two hours over stony ways, under a broiling sun, upon lame feet, and through orchards innumerable, whose foliage forms an impervious barrier to even the slightest glimpse of a view to repay for the exhaustive ascent.

The public gardens of Nice are set upon a hill several hundred feet above the sea. They embrace the ruins of an old château, and an old cemetery, and are laid out with carriage-drives and foot-paths winding upward in gentle ascent. Here I encountered what Blanche Amory would call the great "disillusionation" of my life. All that life the Aloe has been to me as one of the plants of Paradise. I have heard of the centuried blossom until its ideal in my mind concentrated all the beauty and all the sweetness of the world's flora. But we have reached a hemisphere where the Aloe is no more accounted of than was silver in the days of Solomon. The earth fairly bustles with its plants like the fretful porcupine. Still the fond illusion in regard to the glory of its centuried blossom survived all shocks until that day when we visited the public garden of Nice. Suddenly arrested by an ejaculation from my companion, and following the direction of his astounded eyes, I beheld a great, gawky (no other word is adequate to the subject) stem, thirty feet high, issuing from the midst of a mass of decaying vegetation; and upon the summit of this imposing flag-staff there clung a few tattered tufts of reddish-brown!—verily a "ridiculous muss" for such a laborious monster to produce. Subsequently we saw many similar stalks, and *this* is the peerless blossom to whose perfection a hundred years of sunshine and the life of the parent-plant are indispensable!

Besides these gigantic humbugs—these vegetable Pecksniffs—the garden abounds with mighty cacti, funereal cypresses, japonicas, palms, roses of every tinge and delicious fragrance, and innumerable trees and shrubs of rare varieties. The crown of the hill is inclosed with a railing, paved with pebbles, and supplied with benches where the wearied climber can rest, and at the same time enjoy one of the grandest views imaginable. Looking northward, below us lay the city, with its tiled roofs, and its villas embowered in orange groves: beyond, rose smooth olive slopes: still beyond, a range of picturesque mountains, naked and gray: and last of all, the snow-Alps themselves, three distinct ranks. Turning southward, from the foot of the precipitous cliff on which we stood the Mediterranean stretches away to the horizon, while its nearer waves broke upon the rocks below us with mighty boom.

Returning to our lodgings by the Port, we encountered, near its entrance, a crowd of handsome equipages, and foot-passengers watching the breaking of the surf. A heavy storm far out at sea had lashed the calm blue waters into unwonted fury, and dashing over the cliffs, and plunging into the caves which perforate them, they were hurled back again and again with majestic disdain, shivered into snow-crystals which fell in soft showers, only to blend again with each other, and return to the suicidal strife with intenser wrath.

Still farther on we came to the beach, where the bathing is superb. A noticeable and very agreeable difference between the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean lies in the fact that the latter makes no deposit of unsightly sea-

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weed, with caustic odor, its tides being scarcely perceptible.

A less pleasing peculiarity of the shore at Nice, and, as far as my observation extends, of the entire coast of the Mediterranean, is its appropriation by the common people as a laundry. As we sauntered through the elegant Promenade the contrast between our right and left hand views was sharply marked. On the right was a continuous stream of fashion and display; gilded carriages, with huge flunkies without and ladies in opera costume within; horsemen and horsewomen on dashing steeds; promenaders in gala dress which, with gentlemen at least, is considered incomplete without the Nicene umbrella—an absurd gray linen parasol, lined with blue, green, or brown. On the left hand, as far as the eye could see, were men, women, and children washing household and body linen in small pools of water, with an indescribable accompaniment of pounding, singing, scolding, rubbing, and shaking; while the entire extent of pebbly coast was spread with garments in process of drying. Woe to that woman (and to all within reach of the vials of her wrath) whose half-dried linen became the prey of some frolicsome wave, creeping slyly up beyond its fellows. The result of that promenade was the impression that the world is divided into two great classes, linen-wearers and linen-washers, the latter being somewhat in the majority.

Apropos to this subject, and to the surprise I expressed that garments not only survived these destructive processes, but actually come forth in wearable order, I was informed confidentially by a young Briton, a graduate of Cambridge University, that it was only in England that the use of hot water and soap for the laundry was known! Oh wives, daughters, and servant-maids of America! rest assured that I was equal to the occasion, and asserted your rival claim to this root of all knowledge.

We bade farewell to Nice even more reluctantly than we entered it, committing ourselves to the mercies of a little dirty punt—the universal medium of transport, whether for man or merchandise, from the dry land to the Mediterranean steamers.

I have squandered many minutes and much ingenuity in devising a dainty mode of insinuating an offensive fact connected with this portion of my travels; but finally, rejecting all euphuisms, I state boldly that we took *second-class* tickets by the Italian steamer from Nice to Genoa.

The day being perfect, and the route following the incomparably beautiful shore at so little distance that every object was distinctly visible, we could hardly leave the deck, even for the time occupied by our *déjeuner*; and as this was served for us in the first cabin (at the instigation of the captain, and doubtless in compliment to our distinguished appearance), we had every desirable advantage of other first-class passengers. The young Englishman whose saponaceous pride I have already celebrated shared our voluntary humiliation, and our brief exaltation. Although our privileges included full sweep of the entire deck, yet we fancied that in the bow we saw nature, human and otherwise, to best advantage, and accordingly there we sat, upon a coil of rope, absorbed in the attractions of the shore and the distractions immediately about us, as long as daylight lingered.

The vetturino journey over the Reviera is very celebrated for its beauty; yet it would seem that the nearer hills must often close in about the land traveler and rob him of the vision of remoter mountain summits which tower gloriously in full view from the steamer's deck — which steamers (with all deference to Mr. Murray, who declares that "they generally perform the voyage by night") make the trip by daylight, and, in our experience, the journey was rather like a quiet sail along a river's bank than like an ocean voyage.

In the exquisite Bay of Villafranca, which is so sheltered by its hills that the sharp breath of the snow Alps can not pierce to it, two Russian ships of war lay at anchor, surrounded by a bevy of little sail-boats: these were doubtless sent by the Czar to watch about his absent Ursa Major.

Further on, perched upon a lofty peak (and looking as if it had gone there with the intention of sliding down hill, but had thought better of it), was the village of Esa, with its castle; and, indeed, wherever a particularly inaccessible height presented itself, there, upon its very barrenest tip, clung the habitations of men, who build, like the robins, after the traditions of their fathers, although all necessity for such isolation and elevation passed away long ago with the abrogation of the law

> "That he should keep who hath the power,
> And he should get who can."

The sun, which blesses alike the evil and the good, fairly flooded that absurd little pocket-monarchy Monaco as we passed by, and beckoned the unwary to its gilded vice from glittering walls and towers.

Above Mentone tower picturesque dolomite mountains, whose shelter renders the neat little city below specially attractive to northern invalids, who, however, on arriving, find that Italian physicians send their consumptive countrymen to Sicily, whose inhabitants are setting sail for Cairo, from whence delicate Egyptians flee to Algiers to discover that the Poor Joes of that country must still "move on," seeking a healthful clime in that yellow segment of the other hemisphere which is mysteriously labeled "Unexplored;" and what further sanitary expatriations lie between this latter refuge and "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns" deponent saith not.

Bordighera is interesting to us from having produced a true Yankee, who inexplicably went thither to be born, following the example of a little friend of mine, who, on being asked was she born in New Jersey, indignantly replied, "No, *indeed!* I used to live there, but I went

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to Vermont to be born!" This misborn hero was one of the multitude which watched the fruitless efforts at raising the huge Egyptian obelisk of the Piazza of St. Peter's, when six hundred workmen, one hundred and forty horses, forty-six cranes, the Pope's benediction, and High Mass itself utterly failed to lift the ponderous mass of red granite. Then Yankee ingenuity, embodied in a Bordigheran sailor, broke the awful silence which had been ordained during the solemn ceremony with the canny suggestion, "Why don't you wet the ropes?" which being done the 1,284,720 pounds assumed their present position, and Pope Sixtus V. conferred upon the townspeople of the brilliant Bresca (the Yankee's surname) the privilege of growing all the sacred palm-branches which shall figure at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday throughout all ages. Accordingly, when we looked out upon the palms of Bordighera last December, they were done up in curl-papers preparatory to the Easter festival, their leaves being swathed in order that they might acquire a pious unhealthiness of hue befitting their sacred destiny. Just beyond this historic town there opened to us through a gorge in the nearer hills a superb view of four distinct ranges of mountains, the loftier peaks snow-crowned and seeming to shine by their own light.

As we drift smoothly on, other vessels, with quaint rigging and triangular sails, pass by us, and as the breeze springs up we ourselves spread a sail and spin over the blue water. I, being well read in my Bible, have keen suspicions that the Euroclydon is brewing, but am reassured by the calmness of crew and passengers, and speedily become engrossed in watching the now familiar game of *Morra*, then seen for the first time. This game, which was in fashion two thousand years before Christ's advent, and which is universally and untiringly played throughout Italy to-day, is on this wise. Two persons sit opposite each other with their right hands closed and their left held up to keep the reckoning of the game. The sport consists in each throwing out at once one or more fingers toward his antagonist with a sudden motion, and crying out, explosively, the number which he guesses their combined fingers will make—"*Tre!*" "*Otto!*" "*Tutti!*" Whoever guesses the true number wins a point (unless his antagonist also guesses the same, when it counts nothing), which is told off by an uplifted finger of the left hand. This simple game is, as has been said, hoary with age, perpetuated in the art of ancient Thebes, quoted by Cicero, and practiced by even the beggars of modern Italy. It has even originated an admirable proverb, which, alas! is not likely to become worn by use in "Rome of to-day"—*He is so trust-worthy one may play Morra with him in the dark.* For a fuller description of this and other peculiarly Roman games *vide* Mr. Story's "Roba di Roma," and be sure and try the game of Morra for yourself.

But our approach to Porto Maurizio interrupted the sport of the handsome Genoese and sharp Neapolitan, who had been for half an hour incessantly "flashing their fingers" at each other—as the old Latin picturesquely expresses it—and our vessel here lay to long enough to receive passengers brought in little boats from the town which crowns the summit of a rocky promontory utterly destitute of trees except a fringe about the foot. At this point of our journey, or rather at Oneglia, the half-way town, our adjectives entirely failed us, and we found ourselves reduced to monosyllabic ejaculations and exclamation points.

There surely can not be a more delectable panorama in all the world than this on some rare day when the hills are bluer than ever Titian dared to paint, and the atmosphere and quiet bays more "luminous" than Tilton kindles, and the snow Alps shine in transfiguration robes, white and glistering.

Our first impression of Genoa left us no desire to challenge her title as *La Superba*. The blue heavens were shining above us, and the perpendicular streets of the city, also spangled with innumerable lesser lights, rose before us. But the heavenly vision was rudely disturbed by an influx of Charon's boatmen, who rushed madly at us and into and over each other in their clumsy craft, with a wild accompaniment of jokes, bickering, and swearing, occasionally bursting into amazing bravuras, which reminded us painfully that "Italy is the land of song." Verily, had the illustrious Genoese been so set upon at his first approach to our continent he might have been forgiven if he had incontinently fled and borne back such a tale of dread that we had remained undiscovered to the present day. But we were mercifully delivered alive from the hospitalities of our foster-brothers, and regarded it as a happy coincidence that our first landing on Italian shores should be in the birth-place of Christopher Columbus.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

THE warm air trembling o'er the dusty road
That winds—a tawny snake—around the hill;
No breeze to wake the heavy, drooping leaves,
No sound except the locust's feeble trill.

Gay knots of butterflies with pulsing wings,
That scatter at the lone wayfarer's feet;
The road-side rills and all their music fled,
The long grass dead and dying in the heat.

An ashen sky above the voiceless woods,
A flash of waters where the boughs are thin:
The hazy mountains reaching far beyond,
A farm-house closed, and silent all within.

The panting cattle 'neath the dappled shade,
Knee-deep within the silver of the stream;
And mine a dell beside a rustic bridge,
Where even Care would pause a while to dream.

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A BALLAD OF THE HOURS.

THE laughing, laughing summer-time
Came dancing o'er the plains,
As if she would in merry mood
Keep step with April rains.

There was a little cottage stood,
Half-hidden from the view,
And there she told the birds to sing
The sweetest songs they knew.

For there in peace and quietness
A gray-haired woman dwelt,
And toiled to earn her daily bread
As years slow came and went.

She loved beside the open door
To sit at close of day,
And watch the sunset glories
As they slowly paled away.

And once when twilight shadows
O'er hill and dale were spread,
Through memory's haunted chambers
She walked with reverent tread.

When, lifting up her eyelids,
She saw amid the gloom
A dim and mystic company
Were circling round the room.

They clasped their hands together,
And they sang "The Hours are we,
"Come from your past existence
"To bear you company."——

Their voices were like singing,
Or the chime of silver bells;
And some were crowned with amaranth,
And some with asphodels.

Names, half forgot, they chanted,
And long-lost ringing laughter,
With which her own once blended,
Like echoes, followed after.

One little sprite came near her
With noiseless, tripping tread,
And slowly reaching forth his hand
He laid it on her head.

"This hair is very white," said he,
"But I remember well
"When it around your shoulders
"Like captured sunbeams fell.

"I've seen you chase the butterflies
"And clap your hands in glee;
"I come from your lost childhood—
"Do you remember me?"——

Then a heart-chord long since silent
At the master touch awoke,
And tears rose to her faded eyes,
Though not a word she spoke.

Then another form approached her,
Oh, very fair was he;
His robes were like the sunshine
Which glitters on the sea.

He waved a wreath of roses,
And he danced around her chair,
And sang "For you I painted
"Such pictures in the air.

"I made your life a joyous song
"To dancing measures set—
"You surely do remember me?
"You never can forget?"——

Sadly the woman answered,
"Your face I well do know,
"But the pictures which you painted
"All faded long ago."——

Then another stood beside her
In simple raiment drest,
But, in her sweet humility,
She far outshone the rest.

Said she, "Yon form of brightness,
"Arched rainbows o'er your head,
"I took them down and gave you
"The clear-blue sky instead.

"You sadly missed the rainbows,
"For the tears were in your eyes,
"And you could not see an angel
"Through all my dark disguise.

"Now tell me while I linger,
"Am I a welcome guest,
"Though once I walked beside you
"In sober raiment drest?"——

"Though from my heart's bright garden,"
The woman softly said,
"You took some gorgeous blossoms,
"You left Heart's-Ease instead."——

Then very low and tenderly
Another voice did say,
"Do you remember me? I came
"Upon your wedding-day.

"The old church bells sent merrily
"Their glad notes every where,
"Like a thousand benedictions
"Soft pulsing through the air."——

Then where the moon shone brightest
She raised her wasted hand
And showed a name, deep graven,
On a slender golden band.

Said she, "Where yonder willow
"Waves in the darkness lone,
"A name like this is written
"Upon a marble stone.

"That grave is very lonely,
"But wherefore should I weep
"That God, in His compassion,
"Gives his beloved sleep?

"A little while I journey on
"Among these shadows dim;
"For, though he can not come to me,
"I sure can go to him."——

With a glory resting 'round him
A Stranger Form drew near;
But the wondrous words he uttered
None but herself might hear.

Her hands she meekly folded,
And done with earthly strife,
She said, "Thou, too, art welcome,
"O Last-Hour of my life."

Then, like one whose work is finished,
Her hands across her breast,
She calmly closed her eyes and slept
In Death's serenest rest.

And the phantom train together
Passed through the open door,
And in the little cottage
There was silence evermore.

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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN AT HIS WORST.

THE breakfast-table at Mr. Boffin's was usually a very pleasant one, and was always presided over by Bella. As though he began each new day in his healthy natural character, and some waking hours were necessary to his relapse into the corrupting influences of his wealth, the face and the demeanor of the Golden Dustman were generally unclouded at that meal. It would have been easy to believe then that there was no change in him. It was as the day went on that the clouds gathered, and the brightness of the morning became obscured. One might have said that the shadows of avarice and distrust lengthened as his own shadow lengthened, and that the night closed around him gradually.

But one morning, long afterward to be remembered, it was black midnight with the Golden Dustman when he first appeared. His altered character had never been so grossly marked. His bearing toward his Secretary was so charged with insolent distrust and arrogance, that the latter rose and left the table before breakfast was half done. The look he directed at the Secretary's retiring figure was so cunningly malignant, that Bella would have sat astounded and indignant, even though he had not gone the length of secretly threatening Rokesmith with his clenched fist as he closed the door. This unlucky morning, of all mornings in the year, was the morning next after Mr. Boffin's interview with Mrs. Lammle in her little carriage.

Bella looked to Mrs. Boffin's face for comment on, or explanation of, this stormy humor in her husband, but none was there. An anxious and a distressed observation of her own face was all she could read in it. When they were left alone together—which was not until noon, for Mr. Boffin sat long in his easy-chair, by turns jogging up and down the breakfast-room, clenching his fist and muttering—Bella, in consternation, asked her what had happened, what was wrong? "I am forbidden to speak to you about it, Bella dear; I mustn't tell you," was all the answer she could get. And still, whenever, in her wonder and dismay, she raised her eyes to Mrs. Boffin's face, she saw in it the same anxious and distressed observation of her own.

Oppressed by her sense that trouble was impending, and lost in speculations why Mrs. Boffin should look at her as if she had any part in it, Bella found the day long and dreary. It was far on in the afternoon when, she being in her own room, a servant brought her a message from Mr. Boffin begging her to come to his.

Mrs. Boffin was there, seated on a sofa, and Mr. Boffin was jogging up and down. On seeing Bella he stopped, beckoned her to him, and drew her arm through his. "Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said, gently; "I am not angry with you. Why you actually tremble! Don't be alarmed, Bella, my dear. I'll see you righted."

"See me righted?" thought Bella. And then repeated aloud in a tone of astonishment: "see me righted, Sir?"

"Ay, ay!" said Mr. Boffin. "See you righted. Send Mr. Rokesmith here, you Sir."

Bella would have been lost in perplexity if there had been pause enough; but the servant found Mr. Rokesmith near at hand, and he almost immediately presented himself.

"Shut the door, Sir!" said Mr. Boffin. "I have got something to say to you which I fancy you'll not be pleased to hear."

"I am sorry to reply, Mr. Boffin," returned the Secretary, as, having closed the door, he turned and faced him, "that I think that very likely."

"What do you mean?" blustered Mr. Boffin.

"I mean that it has become no novelty to me to hear from your lips what I would rather not hear."

"Oh! Perhaps we shall change that," said Mr. Boffin with a threatening roll of his head.

"I hope so," returned the Secretary. He was quiet and respectful; but stood, as Bella thought (and was glad to think), on his manhood too.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Boffin, "look at this young lady on my arm."

Bella involuntarily raising her eyes, when this sudden reference was made to herself, met those of Mr. Rokesmith. He was pale and seemed agitated. Then her eyes passed on to Mrs. Boffin's, and she met the look again. In a flash it enlightened her, and she began to understand what she had done.

"I say to you, Sir," Mr. Boffin repeated, "look at this young lady on my arm."

"I do so," returned the Secretary.

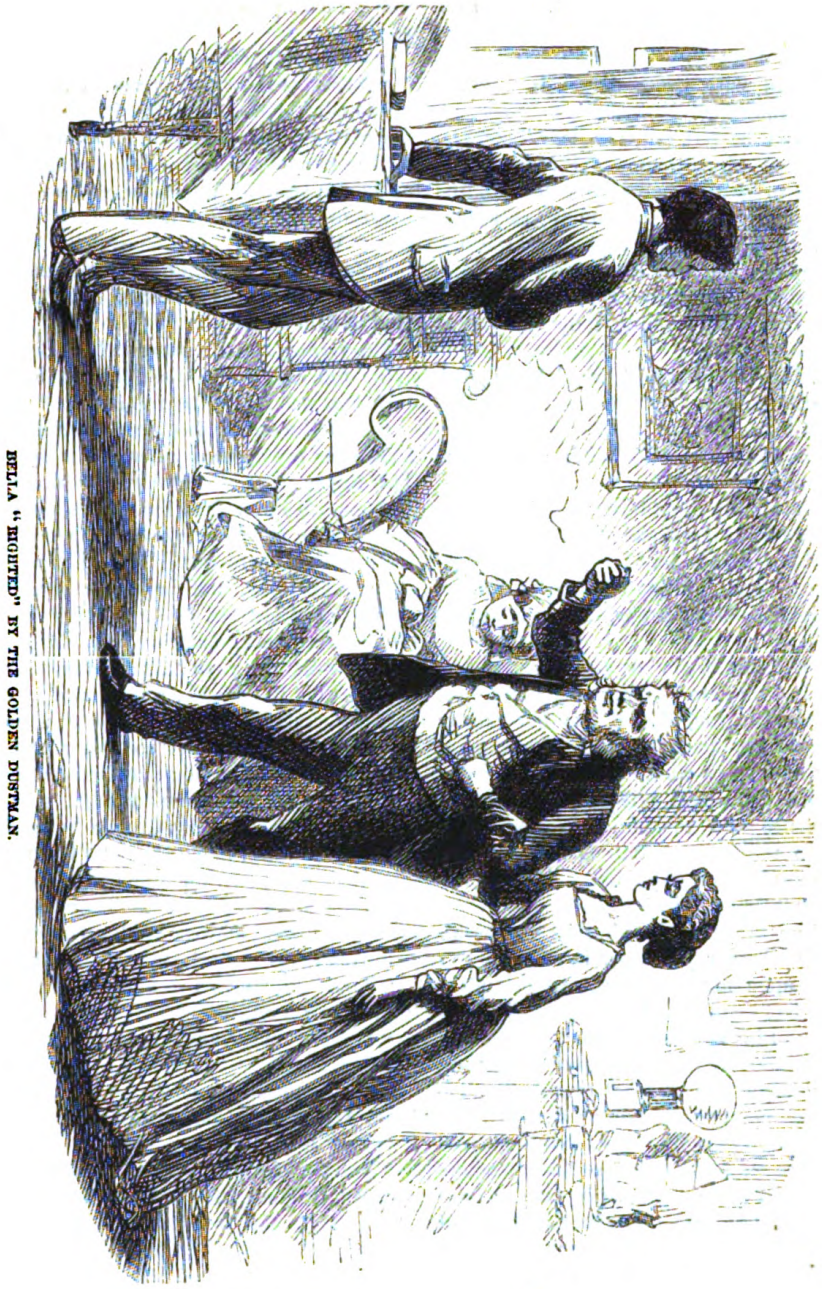
As his glance rested again on Bella for a moment, she thought there was reproach in it. But it is possible that the reproach was within herself.

"How dare you, Sir," said Mr. Boffin, "tamper, unknown to me, with this young lady? How dare you come out of your station, and your place in my house, to pester this young lady with your impudent addresses?"

"I must decline to answer questions," said the Secretary, "that are so offensively asked."

"You decline to answer?" retorted Mr. Bof-

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BELLA "MOURNED" BY THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN.

fin. "You decline to answer, do you? Then I'll tell you what it is, Rokesmith; I'll answer for you. There are two sides to this matter, and I'll take 'em separately. The first side is, sheer Insolence. That's the first side."

The Secretary smiled with some bitterness, as though he would have said, "So I see and hear."

"It was sheer Insolence in you, I tell you," said Mr. Boffin, "even to think of this young lady. This young lady was far above *you*. This young lady was no match for *you*. This young lady was lying in wait (as she was qualified to do) for money, and you had no money."

Bella hung her head and seemed to shrink a little from Mr. Boffin's protecting arm.

"What are you, I should like to know," pursued Mr. Boffin, "that you were to have the audacity to follow up this young lady? This young lady was looking about the market for a good bid; she wasn't in it to be snapped up by fellows that had no money to lay out; nothing to buy with."

"Oh, Mr. Boffin! Mrs. Boffin, pray say something for me!" murmured Bella, disengaging her arm, and covering her face with her hands.

"Old lady," said Mr. Boffin, anticipating his

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wife, "you hold your tongue. Bella, my dear, don't you let yourself be put out. I'll right you."

"But you don't, you don't right me!" exclaimed Bella, with great emphasis. "You wrong me, wrong me!"

"Don't you be put out, my dear," complacently retorted Mr. Boffin. "I'll bring this young man to book. Now, you Rokesmith! You can't decline to hear, you know, as well as to answer. You hear me tell you that the first side of your conduct was Insolence—Insolence and Presumption. Answer me one thing, if you can. Didn't this young lady tell you so herself?"

"Did I, Mr. Rokesmith?" asked Bella, with her face still covered. "Oh say, Mr. Rokesmith! Did I?"

"Don't be distressed, Miss Wilfer; it matters very little now."

"Ah! You can't deny it, though!" said Mr. Boffin, with a knowing shake of his head.

"But I have asked him to forgive me since," cried Bella; "and I would ask him to forgive me now again, upon my knees, if it would spare him!"

Here Mrs. Boffin broke out a-crying.

"Old lady," said Mr. Boffin, "stop that noise! Tender-hearted in you, Miss Bella; but I mean to have it out right through with this young man, having got him into a corner. Now, you Rokesmith. I tell you that's one side of your conduct—Insolence and Presumption. Now I'm a-coming to the other, which is much worse. This was a speculation of yours."

"I indignantly deny it."

"It's of no use your denying it; it doesn't signify a bit whether you deny it or not; I've got a head upon my shoulders, and it ain't a baby's. What!" said Mr. Boffin, gathering himself together in his most suspicious attitude, and wrinkling his face into a very map of curves and corners. "Don't I know what grabs are made at a man with money? If I didn't keep my eyes open and my pockets buttoned, shouldn't I be brought to the work-house before I knew where I was? Wasn't the experience of Dancer, and Elwes, and Hopkins, and Blewbury Jones, and ever so many more of 'em, similar to mine? Didn't every body want to make grabs at what they'd got, and bring 'em to poverty and ruin? Weren't they forced to hide every thing belonging to 'em, for fear it should be snatched from 'em? Of course they was. I shall be told next that they didn't know human natur!"

"They! Poor creatures," murmured the Secretary.

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Boffin, snapping at him. "However, you needn't be at the trouble of repeating it, for it ain't worth hearing, and won't go down with *me*. I'm a-going to unfold your plan before this young lady; I'm a-going to show this young lady the second view of you; and nothing you can say will stave it off. (Now, attend here, Bella, my dear.) Rokesmith, you're a needy chap. You're a chap that I pick up in the street. Are you, or ain't you?"

"Go on, Mr. Boffin; don't appeal to me."

"Not appeal to *you*," retorted Mr. Boffin, as if he hadn't done so. "No, I should hope not! Appealing to *you* would be rather a rum course. As I was saying, you're a needy chap that I pick up in the street. You come and ask me in the street to take you for a Secretary, and I take you. Very good."

"Very bad," murmured the Secretary.

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Boffin, snapping at him again.

He returned no answer. Mr. Boffin, after eying him with a comical look of discomfited curiosity, was fain to begin afresh.

"This Rokesmith is a needy young man that I take for my Secretary out of the open street. This Rokesmith gets acquainted with my affairs, and gets to know that I mean to settle a sum of money on this young lady. 'Oho!' says this Rokesmith;" here Mr. Boffin clapped a finger against his nose, and tapped it several times with a sneaking air, as embodying Rokesmith confidentially confabulating with his own nose; "'This will be a good haul; I'll go in for this!' And so this Rokesmith, greedy and hungering, begins a-creeping on his hands and knees toward the money. Not so bad a speculation either: for if this young lady had had less spirit, or had had less sense, through being at all in the romantic line, by George he might have worked it out and made it pay! But fortunately she was too many for him, and a pretty figure he cuts now he is exposed. There he stands!" said Mr. Boffin, addressing Rokesmith himself with ridiculous inconsistency. "Look at him!"

"Your unfortunate suspicions, Mr. Boffin—" began the Secretary.

"Precious unfortunate for *you*, I can tell you," said Mr. Boffin.

"—are not to be combated by any one, and I address myself to no such hopeless task. But I will say a word upon the truth."

"Yah! Much you care about the truth," said Mr. Boffin, with a snap of his fingers.

"Noddy! My dear love!" expostulated his wife.

"Old lady," returned Mr. Boffin, "you keep still. I say to this Rokesmith here, much he cares about the truth. I tell him again, much he cares about the truth."

"Our connection being at an end, Mr. Boffin," said the Secretary, "it can be of very little moment to me what you say."

"Oh! You are knowing enough," retorted Mr. Boffin, with a sly look, "to have found out that our connection's at an end, eh? But you can't get beforehand with me. Look at this in my hand. This is your pay, on your discharge. You can only follow suit. You can't deprive me of the lead. Let's have no pretending that you discharge yourself. I discharge you."

"So that I go," remarked the Secretary, wav-

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ing the point aside with his hand, "it is all one to me."

"Is it?" said Mr. Boffin. "But it's two to me, let me tell you. Allowing a fellow that's found out, to discharge himself, is one thing; discharging him for insolence and presumption, and likewise for designs upon his master's money, is another. One and one's two; not one. (Old lady, don't you cut in. You keep still.)"

"Have you said all you wish to say to me?" demanded the Secretary.

"I don't know whether I have or not," answered Mr. Boffin. "It depends."

"Perhaps you will consider whether there are any other strong expressions that you would like to bestow upon me?"

"I'll consider that," said Mr. Boffin, obstinately, "at my convenience, and not at yours. You want the last word. It may not be suitable to let you have it."

"Noddy! My dear, dear Noddy! You sound so hard!" cried poor Mrs. Boffin, not to be quite repressed.

"Old lady," said her husband, but without harshness, "if you cut in when requested not, I'll get a pillow and carry you out of the room upon it. What do you want to say, you Rokesmith?"

"To you, Mr. Boffin, nothing. But to Miss Wilfer and to your good kind wife, a word."

"Out with it then," replied Mr. Boffin, "and cut it short, for we've had enough of you."

"I have borne," said the Secretary, in a low voice, "with my false position here, that I might not be separated from Miss Wilfer. To be near her has been a recompense to me from day to day, even for the undeserved treatment I have had here, and for the degraded aspect in which she has often seen me. Since Miss Wilfer rejected me I have never again urged my suit, to the best of my belief, with a spoken syllable or a look. But I have never changed in my devotion to her, except—if she will forgive my saying so—that it is deeper than it was, and better founded."

"Now, mark this chap's saying Miss Wilfer, when he means *£ s. d.!*" cried Mr. Boffin, with a cunning wink. "Now, mark this chap's making Miss Wilfer stand for Pounds, Shillings, and Pence!"

"My feeling for Miss Wilfer," pursued the Secretary, without deigning to notice him, "is not one to be ashamed of. I avow it. I love her. Let me go where I may when I presently leave this house, I shall go into a blank life, leaving her."

"Leaving *£ s. d.* behind me," said Mr. Boffin, by way of commentary, with another wink.

"That I am incapable," the Secretary went on, still without heeding him, "of a mercenary project, or a mercenary thought in connection with Miss Wilfer, is nothing meritorious in me, because any prize that I could put before my fancy would sink into insignificance beside her. If the greatest wealth or the highest rank were hers, it would only be important in my sight as removing her still farther from me, and making me more hopeless, if that could be. Say," remarked the Secretary, looking full at his late master, "say that with a word she could strip Mr. Boffin of his fortune and take possession of it, she would be of no greater worth in my eyes than she is."

"What do you think by this time, old lady," asked Mr. Boffin, turning to his wife in a bantering tone, "about this Rokesmith here, and his caring for the truth? You needn't say what you think, my dear, because I don't want you to cut in, but you can think it all the same. As to taking possession of my property, I warrant you he wouldn't do that himself if he could."

"No," returned the Secretary, with another full look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Boffin. "There's nothing like a good 'un while you *are* about it."

"I have been for a moment," said the Secretary, turning from him and falling into his former manner, "diverted from the little I have to say. My interest in Miss Wilfer began when I first saw her; even began when I had only heard of her. It was, in fact, the cause of my throwing myself in Mr. Boffin's way, and entering his service. Miss Wilfer has never known this until now. I mention it now, only as a corroboration (though I hope it may be needless) of my being free from the sordid design attributed to me."

"Now, this is a very artful dog," said Mr. Boffin, with a deep look. "This is a longer-headed schemer than I thought him. See how patiently and methodically he goes to work. He gets to know about me and my property, and about this young lady, and her share in poor young John's story, and he puts this and that together, and he says to himself, 'I'll get in with Boffin, and I'll get in with this young lady, and I'll work 'em both at the same time, and I'll bring my pigs to market somewhere.' I hear him say it, bless you! Why, I look at him now, and I see him say it!"

Mr. Boffin pointed at the culprit, as it were in the act, and hugged himself in his great penetration.

"But luckily he hadn't to deal with the people he supposed, Bella, my dear!" said Mr. Boffin. "No! Luckily he had to deal with you, and with me, and with Daniel and Miss Dancer, and with Elwes, and with Vulture Hopkins, and with Blewbury Jones and all the rest of us, one down t'other come on. And he's beat, that's what he is; regularly beat. He thought to squeeze money out of us, and he has done for himself instead, Bella my dear!"

Bella my dear made no response, gave no sign of acquiescence. When she had first covered her face she had sunk upon a chair with her hands resting on the back of it, and had never moved since. There was a short silence at this point, and Mrs. Boffin softly rose as if to go to her.

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But Mr. Boffin stopped her with a gesture, and she obediently sat down again and staid where she was.

"There's your pay, Mister Rokesmith," said the Golden Dustman, jerking the folded scrap of paper he had in his hand toward his late Secretary. "I dare say you can stoop to pick it up, after what you have stooped to here."

"I have stooped to nothing but this," Rokesmith answered, as he took it from the ground; "and this is mine, for I have earned it by the hardest of hard labor."

"You're a pretty quick packer, I hope," said Mr. Boffin; "because the sooner you are gone, bag and baggage, the better for all parties."

"You need have no fear of my lingering."

"There's just one thing though," said Mr. Boffin, "that I should like to ask you before we come to a good riddance, if it was only to show this young lady how conceited you schemers are, in thinking that nobody finds out how you contradict yourselves."

"Ask me any thing you wish to ask," returned Rokesmith, "but use the expedition that you recommend."

"You pretend to have a mighty admiration for this young lady?" said Mr. Boffin, laying his hand protectingly on Bella's head without looking down at her.

"I do not pretend."

"Oh! Well. You *have* a mighty admiration for this young lady—since you are so particular?"

"Yes."

"How do you reconcile that with this young lady's being a weak-spirited, improvident idiot, not knowing what was due to herself, flinging up her money to the church weather-cocks, and racing off at a splitting pace for the workhouse?"

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Or won't you? What else could you have made this young lady out to be, if she had listened to such addresses as yours?"

"What else, if I had been so happy as to win her affections and possess her heart?"

"Win her affections," retorted Mr. Boffin, with ineffable contempt, "and possess her heart! Mew says the cat, Quack-quack says the duck, Bow-wow-wow says the dog! Win her affections and possess her heart! Mew, Quack-quack, Bow-wow!"

John Rokesmith stared at him in his outburst, as if with some faint idea that he had gone mad.

"What is due to this young lady," said Mr. Boffin, "is Money, and this young lady right well knows it."

"You slander the young lady."

"*You* slander the young lady; you with your affections and hearts and trumpery," returned Mr. Boffin. "It's of a piece with the rest of your behavior. I heard of these doings of yours only last night, or you should have heard of 'em from me sooner, take your oath of it. I heard of 'em from a lady with as good a head-piece as the best, and she knows this young lady, and I know this young lady, and we all three know that it's Money she makes a stand for—money, money, money—and that you and your affections and hearts are a Lie, Sir!"

"Mrs. Boffin," said Rokesmith, quietly turning to her, "for your delicate and unvarying kindness I thank you with the warmest gratitude. Good-by! Miss Wilfer, good-by!"

"And now, my dear," said Mr. Boffin, laying his hand on Bella's head again, "you may begin to make yourself quite comfortable, and I hope you feel that you've been righted."

But Bella was so far from appearing to feel it that she shrank from his hand and from the chair, and, starting up in an incoherent passion of tears, and stretching out her arms, cried, "O Mr. Rokesmith, before you go, if you could but make me poor again! O! make me poor again, Somebody, I beg and pray, or my heart will break if this goes on! Pa, dear, make me poor again and take me home! I was bad enough there, but I have been so much worse here. Don't give me money, Mr. Boffin, I won't have money. Keep it away from me, and only let me speak to good little Pa, and lay my head upon his shoulder, and tell him all my griefs. Nobody else can understand me, nobody else can comfort me, nobody else knows how unworthy I am, and yet can love me like a little child. I am better with Pa than any one—more innocent, more sorry, more glad!" So, crying out in a wild way that she could not bear this, Bella drooped her head on Mrs. Boffin's ready breast.

John Rokesmith from his place in the room, and Mr. Boffin from his, looked on at her in silence until she was silent herself. Then Mr. Boffin observed, in a soothing and comfortable tone, "There, my dear, there; you are righted now, and it's *all* right. I don't wonder, I'm sure, at your being a little flurried by having a scene with this fellow, but it's all over, my dear, and you're righted, and it's—and it's *all* right!" Which Mr. Boffin repeated with a highly satisfied air of completeness and finality.

"I hate you!" cried Bella, turning suddenly upon him, with a stamp of her little foot—"at least, I can't hate you, but I don't like you!"

"HUL-LO!" exclaimed Mr. Boffin, in an amazed under-tone.

"You're a scolding, unjust, abusive, aggravating, bad old creature!" cried Bella. "I am angry with my ungrateful self for calling you names; but you are, you are; you know you are!"

Mr. Boffin stared here, and stared there, as misdoubting that he must be in some sort of fit.

"I have heard you with shame," said Bella. "With shame for myself, and with shame for you. You ought to be above the base tale-bearing of a time-serving woman; but you are above nothing now."

Mr. Boffin, seeming to become convinced that

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this was a fit, rolled his eyes and loosened his neckcloth.

"When I came here I respected you and honored you, and I soon loved you," cried Bella. "And now I can't bear the sight of you. At least, I don't know that I ought to go so far as that—only you're a—you're a Monster!" Having shot this bolt out with a great expenditure of force, Bella hysterically laughed and cried together.

"The best wish I can wish you is," said Bella, returning to the charge, "that you had not one single farthing in the world. If any true friend and well-wisher could make you a bankrupt, you would be a Duck; but as a man of property you are a Demon!"

After dispatching this second bolt with a still greater expenditure of force, Bella laughed and cried still more.

"Mr. Rokesmith, pray stay one moment. Pray hear one word from me before you go! I am deeply sorry for the reproaches you have borne on my account. Out of the depths of my heart I earnestly and truly beg your pardon."

As she stepped toward him, he met her. As she gave him her hand, he put it to his lips, and said, "God bless you!" No laughing was mixed with Bella's crying then; her tears were pure and fervent.

"There is not an ungenerous word that I have heard addressed to you—heard with scorn and indignation, Mr. Rokesmith—but it has wounded me far more than you, for I have deserved it, and you never have. Mr. Rokesmith, it is to me you owe this perverted account of what passed between us that night. I parted with the secret, even while I was angry with myself for doing so. It was very bad in me, but indeed it was not wicked. I did it in a moment of conceit and folly—one of my many such moments—one of my many such hours—years. As I am punished for it severely, try to forgive it!"

"I do with all my soul."

"Thank you. O thank you! Don't part from me till I have said one other word, to do you justice. The only fault you can be truly charged with, in having spoken to me as you did that night—with how much delicacy and how much forbearance no one but I can know or be grateful to you for—is, that you laid yourself open to be slighted by a worldly shallow girl whose head was turned, and who was quite unable to rise to the worth of what you offered her. Mr. Rokesmith, that girl has often seen herself in a pitiful and poor light since, but never in so pitiful and poor a light as now, when the mean tone in which she answered you—sordid and vain girl that she was—has been echoed in her ears by Mr. Boffin."

He kissed her hand again.

"Mr. Boffin's speeches were detestable to me, shocking to me," said Bella, startling that gentleman with another stamp of her little foot. "It is quite true that there was a time, and very lately, when I deserved to be so 'righted,' Mr. Rokesmith; but I hope that I shall never deserve it again!"

He once more put her hand to his lips, and then relinquished it, and left the room. Bella was hurrying back to the chair in which she had hidden her face so long, when, catching sight of Mrs. Boffin by the way, she stopped at her. "He is gone," sobbed Bella indignantly, despairingly, in fifty ways at once, with her arms round Mrs. Boffin's neck. "He has been most shamefully abused, and most unjustly and most basely driven away, and I am the cause of it!"

All this time Mr. Boffin had been rolling his eyes over his loosened neckerchief, as if his fit were still upon him. Appearing now to think that he was coming to, he stared straight before him for a while, tied his neckerchief again, took several long inspirations, swallowed several times, and ultimately exclaimed with a deep sigh, as if he felt himself on the whole better: "Well!"

No word, good or bad, did Mrs. Boffin say: but she tenderly took care of Bella, and glanced at her husband as if for orders. Mr. Boffin, without imparting any, took his seat on a chair over against them, and there sat leaning forward, with a fixed countenance, his legs apart, a hand on each knee, and his elbows squared, until Bella should dry her eyes and raise her head, which in the fullness of time she did.

"I must go home," said Bella, rising hurriedly. "I am very grateful to you for all you have done for me, but I can't stay here."

"My darling girl!" remonstrated Mrs. Boffin.

"No, I can't stay here," said Bella; "I can't indeed. Ugh! you vicious old thing!" (This to Mr. Boffin.)

"Don't be rash, my love," urged Mrs. Boffin. "Think well of what you do."

"Yes, you had better think well," said Mr. Boffin.

"I shall never more think well of *you*," cried Bella, cutting him short, with intent defiance in her expressive little eyebrows, and championship of the late Secretary in every dimple. "No! never again! Your money has changed you to marble. You are a hard-hearted Miser. You are worse than Dancer, worse than Hopkins, worse than Blackberry Jones, worse than any of the wretches. And more!" proceeded Bella, breaking into tears again, "you were wholly undeserving of the Gentleman you have lost."

"Why, you don't mean to say, Miss Bella," the Golden Dustman slowly remonstrated, "that you set up Rokesmith against me?"

"I do!" said Bella. "He is worth a Million of you."

Very pretty she looked, though very angry, as she made herself as tall as she possibly could (which was not extremely tall), and utterly renounced her patron with a lofty toss of her rich brown head.

"I would rather he thought well of me," said Bella, "though he swept the street for bread, than that you did, though you splashed the mud

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upon him from the wheels of a chariot of pure gold. There!"

"Well I'm sure!" cried Mr. Boffin, staring.

"And for a long time past, when you have thought you set yourself above him, I have only seen you under his feet," said Bella—"There! And throughout I saw in him the master, and I saw in you the man—There! And when you used him shamefully, I took his part and loved him—There! I boast of it!"

After which strong avowal Bella underwent reaction, and cried to any extent, with her face on the back of her chair.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Boffin, as soon as he could find an opening for breaking the silence and striking in. "Give me your attention, Bella. I am not angry."

"I *am!*" said Bella.

"I say," resumed the Golden Dustman, "I am not angry, and I mean kindly to you, and I want to overlook this. So you'll stay where you are, and we'll agree to say no more about it."

"No, I can't stay here," cried Bella, rising hurriedly again; "I can't think of staying here. I must go home for good."

"Now, don't be silly," Mr. Boffin reasoned. "Don't do what you can't undo; don't do what you're sure to be sorry for."

"I shall never be sorry for it," said Bella; "and I should always be sorry, and should every minute of my life despise myself, if I remained here after what has happened."

"At least, Bella," argued Mr. Boffin, "let there be no mistake about it. Look before you leap, you know. Stay where you are, and all's well, and all's as it was to be. Go away, and you can never come back."

"I know that I can never come back, and that's what I mean," said Bella.

"You mustn't expect," Mr. Boffin pursued, "that I'm a-going to settle money on you, if you leave us like this, because I am not. No, Bella! Be careful! Not one brass farthing."

"Expect!" said Bella, haughtily. "Do you think that any power on earth could make me take it, if you did, Sir?"

But there was Mrs. Boffin to part from, and, in the full flush of her dignity, the impressible little soul collapsed again. Down upon her knees before that good woman, she rocked herself upon her breast, and cried, and sobbed, and folded her in her arms with all her might.

"You're a dear, a dear, the best of dears!" cried Bella. "You're the best of human creatures. I can never be thankful enough to you, and can never forget you. If I should live to be blind and deaf, I know I shall see and hear you, in my fancy, to the last of my dim old days!"

Mrs. Boffin wept most heartily, and embraced her with all fondness; but said not one single word except that she was her dear girl. She said that often enough, to be sure, for she said it over and over again; but not one word else.

Bella broke from her at length, and was going weeping out of the room, when, in her own little queer affectionate way, she half relented toward Mr. Boffin.

"I am very glad," sobbed Bella, "that I called you names, Sir, because you richly deserved it. But I am very sorry that I called you names, because you used to be so different. Say good-by!"

"Good-by," said Mr. Boffin, shortly.

"If I knew which of your hands was the least spoiled, I would ask you to let me touch it," said Bella, "for the last time. But not because I repent of what I have said to you. For I don't. It's true!"

"Try the left hand," said Mr. Boffin, holding it out in a stolid manner; it's the least used."

"You have been wonderfully good and kind to me," said Bella, "and I kiss it for that. You have been as bad as bad could be to Mr. Rokesmith, and I throw it away for that. Thank you for myself, and good-by!"

"Good-by," said Mr. Boffin as before.

Bella caught him round the neck and kissed him, and ran out forever.

She ran up stairs, and sat down on the floor in her own room, and cried abundantly. But the day was declining, and she had no time to lose. She opened all the places where she kept her dresses; selected only those she had brought with her, leaving all the rest; and made a great misshapen bundle of them, to be sent for afterward.

"I won't take one of the others," said Bella, tying the knots of the bundle very tight, in the severity of her resolution. "I'll leave all the presents behind, and begin again entirely on my own account." That the resolution might be thoroughly carried into practice, she even changed the dress she wore, for that in which she had come to the grand mansion. Even the bonnet she put on was the bonnet that had mounted into the Boffin chariot at Holloway.

"Now I am complete," said Bella. "It's a little trying, but I have steeped my eyes in cold water, and I won't cry any more. You have been a pleasant room to me, dear room. Adieu! We shall never see each other again."

With a parting kiss of her fingers to it she softly closed the door, and went with a light foot down the great staircase, pausing and listening as she went, that she might meet none of the household. No one chanced to be about, and she got down to the hall in quiet. The door of the late Secretary's room stood open. She peeped in as she passed, and divined from the emptiness of his table, and the general appearance of things, that he was already gone. Softly opening the great hall door, and softly closing it upon herself, she turned and kissed it on the outside—insensible old combination of wood and iron that it was!—before she ran away from the house at a swift pace.

"That was well done!" panted Bella, slackening in the next street, and subsiding into a walk. "If I had left myself any breath to cry

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with, I should have cried again. Now poor dear darling little Pa, you are going to see your lovely woman unexpectedly."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FEAST OF THE THREE HOBGOBLINS.

THE City looked unpromising enough as Bella made her way along its gritty streets. Most of its money-mills were slackening sail, or had left off grinding for the day. The master-millers had already departed, and the journeymen were departing. There was a jaded aspect on the business lanes and courts, and the very pavements had a weary appearance, confused by the tread of a million of feet. There must be hours of night to temper down the day's distraction of so feverish a place. As yet the worry of the newly-stopped whirling and grinding on the part of the money-mills seemed to linger in the air, and the quiet was more like the prostration of a spent giant than the repose of one who was renewing his strength.

If Bella thought, as she glanced at the mighty Bank, how agreeable it would be to have an hour's gardening there, with a bright copper shovel, among the money, still she was not in an avaricious vein. Much improved in that respect, and with certain half-formed images which had little gold in their composition, dancing before her bright eyes, she arrived in the drug-flavored region of Mincing Lane, with the sensation of having just opened a drawer in a chemist's shop.

The counting-house of Chicksey, Vencering, and Stobbles was pointed out by an elderly female accustomed to the care of offices, who dropped upon Bella out of a public house, wiping her mouth, and accounting for its humidity on natural principles well known to the physical sciences, by explaining that she had looked in at the door to see what o'clock it was. The counting-house was a wall-eyed ground-floor by a dark gateway, and Bella was considering, as she approached it, could there be any precedent in the City for her going in and asking for R. Wilfer, when whom should she see, sitting at one of the windows with the plate-glass sash raised, but R. Wilfer himself, preparing to take a slight refection!

On approaching nearer, Bella discerned that the refection had the appearance of a small cottage-loaf and a pennyworth of milk. Simultaneously with this discovery on her part, her father discovered her, and invoked the echoes of Mincing Lane to exclaim "My gracious me!"

He then came cherubically flying out without a hat, and embraced her, and handed her in. "For it's after hours and I am all alone, my dear," he explained, "and am having—as I sometimes do when they are all gone—a quiet tea."

Looking round the office, as if her father were a captive and this his cell, Bella hugged him and choked him to her heart's content.

"I never was so surprised, my dear!" said her father. "I couldn't believe my eyes. Upon my life, I thought they had taken to lying! The idea of your coming down the Lane yourself! Why didn't you send the footman down the Lane, my dear?"

"I have brought no footman with me, Pa."

"Oh indeed! But you have brought the elegant turn-out, my love?"

"No, Pa."

"You never can have walked, my dear?"

"Yes, I have, Pa."

He looked so very much astonished, that Bella could not make up her mind to break it to him just yet.

"The consequence is, Pa, that your lovely woman feels a little faint, and would very much like to share your tea."

The cottage-loaf and the pennyworth of milk had been set forth on a sheet of paper on the window-seat. The cherubic pocket-knife, with the first bit of the loaf still on its point, lay beside them where it had been hastily thrown down. Bella took the bit off, and put it in her mouth. "My dear child," said her father, "the idea of your partaking of such lowly fare! But at least you must have your own loaf and your own penn'orth. One moment, my dear. The Dairy is just over the way and round the corner."

Regardless of Bella's dissuasions he ran out, and quickly returned with the new supply. "My dear child," he said, as he spread it on another piece of paper before her, "the idea of a splendid—!" and then looked at her figure, and stopped short.

"What's the matter, Pa?"

"—of a splendid female," he resumed more slowly, "putting up with such accommodation as the present!—Is that a new dress you have on, my dear?"

"No, Pa, an old one. Don't you remember it?"

"Why, I *thought* I remembered it, my dear!"

"You should, for you bought it, Pa."

"Yes, I *thought* I bought it, my dear!" said the cherub, giving himself a little shake, as if to rouse his faculties.

"And have you grown so fickle that you don't like your own taste, Pa dear?"

"Well, my love," he returned, swallowing a bit of the cottage-loaf with considerable effort, for it seemed to stick by the way: "I should have thought it was hardly sufficiently splendid for existing circumstances."

"And so, Pa," said Bella, moving coaxingly to his side instead of remaining opposite, "you sometimes have a quiet tea here all alone? I am not in the tea's way, if I draw my arm over your shoulder like this, Pa?"

"Yes, my dear, and no, my dear. Yes to the first question, and Certainly Not to the second. Respecting the quiet tea, my dear, why you see

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the occupations of the day are sometimes a little wearing; and if there's nothing interposed between the day and your mother, why *she* is sometimes a little wearing, too."

"I know, Pa."

"Yes, my dear. So sometimes I put a quiet tea at the window here, with a little quiet contemplation of the Lane (which comes soothing), between the day, and domestic—"

"Bliss," suggested Bella, sorrowfully.

"And domestic Bliss," said her father, quite contented to accept the phrase.

Bella kissed him. "And it is in this dark dingy place of captivity, poor dear, that you pass all the hours of your life when you are not at home?"

"Not at home, or not on the road there, or on the road here, my love. Yes. You see that little desk in the corner?"

"In the dark corner, furthest both from the light and from the fire-place? The shabbiest desk of all the desks?"

"Now, does it really strike you in that point of view, my dear?" said her father, surveying it artistically with his head on one side: "that's mine. That's called Rumty's Perch."

"Whose Perch?" asked Bella with great indignation.

"Rumty's. You see, being rather high and up two steps they call it a Perch. And they call *me* Rumty."

"How dare they!" exclaimed Bella.

"They're playful, Bella my dear; they're playful. They're more or less younger than I am, and they're playful. What does it matter? It might be Surly, or Sulky, or fifty disagreeable things that I really shouldn't like to be considered. But Rumty! Lor, why not Rumty?"

To inflict a heavy disappointment on this sweet nature, which had been, through all her caprices, the object of her recognition, love, and admiration from infancy, Bella felt to be the hardest task of her hard day. "I should have done better," she thought, "to tell him at first; I should have done better to tell him just now, when he had some slight misgiving; he is quite happy again, and I shall make him wretched."

He was falling back on his loaf and milk, with the pleasantest composure, and Bella stealing her arm a little closer about him, and at the same time sticking up his hair with an irresistible propensity to play with him founded on the habit of her whole life, had prepared herself to say: "Pa dear, don't be cast down, but I must tell you something disagreeable!" when he interrupted her in an unlooked-for manner.

"My gracious me!" he exclaimed, invoking the Mincing Lane echoes as before. "This is very extraordinary!"

"What is, Pa?"

"Why here's Mr. Rokesmith now!"

"No, no, Pa, no," cried Bella, greatly flurried. "Surely not."

"Yes there is! Look here!"

Sooth to say, Mr. Rokesmith not only passed the window, but came into the counting-house. And not only came into the counting-house, but, finding himself alone there with Bella and her father, rushed at Bella and caught her in his arms, with the rapturous words "My dear, dear girl; my gallant, generous, disinterested, courageous, noble girl!" And not only that even (which one might have thought astonishment enough for one dose), but Bella, after hanging her head for a moment, lifted it up and laid it on his breast, as if that were her head's chosen and lasting resting-place!

"I knew you would come to him, and I followed you," said Rokesmith. "My love, my life! You ARE mine?"

To which Bella responded, "Yes, I AM yours if you think me worth taking!" And after that, seemed to shrink to next to nothing in the clasp of his arms, partly because it was such a strong one on his part, and partly because there was such a yielding to it on hers.

The cherub, whose hair would have done for itself, under the influence of this amazing spectacle, what Bella had just now done for it, staggered back into the window-seat from which he had risen, and surveyed the pair with his eyes dilated to their utmost.

"But we must think of dear Pa," said Bella; "I haven't told dear Pa; let us speak to Pa." Upon which they turned to do so.

"I wish first, my dear," remarked the cherub faintly, "that you'd have the kindness to sprinkle me with a little milk, for I feel as if I was—Going."

In fact, the good little fellow had become alarmingly limp, and his senses seemed to be rapidly escaping, from the knees upward. Bella sprinkled him with kisses instead of milk, but gave him a little of that article to drink; and he gradually revived under her caressing care.

"We'll break it to you gently, dearest Pa," said Bella.

"My dear," returned the cherub, looking at them both, "you broke so much in the first—Gush, if I may so express myself—that I think I am equal to a good large breakage now."

"Mr. Wilfer," said John Rokesmith, excitedly and joyfully, "Bella takes me, though I have no fortune, even no present occupation; nothing but what I can get in the life before us. Bella takes me!"

"Yes, I should rather have inferred, my dear Sir," returned the cherub feebly, "that Bella took you, from what I have within these few minutes remarked."

"You don't know, Pa," said Bella, "how ill I have used him!"

"You don't know, Sir," said Rokesmith, what a heart she has!"

"You don't know, Pa," said Bella, "what a shocking creature I was growing, when he saved me from myself!"

"You don't know, Sir," said Rokesmith, "what a sacrifice she has made for me!"

"My dear Bella," replied the cherub, still

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pathetically scared, "and my dear John Rokesmith, if you will allow me so to call you—"

"Yes do, Pa, do!" urged Bella. "*I* allow you, and my will is his law. Isn't it—dear John Rokesmith?"

There was an engaging shyness in Bella, coupled with an engaging tenderness of love and confidence and pride, in thus first calling him by name, which made it quite excusable in John Rokesmith to do what he did. What he did was, once more to give her the appearance of vanishing as aforesaid.

"I think, my dears," observed the cherub, "that if you could make it convenient to sit one on one side of me, and the other on the other, we should get on rather more consecutively, and make things rather plainer. John Rokesmith mentioned, a while ago, that he had no present occupation."

"None," said Rokesmith.

"No, Pa, none," said Bella.

"From which I argue," proceeded the cherub, "that he has left Mr. Boffin?"

"Yes, Pa. And so—"

"Stop a bit, my dear. I wish to lead up to it by degrees. And that Mr. Boffin has not treated him well?"

"Has treated him most shamefully, dear Pa!" cried Bella with a flashing face.

"Of which," pursued the cherub, enjoining patience with his hand, "a certain mercenary young person distantly related to myself, could not approve? Am I leading up to it right?"

"Could not approve, sweet Pa," said Bella, with a tearful laugh and a joyful kiss.

"Upon which," pursued the cherub, "the certain mercenary young person distantly related to myself, having previously observed and mentioned to myself that prosperity was spoiling Mr. Boffin, felt that she must not sell her sense of what was right and what was wrong, and what was true and what was false, and what was just and what was unjust, for any price that could be paid to her by any one alive? Am I leading up to it right?"

With another tearful laugh Bella joyfully kissed him again.

"And therefore—and therefore," the cherub went on in a glowing voice, as Bella's hand stole gradually up his waistcoat to his neck, "this mercenary young person distantly related to myself, refused the price, took off the splendid fashions that were part of it, put on the comparatively poor dress that I had last given her, and trusting to my supporting her in what was right, came straight to me. Have I led up to it?"

Bella's hand was round his neck by this time, and her face was on it.

"The mercenary young person distantly related to myself," said her good father, "did well! The mercenary young person distantly related to myself did not trust to me in vain! I admire this mercenary young person distantly related to myself, more in this dress than if she had come to me in China silks, Cashmere shawls, and Golconda diamonds. I love this young person dearly. I say to the man of this young person's heart, out of my heart and with all of it, 'My blessing on this engagement betwixt you, and she brings you a good fortune when she brings you the poverty she has accepted for your sake and the honest truth's!'"

The stanch little man's voice failed him as he gave John Rokesmith his hand, and he was silent, bending his face low over his daughter. But not for long. He soon looked up, saying in a sprightly tone:

"And now, my dear child, if you think you can entertain John Rokesmith for a minute and a half, I'll run over to the Dairy, and fetch *him* a cottage loaf and a drink of milk, that we may all have tea together."

It was, as Bella gayly said, like the supper provided for the three nursery hobgoblins at their house in the forest, without their thunderous low growlings of the alarming discovery, "Somebody's been drinking *my* milk!" It was a delicious repast; by far the most delicious that Bella, or John Rokesmith, or even R. Wilfer had ever made. The uncongenial oddity of its surroundings, with the two brass knobs of the iron safe of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles staring from a corner, like the eyes of some dull dragon, only made it the more delightful.

"To think," said the cherub, looking round the office with unspeakable enjoyment, "that any thing of a tender nature should come off here, is what tickles me. To think that ever I should have seen my Bella folded in the arms of her future husband, *here*, you know!"

It was not until the cottage loaves and the milk had for some time disappeared, and the foreshadowings of night were creeping over Mincing Lane, that the cherub by degrees became a little nervous, and said to Bella, as he cleared his throat:

"Hem!—Have you thought at all about your mother, my dear?"

"Yes, Pa."

"And your sister Lavvy, for instance, my dear?"

"Yes, Pa. I think we had better not enter into particulars at home. I think it will be quite enough to say that I had a difference with Mr. Boffin, and have left for good."

"John Rokesmith being acquainted with your Ma, my love," said her father, after some slight hesitation, "I need have no delicacy in hinting before him that you may perhaps find your Ma a little wearing."

"A little, patient Pa?" said Bella with a tuneful laugh: the tunefuler for being so loving in its tone.

"Well! We'll say, strictly in confidence among ourselves, wearing; we won't qualify it," the cherub stoutly admitted. "And your sister's temper is wearing."

"I don't mind, Pa."

"And you must prepare yourself, you know, my precious," said her father, with much gentle-

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ness, "for our looking very poor and meagre at home, and being at the best but very uncomfortable, after Mr. Boffin's house."

"I don't mind, Pa. I could bear much harder trials—for John."

The closing words were not so softly and blushingly said but that John heard them, and showed that he heard them by again assisting Bella to another of those mysterious disappearances.

"Well!" said the cherub gayly, and not expressing disapproval, "when you—when you come back from retirement, my love, and reappear on the surface, I think it will be time to lock up and go."

If the counting-house of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles had ever been shut up by three happier people, glad as most people were to shut it up, they must have been superlatively happy indeed. But first Bella mounted upon Rumty's Perch, and said, "Show me what you do here all day long, dear Pa. Do you write like this?" laying her round cheek upon her plump left arm, and losing sight of her pen in waves of hair, in a highly unbusiness-like manner. Though John Rokesmith seemed to like it.

So the three hobgoblins, having effaced all traces of their feast, and swept up the crumbs, came out of Mincing Lane to walk to Holloway; and if two of the hobgoblins didn't wish the distance twice as long as it was, the third hobgoblin was much mistaken. Indeed, that modest spirit deemed himself so much in the way of their deep enjoyment of the journey that he apologetically remarked: "I think, my dears, I'll take the lead on the other side of the road, and seem not to belong to you." Which he did, cherubically strewing the path with smiles, in the absence of flowers.

It was almost ten o'clock when they stopped within view of Wilfer Castle; and then, the spot being quiet and deserted, Bella began a series of disappearances which threatened to last all night.

"I think, John," the cherub hinted at last, "that if you can spare me the young person distantly related to myself, I'll take her in."

"I can't spare her," answered John, "but I must lend her to you—My Darling!" A word of magic which caused Bella instantly to disappear again.

"Now, dearest Pa," said Bella, when she became visible, "put your hand in mine, and we'll run home as fast as ever we can run, and get it over. Now, Pa. Once!—"

"My dear," the cherub faltered, with something of a craven air, "I was going to observe that if your mother—"

"You mustn't hang back, Sir, to gain time," cried Bella, putting out her right foot; "do you see that, Sir? That's the mark; come up to the mark, Sir. Once! Twice! Three times and away, Pa!" Off she skimmed, bearing the cherub along, nor ever stopped, nor suffered him to stop, until she had pulled at the bell. "Now, dear Pa," said Bella, taking him by both ears as if he were a pitcher, and conveying his face to her rosy lips, "we are in for it!"

Miss Lavvy came out to open the gate, waited on by that attentive cavalier and friend of the family, Mr. George Sampson. "Why, it's never Bella!" exclaimed Miss Lavvy, starting back at the sight. And then bawled, "Ma! Here's Bella!"

This produced, before they could get into the house, Mrs. Wilfer. Who, standing in the portal, received them with ghostly gloom, and all her other appliances of ceremony.

"My child is welcome, though unlooked for," said she, at the time presenting her cheek as if it were a cool slate for visitors to enroll themselves upon. "You, too, R. W., are welcome, though late. Does the male domestic of Mrs. Boffin hear me there?" This deep-toned inquiry was cast forth into the night, for response from the menial in question.

"There is no one waiting, Ma, dear," said Bella.

"There is no one waiting?" repeated Mrs. Wilfer, in majestic accents.

"No, Ma dear."

A dignified shiver pervaded Mrs. Wilfer's shoulders and gloves, as who should say, "An Enigma!" and then she marched at the head of the procession to the family keeping-room, where she observed:

"Unless, R. W.:" who started on being solemnly turned upon: "you have taken the precaution of making some addition to our frugal supper on your way home, it will prove but a distasteful one to Bella. Cold neck of mutton and a lettuce can ill compete with the luxuries of Mr. Boffin's board."

"Pray don't talk like that, Ma dear," said Bella; "Mr. Boffin's board is nothing to me."

But, here Miss Lavinia, who had been intently eying Bella's bonnet, struck in with "Why, Bella!"

"Yes, Lavvy, I know."

The Irrepressible lowered her eyes to Bella's dress, and stooped to look at it, exclaiming again: "Why, Bella!"

"Yes, Lavvy, I know what I have got on. I was going to tell Ma when you interrupted. I have left Mr. Boffin's house for good, Ma, and I have come home again."

Mrs. Wilfer spake no word, but, having glared at her offspring for a minute or two in an awful silence, retired into her corner of state backward, and sat down: like a frozen article on sale in a Russian market.

"In short, dear Ma," said Bella, taking off the depreciated bonnet and shaking out her hair, "I have had a very serious difference with Mr. Boffin on the subject of his treatment of a member of his household, and it's a final difference, and there's an end of all."

"And I am bound to tell you, my dear," added R. W., submissively, "that Bella has acted in a truly brave spirit, and with a truly right feeling.

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And therefore I hope, my dear, you'll not allow yourself to be greatly disappointed."

"George!"—said Miss Lavvy, in a sepulchral, warning voice, founded on her mother's—"George Sampson, speak! What did I tell you about those Boffins?"

Mr. Sampson, perceiving his frail bark to be laboring among shoals and breakers, thought it safest not to refer back to any particular thing that he had been told, lest he should refer back to the wrong thing. With admirable seamanship he got his bark into deep water by murmuring, "Yes, indeed."

"Yes! I told George Sampson, as George Sampson tells you," said Miss Lavvy, "that those hateful Boffins would pick a quarrel with Bella as soon as her novelty had worn off. Have they done it, or have they not? Was I right, or was I wrong? And what do you say to us, Bella, of your Boffins now?"

"Lavvy and Ma," said Bella, "I say of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin what I always have said; and I always shall say of them what I always have said. But nothing will induce me to quarrel with any one to-night. I hope you are not sorry to see me, Ma dear," kissing her; "and I hope you are not sorry to see me, Lavvy," kissing her too; "and as I notice the lettuce Ma mentioned on the table, I'll make the salad."

Bella playfully setting herself about the task, Mrs. Wilfer's impressive countenance followed her with glaring eyes, presenting a combination of the once popular sign of the Saracen's Head, with a piece of Dutch clock-work, and suggesting to an imaginative mind that from the composition of the salad her daughter might prudently omit the vinegar. But no word issued from the majestic matron's lips. And this was more terrific to her husband (as perhaps she knew) than any flow of eloquence with which she could have edified the company.

"Now, Ma dear," said Bella in due course, "the salad's ready, and it's past supper-time."

Mrs. Wilfer rose, but remained speechless. "George!" said Miss Lavinia, in her voice of warning, "Ma's chair!" Mr. Sampson flew to the excellent lady's back, and followed her up close, chair in hand, as she stalked to the banquet. Arrived at the table, she took her rigid seat, after favoring Mr. Sampson with a glare for himself, which caused the young gentleman to retire to his place in much confusion.

The cherub not presuming to address so tremendous an object, transacted her supper through the agency of a third person, as "Mutton to your Ma, Bella, my dear;" and "Lavvy, I dare say your Ma would take some lettuce if you were to put it on her plate." Mrs. Wilfer's manner of receiving those viands was marked by petrified absence of mind; in which state, likewise, she partook of them, occasionally laying down her knife and fork, and saying within her own spirit, "What is this I am doing?" and glaring at one or other of the party, as if in indignant search of information. A magnetic result of such glaring was, that the person glared at could not by any means successfully pretend to be ignorant of the fact; so that a by-stander, without beholding Mrs. Wilfer at all, must have known at whom she was glaring, by seeing her refracted from the countenance of the beglared one.

Miss Lavinia was extremely affable to Mr. Sampson on this special occasion, and took the opportunity of informing her sister why.

"It was not worth troubling you about, Bella, when you were in a sphere so far removed from your family as to make it a matter in which you could be expected to take very little interest," said Lavinia with a toss of her chin; "but George Sampson is paying his addresses to me."

Bella was glad to hear it. Mr. Sampson became thoughtfully red, and felt called upon to encircle Miss Lavinia's waist with his arm; but, encountering a large pin in the young lady's belt, scarified a finger, uttered a sharp exclamation, and attracted the lightning of Mrs. Wilfer's glare.

"George is getting on very well," said Miss Lavinia—which might not have been supposed at the moment—"and I dare say we shall be married one of these days. I didn't care to mention it when you were with your Bof—" here Miss Lavinia checked herself in a bounce, and added more placidly, "when you were with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin; but now I think it sisterly to name the circumstance."

"Thank you, Lavvy dear. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Bella. The truth is, George and I did discuss whether I should tell you; but I said to George that you wouldn't be much interested in so paltry an affair, and that it was far more likely you would rather detach yourself from us altogether, than have him added to the rest of us."

"That was a mistake, dear Lavvy," said Bella.

"It turns out to be," replied Miss Lavinia; "but circumstances have changed, you know, my dear. George is in a new situation, and his prospects are very good indeed. I shouldn't have had the courage to tell you so yesterday, when you would have thought his prospects poor, and not worth notice; but I feel quite bold to-night."

"When did you begin to feel timid, Lavvy?" inquired Bella, with a smile.

"I didn't say that I ever felt timid, Bella," replied the Irrepressible. "But perhaps I might have said, if I had not been restrained by delicacy toward a sister's feelings, that I have for some time felt independent; too independent, my dear, to subject myself to have my intended match (you'll prick yourself again, George) looked down upon. It is not that I could have blamed you for looking down upon it, when you were looking up to a rich and great match, Bella; it is only that I was independent."

Whether the Irrepressible felt slighted by Bella's declaration that she would not quarrel, or whether her spitefulness was evoked by Bella's

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THE LOVELY WOMAN HAS HER FORTUNE TOLD.

return to the sphere of Mr. George Sampson's courtship, or whether it was a necessary fillip to her spirits that she should come into collision with somebody on the present occasion—any how she made a dash at her stately parent now, with the greatest impetuosity.

"Ma, pray don't sit staring at me in that intensely aggravating manner! If you see a black on my nose, tell me so; if you don't, leave me alone."

"Do you address Me in those words?" said Mrs. Wilfer. "Do you presume?"

"Don't talk about presuming, Ma, for goodness' sake. A girl who is old enough to be engaged, is quite old enough to object to be stared at as if she was a Clock."

"Audacious one!" said Mrs. Wilfer. "Your grandmamma, if so addressed by one of her daughters, at any age, would have insisted on her retiring to a dark apartment."

"My grandmamma," returned Lavvy, folding her arms and leaning back in her chair, "wouldn't have sat staring people out of countenance, I think."

"She would," said Mrs. Wilfer.

"Then it's a pity she didn't know better," said Lavvy. "And if my grandmamma wasn't in her dotage when she took to insisting on people's retiring to dark apartments, she ought to have been. A pretty exhibition my grandmamma must have made of herself! I wonder whether she ever insisted on people's retiring into the ball of St. Paul's; and if she did, how she got them there!"

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"Silence!" proclaimed Mrs. Wilfer. "I command silence!"

"I have not the slightest intention of being silent, Ma," returned Lavinia, coolly, "but quite the contrary. I am not going to be eyed as if *I* had come from the Boffins, and sit silent under it. I am not going to have George Sampson eyed as if *he* had come from the Boffins, and sit silent under it. If Pa thinks proper to be eyed as if *he* had come from the Boffins also, well and good. I don't choose to. And I won't!"

Lavinia's engineering having made this crooked opening at Bella, Mrs. Wilfer strode into it.

"You rebellious spirit! You mutinous child! Tell me this, Lavinia. If, in violation of your mother's sentiments, you had condescended to allow yourself to be patronized by the Boffins, and if you had come from those halls of slavery—"

"That's mere nonsense, Ma," said Lavinia.

"How!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer, with sublime severity.

"Halls of slavery, Ma, is mere stuff and nonsense," returned the unmoved Irrepressible.

"I say, presumptuous child, if you had come from the neighborhood of Portland Place, bending under the yoke of patronage and attended by its domestics in glittering garb to visit me, do you think my deep-seated feelings could have been expressed in looks?"

"All I think about it is," returned Lavinia, "that I should wish them expressed to the right person."

"And if," pursued her mother, "if making light of my warnings that the face of Mrs. Boffin alone was a face teeming with evil, you had clung to Mrs. Boffin instead of to me, and had after all come home rejected by Mrs. Boffin, trampled under foot by Mrs. Boffin, and cast out by Mrs. Boffin, do you think my feelings could have been expressed in looks?"

Lavinia was about replying to her honored parent that she might as well have dispensed with her looks altogether then, when Bella rose and said, "Good-night, dear Ma. I have had a tiring day, and I'll go to bed." This broke up the agreeable party. Mr. George Sampson shortly afterward took his leave, accompanied by Miss Lavinia with a candle as far as the hall, and without a candle as far as the garden-gate; Mrs. Wilfer, washing her hands of the Boffins, went to bed after the manner of Lady Macbeth; and R. W. was left alone among the dilapidations of the supper-table, in a melancholy attitude.

But a light footstep roused him from his meditations, and it was Bella's. Her pretty hair was hanging all about her, and she had tripped down softly, brush in hand, and barefoot, to say good-night to him.

"My dear, you most unquestionably *are* a lovely woman," said the cherub, taking up a tress in his hand.

"Look here, Sir," said Bella; "when your lovely woman marries, you shall have that piece if you like, and she'll make you a chain of it. Would you prize that remembrance of the dear creature?"

"Yes, my precious."

"Then you shall have it if you're good, Sir. I am very, very sorry, dearest Pa, to have brought home all this trouble."

"My pet," returned her father, in the simplest good faith, "don't make yourself uneasy about that. It really is not worth mentioning, because things at home would have taken pretty much the same turn any way. If your mother and sister don't find one subject to get at times a little wearing on, they find another. We're never out of a wearing subject, my dear, I assure you. I am afraid you find your old room with Lavvy dreadfully inconvenient, Bella?"

"No I don't, Pa; I don't mind. Why don't I mind, do you think, Pa?"

"Well, my child, you used to complain of it when it wasn't such a contrast as it must be now. Upon my word, I can only answer, because you are so much improved."

"No, Pa. Because I am so thankful and so happy!"

Here she choked him until her long hair made him sneeze, and then she laughed until she made him laugh, and then she choked him again that they might not be overheard.

"Listen, Sir," said Bella. "Your lovely woman was told her fortune to-night on her way home. It won't be a large fortune, because if the lovely woman's Intended gets a certain appointment that he hopes to get soon, she will marry on a hundred and fifty pounds a year. But that's at first, and even if it should never be more, the lovely woman will make it quite enough. But that's not all, Sir. In the fortune there's a certain fair man—a little man, the fortune-teller said—who, it seems, will always find himself near the lovely woman, and will always have kept, expressly for him, such a peaceful corner in the lovely woman's little house as never was. Tell me the name of that man, Sir."

"Is he a Knave in the pack of cards?" inquired the cherub, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes!" cried Bella, in high glee, choking him again. "He's the Knave of Wilfers! Dear Pa, the lovely woman means to look forward to this fortune that has been told for her, so delightfully, and to cause it to make her a much better lovely woman than she ever has been yet. What the little fair man is expected to do, Sir, is to look forward to it also, by saying to himself when he is in danger of being over-worried, 'I see land at last!'"

"I see land at last!" repeated her father.

"There's a dear Knave of Wilfers!" exclaimed Bella; then putting out her small white bare foot, "That's the mark, Sir. Come to the mark. Put your boot against it. We keep to it together, mind! Now, Sir, you may kiss the lovely woman before she runs away, so thankful and so happy. O yes, fair little man, so thankful and so happy!"

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CHAPTER XVII.

A SOCIAL CHORUS.

AMAZEMENT sits enthroned upon the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle's circle of acquaintance, when the disposal of their first-class furniture and effects (including a Billiard Table in capital letters), "by auction, under a bill of sale," is publicly announced on a waving hearth-rug in Sackville Street. But nobody is half so much amazed as Hamilton Veneering, Esquire, M.P. for Pocket Breaches, who instantly begins to find out that the Lammles are the only people ever entered on his soul's register who are *not* the oldest and dearest friends he has in the world. Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P. for Pocket Breaches, like a faithful wife shares her husband's discovery and inexpressible astonishment. Perhaps the Veneerings twain may deem the last unutterable feeling particularly due to their reputation, by reason that once upon a time some of the longer heads in the City are whispered to have shaken themselves, when Veneering's extensive dealings and great wealth were mentioned. But it is certain that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Veneering can find words to wonder in, and it becomes necessary that they give to the oldest and dearest friends they have in the world a wondering dinner.

For it is by this time noticeable that, whatever befalls, the Veneerings must give a dinner upon it. Lady Tippins lives in a chronic state of invitation to dine with the Veneerings, and in a chronic state of inflammation arising from the dinners. Boots and Brewer go about in cabs, with no other intelligible business on earth than to beat up people to come and dine with the Veneerings. Veneering pervades the legislative lobbies, intent upon entrapping his fellow-legislators to dinner. Mrs. Veneering dined with five-and-twenty bran-new faces overnight; calls upon them all to-day; sends them every one a dinner-card to-morrow, for the week after next: before that dinner is digested, calls upon their brothers and sisters, their sons and daughters, their nephews and nieces, their aunts and uncles and cousins, and invites them all to dinner. And still, as at first, howsoever, the dining circle widens, it is to be observed that all the diners are consistent in appearing to go to the Veneerings, not to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Veneering (which would seem to be the last thing in their minds), but to dine with one another.

Perhaps, after all—who knows?—Veneering may find this dining, though expensive, remunerative, in the sense that it makes champions. Mr. Podsnap, as a representative man, is not alone in caring very particularly for his own dignity, if not for that of his acquaintances, and therefore in angrily supporting the acquaintances who have taken out his Permit, lest, in their being lessened, he should be. The gold and silver camels, and the ice-pails, and the rest of the Veneering table decorations, make a brilliant show, and when I, Podsnap, casually remark elsewhere that I dined last Monday with a gorgeous caravan of camels, I find it personally offensive to have it hinted to me that they are broken-kneed camels, or camels laboring under suspicion of any sort. "I don't display camels myself, I am above them; I am a more solid man; but these camels have basked in the light of my countenance, and how dare you, Sir, insinuate to me that I have irradiated any but unimpeachable camels?"

The camels are polishing up in the Analytical's pantry for the dinner of wonderment on the occasion of the Lammles going to pieces, and Mr. Twemlow feels a little queer on the sofa at his lodgings over the stable yard in Duke Street, Saint James's, in consequence of having taken two advertised pills at about midday, on the faith of the printed representation accompanying the box (price one and a penny half-penny, government stamp included), that the same "will be found highly salutary as a precautionary measure in connection with the pleasures of the table." To whom, while sickly with the fancy of an insoluble pill sticking in his gullet, and also with the sensation of a deposit of warm gum languidly wandering within him a little lower down, a servant enters with the announcement that a lady wishes to speak with him.

"A lady!" says Twemlow, pluming his ruffled feathers. "Ask the favor of the lady's name."

The lady's name is Lammle. The lady will not detain Mr. Twemlow longer than a very few minutes. The lady is sure that Mr. Twemlow will do her the kindness to see her, on being told that she particularly desires a short interview. The lady has no doubt whatever of Mr. Twemlow's compliance when he hears her name. Has begged the servant to be particular not to mistake her name. Would have sent in a card, but has none.

"Show the lady in." Lady shown in, comes in.

Mr. Twemlow's little rooms are modestly furnished, in an old-fashioned manner (rather like the housekeeper's room at Snigsworthy Park), and would be bare of mere ornament were it not for a full-length engraving of the sublime Snigsworth over the chimney-piece, snorting at a Corinthian column, with an enormous roll of paper at his feet, and a heavy curtain going to tumble down on his head; those accessories being understood to represent the noble lord as somehow in the act of saving his country.

"Pray take a seat, Mrs. Lammle." Mrs. Lammle takes a seat and opens the conversation.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Twemlow, that you have heard of a reverse of fortune having befallen us. Of course you have heard of it, for no kind of news travels so fast—among one's friends especially."

Mindful of the wondering dinner, Twemlow, with a little twinge, admits the imputation.

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"Probably it will not," says Mrs. Lammle, with a certain hardened manner upon her, that makes Twemlow shrink, "have surprised you so much as some others, after what passed between us at the house which is now turned out at windows. I have taken the liberty of calling upon you, Mr. Twemlow, to add a sort of postscript to what I said that day."

Mr. Twemlow's dry and hollow cheeks become more dry and hollow at the prospect of some new complication.

"Really," says the uneasy little gentleman, "really, Mrs. Lammle, I should take it as a favor if you could excuse me from any further confidence. It has ever been one of the objects of my life—which, unfortunately, has not had many objects—to be inoffensive, and to keep out of cabals and interferences."

Mrs. Lammle, by far the more observant of the two, scarcely finds it necessary to look at Twemlow while he speaks, so easily does she read him.

"My postscript—to retain the term I have used"—says Mrs. Lammle, fixing her eyes on his face, to enforce what she says herself—"coincides exactly with what you say, Mr. Twemlow. So far from troubling you with any new confidence, I merely wish to remind you what the old one was. So far from asking you for interference, I merely wish to claim your strict neutrality."

Twemlow going on to reply, she rests her eyes again, knowing her ears to be quite enough for the contents of so weak a vessel.

"I can, I suppose," says Twemlow, nervously, "offer no reasonable objection to hearing any thing that you do me the honor to wish to say to me under those heads. But if I may, with all possible delicacy and politeness, entreat you not to range beyond them, I—I beg to do so."

"Sir," says Mrs. Lammle, raising her eyes to his face again, and quite daunting him with her hardened manner, "I imparted to you a certain piece of knowledge, to be imparted again, as you thought best, to a certain person."

"Which I did," says Twemlow.

"And for doing which, I thank you; though, indeed, I scarcely know why I turned traitress to my husband in the matter, for the girl is a poor little fool. I was a poor little fool once myself; I can find no better reason." Seeing the effect she produces on him by her indifferent laugh and cold look, she keeps her eyes upon him as she proceeds. "Mr. Twemlow, if you should chance to see my husband, or to see me, or to see both of us, in the favor or confidence of any one else—whether of our common acquaintance or not, is of no consequence—you have no right to use against us the knowledge I intrusted you with, for one special purpose which has been accomplished. This is what I came to say. It is not a stipulation; to a gentleman it is simply a reminder."

Twemlow sits murmuring to himself with his hand to his forehead.

"It is so plain a case," Mrs. Lammle goes on, "as between me (from the first relying on your honor) and you, that I will not waste another word upon it." She looks steadily at Mr. Twemlow, until, with a shrug, he makes her a little one-sided bow, as though saying "Yes, I think you have a right to rely upon me," and then she moistens her lips, and shows a sense of relief.

"I trust I have kept the promise I made through your servant, that I would detain you a very few minutes. I need trouble you no longer, Mr. Twemlow."

"Stay!" says Twemlow, rising as she rises. "Pardon me a moment. I should never have sought you out, madam, to say what I am going to say, but since you have sought me out and are here, I will throw it off my mind. Was it quite consistent, in candor, with our taking that resolution against Mr. Fledgeby, that you should afterward address Mr. Fledgeby as your dear and confidential friend, and entreat a favor of Mr. Fledgeby? Always supposing that you did; I assert no knowledge of my own on the subject; it has been represented to me that you did."

"Then he told you?" retorts Mrs. Lammle, who again has saved her eyes while listening, and uses them with strong effect while speaking.

"Yes."

"It is strange that he should have told you the truth," says Mrs. Lammle, seriously pondering. "Pray where did a circumstance so very extraordinary happen?"

Twemlow hesitates. He is shorter than the lady as well as weaker, and, as she stands above him with her hardened manner and her well-used eyes, he finds himself at such a disadvantage that he would like to be of the opposite sex.

"May I ask where it happened, Mr. Twemlow? In strict confidence?"

"I must confess," says the mild little gentleman, coming to his answer by degrees, "that I felt some compunctions when Mr. Fledgeby mentioned it. I must admit that I could not regard myself in an agreeable light. More particularly, as Mr. Fledgeby did, with great civility, which I could not feel that I deserved from him, render me the same service that you had entreated him to render you."

It is a part of the true nobility of the poor gentleman's soul to say this last sentence. "Otherwise," he has reflected, "I shall assume the superior position of having no difficulties of my own, while I know of hers. Which would be mean, very mean."

"Was Mr. Fledgeby's advocacy as effectual in your case as in ours?" Mrs. Lammle demands.

"As *in*effectual."

"Can you make up your mind to tell me where you saw Mr. Fledgeby, Mr. Twemlow?"

"I beg your pardon. I fully intended to have done so. The reservation was not intentional.

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I encountered Mr. Fledgeby, quite by accident, on the spot.—By the expression, on the spot, I mean at Mr. Riah's in Saint Mary Axe."

"Have you the misfortune to be in Mr. Riah's hands then?"

"Unfortunately, madam," returns Twemlow, "the one money-obligation to which I stand committed, the one debt of my life (but it is a just debt; pray observe that I don't dispute it), has fallen into Mr. Riah's hands."

"Mr. Twemlow," says Mrs. Lammle, fixing his eyes with hers: which he would prevent her doing if he could, but he can't; "it has fallen into Mr. Fledgeby's hands. Mr. Riah is his mask. It has fallen into Mr. Fledgeby's hands. Let me tell you that, for your guidance. The information may be of use to you, if only to prevent your credulity, in judging another man's truthfulness by your own, from being imposed upon."

"Impossible!" cries Twemlow, standing aghast. "How do you know it?"

"I scarcely know how I know it. The whole train of circumstances seemed to take fire at once, and show it to me."

"Oh! Then you have no proof."

"It is very strange," says Mrs. Lammle, coldly and boldly, and with some disdain, "how like men are to one another in some things, though their characters are as different as can be! No two men can have less affinity between them, one would say, than Mr. Twemlow and my husband. Yet my husband replies to me 'You have no proof,' and Mr. Twemlow replies to me with the very same words!"

"But why, madam?" Twemlow ventures gently to argue. "Consider why the very same words? Because they state the fact. Because you *have* no proof."

"Men are very wise in their way," quoth Mrs. Lammle, glancing haughtily at the Snigsworth portrait, and shaking out her dress before departing; "but they have wisdom to learn. My husband, who is not over-confiding, ingenuous, or inexperienced, sees this plain thing no more than Mr. Twemlow does—because there is no proof! Yet I believe five women out of six, in my place, would see it as clearly as I do. However, I will never rest (if only in remembrance of Mr. Fledgeby's having kissed my hand) until my husband does see it. And you will do well for yourself to see it from this time forth, Mr. Twemlow, though I *can* give you no proof."

As she moves toward the door, Mr. Twemlow, attending on her, expresses his soothing hope that the condition of Mr. Lammle's affairs is not irretrievable.

"I don't know," Mrs. Lammle answers, stopping, and sketching out the pattern of the paper on the wall with the point of her parasol; "it depends. There may be an opening for him dawning now, or there may be none. We shall soon find out. If none, we are bankrupt here, and must go abroad, I suppose."

Mr. Twemlow, in his good-natured desire to make the best of it, remarks that there are pleasant lives abroad.

"Yes," returns Mrs. Lammle, still sketching on the wall; "but I doubt whether billiard-playing, card-playing, and so forth, for the means to live under suspicion at a dirty table-d'hôte, is one of them."

It is much for Mr. Lammle, Twemlow politely intimates (though greatly shocked), to have one always beside him who is attached to him in all his fortunes, and whose restraining influence will prevent him from courses that would be discreditable and ruinous. As he says it, Mrs. Lammle leaves off sketching, and looks at him.

"Restraining influence, Mr. Twemlow? We must eat and drink, and dress, and have a roof over our heads. Always beside him and attached in all his fortunes? Not much to boast of in that; what can a woman at my age do? My husband and I deceived one another when we married; we must bear the consequences of the deception—that is to say, bear one another, and bear the burden of scheming together for to-day's dinner and to-morrow's breakfast—till death divorces us."

With those words she walks out into Duke Street, Saint James's. Mr. Twemlow returning to his sofa, lays down his aching head on its slippery little horse-hair bolster, with a strong internal conviction that a painful interview is not the kind of thing to be taken after the dinner pills which are so highly salutary in connection with the pleasures of the table.

But six o'clock in the evening finds the worthy little gentleman getting better, and also getting himself into his obsolete little silk stockings and pumps, for the wondering dinner at the Veneerings. And seven o'clock in the evening finds him trotting out into Duke Street, to trot to the corner and save a sixpence in coach-hire.

Tippins the divine has dined herself into such a condition by this time that a morbid mind might desire her, for a blessed change, to sup at last and turn into bed. Such a mind has Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, whom Twemlow finds contemplating Tippins with the moodiest of visages, while that playful creature rallies him on being so long overdue at the woolsack. Skittish is Tippins with Mortimer Lightwood too, and has raps to give him with her fan for having been best man at the nuptials of these deceiving what's-their-names who have gone to pieces. Though, indeed, the fan is generally lively, and taps away at the men in all directions, with something of a grizzly sound suggestive of the clattering of Lady Tippins's bones.

A new race of intimate friends has sprung up at Veneering's since he went into Parliament for the public good, to whom Mrs. Veneering is very attentive. These friends, like astronomical distances, are only to be spoken of in the very largest figures. Boots says that one of them is a Contractor who (it has been calculated) gives employment, directly and indirectly, to five hundred thousand men. Brewer says that another

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of them is a Chairman, in such request at so many Boards, so far apart, that he never travels less by railway than three thousand miles a week. Buffer says that another of them hadn't a sixpence eighteen months ago, and, through the brilliancy of his genius in getting those shares issued at eighty-five, and buying them all up with no money and selling them at par for cash, has now three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds—Buffer particularly insisting on the odd seventy-five, and declining to take a farthing less. With Buffer, Boots, and Brewer, Lady Tippins is eminently facetious on the subject of these Fathers of the Scrip-Church: surveying them through her eye-glass, and inquiring whether Boots and Brewer and Buffer think they will make her fortune if she makes love to them? with other pleasantries of that nature. Veneering, in his different way, is much occupied with the Fathers too, piously retiring with them into the conservatory, from which retreat the word "Committee" is occasionally heard, and where the Fathers instruct Veneering how he must leave the valley of the piano on his left, take the level of the mantle-piece, cross by an open cutting at the candelabra, seize the carrying-traffic at the console, and cut up the opposition root and branch at the window curtains.

Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap are of the company, and the Fathers descry in Mrs. Podsnap a fine woman. She is consigned to a Father—Boots's Father, who employs five hundred thousand men—and is brought to anchor on Veneering's left; thus affording opportunity to the sportive Tippins on his right (he, as usual, being mere vacant space), to entreat to be told something about those loves of Navvies, and whether they do really live on raw beef-steaks, and drink porter out of their barrows. But in spite of such little skirmishes it is felt that this was to be a wondering dinner, and that the wondering must not be neglected. Accordingly, Brewer, as the man who has the greatest reputation to sustain, becomes the interpreter of the general instinct.

"I took," says Brewer, in a favorable pause, "a cab this morning, and I rattled off to that Sale."

Boots (devoured by envy) says, "So did I."

Buffer says, "So did I;" but can find nobody to care whether he did or not.

"And what was it like?" inquires Veneering.

"I assure you," replies Brewer, looking about for any body else to address his answer to, and giving the preference to Lightwood; "I assure you, the things were going for a song. Handsome things enough, but fetching nothing."

"So I heard this afternoon," says Lightwood.

Brewer begs to know now, would it be fair to ask a professional man how—on—earth—these—people—ever—did—come—*to*—such—*a*—total smash?" (Brewer's divisions being for emphasis.)

Lightwood replies that he was consulted certainly, but could give no opinion which would pay off the Bill of Sale, and therefore violates no confidence in supposing that it came of their living beyond their means.

"But how," says Veneering, "CAN people do that!"

Hah! That is felt on all hands to be a shot in the bull's-eye. How CAN people do that! The Analytical Chemist going round with Champagne looks very much as if *he* could give them a pretty good idea how people did that, if he had a mind.

"How," says Mrs. Veneering, laying down her fork to press her aquiline hands together at the tips of the fingers, and addressing the Father who travels the three thousand miles per week: "how a mother can look at her baby, and know that she lives beyond her husband's means, I can not imagine."

Eugene suggests that Mrs. Lammle, not being a mother, had no baby to look at.

"True," says Mrs. Veneering, "but the principle is the same."

Boots is clear that the principle is the same. So is Buffer. It is the unfortunate destiny of Buffer to damage a cause by espousing it. The rest of the company have meekly yielded to the proposition that the principle is the same, until Buffer says it is; when instantly a general murmur arises that the principle is not the same.

"But I don't understand," says the Father of the three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, "—if these people spoken of occupied the position of being in society—they were in society?"

Veneering is bound to confess that they dined here, and were even married from here.

"Then I don't understand," pursues the Father, "how even their living beyond their means could bring them to what has been termed a total smash. Because there is always such a thing as an adjustment of affairs in the case of people of any standing at all."

Eugene (who would seem to be in a gloomy state of suggestiveness) suggests, "Suppose you have no means and live beyond them?"

This is too insolvent a state of things for the Father to entertain. It is too insolvent a state of things for any one with any self-respect to entertain, and is universally scouted. But it is so amazing how any people can have come to a total smash that every body feels bound to account for it specially. One of the Fathers says, "Gaming-table." Another of the Fathers says, "Speculated without knowing that speculation is a science." Boots says, "Horses." Lady Tippins says to her fan, "Two establishments." Mr Podsnap, saying nothing, is referred to for his opinion; which he delivers as follows, much flushed and extremely angry:

"Don't ask me. I desire to take no part in the discussion of these people's affairs. I abhor the subject. It is an odious subject, an offensive subject, a subject that makes me sick, and I—" And with his favorite right-arm flourish, which sweeps away every thing and settles it forever,

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Mr. Podsnap sweeps these inconveniently unexplainable wretches who have lived beyond their means and gone to total smash off the face of the universe.

Eugene, leaning back in his chair, is observing Mr. Podsnap with an irreverent face, and may be about to offer a new suggestion, when the Analytical is beheld in collision with the Coachman; the Coachman manifesting a purpose of coming at the company with a silver salver, as though intent upon making a collection for his wife and family; the Analytical cutting him off at the sideboard. The superior stateliness, if not the superior generalship, of the Analytical prevails over a man who is as nothing off the box; and the Coachman, yielding up his salver, retires defeated.

Then the Analytical, perusing a scrap of paper lying on the salver with the air of a literary Censor, adjusts it, takes his time about going to the table with it, and presents it to Mr. Eugene Wrayburn. Whereupon the pleasant Tippins says aloud, "The Lord Chancellor has resigned!"

With distracting coolness and slowness—for he knows the curiosity of the Charmer to be always devouring—Eugene makes a pretense of getting out an eye-glass, polishing it, and reading the paper with difficulty, long after he has seen what is written on it. What is written on it in wet ink, is:

"Young Blight."

"Waiting?" says Eugene over his shoulder, in confidence, with the Analytical.

"Waiting," returns the Analytical, in responsive confidence.

Eugene looks "Excuse me" toward Mrs. Veneering, goes out, and finds Young Blight, Mortimer's clerk, at the hall door.

"You told me to bring him, Sir, to wherever you was, if he come while you was out and I was in," says that discreet young gentleman, standing on tip-toe to whisper; "and I've brought him."

"Sharp boy. Where is he?" asks Eugene.

"He's in a cab, Sir, at the door. I thought it best not to show him, you see, if it could be helped; for he's a shaking all over, like—" Blight's simile is perhaps inspired by the surrounding dishes of sweets—"like Glue Monge."

"Sharp boy again," returns Eugene. "I'll go to him."

Goes out straightway, and, leisurely leaning his arms on the open window of a cab in waiting, looks in at Mr. Dolls, who has brought his own atmosphere with him, and would seem from its odor to have brought it, for convenience of carriage, in a rum-cask.

"Now, Dolls, wake up!"

"Mist Wrayburn? Drection! Fifteen shillings!"

After carefully reading the dingy scrap of paper handed to him, and as carefully tucking it into his waistcoat pocket, Eugene tells out the money: beginning incautiously by telling the first shilling into Mr. Dolls's hand, which instantly jerks it out of window; and ending by telling the fifteen shillings on the seat.

"Give him a ride back to Charing Cross, sharp boy, and there get rid of him."

Returning to the dining-room, and pausing for an instant behind the screen at the door, Eugene overhears, above the hum and clatter, the fair Tippins saying: "I am dying to ask him what he was called out for!"

"Are you?" mutters Eugene, "then perhaps if you can't ask him you'll die. So I'll be a benefactor to society, and go. A stroll and a cigar, and I can think this over. Think this over." Thus, with a thoughtful face, he finds his hat and cloak, unseen of the Analytical, and goes his way.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON NATIONAL CHARACTER.*

As plants may be modified by heat, so, too, may men. The Roman authors bear their concurrent testimony to the fact that, twenty centuries ago, the inhabitants of Britain, Gaul, and Germany were red-haired and blue-eyed. But no one would accept such a description as correct in our times. This gradual disappearance of the light complexioned may be said, in one sense, to be due to a climate change that has been artificially produced. The starved, half-naked, and almost houseless peasant savage of the times of Cæsar struggled in his native forest with the cold. The well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed laborer now is literally living in a warmer and more genial climate. Glass windows that keep out the weather, wooden floors and stoves, have proved to be equivalent to a more southerly locality.

But it is not alone complexion that is altered; the form of the skull is also changed. We should here remember the well-ascertained fact that the skull is modeled by the brain, and not the brain compressed into form by the skull.

There are two typical forms of skull, popularly distinguished as the savage and the civilized. The former gives a detestable aspect to the countenance—a receding forehead, over which the hair encroaches on the eyebrows; the nostrils gaping, and seeming to enter directly backward into the head; the jaw projecting, the mouth open, the teeth uncovered. In the other the forehead is vertical; the brow expansive, and with an air of intellectuality; the face capable of expressing the most refined emotions; the eyes in an indescribable but significant manner manifest the exalted powers of the mind, and the lips are composed or compressed.

Between these two typical extremes there are many intermediate forms. Extreme heat or extreme cold, a life of physical hardship, tend to the production of the baser; a life of ease in a genial climate, to the higher type. And since

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our pursuits, and therefore our modes of thought, and therefore our feelings, depend upon the climate we are living in, its influences will be indicated by the general construction of the brain, and therefore by the form of the skull.

When a nation emigrates to a new country, the climate of which differs from that of the country it has left, it slowly passes through modifications, attempting, as it were, to adapt itself to the changed circumstances under which it has now to live. Many generations may be consumed before a complete correspondence between its physiological condition and the climate to which it is exposed is attained.

Its different classes will not make this movement with equal facility; some will accomplish it more quickly, others more slowly. Even when an equilibrium has been reached as completely as possible there will still be distinct orders plainly enough perceptible among them. These orders depend upon a difference in intellectual development.

To bring these general principles to bear on the special case of the inhabitants of the United States it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of men.

The United States reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The midst of this vast territory is depressed so as to form a valley, ranging north and south, drained by a noble river. The Missouri-Mississippi, arising from the convergence of hundreds of streams, is nearly 4500 miles long, and navigable for nearly 3800 miles.

This valley enjoys all the varieties of climate and all the diversities of physical character. At its limit in the far north it presents the vegetation of an almost sub-arctic country; at the south, opening into the Gulf of Mexico, it has all the luxuriant foliage of the tropics. Its upper end is flanked by the great lakes. They contain nearly twelve thousand cubic miles of water—it is said, though perhaps erroneously, half the fresh water of the globe. The gigantic character of the forms into which the continent is cast is illustrated by the Cataract of Niagara, the most imposing waterfall in the world.

On the east the great valley is walled in by the ridge groups of the Alleghany system. At their foot is the Atlantic plain, reaching to the Atlantic Ocean, nearly level, and raised but little above that sea. This plain increases from a few miles in width at the north to 150 at the south. It is intersected by a ridge of primary rocks, over which its rivers fall, and which in many places is the tide boundary and head of navigation. This ledge therefore determines the sites of many of the large towns or centres of commerce. The plain itself is full of swamps, morasses, sluggish streams. It is infested with fever.

On the west, leaving the line of the Mississippi and ascending the incline that culminates in the Pacific coast mountains, the aspect of Nature exhibits a gradual change. At first, in the ravines, there are thickets of the long-leaved willow, and roses, the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. Antelopes and deer run over the hills. In every direction the leaves of the prairie sage shine like silver as the wind turns them up to the sun. The streams are fringed with cotton-wood and groves of oak, tenanted by flocks of turkeys. As the traveler advances the cacti—plants that love dryness—become more and more numerous, and the shifting sands are worked into hills by the wind. In the streams the beaver, yearly diminishing in numbers, builds his dam; on the plains the prairie dog excavates his subterraneous village.

Still more westwardly, the characteristic of the country is its extreme dryness. In a long day's journey water may not be met with. As the elevation increases, every thing looks as if it had been swept by fire; even the stunted and dead pines present the prevailing dull, ash-colored hue of desolation. The bare hills assume grotesque forms of domes and minarets, half deceiving the traveler into the belief that he is approaching some city of magicians in the desert. In this sandy and sterile region the rich herbage and nutritious grasses, that had furnished on the immense prairies pasturage for countless thousands of buffaloes, have given place to odoriferous plants with shrunken leaves. The snow line of the mountains, which even in the height of summer whitens the horizon, marks out the culminating ridge. The topography of the West differs from that of the East in this, that the highest range of mountains is nearest to the sea. The Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada surpass the Rocky Mountains. The Columbia River alone breaks through the enormous barrier, and, in a region of gigantic pines, delivers its waters into the Pacific Ocean.

Such is the domain of the United States. It is necessary, next, to consider its climate. On climate depends the distribution of vegetable and animal life; it also determines the pursuits and character of men.

If a traveler leaves the coast of New England and goes to the West, he encounters successively four well-marked strands of climate. On the sea-board the temperature is moderated by the ocean; at a little distance in the interior there is an excessive contrast in the seasons; gaining the region of the lakes, a moderate climate is again met with, and still beyond that another excessive one. These vicissitudes arise from the action of great bodies of water, such as the Atlantic and the Lakes, in equalizing the heat. Along those parallels of latitude the mean annual temperature varies very little. The climate difference is due to the unequal distribution of heat among the seasons.

In excessive climates winter abruptly changes into summer with scarcely any intervening spring, and vegetation receives a sudden impulse. The character of man is also affected; for its proper development a succession of seasons is necessary.

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The absence of summer is the absence of taste and genius; where there is no winter loyalty is unknown.

From the North let us turn to the South. If a traveler leaves the Atlantic coast of Upper Florida, where a high temperature always predominates, the Ocean and the Mexican Gulf conjointly control the heat, and the seasons glide into one another without marked extremes. There is a perpetual verdure. The Palmetto, the Orange, the Fig, grow without danger from the frost. There is no longer that violent contrast between summer and winter experienced at the North. For instance, at Fort Snelling, in Iowa, the difference of the mean temperature of those seasons is 56°; in Florida it is scarcely 12°. The skies are also clearer. While on the Lakes there are only 117 fair days in a year, on the Florida coast there are more than 250.

Though it is only a mere fringe of country that I have here considered, enough has been said to bring into relief the chief conclusion at which those who have carefully and attentively studied this subject have long ago arrived, viz., that the climate is more equable in the South than it is in the North. The irresistible consequence of this is, that in the South the pursuits of men have a greater sameness, their interests are more identical, they think and act alike.

In the North the avocations of men must exhibit great differences. On the sea-board the commercial and manufacturing element must predominate; then, through a broad zone, the agricultural. Ascending the incline to the mountain range, they must become mineralogical, a similar variation occurring in an inverse order as the descent is made to the Pacific. The sandy desert can not fail to impress its special effects. These variations of interests and pursuits must produce a more heterogeneous population, and a great difference in intentions and thoughts.

Let us look at this more closely. Let us recall some of those results which Physiologists and Philosophical historians have proved to be the consequences of those influences in Europe—results none the less interesting because they are old. Though holding good for another continent, they suggest applications in ours.

In the North the alternation of winter and summer allots for the life of man distinct and different duties. Summer is the season of out-door labor, winter is spent in the dwelling. In the South labor may be continuous, though it may vary. The Northern man must do to-day that which the Southern man may put off till to-morrow. For this reason the Northern man must be industrious; the Southern may be indolent, having less foresight and a less tendency to regulated habits. The cold, bringing with it a partial cessation from labor, affords also an opportunity for forethought and reflection; and hence the Northern man acquires a habit of not acting without consideration, and is slower in the initiation of his movements. The Southern man is prone to act without reflection; he does not fairly weigh the last consequences of what he is about to do. The one is cautious, the other impulsive. Winter, with its cheerlessness and discomforts, gives to the Northern man his richest blessing; it teaches him to cling to his hearth-stone and his family. In times of war that blessing proves to be his weakness; he is vanquished if his dwelling be seized. The Southern man cares nothing for that. Cut off from the prompting of external Nature for so large a portion of the year, the mind in the North becomes self-occupied; it contents itself with but few ideas, which it considers from many points of view. It is apt to fasten itself intently on one, and pursue it with fanatical perseverance. A Southern nation, which is continually under the influence of the sky, which is continually prompted to varying thoughts, will indulge in a superfluity of ideas, and deal with them all superficially; more volatile than reflective, it can never have a constant love for a fixed constitution. Once resolved to act, the intention of the North, sustained by reason alone, will outlast the enthusiasm of the South. In physical courage the two are equal; but the North will prevail, through its habits of labor, of method, and its inexorable perseverance. Long ago, writers who have paid attention to these subjects have affirmed that the South will fight for the benefit of its leaders, but the North will conquer for the benefit of all. To convince the man who lives under a roof, an appeal must be made to his understanding; to convince him who lives under the sky, the appeal must be to his feelings.

Such are some of the general consequences ensuing from the action of climate upon men, and such represent the effects which are occurring or have occurred on the population of the North American continent. The description I have given of this vast theatre of human life, though very superficial, is yet sufficient to impress the reader with a conviction of the wonderful variations of climate it presents—great differences in annual mean temperature, and still greater ones in the distribution of heat through the seasons.

But heat is only one of the controlling vital conditions. There are equally striking contrasts in the moisture and dryness of different regions; in the number of fair and of rainy days in the year; in the range of movement in the barometer—that is, in the pressure of the air; in the brightness of the light, or in its reverse dullness or cloudiness of the skies; in topographical altitudes above the level of the sea. These and very many more such physical influences exhibit a surprising complexity; and yet the more insignificant, as well as the more important, impress modifications on the constitution of man.

From this, therefore, it follows that such a continent, when its inhabitants shall have reached a concordance with the conditions to which they are exposed, will present numberless examples

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of modified men; the type from which they originated yielding helplessly to the powers operating upon it, and suffering variations not only in complexion, but in interior constitution too. And since the American continent not only rivals, but exceeds the continent of Europe in these differences, it necessarily follows that the families of modified men destined eventually to be found upon it will be correspondingly more numerous than those now found on the Continent of Europe. The great differences so strikingly observed in the intellectual conceptions, and even in the manner of thinking, in the Old World, will be exceeded in the New.

That social stagnation so characteristic of Asia depends primarily on the equilibrium that has been attained, in the lapse of many ages, between the strands of its population and the climate zones in which they dwell. To no insignificant extent may the same be perceived in Europe, especially among the lower, that is, among the less locomotive portion of the inhabitants. But in no part of America has that exact concordance as yet had time or opportunity to be truly established, though in the Southern States an approach has been made to it. Moreover, the climate is continually undergoing local modifications through the operations of agricultural and other causes, and the conditions under which life is carried on in civilized communities are varying through the introduction of new and important inventions. The construction of houses, and the means of combating the rigors of winter by the better warming of them; the increasing resort to a preservation of ice, to meet in various applications the heats of summer; a habit of resorting to higher and cooler regions for the same purpose, are all having their effect. And, what is of not less importance, the daily food of extensive districts is changing. Improved means of locomotion are bringing within the reach of the consumer, even though he may be in the less affluent station of life, articles to which he was formerly a stranger.

Those improved means of locomotion likewise stimulate all classes to travel. In America a journey of a thousand miles is considered, even by the laboring population, as a small affair scarce needing any preparation. The necessary result of such personal mobility is, that families are perpetually changing their place of abode. The physiological equilibrium which might have been attained by a more stationary life is procrastinated. Society presents the aspect of an ever-changing, ever-struggling mass—a state of things the very opposite to that observed in Asia.

Uniformity of climate makes people homogeneous. They will necessarily think alike, and inevitably act alike.

Where variation in successive generations is not taking place, immobility in national institutions is possible.

The first and most important condition for the prosperity of a great nation is stability in its institutions.

But stability must be carefully distinguished from immobility. We must bear in mind that the affairs of men are ever changing; successive generations live under essentially different conditions; public necessities are therefore continually varying, and disorder arises as soon as Institutions prescribe one course and Necessity demands another.

To insure stability, the political system must therefore admit of change—that change being in accordance with a law of variation which depends on a fixed principle. Unchangeability should belong to the law, not to the institutions issuing from it.

In that manner alone can order and progress coexist, and the demand made by modern statesmanship with so much solicitude be satisfied. It truly affirms that there can be no real Order without Progress, and no real Progress without Order.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of July. The National Anniversary was celebrated with great enthusiasm throughout the whole country.

One of the most interesting celebrations of the day was that at Gettysburg, where was laid the corner-stone of the monument in memory of the soldiers who fell in the great battle fought there just two years before. The oration was delivered by General Howard, who acted a prominent part in the battle. Its general theme was a glowing eulogy of the "private volunteer as the representative of the American soldier." A poem was recited by Charles G. Halpine, Esq., late Major in the army.

On the 10th of June monuments were erected on the field of the battles fought near Bull Run on the 21st of July, 1861, and on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of August 1862.—On the 17th of June a monument was consecrated at Lowell, Massachusetts, to the memory of the first two martyrs of the war—Luther C. Ladd and Addison O. Whitney, two volunteers, citizens of that place, who were killed in the streets of Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861.

The leading topic of interest during the month has been the carrying out of the policy of reconstruction upon the general basis of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, and his directions to the Provisional Governor of North Carolina, which were noted in our last Record.

The position of the States more or less involved in secession differs widely. Kentucky and Missouri, though nominally represented in the Richmond Congress, have never formally seceded. Loyal governments have always maintained their supremacy in these States, and their authority is unquestioned. Thomas E. Bramlette is Governor of Kentucky, and Thomas C. Fletcher of Missouri. In Virginia there has always been nominally a

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loyal State government, though its authority has been practically extended over only a small part of the State. This government is recognized as being, and having been, the real government of Virginia, not including the new State of West Virginia; Francis H. Pierpont is Governor. In Tennessee, a loyal government, William G. Brownlow being Governor, has for some time been in operation, superseding the military organization established by President Lincoln, in which Andrew Johnson, now President of the United States, was Governor. The authority of this government is unquestioned. In Louisiana and Arkansas loyal State governments have been established in a somewhat irregular manner; but it seems certain that their authority will not be called in question. James M. Wells is the Governor of Louisiana, and John Murphy of Arkansas.

There remain the seven States, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas, in which the State authority is to be for the time invested in Provisional Governors appointed by the President. Such a Governor has been appointed in each of these States except Florida, as follows: *North Carolina*, WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, May 29; *Mississippi*, WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, June 13; *Georgia*, JAMES JOHNSON, June 17; *Texas*, ANDREW J. HAMILTON, June 17; *Alabama*, LEWIS E. PARSONS, June 21; *South Carolina*, BENJAMIN F. PERRY, July 1. The proclamations appointing all these Governors are identical in terms with that for North Carolina, of which the important features were given in our Record for July.

On the 7th of June the Attorney-General of the United States issued a circular notifying all persons belonging to the classes specially exempted from the general amnesty proclaimed by the President, that their applications for special pardon must be presented in writing, and that before these could be considered they must have taken the oath prescribed in the proclamation. A large number of such applications, from men who have borne a prominent part in the rebellion, has been presented; but action has as yet been had upon only a few of these applications.

The various restrictions upon travel and traffic rendered necessary by the exigencies of the war have been one after another revoked. That requiring passports from travelers entering the United States was rescinded by an order from the Secretary of State; but a proviso was added that nothing in the order should relieve from due accountability any enemies of the United States or offenders against their peace and dignity who may hereafter seek to enter the country, and be at any time found within its legal jurisdiction.—By an order of the President, issued June 23, the blockade of the Southern ports was rescinded, and all the ports of the country were declared open to foreign commerce after the 1st of July.—By a proclamation of the 24th of June all restrictions upon internal and coastwise commerce between the States lying east and west of the Mississippi are removed, except those relating to property heretofore purchased by the agents or captured by United States forces, and the transportation on private account of arms and ammunition, of gray uniforms and the gray cloth of which they are made.

The political status of the freedmen of the South is for the present defined by the proclamations appointing Provisional Governors in the several insurrectionary States. The General Government does not undertake to give them the right of suffrage, leaving that to the decision of the several States. Their personal status is defined by an order issued at Richmond on the 23d of June by General Terry, the commander of that department. The order says that the laws of the State of Virginia and the ordinances of the different municipalities made to restrain the personal liberty of free colored persons were essentially a part of the slave code, and have become obsolete with that code; "people of color will henceforth enjoy the same personal liberty that other inhabitants and citizens enjoy; they will be subject to the same restraints and to the same punishments for crime that are imposed upon whites, and to no others;" vagrancy will not, however, be permitted, and neither whites nor blacks will be permitted to desert their families and roam in idleness about the country; but neither whites nor blacks will be restrained from seeking employment, nor from traveling from place to place on proper and legitimate business; and "until the civil tribunals are re-established the administration of civil justice must of necessity be by military courts, and before such courts the evidence of colored persons will be received in all cases."—Colonel Brown, Assistant Commissioner in the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, for Virginia, has issued an address to the freedmen, in which he says that the difference between their present and former condition is that formerly their labor was directed and the proceeds taken by their masters, who also cared for them; now they were to direct their own labor, receive the proceeds, and care for themselves. They are exhorted to be industrious and frugal, since they had no masters to provide for them in sickness and old age. "You are not to suppose that your former masters have become your enemies because you have become free. All good men among them will recognize your new relations to them as free laborers. If others fail to recognize your right to equal freedom with white persons you will find the Government, through this Bureau, as ready to secure to you as to them liberty and justice." They are informed that schools will be established for them under the protection of Government; but that the special care which the Government now exercises over them will soon be withdrawn, and they will be left to work and provide for themselves. If they are in a location where work is to be had they are advised to remain where they are; they are reminded that, owing to the unsettled state of the country, work is scarce, and the chances are against finding constant employment at high wages. The address concludes thus: "Be quiet, peaceable, and law-abiding citizens. Be industrious, be frugal, and the glory of passing successfully from slavery to freedom will, by the blessing of God, be yours."

There is every indication that the great body of the Southern population of every class are disposed to accept as among the issues decided by the late war the absolute supremacy of the Union and the entire abolition of slavery. Many of the prominent military, civil, and religious leaders have issued addresses urging upon the people to submit peaceably to the new order of things; to remain quietly at their homes, fulfill all the duties of citizens, and endeavor by industry to repair the ravages to which their section of the country has been subjected. Not a few of them take the open ground

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that the abolition of slavery will, in the long-run, be of great advantage to the South.

The number of Confederate prisoners discharged under the general order given in our last Record amounted, as far as reports had been received up to July 3, to 42,796; of these 1106 were captains, 3382 lieutenants, 5582 non-commissioned officers, 32,726 privates.

John C. Breckinridge, once Vice-President of the United States, and late Confederate Secretary of War, has escaped. After separating from Davis he made his way, with two or three companions, to the Florida Coast, where they procured a small open boat, in which they reached Cardenas, in Cuba, and thence proceeded to Havana, where they arrived on the 17th of June.

The decision of the Military Court for the trial of the conspirators, having been approved by the President, was announced on the 6th of July. Payne, Harold, Atzerott, and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to be hung on the 7th; Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin to be imprisoned for life; Spangler to be confined at hard labor in the Penitentiary for six years.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Republican Government of Juarez has for months kept up a desultory contest with the Imperial Government of Maximilian. Notwithstanding partial and isolated successes, and the hopes entertained of assistance, either direct or indirect, from the United States, there can be little doubt that the Imperialists have retained the decided advantage, backed up, as they undoubtedly are, by the assurances of support from the Emperor of France. The speedy capture of Juarez or his flight from the country is now confidently expected. The Emperor Maximilian has issued an important notice to his Minister of Public Instruction. "Religion," he says, "is a matter of conscience for each individual, and the less the State meddles with religious questions the more faithful is it to its mission. We have emancipated the Church and conscience, and I desire to secure to the former the full enjoyment of her legitimate rights, and at the same time entire liberty in the education of her priests, according to her own rules, without any state interference; but she has likewise duties which she must perform—such as religious instruction, a duty in which the clergy of the country, unfortunately, have taken little or no part hitherto. Consequently, in your projects and proposals you will adhere to the principle, that religious instruction in the primary and secondary schools shall be given by the priest of the parish, using the books selected by the Government."

In *Hayti* an attempt at revolution was made during the month of May, but at the latest dates it had been nearly suppressed.—The Spanish troops have abandoned the Dominican Republic, on the southern part of the island, which was some time since formally "reannexed" to Spain.

The civil war which has been raging in the Republic of *Salvador* has come to an end by the defeat of General Cabanas.

A treaty has been confirmed between *Honduras* and the United States; the main provision relates to the interoceanic railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Honduras agrees that the right of transit shall be open for all lawful purposes to the Government and citizens of the United States; and the United States guarantee to protect the same from interruption, seizure, and confiscation from any quarter.

War has been declared between *Paraguay* and the Argentine Republic. Brazil is also in a state of war with Paraguay.

EUROPE.

The Governments of France, England, Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands have formally withdrawn the recognition of belligerent rights accorded to the Southern Confederacy, and with them the restrictions upon our men-of-war in their ports.—The English and French statesmen and press urge that leniency, if not actual pardon, should be extended to Jefferson Davis and other Southern leaders.—A renewed attempt to lay a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic is about to be made. The cable is now on board the *Great Eastern*, which will be escorted by two British war-steamers. The day of sailing is fixed for the 10th of July.—From France the most important items are the announcement that the Emperor will uphold Maximilian in Mexico; and a quarrel between the Emperor and Prince Napoleon, growing out of a declaration made by the latter in favor of the "Monroe doctrine."

Literary Notices.

Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. The cardinal idea in Professor Draper's philosophy is that the universe is governed by fixed and immutable Law. Nations, like every thing else, are subject to law; they, like all other forms of life, are transitory. The great physical law governing all organized life, whether vegetable, animal, or human, is that of climate. In the opening chapter of this work the influence of climate upon the character of the people of America, and by consequence upon its political institutions and national life, is considered; and the conclusion is drawn that personal locomotion—the inter-emigration of the people of different sections counteracting in a measure the effects of climate—is especially necessary to insure the stability of our political institutions. Passing on, in Chapter II., the social and political effects of immigration from Europe and Asia and between the States are considered, in the light of history and philosophy. Chapter III. is devoted to the consideration of the political force of ideas; the impelling power being illustrated in the case of Mohammedanism, the resisting power by that of the Jews; the conclusion being drawn that Man may comprehend Nature and subjugate physical forces. The ecclesiastical causes of European opposition to science are explained, and the duty of America to develop and protect free thought is enforced. The concluding chapter sets forth the natural course of national development, which is shown to involve a continual tendency to the concentration of power, and the conferring of control upon intelligence. The European method of government through morals, and the American mode through the intellect, are compared and illustrated by the

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history of England and that of the United States. This tendency toward concentration of power is shown to be the legitimate and unavoidable result of democratic institutions. These are a few of the salient points of this thoughtful and eloquent work, which forms a fitting complement to the author's masterly "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." Science, History, and Philosophy are brought into requisition to elucidate and confirm the principles laid down. The style of the work is worthy of the thought which it embodies; truths in science, facts in history, speculations in philosophy, are set forth in sentences instinct with life and warm with poetic feeling. In another part of this Magazine will be found a small portion of the chapter upon the Influence of Climate upon National Development. A score of other passages, interesting in themselves, and still more so as links in a great chain of argument, might have been given. Among these are those relating to the development of the civilization of Egypt and of Asia, the contrasted history of Mohammedanism and of the Jews, the rise and progress of the cultivation and manufacture of cotton, and sketches of scientific discoveries and useful inventions. (Harper and Brothers.)

History of the United States Cavalry. By ALBERT G. BRACKETT, Major First United States Cavalry, etc. "The cavalry service of the United States," says the author, "has never been properly appreciated." This was certainly true up to the beginning of the second year of the war. In December, 1861, when the organization of the Army of the Potomac was under consideration, the Committee on the Conduct of the War, considering this arm of the service a "very expensive one," asked the opinion of various Generals in regard to the cavalry force required for that army of more than 150,000 men, of whom less than 15,000 were cavalry. Richardson thought that a large number could not be used; the regular cavalry would have been quite sufficient; they were wanted merely as advanced guards, and to carry reports and messages. Heintzelman believed that one-half the number would have been quite sufficient. Franklin had in his division one regiment of cavalry, and would be glad to get rid of two-thirds of it; he thought 2000 would be quite enough for the whole army. M'Dowell thought six regiments would be enough for that army: and so on. How greatly this feeling has changed is evinced by the fact that toward the close of the rebellion our mounted force had become greater than that of any other nation upon earth. Major Brackett has done a good service in preparing this comprehensive history of our cavalry from the formation of the Federal Government down to the present time. He shows that in every period of our military history this arm has done good service. One sentence, written before Sheridan's name had become a household word, reads now like fulfilled prophecy. "Our cavalry soldiers," he says, "are becoming better every year, and it is safe to say that the finishing blows to the rebellion will be dealt by them." Apart from other points of interest, this work has a special value as giving a connected account of the famous "raids" which so severely crippled the Confederates by destroying their supplies and cutting off their communications. (Harper and Brothers.)

The American Annual Cyclopædia, for 1864, is —like the three volumes which have preceded it— a valuable register of the important events of the year. It presents a full resumé of the progress of the war, the various questions of policy which have come up for discussion, the affairs of the general Government and of the separate States, and those of foreign countries, besides full accounts of the progress of Art, Science, and Discovery in all parts of the world. Many of the articles are full and exhaustive treatises upon the subjects to which they relate. The work is edited with great labor, and with commendable impartiality. It is indispensable as a work of reference. (D. Appleton and Company.)

The Story of the Great March, by Brevet-Major GEORGE WARD NICHOLS. The Great March is, of course, that of Sherman from the heart of Tennessee, through Georgia and South Carolina, to the heart of North Carolina. The history of our war has many great raids, many great battles, many great campaigns; but this is emphatically the great "march." Not only is it *our* great march, but it is the world's great march. No army ever passed successfully so many miles through a hostile country. Napoleon's march from the Niemen to Moscow and back was longer, but it ended at the Beresina, with himself almost the sole survivor of his great army. Sherman's march ended at Raleigh only because there was no enemy to call him further. Thence to Washington it was not a march, but a triumphal progress. The story of this march, written day by day in the diary of an aid-de-camp of the great commander, is wonderfully vivid. It is not a mere dry, technical detail of strategical operations, orders, and dispatches; but a living and moving picture of events, and of the men who made them; from the General in command down to the veriest "bummer" outside the ranks. On the other side, we have a few planters arrogant in defeat, their wives and daughters arrogant and bitter; the "poor whites"—mostly women or old men, for all of this class who could carry arms had been dragged into the field—gazing in stupid dismay at the immense column piercing its unstayed way past their huts; and the inevitable negro, who hailed in it the saviour of himself and his children. "The poor whites," said one of that class, "aren't allowed to live here in South Carolina; the rich folks allers charges us with sellin' things to the niggers; so they won't let us own land, but drives us about from place to place. I never owned a foot of land in all my life, and I was born and raised in this State. They hate the sight of us poor whites!" "And yet," replied the Major, "you are the class that are now furnishing the rank and file of their armies. How absurd that is." "It mought be so," answered the man, with a vacant, listless stare. The chance sketches which Major Nichols gives of the negroes are worthy the attention of those who are studying the great social and political problem of the day. They seemed to him far more alert, witty, and sensible than the lower class of the whites who were left behind on the abandoned lands. Of their loyalty and simple trust in their deliverers there can now be no doubt. "The faith, earnestness, and heroism of the black men," writes Major Nichols, "is one of the grandest developments of this war. When I think of the universal testimony of our escaped soldiers, who enter our lines every day, that in hundreds of miles which they traverse on their way they never ask the poor slave in vain for help; that the poorest negro hides and shelters them, and shares the last crumb with them—all this impresses me with a weight of obligation and a love for them that stir the very depth of my soul."

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It is to be noted that among the children of the poor whites there seemed no special lack of intelligence. The hard life of the adults seems to have checked their development. When the final results of the war come to be summed up, it will be found that not the least of them will be the practical enfranchisement of the "poor whites" of the South. Taken all in all, we consider this the most valuable work of its class for which the war has furnished occasion. (Harper and Brothers.)

The grand old hymn *O Mother dear, Jerusalem!* furnishes the theme for an admirable monograph by WILLIAM C. PRIME. It commences with an introduction setting forth the dim guessings respecting the future life which prevailed in the ante-Christian world, then follow passages from the Latin Fathers and Hymnists, containing the ore from which a Scottish clergyman, David Dickson, more than two centuries ago, wrought out the hymn as it now stands. Foremost among these is the "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis" of Bernard de Clugny, being a portion of his long poem on the Contempt of the World. The similar hymn familiar under different versions, from its first line "Jerusalem my happy home," is traced back still further. The first known appearance of a part of it in print was in 1693; but Dr. Bonar discovered it in a MS. in the British Museum, written probably a century before, where it consists of twenty-six stanzas, and is entitled "A Song by F. B. P. to the Tune of Diana." Portions of this, consisting of six or eight stanzas, have for a century found a place in a great number of collections with more or less alteration, generally for the worse. To those who prize the hymn from these extracts, the whole of F. B. P.'s "Jerusalem my happy home," and the still finer "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," can not fail to be most welcome. (Published by A. D. F. Randolph.)

The Rebellion Record, edited by FRANK MOORE. In the seventh volume the Diary of Events is brought down to nearly the close of the year 1863. The collection of Documents includes a large proportion of the official reports and other accredited papers, which form the essential materials from which the History of the War must be written. This work, of great worth from the outset, increases in value as the documents which form its substantial part become more and more accessible. These are collected with great care and accurately printed, often with the revisal of the authors. The Index, indispensable to a work of this kind, is so full and well arranged that any document or report may be easily found. The work is in every way admirably executed. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.)

As a contemporary history of the war, and of the country in war times, *Harper's Weekly* deservedly claims a high place. Its strictly editorial columns furnish thoughtful essays upon the subjects which come up for discussion from week to week, and the news columns give a connected summary of all transactions of interest. Moreover, almost every scene made memorable by great events is pictorially represented from photographs or drawings made on the spot. The collection of portraits, numbering many hundreds, represent a great proportion of the men whose deeds have made them a part of the history of the time. Each volume, as bound, contains the numbers for a year. These volumes, of which eight are completed, are rapidly finding their way, as permanent documents, into public schools and public and private libraries. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Elements of Analytical Geometry and of the Differential and Integral Calculus, by GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, embodies in a compact form the substance of the author's instructions as Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy, where it has been adopted as a text-book. While it does not pretend to point out a royal road through the mysteries of the high and abstruse sciences of which it treats, it aims with marked success to render the path of the student as smooth and easy as the nature of the subjects will admit. (Harper and Brothers.)

A Treatise on Astronomy, by ELIAS LOOMIS, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, is specially designed as a text-book for colleges and academies. It treats more at length than is usual in this class of books upon such subjects as the constitution of the sun, the condition of the moon's surface, the phenomena of eclipses, the law of tides, and the constitution of comets. A popular interest is thus given to it without at all impairing its strict scientific accuracy. The work will thus be found not only useful but interesting to those who, having gone through the forms of education in or out of college, wish to make themselves acquainted with the present state of the science of astronomy. (Harper and Brothers.)

MARTELL'S *New York Central Park* gives an excellent view of this pride of the metropolis as it would appear to the eye of a person who could survey its whole extent from a balloon. Its scale is so large that every road and avenue, every drive and walk is clearly recognizable; while it gives, what no mere map can even attempt, a fair idea of the natural scenery of the Park, and even of the bridges, viaducts, and other artificial structures which form its distinguishing ornaments. The picture will be acceptable not only to the citizen of the metropolis, but to all who wish to appreciate one of the most notable public works of any age or country.

Timby's Solar Time-piece is a successful endeavor to combine important geographical and astronomical uses with the function common to all clocks of pointing out the time of day at any particular spot for which it may be set. A map of the world drawn upon a flat projection necessarily gives a distorted idea of the actual configuration of our earth, of the relation of the different hemispheres, and of the relative size of the regions near the equator and the poles. This can only be shown by an artificial globe. In this time-piece an ordinary dial shows the hour of day or night; but joined to this is a six-inch globe, revolving from west to east once in twenty-four hours, precisely as the earth does. As on the earth it is noon at any place where the sun is directly overhead, so it is noon at every place on the globe which lies on a meridian directly under the index, and by counting the meridians from this, east and west, the precise time of any place can be ascertained. This clock thus shows not only the time, but also how time, as measured by the revolution of the earth, is made. It therefore comes fairly within the category of literary as well as of mechanical works as a valuable adjunct to education. (L. E. Whiting.)

A Smaller History of Rome, by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Within a very brief compass the leading events in Roman History, as developed by modern research, are clearly stated, and a fair idea is given of the manners, customs, and culture of the people. The work is especially designed as a text-book in schools, for which it is admirably adapted. The scholar who wishes to learn more, will need to unlearn nothing which he has been taught in this little History. (Harper and Brothers.)

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair recently learned from the gallant and conclusive defense of this Magazine and its companion, *Harper's Weekly*, made by its faithful friend the Brooklyn *Times*, that our quiet and venerable Maga had been vehemently attacked. The attack was reprinted in full, that the completeness of the rejoinder might be evident, and certainly more amusing light reading than the criticism in question the summer is not likely to produce.

The genial author remarks in a kindly strain that when the war began certain gentlemen changed their whole natures. They became "bitter, exasperating, and sectional beyond measure." There were, indeed, base people, he says, who said the gentlemen in question were selfish. But no, cries the generous critic, we do not believe a word of this selfishness. Far from it. I think, on the contrary, that they were merely "wild beasts for the time being," and that they employ and do now employ in a certain magazine which they publish gentlemen in whose skillful hands "facts even are so embellished and tortured and distorted that they are generally made to lie." He then proceeds to expostulate with these savage natures of which he has spoken, and to inform them what "humanity and common decency" demand; although why decency and humanity should be commended to wild beasts for the time being the judicious author does not suggest.

If the polite reader will turn over his bound volumes or loose numbers of this identical Magazine, now in his hands, would it occur to him that *this* is the bitter and exasperating and sectional publication which is the melancholy proof that civil war has turned its proprietors into wild beasts? But if the same polite reader were informed that the mild exhorter of wild beasts to humanity and common decency is the most unscrupulous defender of that "sum of human villainies," the late system of human slavery in this country, and that this denouncer of sectionalism was a scarcely-veiled apologist of the rebellion, and the most servile lackey and pander of the late slaveholding interest, he will probably share the amusement experienced by the Easy Chair upon reading these candid criticisms and religious exhortations.

It has happened that slavery has sometimes been mentioned in these pages with the indignation common to all generous minds in the world when contemplating its infamies. It has also chanced that the cruel tortures, transcending belief, to which helpless and unfortunate fellow-citizens of ours were subjected by ruthless rebels, have been alluded to between these covers without approbation. This is the offense which is "bitter, exasperating, and sectional beyond measure." This is "mean." This is what "humanity and common decency" require should be stopped. This "keeps up feuds." This is to be a "common nuisance." This shows those under whose auspices it is done to be, not "selfish," but "wild beasts for the time being." This proves that there ought to be "a great national Monthly, fair, just, equal, nationalizing, not sectionalizing."

We trust, meanwhile, that our own Monthly will not be found entirely unworthy to be called National. If to go wherever in the country a mail goes—to be read wherever in the country there are readers—if to consult, and as experience proves not altogether unskillfully, the various tastes of the great mass of the American people—if to respect all religious and political opinions, and to condemn with uncompromising hostility the sectional and revolting inhumanity of slavery, and every cruelty that springs from it—if to withstand, fairly and soberly, the spirit of caste every where in American society, and to appeal to the most purely national and patriotic instincts of all our fellow-countrymen—are some characteristics of a truly national magazine, we indulge the pleasing conviction that, although "wild beasts for the time being," we are not altogether destitute of "humanity and decency," and may fairly claim not to be injuriously "sectional."

Indeed the late technical significance of those words, "sectional" and "national," has passed away in this country forever. It is painful, but true, that obsequiousness to the leaders of the late rebellion—the only party which constantly threatened and finally attempted to destroy the Union—was for many years called "national." To expose the national danger of slavery was by the same spirit decried as "sectional." It is hard for those who have long used that wretched shibboleth to learn a pure speech. But they need not despair. Even they will learn not to dread the crack of a driver's whip if in some brave moment they should venture to whisper that their souls are their own. Even they will learn that the masters of American destiny are not a special class in a certain section, but the American people every where in the land.

This Magazine is penetrating, as fast as the mails are restored, to its old haunts in the Southern part of the country. It brings with it a feeling of fraternity, not of sycophancy. It offers the right hand of fellowship, not of servility. Its primary object is to amuse and instruct, not to discuss. But it speaks without a muzzle, as friend to friend. It seats itself at the fireside and by the evening lamp. It tells its stories of remote travel and wide adventure—its tales of love and humor and sorrow. It offers its little essays upon manners and morals; its sketches of character; its rhymes, and its plain and pleasant scientific talks. It keeps faithfully its history of current events—the value of which is already proved. It discourses of the last new books as their merits seem to it to justify. It fills its Drawer with good things, and its Easy Chair gossips harmlessly of the times. And little suspecting, until its affable critic announced, that it was a wild beast for the time being, it goes forth upon its monthly journey through the country with the words of the poet in its heart:

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

THE Fourth of July was celebrated as never before. It was a solemn and most joyful Thanksgiving. There was universal hilarity, and the eloquence was truer and nobler than for many a year, or, indeed, than ever in our history. In all our praise of our country and its institutions hitherto there has been a constraint and a condition. The orator may have forborne to say it, but every intelligent hearer understood it. Even when the congratulation has been unstinted it was received rather as a prophecy of a possibility, as a hope, as what ought to be, as what would be at some time and in some way, but when or how nobody was wise enough to be sure. The great experiment was trying—it was not yet complete. "I

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shall bring my history down to the formation of the Constitution," said Mr. Bancroft, several years ago. "It can not be brought further, because all since that date is experimental."

Yet it is remarkable that on the very eve of the tremendous struggle which was to determine the success or failure of the experiment of our system, so accomplished a political scholar as Edward Everett delivered an oration in Boston—on the 4th of July, 1860—which he called "Success of our Republic," and in which he sought to demonstrate that the great experiment had succeeded. How premature the demonstration was, was shown before six months from that day had passed. Indeed the course of his argument—a reasoning from the rapidity and security of the settlement of the country, from the expansion and cultivation of the fine and useful arts, and of literature and the means of education; from the existence of an honest judiciary and of comparatively honest legislation, as compared with that of Great Britain, and from our vast and universal prosperity—all led to that self-deception which was our mortal peril, and which, even while the orator was rounding his resonant peroration, was blinding our eyes to the black gulf that yawned before us.

This oration of Mr. Everett's, of course, is to be judged, like all he said during the cloudy years before the war, as an effort to direct the thoughts of his countrymen to all their splendid opportunities, that the consciousness of their advantages might persuade them to pause before they risked their peace for any reason whatever. It was presented in the form of a reply to British criticism upon American institutions, that its force might be heightened by making it an appeal to pride, and, if possible, that it might help to stay the gratification of a purpose which foreign hate was scornfully waiting to see gratified.

Yet fifty-eight years before the orator spoke, Alexander Hamilton, sitting, not a dozen miles distant, upon the porch of Josiah Quincy, in Braintree, had declared that, in his judgment, the Union could hardly endure more than thirty years. Judge Marshall told Miss Martineau, thirty-five years later, that he was "in despair" of the Union. Mr. Madison said that his only hope for the country lay in the "Colonization Society." General Jackson, who was a soldier and not a statesman, foresaw the contest. Daniel Webster was demoralized by the fear of it. Henry Clay believed it could be averted only by incessant compromise—a system which could not be eternal; and Edward Everett himself, thirty years ago, spoke of the struggle as inevitable, and set himself to postpone the day, and to try what resource or escape there might be in time.

It was an experiment. Yet year after year, when the glad day returned, consecrated by the most precious memories and the holiest hopes, the bells rang, the cannon roared, the flags flew upon the breeze, the sublime Declaration was read, the orators declaimed, and some of them, like the fiery and brilliant Rufus Choate, charming the ear and mind with marvelous scholarly rhetoric, branded the confession of the national political faith, while yet its music rang upon the air, as "a glittering generality"—"the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war." Could the experiment be a success, if the public situation required that its very cardinal condition be derided amidst the thundering applause of what was called Conservatism? Mr. Everett, was our Republic a success if it were a proof of sound, sober, conservative wisdom to sneer at the Declaration of Independence? Was there no fear that the prosperity might be a delusion, a mirage? Was it not five years too soon to cry victory?

No man would concede it so heartily as the orator were he living to-day. Doubtless, were his tongue not forever silent, it would have spoken on the great anniversary the jubilant confidence of his country, that now, indeed, our Republic is a success. For now we have been tried as no government ever was, and have triumphed so utterly that there is no government in the world so secure and so strong. The presumption has been always against us hitherto. We have been warned that we were never tried. We have been told that peace and Indian troubles and Mexican skirmishes were no tests. Wait for a stern proof. Wait for a great war, and you will shrivel and collapse, and a truly "strong" government will be found essential.

The war has come. It has been fought. The country has quivered and strained with it to the centre. Those who attacked the Government had already by their conduct of it alienated the sympathy of all but those who knew that an un-American spirit had made the American name repulsive. For four years the war thundered and shook the country and the world, until the original principles of the Declaration of Independence became once more the national inspiration, and then, by a sublime coincidence, on the very day of the festival itself, on the 4th of July two years ago, the tide turned, and from that day with overpowering and universal success the cause swept on to complete victory. The experiment is ended. Our republic is a success. The prophetic vision of old John Adams, whom Jefferson called "the Colossus of Independence," is fulfilled. Now we can listen with undoubting hearts to Everett's exhortation, in speaking of the Declaration: "Nor let us fear that its force is exhausted, for its principles are as broad as humanity, as eternal as truth." It was that confidence which gave such religious enthusiasm, such deep and sober joy to the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1865.

It is the fashion to abuse the Legislature of the Empire State, and no wise man will undertake to defend it wholly nor to deny that the unrecognized Third House is quite as influential and effective in legislation as either of the legitimate two. Indeed whoever was at the famous Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln, of blessed memory, will remember that a son of New York lost his nomination there greatly from the feeling of members from all parts of the country represented, that his election—by no fault or wish of his own—would tranfer Albany to Washington; and unsavory as was the fame of the latter city that of the former was worse.

Yet Albany is, notwithstanding, the source of many blessings. And eminent among them is the resolution that the city of New York shall be drained. The city of New York, indeed, is totally incapable of self-government. It is a huge, helpless fellow, who has plenty of money which is constantly stolen from his pockets, and who can neither keep himself clean nor in proper health. In fact New York is a nuisance which for the common welfare must be constantly abated. The State has given it a noble park in which to breathe the fresh air. It has given it a robust and mannerly body of policemen to keep it in order. It has given it a system by which to

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extinguish fires without increasing an incendiary population. And now it has given orders to have it thoroughly and decently drained. The board of management has ample and absolute powers, and it will healthfully purge us in spite of ourselves.

At present the situation of the city, on a narrow island gently declining on both sides to a broad river, has favored its drainage without special care. But the enormous discharge of filth poisons the river-side, and the slips are fast choking. Why should not our sewage, or the city waste, increase our revenues instead of our death lists? That is the practical question. We want not only to be rid of the waste, but benefited by it.

There is much attention necessarily paid to such subjects in the cities of the overcrowded island of Great Britain. Yet in England a recent official report says, that a bad system of sewerage has already ruined more than a hundred rivers. The stench is baneful to human life upon the shores, and fish die in the stream. The waste of nearly three hundred thousand people, with the refuse of factories and gas-works and the pumpings of collieries, pours into the Tame before it reaches Birmingham, and the mortality of that place, in which fever always prevails, is greater than that of London. At Manchester the Medlock is covered with a black scum on which birds walk. The Clyde is not less nauseous. It appears also, as an article in the *Evening Post* of New York states, that eight hundred thousand of the people of London drink water which has already received the sewage of fifty towns. Below Exbridge, on the river Exe, the farmers will not suffer their cattle to drink the water. So with the Calder and other streams, and the town of Banbury, was enjoined from fouling the river. Of course the river beds are constantly filling up and interfering with the drainage. The Thames at Oxford, "silted up six feet," and many of the flat districts are "in a sodden and water-logged condition." In Lancashire there are rivers raised ten or fifteen feet above their old level.

Enormous sums have been and are now spent in England to improve the sewerage and to purify the rivers. London alone has spent thirty millions of dollars. Other cities have followed in their degree. But all these efforts are directed to the escape—not to the utilization of the sewage or waste. The truth is that this filth is riches. These horrid sights and smells belong to the realm of fairy. We suffer from them because we are not fine-eared and fine-nosed and fine-minded enough. The most ravishing Princes and the most dazzling Princesses were constantly enchanted into monsters. A child well fed upon fairy lore will look wistfully upon every ill-favored cur he passes, secretly wondering what golden-haired beauty is imprisoned in that vile form.

Now Science is the kindly magician who touches our eyes with true vision. Science reveals to us that this fetid, noisome mass, which poisons the air and slays the people, is really a means of enriching the soil and feeding the population. Instead of suffering the waste to be wasted Science shows us how it may be used. A Western farmer upon a rich prairie soil thought he was very fortunate because a stream ran through his ground, over which he built his barn, and into which he threw all his manure. The shrewd fellow was throwing gold into the river. The English town of Croydon was forbidden to throw its manure into the river. So it utilized it; and the land that was leased before the sewage was put upon it for two pounds an acre is now leased for four, and the farmers who use the sewage cut four crops of grass every year. What Croydon has done New York can do. As the *Post* truly says. "A city like New York might, if its affairs were wisely managed, make a handsome annual income from the sewage and the sweepings of the streets, and at the same time greatly enrich the surrounding country."

We are about to have a system of thorough drainage. Shall we not also make the drainage pay for the trouble it gives us?

THE Roman Emperor who made his horse a consul is outdone by the French Count whose horse has won the Derby race in England. The excitement in both countries seems to have been indescribable, and incredible to any but a horse-racing nation. The biographies of the illustrious Count and of his horse were published in all the papers. He (the Count, *bien entendu*) dined with the Prince of Wales. At the great races in Paris at the Bois de Boulogne the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who had just returned from Algiers, divided the applause of the enthusiastic Frenchmen with *Gladiateur*, the illustrious horse. The Emperor took the hand of the illustrious Count and said, "You have rendered the country a service." The *Gladiateur galop* is already published in Paris. The *mouchoir*, or Gladiator pocket-handkerchief, representing the illustrious horse in his triumphant run, is also for sale; "and one can conceive," says a correspondent in Paris, "that for the moment Napoleon has his kingdom all the firmer for that horse."

The poets are not behind. Some spiteful Briton, who can not conceal his chagrin in his sarcasm, writes in *Bell's Life* this song:

THE GALLIC COCK:

A FRENCH POEM OF VICTORY—WATERLOO WIPED OUT.

Cockadoodledo, Jean!
Ha! mon Bull cheri
Ciel! je ne moque pas mal
Des Anglais sans esprit.
Vanquished on your proper ground,
N'est-ce pas, mon chou?
Cockadoodledo, Jean,
Cockadoodledo!

Que je suis content, Jean!
Heureux dans cette chance,
Vive le Gladiateur, Jean,
Vive toujours La France!
Enfin she avenge herself,
Ce sacre Vaterloo!
Cockadoodledo, Jean,
Cockadoodledo!

It must be doubly exasperating to the genuine John Bull, who holds with the same unswerving faith to the British Constitution, the British Church, and the British turf, to see and hear in the Bois de Boulogne the lively Frenchmen driving about—not in manly trotting-wagons, but in miserable effeminate wicker pony-phaetons, and sparkling with delight over the national horse-victory. To be beaten at the Derby by a horse bred among people who point their toes outward when they ride must be as severe and searching a discipline as Britannia has ever encountered.

However, she can console herself by the reflection that she has taught the world the noble art of horse-racing. That some pupil may sometime surpass her is nothing. Doubtless Sir Philip Sidney rode better than Pagliano, the famous equestrian of that day at Vienna. Yet it was Pagliano who

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taught him. "And he was such a poet in the art," says Sir Philip, "that if I had not been a man he would have persuaded me to be a horse." So as Britannia surveys the Count Lagrange, and contemplates his breeding establishment at Dangu, his noble residence, his six hundred acres of fertile land of picturesque exposure, shielded from the north winds by an amphitheatre of hills, and, without wincing, beholds his five stallions, his forty brood mares, his thirty-six yearlings, and thirty foals of the present year, in addition to about sixty horses in training at Royal-Lieu, near Compiègne, and at Newmarket, let her remember that even the triumph of Gladiateur is, in some sort, her own, that he was remotely ancestored in Britain, and that 'Arry Grimshaw, a true Briton, rode him to victory.

But while in the amicable tournament of the turf France is the victor over England, there is a spectacle in preparation of the combined French and English iron-clad fleets. The English ironclads are to make a friendly cruise along the coasts of France; the French along the English; and then in some bay of peaceful English water the ships are to unite in aquatic evolutions for the delight of England and France, for the peace of Europe, and—says a foolish rumor—to show the United States an enormous rod in pickle for bad boys.

It will be a very pretty sight, but it will have no such moral as is suggested. The combined ironclad fleets of England and France will be a fine marine spectacle, but it will not frighten the United States. Why should it? What have they to be frightened about? They are the least belligerent and the least to be bullied of any of the great nations—"the most formidable and the least to be feared," as Mr. Beecher said.

Every sensible man understands the amity which now exists between England and France. It is a valuable alliance for the tranquillity of Europe, but it is idle to imagine that it has any influence upon this side of the Atlantic. No honest American wishes to see it broken or believes that it easily will be. England and France combined would not seriously wish to go to war with the United States, and certainly the United States would not fear the contest.

But why can not the fleets meet and mingle without such insinuations? Every great nation in the world is at this moment under bonds to keep the peace. They are of various kinds, but they are very stringent. In every such nation the internal questions are much more pressing and formidable than the external, and with every year the policy that in the dark ages was practicable of uniting domestic parties against a foreign foe becomes more and more impossible. The devices that delude ignorance are not sufficient for intelligence.

Let the fleets sail, then, and enjoy themselves all they can. Let Jean Crapeau do his best. And let honest John Bull and his wife and family repair to the shores of Albion and behold and rejoice. We too will look on with interest and pleasure, and willingly show them both how to build better ships.

One of the most remarkable events of the day is one which in itself is very private and very unimportant except to two very private persons, and that is the recent marriage, in London, of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild and his cousin Miss Evelina. The Rothschilds are, historically, the descendants and representatives of Isaac of York and of Shylock—not that they are in the least to be personally compared with those representative creations of fiction, nor that the mild bridegroom of to-day is in the habit of taking mortgages upon the breasts of his customers. What we mean is only that their present position in the civilized world shows the different consideration accorded to the Hebrew banker in the Europe of the nineteenth century compared with that which the same personage enjoyed five and six centuries ago.

The fond reader of Ivanhoe has not forgotten how the proud nobility of England wrenched the teeth from Isaac's jaws, to persuade him to reveal where his money-bags were hidden, and how the hapless banker was more willing to surrender his teeth than his treasure. The vaults of York Castle were his home when he was not cowering in his obscure house. He belonged to a race utterly contemned and outraged—to a people who had no rights which Christians were bound to respect. "A Jew dog" was the gracious epithet by which he was known. And, indeed, the tragedy in the case of Shylock was something that the wise young judge did not suspect nor regard. It was not his thirsting for the heart's-blood of a Christian. It was that Christians had fostered that thirst. Shakespeare, who wrote for all time, because he understood man, and disregarded the accidents of time and custom and country, pleaded for all oppression every where and always in that fiery burst of the lonely old man: "He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

So spoke Shylock and Isaac of York, and so they acted. Christians had "a natural antipathy" for them. But Shylock no longer crouches on the Rialto, Isaac no longer dwells in the vaults of York Castle. The nobility of England no longer tears his teeth out for amusement or to use as keys. But the second daughter of Baron Lionel, head of the London house, is to marry the second son of Baron Anselm, head of the Vienna house of "the world-renowned firm." The mansion of the bride's father in Hyde Park, which in the splendor and richness of its internal arrangements has few equals in England—so says the Court chronicler—was specially decorated for the occasion. Let us see in what manner Isaac adorns his house for Rebecca's bridal. "Great banks of flowers and rare plants were grouped in exquisite masses between the marble columns of the grand staircase, and all the niches and balustrades were filled with flowers till the air was heavy with their perfume. The gallery in which the banquet was served presented a really

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splendid aspect. The walls between the mirrors were draped with white lace, and over these light traceried hangings were wreaths of roses, making the colors of the bridemaids — pink and white. Groups of orange blossom, lilies, and other emblematic flowers suited to the occasion, were interspersed, while along the length of the saloon were ranged the tables. The master-pieces of Sèvres, Dresden, and Worcester were skillfully combined with racing cups, great tankards, épergnes, and costly centre-pieces, both of gold and silver."

The state of the guests is not unfitted to this magnificence. The list does not indeed include the names of Brian Bois de Guilbert, and the "noble" society of Ivanhoe; but here are the Austrian Embassador and his Countess, the French Embassador, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of St. Albans, followed by a splendid throng of the Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, and Lords, with their Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and Ladies: the Speaker of the House of Commons; the Chief Justice of England; Right Honorables and Honorables, who wait upon the many Barons and Baronesses de Rothschild who compose the family present. To this noble and brilliant company, to which alone are wanting the Prince and Princess of Wales, descends the bride from her apartments, clad in white lace, and attended by fourteen bridemaids, at the head of whom is the daughter of a Duchess, Lady Diana Beauclerk. At the door of the ballroom the mother completely envelops her daughter in a veil of marvelous lace, which reaches the floor. Then entering the room she is led to the bridegroom, who stands under a canopy of velvet and gold, to which he has been conducted by the Marquis of Huntly. The guests of Hebrew faith put on their hats. The chief Rabbi exhorts. The marriage contract is read; the prayers proceed: the bride and bridegroom drink of a cup of wine and water: the Baron Ferdinand places the ring upon his cousin's finger, saying slowly in Hebrew, "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring according to the rites of Moses and Israel." Then they drink a glass of wine between them, and the empty glass, being placed upon the floor, is crushed by the foot of the bridegroom; the resplendent company crying aloud at the same moment that they wish the marriage may be as happy and the bride and bridegroom as irrevocably united as the pieces of glass are forever sundered.

The banquet and the ball follow. The Right Honorable Mr. Disraeli, some time Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposes the health of the happy pair. The toast is received with all the honors, and the Lord Chief Justice of England leads off and times the cheers. The same dignitary toasts the bridemaids. The guests eat and drink and survey the bridal gifts. They are necklaces and tiaras of diamonds and emeralds and other precious stones, and are presented by Dukes, and Duchesses, and Earls, and Countesses. Then follows the ball, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and "all the leading members of the aristocracy and fashion" are present.

So the common humanity of Shylock with the haughtiest aristocracy in the world is established. So Isaac of York is avenged. So the "natural antipathy" of race disappears. So the bridal of a pretty Jewess has a moral for us all.

It was said last year that the noted Alexander Dumas was coming to this country. But he changed his mind, and did what several famous foreign authors have done with great success—he delivered lectures. At first, indeed, they were called dull, and the lecturer was ridiculed. "Poor Dumas," said one, "he raises our smiles. In the theatres, in other public places, and in society, he is forward, easy to impudence, and not without something like swagger. He has taken to lecturing to procure money. He bounces to his chair, swallows glass after glass of sugared water, before he can float up his voice to an audible pitch: then he buries his nose in his manuscript, and, without raising his head once, reads, reads, reads, as if the happiest moment of his life would be that in which 'the end' was reached. And what do you think is the subject of his lecture? The history of France in the reign of Henry II. Can't you see us shaking with laughter?"

Another says, more mildly, "He is at present in Belgium delivering lectures on Cæsar and Napoleon, if the placards are to be believed; but, in fact, his lecture is devoted to Cæsar, Jules Gerard, lion-shooting, swimming, and the Kalmucks. He has an enormous manuscript with him, from which he never once looks up the whole time of the lecture, so frightened is he by that hydra—the public."

A third says, in quite another vein, showing how impossible it is to trust to any individual statement for the simple fact, every individual mind being a colored glass from which the colorless truth takes a hue. "Last winter he obtained permission to deliver lectures, and these were attended with such a stupendous success as to quite turn his head. He has given himself up entirely to this new method of entertaining the public; and after exercising the charms of his voice and style on the classes who pay two dollars and four dollars for a seat, he has passed entirely into the ranks of the poor, and either reads before the poor for charitable objects or at most for a franc a head. Like all great artists he is intoxicated by the boisterous acclamation of the masses, and finds, in their noisy but genuine demonstrations of love, the excitement which a man of his prodigious activity of mind and ardent temperament requires. Last month alone M. Dumas contributed by his readings six thousand dollars to charitable objects—a contribution of which any poor man—as he is—may well be proud. The other evening, however, he let slip a word of reference to Victor Hugo and to his state of exile, and for this the right to lecture has been withdrawn from him—it is hoped only temporarily. He told the minister, it is said, that, if he did not give him back his right to lecture, he would leave France and go to America."

If Dumas be wise he will not hastily leave a country where by his readings he can raise six thousand dollars in a month for the poor. He belongs to France. In the setting of any other country or society he would be lost. Roman candles and rockets with golden spray are truly beautiful in the dark, but a wise rocket does not go up by daylight.

One pleasant spring morning of this year the pretty Empress of France went to the house of Rosa Bonheur carrying the decoration of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor which she gave to the artist. The French people and all kind hearts every where applaud the graceful act, and henceforth the French

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sentries must present arms to Mademoiselle Rosa. The Emperor was away in Algeria when this practical illustration of woman's sovereignty in empire and in art was offered to the world. But it was much more agreeable to him than the conduct of cousin Napoleon, who so far forgot himself as to express opinions. Louis instantly reminded him of the Napoleonic tradition that only the head of the house should have opinions.

Whether French "Conservatism" is afraid that all the ancient landmarks of society and bulwarks of civilization are being swept away because Miss Rosa is made a chevalier, is not yet reported. It seems sensible and natural enough that a woman who can paint so well as to add lustre to her country as well as to create a fame for herself should be told in the most honorable way that her country is grateful. Or would it be a finer thing to say to her, "Dear young lady, don't fly out of your sphere. Nature designed you to attend the cradle and to sit in the nursery. Don't thwart nature by painting beautiful pictures. Can you cook a beef-steak? that is the question. Can you make light bread? Then *ave virgo!* and don't unsex yourself!"

Since King Francis of France stooped in Titian's studio and raised the pallet which the painter had dropped, there is no prettier incident of the kind than the Empress Eugénie decorating Rosa Bonheur with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Editor's Drawer.

THEY tell a good story of a Priest, the Devil, and the Virgin, in one of the old Chronicles of the Church in Austria. A young friar was famous in his order as a painter, and his forte was in pictures of the Devil and the Virgin. The first he made surpassingly ugly, and the other serenely beautiful. The devil determined to punish him, and assuming the form of a lovely maiden visited him in his cell. He fell desperately in love with her, and she consented to fly away with him if he would give her the plate and jewels in the convent treasury. He consented, and took with him the sacred articles. As they were scudding along the cloister the demon lady cried out "Thieves!" and vanished. The monks rushed out, and caught their brother running away with the booty. They tied him to a pillar and went back to bed, deferring his punishment till morning. Now the devil returned in his own form, and made merry over his misfortune, advising him to pray for help to the beauty he loved to paint. The poor friar took the hint; called on the Virgin. She came in all her radiant charms, loosened his cords, and bade the friar bind the devil in his place. Then she put the stolen treasure back in its place. The next morning the friar appeared in his place at prayers, the devil was found *at his post*, and the treasure all right. The devil was soundly flogged; and the painter friar, a wiser and better man, followed no more after handsome young women, but stuck to his beads and his brush; and painted awful devils, because he had seen one; and beautiful virgins, for he had seen the queen.

REV. DR. MATHEWS, in his book of "Recollections," tells a story of Gouverneur Morris and Bishop Moore. At a dinner-party Mr. Morris, who was about to sail for Europe, said to the Bishop,

"My reverend friend, I have just made my will, and I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied, "Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore, the good bishop's wife, immediately added: "My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon!"

IN the village of K——, West Virginia, lives an old man, known as Uncle Paul, noted for his eccentricities and fondness of Natural History. Quite a crowd had collected at the Post-office waiting anxiously for the war news. Uncle Paul entertained the crowd by telling the old cat story—how they fought till nothing was left of them but the tips of their tails, etc. A rough-looking specimen of humanity from the country seemed to drink in every word the old man said about the cats; and then, to be even, remarked, "Why, Uncle Paul, that's a pretty good cat story, but it is nothing to what I saw yesterday. I was coming down the mountain, and saw near a little brook a water-snake trying to swallow a toad." "All right; nothing strange about that," replied Uncle Paul. "Just read *Nateral* History, and it will tell you water-snakes live on toads." "Yes, maybe it will," says the countryman; "but you see the snake, when I first saw it, had the toad's hind-leg in his mouth, and the toad squirmed around until he got the snake's tail in his mouth; and in less than a minute they swallowed each other, and you couldn't see a sign of either of them!" All enjoyed the yarn but Uncle Paul, who left for home, saying it was a lie, and that there was nothing in *Nateral* History like it.

AMONG the smart things which you give us from the "three-year-olds," I think Orange, New Jersey, must have a place.

Master Willie had lately heard and seen much of the "*Waterfalls*" with which the young ladies nowadays adorn the backs of their heads. His attention was fully awake on the subject. One muddy day he saw on the road a horse whose careful groom had braided and knotted up his switch-tail. Willie cried, "Oh! papa, papa! see that horse! He's got a waterfall to his tail!"

"LET me look at some collars," said a gaunt, rough-looking fellow, addressing the proprietor of a country store not a hundred miles from Montreal. "With pleasure, Sir," was the response; and the stock of collars was shown to the customer, who fumbled them over, and then, with a gesture of contempt, turned away with the remark that they were not the kind he wanted. "What kind do you want?" queried the shop-keeper. "We have most every kind." "Well, it's secesh collars; them's the style for me!" "Walk right this way—we have that kind too," was the response, as the shop-keeper unrolled about eight feet of hempen cord, and, quickly twisting it into a loop, held it up before the astonished gaze of the "secesher." He had no more to say, but quietly took his departure.

R—— S—— is a prominent member of the orthodox church, and as he is a fine-looking personage, the desire of being seen and heard in the "conference meetings" is too strong to be resisted, and we are often edified by his peculiar views and interpretations of Scripture. On one occasion the chap-

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ter containing the parable of the ten virgins was read for the evening lesson. Brother S——, as usual, rose to free his mind. "My brethren," said he, "this parable presents to us a subject of solemn consideration, not only to the brethren, but also to the sisters, for we are here told that *five of them were males, and five were females!*" The contortions of countenance which many were obliged to make, in attempting to suppress an "audible smile," so disconcerted him that he shortened his remarks, to the relief of his hearers. But he hasn't heard the last of the "five male and five female virgins."

QUITE a number of the guerrillas and bushwhackers who have infested the district of Central Missouri for the past three or four years have lately surrendered, and by the orders of the General commanding the Department have been released upon taking the amnesty oath, and provided with transportation to their homes.

One of them applied to the clerk of a boat with his order for transportation, and found that he could only be supplied with deck passage. Upon which he returned to the Provost Marshal, and coolly requested that officer to change the order so that he could be furnished cabin passage. The Provost Marshal asked what rank he had held. "Oh!" said he, "I've only been a private; but I've always been a *high-minded* man, and now I don't like to go down there and associate with them low deck hands!"

JOE FITTS was a well-to-do farmer, and a shrewd, observing man. His family were brought up to care little for show, and to live within their means, and when his eldest and favorite son got married, old Joe gave him some advice. "Now, John," said he, squinting one eye and looking with the other sharp at his happy boy, "look out; be prudent; be diligent; don't make such a fool of yourself as your chum Charles, who commenced his married life as though he was as rich as *Creosote*, but how long did he stand it? Why he went to the dogs in less than two years. It will do for some of these rich old *milliners* to live so!" John took the old man's advice, and is now the richest man in this region.

A MAN went to the dead-house to ask for the body of a missing relative—in fact, an uncle who was supposed to have money. "Has my uncle come here?" he inquired, as if speaking of a morning call. "Many uncles," replied the official. "But mine is a large uncle, fat, well-dressed, and must have 'arrived' within three days." "Impossible to say," replies functionary. "What would you? So many drop in upon us! Had your uncle any peculiarity by which his body could be recognized after death?" "Perfectly," replies nephew; "you would know him at once—he was stone deaf!"

THERE were few abler lawyers in the State of Illinois during the past quarter of a century than the late Judge Purple, of Peoria. He was the author of several important law books; and by his entire devotion to his profession had attained a merited celebrity both as an advocate and a jurist.

Some years since Judge P., when in the city of Washington, met with a gentleman from Boston, who, upon learning that the Judge was from Illinois, made particular inquiry as to the success of a young sprig of the law, by the name of B——, who had emigrated "West" some five years before. "He is doing well," promptly replied the Judge. "He *is*; well, I am glad to hear it—glad to hear it, indeed," continued his friend. "You think he has a good practice, do you, Judge?" "Don't know any thing about his practice," replied Purple; "but he is doing well—succeeding finely." "Making money, then, is he?" persisted Boston. "I tell you I don't know any thing about his business," said Purple. "Well," said the Boston man, "you seem to think B—— is doing well, and yet you know nothing about his practice or business; what do you mean?" "I mean just this," said Purple, "that any man who practices law in Illinois five years and keeps out of the penitentiary is doing well, whether he has much practice or not!"

MISS M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated, at a dinner-party, with a young man remarkable in the fashionable circles for his wit, who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life—"I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the Hope" (Insurance Company). "In the hope of *what?*" said the admirer. "*A single life* is not worth insuring; I propose that we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objection, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

MY little nephew, five years old, became greedy for money, at his early age, and in order to add to his treasury of pennies he would not hesitate to ask every visitor to give him a penny. His mother endeavored to put an injunction upon his proceedings, and told him that a severe whipping would be the penalty if he should ever ask another visitor for money. This was a sad state of affairs, and it worried him greatly to know how to retain his revenue. Shortly after he received his commands a visitor called. Josie looked very wishfully for a long time at his ma and her guest. At last a bright idea struck him, and out came this question: "*Do you know any one who would lend me a penny and not ask for it again?*" The penny was gained and the penalty not enforced.

FROM New Orleans these two stories come:

Going to Mobile lately, I had a berth in the same state-room with a lieutenant, who, as the lake was pretty rough, was sea-sick most of the time. He was nevertheless very funny, and kept me in wonderful spirits all the way out. As it grew late we went to bed, and the lieutenant, supposing I was asleep, began to call over all the grades of rank in the army as we rode up and down on the waves, and in such a manner that I concluded he was giving each wave rank according to its height. Several times he went as high as brigadier-general, and as low as sergeant-major. Presently we went up on a tremendous wave, and he exclaimed, in an excited tone, "Lieutenant-general!" and as we went down into the "briny depths" he drew a long breath, and said, very softly, "Eighth corporal!"

IN the Rampart and Dauphine Street cars, one day lately, there entered a very tall, well-dressed, but rather intoxicated gentleman, who, as the car was full of ladies, had to stand up. He scorned to hold on to the straps, but assumed the position of a soldier, and looked solemnly to the front. As we neared a street-crossing the bell was rung, and the driver made preparations to stop. Our gent, after

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an instant's reflection, leaned forward toward the mule, and of course when the car stopped he continued, and was precipitated on his hands and knees on the bottom of the car, in front of a well-dressed lady, who attempted to assist him to his feet. Disdaining assistance, he resumed his erect position, and bowing very low to the lady, said, "You'll please excuse me, madam; ah—I—forgot which way to lean." Every body enjoyed *that*.

A RETURNED soldier says: I am one of those who have lived to tell of three years' service in the Union army, and attribute my being alive to tell the story in no slight degree to the cheering influences of an occasional Drawer which was opened in camp. I have many tender and sad, many joyous and glorious, and some humorous memories of the service. I feel my indebtedness to the Drawer keenly, and would like to repay it, in a measure; but alas! the best things have already found their way into *Harper*.

We had a gay and dashing Lieutenant B——, who was slightly "set back" in Albany. He accompanied the veteran portion of his regiment home to Albany in the winter of '63-'64, on recruiting service, and reported to Major T——, at Albany. As his home was New York he was ordered by the Major to report to General Dix. In course of time the regiment was ordered to rendezvous at Albany, preparatory to a return to the field; and Lieutenant B——, among others, presented himself before Major T—— with a "long nine" in his mouth, and emitting volumes of smoke. The Major received him very blandly.

"Well, Lieutenant, did you report to General Dix?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Did you see the General?"

"Several times."

"Did you talk with him?"

"Oh, certainly; had a long talk with him."

"Well, Lieutenant, did you stand and puff tobacco-smoke in his face?"

The Lieutenant and his cigar were extinguished.

THE Rev. George Harvest, of Trinity College, Cambridge, private tutor at one time to the Duke of Richmond, was invited to dine with the old Duchess and accompany her party to the play. He used to travel with a night-cap in his pocket, and having occasion for a handkerchief at the theatre, made use of his cap for that purpose. In one of his reveries, however, it fell from the side-box where he was sitting into the pit, when a wag picked it up, hoisted it upon the end of a cane, that it might be claimed by its rightful owner. Judge of the consternation of a large party of ladies of rank and fashion when the Rev. George H. rose in the midst of them and claimed the night-cap (which was somewhat greasy from use) by the initials G. H., which were legibly marked on it. The cap was restored to him amidst shouts of laughter, to the great discomfiture of the Duchess and the rest of the party.

OZIAS LINLEY, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was a master-piece of eccentricity, and subject to perpetual fits of abstraction. He was on horseback one morning, setting out for his curacy, a few miles' distance from Norwich. His horse threw off one of its shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede his journey, and seeing that he himself was jogging on as if quite unconscious of it, politely reminded him that "one of his horse's shoes had come off." "Thank you, madam," replied Linley. "Will you then have the goodness to put it on for me?"

LOUIS XIV. once sent for a barber to shave him. Taking his sword out of its sheath he laid it beside him, at the same time telling the barber that if he cut him he would lose his head. The barber shaved him, and fortunately made not a single scratch.

"'Tis well for you that you did not cut," said Louis, when the barber had finished, "or I would certainly have cut off your head."

"No, you would not," replied the barber, "for I would have drawn the razor across your throat the instant after I had cut you."

LITTLE HARRY, a bright three-year-old, a regular wide-awake, made up of fun and comicalities, occasionally astonishes his friends. A few evenings ago, when the stars were exceedingly brilliant and sparkling, like so many diamonds, Harry's mother took him in her arms and walked to the door. While there she called his attention to the stars, and endeavored to impress upon his childish mind a simple lesson respecting them. Harry listened attentively, gazed long and earnestly, then suddenly exclaimed, "Mamma, I see the stars—where's the stripes?"

I SEE in one of the late numbers an incident related to show how lazy a man may be and live: but here is one to beat it, told by one of the crowd that to-day sat listening to the "funny things" of the Drawer in our camp:

In ——, Wisconsin, when the Committee were relieving many families whose support was among the brave and absent, it was noticed one Mr. Mann took for his support the "rations" of his brother's wife, being too lazy to work for his own support. Accordingly it was decreed that all men in the village who could not support themselves should be buried alive. Of course Mann was an early victim of said decree. While upon his coffin, in an old cart, upon his way to the burial-ground, a friend stops the cart to tell him he has brought him corn enough to support him for some time. Mann rose up and asked,

"Is the corn shelled?"

"No," was the reply.

"Drive on," said he; and they drove on.

MY nephew Joe is a buster, aged ten. The other Sunday his mother was making him go over his Sunday-school lesson before school—the subject being Moses and the burning bush. In reply to the question, "What did Moses say when he saw it?" Joe answered, "I don't know." "Why, it's very simple," said his mother. "What would you have said if you had seen it?" "Me!" exclaimed the youngster, his eyes growing big with excitement—"me! why I'd have said, 'Jerusalem crickets! what's that?'"

IN General Alf Sully's Northwest Indian expedition of '64, to the Yellow Stone River, with one of the Minnesota regiments, was a surgeon enjoying the euphoneous appellation applied by the Irishman to the potato, known in the army from Vicksburg to Pembina as a humorist and wag—always perpetrating some pun or practical joke on his messmates, and administering pungent advice with his

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pills to the men at sick-call, who had grown fat by much laughing at the sells perpetrated on others, although never relishing one overmuch when turned on himself. On the return march, after the expedition was away from the proximity of the Indians, the General allowed the officers and men to enjoy themselves by killing buffalo, as they were plenty along the line of march. The doctor was in the habit of riding on the flanks of the column, and amusing himself in that way. He had bagged eight, and had had many jokes about taking his "horns" from a "buffalo's horn;" and was after his ninth, one fine morning, about a quarter of a mile distant, in full view of the army. An old bull had been brought to bay by the balls from some soldiers' carbines. Pills rode close alongside to give him his death-wound in a vulnerable spot. But the fellow, knowing his murderous intent, wheeled suddenly, and dashing at his horse, with head down and tail erect, caused Rosinante to make a quick side-movement, leaving his rider "hors du combat" on the ground. This was good enough for his imperial highness of the shaggy mane, who proceeded to administer buffalo-horn potations without mercy to his prostrate foe, and would have finished his career but for the timely interference of the men close by, who drove the monster from his fallen prey, and brought him to earth with their carbines. The General, seeing the discomfiture of his valiant Nimrod, sent an ambulance and brought him in, having two ribs stove and several holes punctured through the fleshy part of his thigh—not dangerous, but sore. This was too good for those who had felt his sharp thrusts: and though he was bruised and lame, plied him with buffalo-horn toasts and treats on every occasion. It is needless to add that Pills lost flesh from that time until the expedition was disbanded at the Mississippi, and threatened ipecacuanha vengeance on all who asked him if he would take a "horn."

THIS comes from Idaho, Colorado Territory.

On the way to Pike's Peak, in the fall of 1858, notwithstanding the hardships of the plains, we had some fun. Among our party was one Ramsy, a tall, simple, good-natured fellow. He figured in a song composed on the way:

"Then there's Ramsy with his carbine,
And I know he is no sardine,
For he's from the town of Harmine,
In the old Missouri State."

Ramsy said a good thing and did not know it. When we started from Kansas City every man was well supplied with pipes—meerschaum, brier-root, Powhatan, etc. Alas! they soon disappeared on the long, weary road, lost or broken. We felt like that poor fellow "Off the blue Canaries." The first day we met the Indians (a band of the Arapahoes—friendly Indians) the "pipe of peace" was freely passed. Ramsy, off on a hunt, was ignorant of the friendly pipe. Some one in the camp at night proposed to smoke the "pipe of peace." Says Ramsy: "I'd like to know how we are a-going to smoke a pipe a-piece when we hain't got a pipe a-piece, nor nary one left."

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent reports an amusing lingual mistake made by a little four-year-old in the family of a friend. The house was humming with the news, just then received, of the evacuation of Richmond, when away ran Eddy up stairs to convey to grandma the glad tidings, whatever they were. "Oh, danma," he exclaimed, in great assumed gleefulness, "Richmon' is *vaccinated!*"

ANOTHER juvenile patriot had been taken out by his mother to see the display of flags on the occasion of the surrender of Lee's army, and on coming to one house undistinguished by any insignia of the general joy the little fellow inquired the probable cause of the omission, when mamma charitably suggested that some one of the inmates might be ill, or even dead. "Well," said little patriotism, emphatically, "if there's somebody dead there, why don't they *fling out their crape, then?*"

A SHORT time before the death of Mr. Lincoln a prominent politician from Pennsylvania called upon him, and in the course of conversation a remark was made at which the President said, "That reminds me of a little story. But," continued he, "don't tell the people of Pennsylvania when you return that Lincoln said that reminded him of a story. People all say that; and yet if they had ridden this rough old war-horse over the corduroy roads as I have done during the past four years they would be glad of an opportunity to mount a pony occasionally, and amble around the door-yard to amuse the children." Very like him, natural and pleasant.

JUST before the election in November, 1864, Judge B—— took the stump, and one time he was asked to address a large county mass meeting in M——. The committee had made great preparations, and among other things had erected a platform about five feet high, and just large enough to seat the speakers, and had made a sort of roof to keep the sun off, which made the structure rather top-heavy; but they thought that it would do, as they only wanted to use it one day. The Judge, who is a very portly man, got up to address the assemblage, and made a splendid speech, until, at the close, he drew himself up to his full height and said, "Our platform shall never fall; yes, gentlemen, I repeat it: our platform shall *never* fall;" and as he said this he brought his foot down with great force, which was too much for the top-heavy structure; it swayed one side for a moment and then collapsed, burying speakers and all in one confused heap.

IRISHMEN are great fellows to make bargains. They are never satisfied with the price first asked for an article, and would consider themselves badly cheated if they did not make an attempt, at least, to beat down. Just before the store was closed, a few nights ago, one of them, who seemed to be on pretty good terms with himself, walked in, and after looking at the show-case a few moments said, pointing to a revolver, "Now what is the very laste figure you will take for that pistol? Name yer very laste." In general I make it a rule to put the prices up a dollar or two to allow for bargaining with such chaps; but in this case, as he seemed to be a straightforward kind of a specimen, I named the very best retail price, which was eleven dollars. He stood for a moment, as if doubting whether to take it (for it was really cheap), or to indulge in his natural propensity, and then said, "I'll give yees nine." To which I, being a little provoked, replied, that I thought he had asked in the first place for the lowest price. "Thrue, but I didn't know but what yees might take a little less." This

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was *too* much, and I laughed in his face at the "bull," upon which he turned about and left in high dudgeon, taking with him a profit of about seventy-five cents, which I would have made had he taken up my offer.

LITTLE FRANKIE, six years old, is fond of animals. In his city home he has a cat and dog, and when the cat had kittens, discovered, to his great surprise, that cats, as well as womankind, feed their infants in the true mammalic method. Frankie went to an uncle's in the country and received a present of a sitting hen, and when at last a brood of tiny chicks around her crowded his joy was full. But what was proper food to furnish them he did not know. He runs into the house and cries, "Oh, aunty! aunty! what shall I give my little teenty chickies to eat? They won't eat corn." His aunt replied: "Never mind, Frankie; the old hen will feed them; she knows how." An idea strikes Frankie, and out he runs again to inspect the hen. Not satisfied with what he discovers, in he runs again to his aunt, and, catching hold of her dress, draws her ear down close, and in an agitated whisper says, 'Why, aunty, the old hen can't feed them; the little chickies can't suck; there's no place for them."

JIM J—— is one of those jovial, dry sort of jokers who can raise a laugh at almost any time by his dry humor. We were relating an instance that came under our notice of a man who had died—or at least was declared dead by his physician—was clothed in his shroud, and at the end of twelve hours returned to life. Every one in the room uttered some exclamation of horror, which was soon turned into merriment by Jim asking why we did not arrest the man for *false pretense*.

WE have a three-year-old at our house. She often succeeds in taking the house down with her old-fashioned remarks. Her mother had been teaching her the Lord's Prayer, and with such good success that she was able to repeat it without any prompting. A few evenings since, while repeating it, she seemingly forgot a portion, and during a momentary pause was urged to proceed. She exclaimed, "Hold on a minute, mamma, until I get the *right tune*."

DURING the first year of the war we resided at M——, a small town in the interior of Pennsylvania. The news of one of the Missouri battles in which General Lyon was conspicuous was being read and discussed at our house, and among the most attentive listeners was Mrs. S——, whose husband was a "sympathizer." She started for home, and on her way met an acquaintance, into whose ear she poured the dreadful news of a terrible fight; and "only think," said she, "our men had *lions* to fight for them, and they tore the rebels dreadfully! Lord forgive us!"

AN exceedingly quiet gentleman, not given to many words unless the occasion really demands them, was some time since crossing the Jersey ferry among the passengers from the New York and Erie Railroad train, just arrived. The hackmen were around, as usual, and one of these very polite fellows, who go so far as to offer the use of their splendid carriages and horses to even strangers, came, in the course of events, to our quiet friend, with the oft-repeated "Carriage, Sir?" No answer. "Carriage, Sir?" Still no answer. "Carriage, Sir? Take you to the Astor House, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, *Deaf and Dumb Asylum*, any where, Sir."

WHILE riding up Seventh Street, in Washington City, the other day, I was standing on the platform of the street-car with two officers, when we passed the Odd-Fellows' Hall, in which a gentleman, probably a foreigner, has a dancing-school. Some young ladies were just coming from said school as we passed.

"Just from dancing-school," remarked one of the officers.

"Yes," said the other, "just from drill; not exactly from squad-drill, but from quadrille."

THE story of the Iowa sheriff in the May Number reminds me of one I heard recently relating to a newly-elected sheriff in Michigan, whose duty it was to be in attendance during a session of the Supreme Court at ——, the past winter. After being carefully instructed he opened the court on the first day of the session in due form. He was absent, however, at adjournment, which therefore took place without his official proclamation. With the omission of so important a formality it was impossible for him to see how the thing could be done. The next morning he apologized for his absence, saying, he "believed he had opened the court all right, but neglected to shut it, and had been mightily troubled to think it might have to run all night."

THINKING the following, from the State of Pennsylvania, might be acceptable to the Drawer and readers thereof, I forward it, *verbatim et literatim*, as taken from the records of this county. Miles having assigned an article of agreement for the purchase of some land to Peter, gives him a quit claim deed for the same; and after giving the description of the property, closes the deed with the following:

"The said Peter, or his successors, may have and hold the above-described premises forever and a day, and I would not if I could, and I could not if I would, molest; for I never had *nary* claim to the property, except an article of agreement which I have heretofore transferred to the said Peter. (Signed) MILES."

"Never having had a right of dower in the within-described premises, I hereby cheerfully and of my own accord, without fear, favor, or reward, or the hope of reward, except such as may follow a disinterested act in the world to come, release all my right to the aforesaid Peter.

(Signed) "MRS. MILES."

"I have examined Mrs. Miles myself, and without any compulsion on my part, or any threatenings, she says it is all right. I am compelled to take this acknowledgment myself, because it is twelve miles to a Judge, over a bad road, and she declares she will not go a step.

(Signed) "MILES."

IN the days of John Quincy Adams Mr. M—— was United States District Attorney in New Hampshire. On the change of the Administration he was immediately removed, and a young spread-eagle attorney of purer Jackson faith was appointed to succeed him. The first case requiring his professional attention was one of counterfeiting, in which the proof was so glaring and positive that not a doubt was entertained of the prisoner's immediate conviction. Much to the gratification of the young attorney and his political friends, Mr. M—— was retained for the defense, thus offering a splen-

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did opportunity for flooring the giant of the bar—a fact already fixed in anticipation, and fondly chuckled over. The day of trial came. The court-room was crowded to excess, anxious to witness the contemplated discomfiture of Mr. M—— and glorious triumph of his young opponent. The case was opened, evidence most overwhelming introduced, and all the preliminary and concluding proceedings extended so far that no back track could be taken or other testimony introduced, and the case on the part of the prosecution rested. All this time apparently quite inattentive, his opponent having fairly exhausted himself, and flushed with the anticipated speedy conviction of the prisoner, Mr. M—— arose and asked to look at one of the bills alleged in the indictment to be counterfeit. Several were handed to him.

"Dedham, Dedham—where is Dedham?" he inquired. "I never heard of such a place or such a bank."

"Why," replied the young attorney, "in Massachusetts, some ten miles from Boston—a fact so well known that I did not think it important to introduce proof of it."

"It may be as you say, Sir, and there may be an incorporated Dedham Bank; but with no proof of the fact, I move, your Honor, that a *nolle pros.* be entered and the prisoner discharged."

The Court could do no less, and old M—— was not floored this time.

THE following conversation, which took place between two great friends, the doctor and paymaster of the United States steamer *V*——, will prove that two years of Texas blockade-life does not utterly destroy all love of humor:

DOCTOR. "Why, how is this, Paymaster, I paid for five yards of flannel, and here are only four and a half?"

PAYMASTER. "My dear fellow I am very sorry, but I can't help it; you know it won't do for me to be partial, and I must treat you as I treat every body else."

The doctor saw the case in a new light and was satisfied.

NOT long since I was spending a short time with some friends at the camp of the Forty-second United States Colored Infantry, at Chattanooga, when a stalwart African of the darkest dye made his appearance at the recruiting-office of the regiment, and, after a few questions, was made one of Uncle Sam's nephews. He was shown his quarters, and told to make himself as comfortable as possible. He asked permission to leave camp a few moments, which was granted. In a short time he returned, bringing with him his better-half and all his household goods complete. On being asked what *she* had come to the regiment for, he turned and asked, "Didn't I list for both on us?"

SOME time ago a friend of mine, who is an employé in one of the departments at Washington, showed me a copy of a letter which passed through his hands. The epistle was written in Kerry, Ireland, and was directed to Mr. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America. The subscriber stated that he was a constant reader of the newspapers; had witnessed the present struggle between North and South with much interest; and was a sincere sympathizer with the former in its efforts to put down the rebellion. He mentioned, in addition, that he was willing to help the Union party by every means in his power; that he had been in the British army for six years, the Irish Constabulary two years, and had also assisted the Pope of Rome against Garibaldi and the French. If, therefore, the President saw fit to appoint him to a vacant Brigadier-Generalcy, and was willing to *pay the price of his passage across the Atlantic*, he could command his services; otherwise, he would still remain his most obedient. The letter was regularly indorsed, and an answer returned to the effect that Congress had made no appropriation for the "payment of passages across the Atlantic;" but if the applicant chose to come on his own responsibility, he would have no difficulty whatever in finding a recruiting-office in New York.

O'TOOLE is a teamster in Captain M'Korkey's celebrated battery, which contributed so materially to our success at Antietam—and, in fact, saved the day. One day, during the prevailing season of mud, as Lieutenant-Colonel Bernstein was riding a tour of inspection, he met the jovial teamster wending his way toward the battery stables, with the inevitable "dhudeen" in his mouth and a large shovel over his shoulder.

"Where are you going, my brave lad?" said the Colonel, who always has a kind word for our gallant boys.

"To curry the ears of me mool," responded the teamster, with a salute which brought his shovel in dangerous proximity to the Colonel's knee.

The Colonel, who seldom overlooks grave infractions of discipline, still has a quick appreciation of humor among the men of the command, and perceived at once the germ of a joke in O'Toole's reply.

"Why do you groom only the ears of your mule?" said the Colonel.

"Shure thim's all ov 'im remains out o' the mud, Sur!"

ABSENT from home since our dear little Clifford was a "wee thing" in swaddling-clothes, I sent my (vignette) *carte de visite*. When my wife showed it to her she exclaimed, "Why, muddie, papa's got no arms nor no legs!"

A LITTLE three-year-old, living in Binghampton, New York, whose father was in Government service, had omitted to mention him for some days in her evening prayers for all her friends. The mother called her attention to this fact, and asked if she did not intend to pray for her father also. "No," answered little one—"no; no use; Abe Lincoln will take care of him."

SEVERAL years ago a merchant failed in New York city who was noted for his fast living and easy conscience regarding his honor, and had settled with his creditors by paying from 25 to 50 cents on the dollar. He was met one day by one of his creditors with whom he had settled a confidential debt on the same terms. The creditor was a blunt, plain, old-fashioned man, living in the upper part of the city. He drove down to Wall Street to collect dividends with an old horse, and older harness, and rickety old chaise. He stopped in front of a bank, and as he was going in he met his former debtor, who very quizzically asked what he gave for his horse and establishment. He straightened up, and said, "I gave 100 cents on the dollar!" and passed on.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.



SEPTEMBER.

SWEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O, fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

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BADGERING THE BADGER.

A TRIP TO BODIE BLUFF AND THE DEAD SEA OF THE WEST.

[Second Paper.]

AT the town of Bodie I witnessed one of those impressive Sunday exhibitions which seem to be the popular mode of recreation in this country—a badger fight. Some Indians from Mono Lake came in during the forenoon with a remarkably large badger, which they offered for sale to the miners. The price demanded was ten dollars. As that amount of ready cash did not seem to be within the resources of the multitude, the diggers, upon consultation, agreed to take three, which was finally made up by some enterprising members of the community. The usual mode of digging a hole in the ground, as a fortification for the badger, was deemed unnecessary, owing to the formidable proportions and ferocious temper of the animal on hand: and it was decided that there should be a pitched battle in the open valley. All who had dogs were invited to bring them forward and enter the ring gratis. In about ten minutes there were about half a dozen dogs brought to the scratch, and the battle opened cautiously on both sides. The badger was fresh and vigorous. Long experience in the noble art of self-defense had taught him skill in the use of his natural weapons. He lay close down to the ground, flattening himself as the rattlesnake flattens his head prior to the fatal dart. With a keen and wary eye he watched the dogs. First a large, ill-favored, yellow cur was let loose upon him. The badger never moved till the mouth of his enemy was within an inch of his tail, when, with a motion as quick as lightning, he had him by the under-lip, and a fierce struggle ensued. The dog howled, the badger held on, the dust flew up from the dry earth, over and over the combatants rolled; the spectators crowded in, laughing, shouting, clapping their hands, and urging on the yelling cur, whose grand object seemed to be to get away. A favorable turn enabled him to break loose. Panting, whining, and with bleeding mouth, he sneaked off amidst the jeers of the crowd.

"Here's a dog that 'll settle his hash!" said the owner of a bull-terrier; "let him in!"

"No, no!" cried a chorus of voices. "Hold back! Don't kill him yet! Try the other dogs first!"

A vicious-looking black dog, part wolf, was next let loose. The badger had meantime crept close up to a bank of earth, against which he fortified his rear. The wolfish cur surveyed the prospect warily, smelled the badger at the distance of a few feet, peered into his eyes, and quietly walked away. The crowd drove him back. "Fight, you durned coyote!" shouted his master, catching him by the back of the neck and dragging him close up to the badger. "Now fight!" Wolf looked as if he'd rather not; but there was no help for it. With hair erect and a wolfish bark he flew savagely at the enemy; jumping first to one side and then the other; back and at him again; snapping, barking, snarling, and howling; but to no purpose. The badger seemed to be all head; there was not a vulnerable point about him that did not show a head and a sharp row of teeth the moment it was assailed. During some of the dog's gyrations Mr. Badger got him by the hind leg. and then there was a very pretty scene of howling and running. Wolf flew all over the ground; badger held on; dust, shouts, shrieks, yells, oaths, and clapping of hands were the natural consequences of this achievement. Badger-stock ran up fifty per cent.; dog-stock was rapidly declining.

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"Tell you what, gents," cried the Committee on the Badger, "we'll fight him agin all six of yer dogs for ten dollars!"

"No, no!" shouted every body; "give him a fair show; his mouth's full of dust; 'tain't fair—six to one."

"Then come on with yer bull-terrier!" cried the Committee, exultingly; "here's the boy for him!"

Bull was let loose—a white, clean-made little fellow, with massive jaws, thin flanks, and a sharp, hard tail, that stood out from his body like a spike. There was neither growl nor bark about him; it was all serious work, in which he evidently delighted; and he went at it with a will—straight, quick, fierce, like a well-trained bruiser who meant blood. He had been accustomed, as was evident from the many scars on his head and face, to enemies of his own species. He could get hold of a fellow-dog, however large, and throttle him. Getting hold of a badger was quite another thing. Both animals were nearly of the same size. The dog perhaps had the advantage in muscular strength; but the badger was the quicker with his head and teeth. The moment Bull's mouth was within reach the badger had him by the under jaw, fast and firm as a vice. Now commenced the grand tussle—teeth against teeth, neck against neck. Thick dust covered the combatants; to and fro, over and over, they rolled, in their scarce visible struggle; the crowd pressing close in; not a word spoken; for this was a genuine fight at last—earnest and thrilling—a fight to the death. Sunday as it was, I could not but push in closer and look on. I was getting profoundly interested in the fate of the badger. In fact, I don't know but I might have made a bet had any body bantered me at the moment. I would have bet on either side, no matter which, as many a man does who gets excited and has no definite opinion on the subject at issue.

"Stand back! give him a chance!" shouted some of the men in front.

"Take him to water! he's choking with dust!" cried others; and I must say a pang of regret shot through me at what I supposed to be the fate of my badger friend.

But it was not the badger that suffered most. The dog was dragged out, his mouth full of hair and dust, gasping for breath. I looked again when the dust cleared away. Bleeding and torn, but dauntless as ever, with the same fixed and wary eye, the badger awaited the next assault.

"Too bad! too bad!" remonstrated several voices. "That's murder in the first degree!" Sympathy seemed to lean toward the side of the poor animal which was making so gallant a struggle for life. "Kill him! kill him with a club!"

"No ye don't, gents!" shouted the exultant Committee, who had paid their three dollars for a Sunday forenoon's sport. "We'll fight him against all the dogs first; if he don't whip 'em then you can kill him."

Incredible as it may seem, the six dogs, large and small, were next let loose, and for over an hour they fought that poor badger without doing him any material damage. While some attacked him in front, others picked him up behind, gave him a shake, and then dropped him. He seemed to possess more lives than a cat. He bit back a dozen bites for every one he received; and at every respite faced his enemies with that peculiar fixed and indomitable eye which had at first attracted my attention. It was almost human in its expression, and seemed to say, "Shame! shame! Cruel as you are you can not make me quail: I die game to the last!"

Some such thought must have entered the heads of the by-standers, two or three of whom now rushed in with clubs and attempted to batter his brains out. Even then he fought fiercely, biting at the clubs, and in his dying throes glaring with undaunted eyes at his assailants. I am free to confess that I turned away with a strong emotion of pity. The fight had lasted two hours. When I next looked back and saw the crowd move away, dragging after them the dead body of the badger, I could not but feel that there was something about the whole business very much like murder.

My friend the Judge was obliged to return to Aurora from this point. I was committed to the charge of a very pleasant and intelligent young man, one of the owners of the Bodie Bunker, who kindly volunteered to procure horses and accompany me on my proposed expedition to Mono Lake. The horses were ranging in the hills, and there was some difficulty in finding them. In due time we were mounted and on our way.

The road crosses a hill back of Bodie, and thence down through a cañon into Cotton-wood Valley. For a distance of some five or six miles the country is rolling and barren. Rocks and sage-brush, with desolate mountains in the distance, are the principal features. During the trip my companion entertained me with many interesting reminiscences of his experience in the country, his adventures as a police-officer during the Vigilance Committee excitement at Aurora, his mining speculations, and many other matters which to me possessed all the charms of romance. From him also I obtained the particulars of a very singular and tragical occurrence which had taken place about two months previously on the road to the Big Meadows, not far from where we were traveling. I had heard of this on my first arrival at Aurora, and had seen some account of it in the newspapers. Subsequently I crossed the cañon in which the disaster occurred, and made a sketch of it.

Some time in the month of July two men, with their wives and three children, belonging to one of the parties, started from Aurora in a small wagon for the Big Meadows. The distance is twenty-eight miles. When about halfway, as they were passing through a rocky cañon, unsuspicious of danger, they observed some signs of rain, but thought it would be nothing more

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than a casual shower. Suddenly the sky darkened, and they heard a loud roaring noise behind them. Mr. Glenn, one of the men, and his comrade, who were sitting on the front seat, finding the horses become unmanageable from fright, jumped out to see what was the matter. The lead horses had swung round, and were making frantic efforts to break loose from their traces. Scarcely had the two men touched the ground when they saw sweeping down toward them a solid flood of water about six or eight feet high, presenting a front like a prodigious wave of the sea as it breaks upon the beach in a storm. They attempted to force the horses up on one side, so as to haul the wagon out of the channel. Before any thing could be done the torrent burst upon them, carrying all before it. The wagon was capsized and dashed to pieces among the rocks. The screams of the women and children rose high above the wild roar of the flood; and for a moment they were seen struggling amidst the shattered wreck of the wagon, but were soon dashed out and whirled against the rocks. One of the men, by superhuman efforts, succeeded in getting a foothold a short distance below, and, grasping an overhanging bush, caught his wife as she was swept along on the raging current. He had dragged her nearly out of the water when she was struck by a heavy piece of drift-wood and torn from his grasp. The next moment she was whirled away beyond reach, and her body, maimed by the jagged rocks, was buried in the current a shapeless mass. Meantime the other man was disabled by his struggles amidst the wreck, and barely escaped with his life. The shrieks of the poor children were heart-rending. "Oh, father! father! save me! Oh, mother, save me!" were all that could be heard; but soon their tender limbs were crushed amidst the boiling surges of drift and flood, and they were swept beyond all human aid. In less than a minute nothing was left to mark the tragedy. Women, children, wagon, horses, and all, had disappeared. Such was the force of the torrent that rocks and trees were carried away like feathers. I saw myself prodigious boulders of solid stone, six or seven feet in diameter, which had been rolled for miles through the cañon.



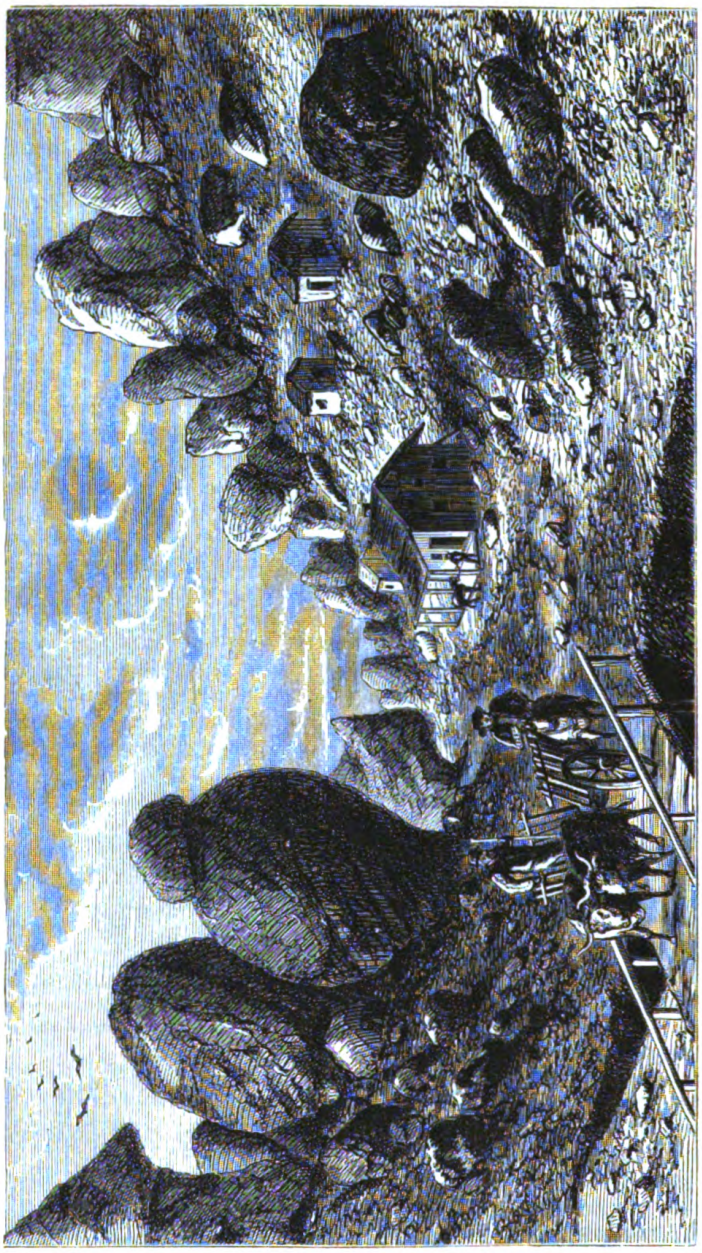
BURSTING OF A CLOUD IN THE CAÑON.

When the news of this sad event reached Aurora the most intense excitement and sympathy prevailed. Parties went out immediately to afford what assistance they could. The unfortunate men who had suffered so strange and sudden a bereavement were provided with such aid as their suffering condition required. Search was made for the bodies of the women and children. Their mutilated remains were found scattered among the rocks from one to three miles below the scene of the disaster, and were taken in and buried amidst the sympathizing tears of relatives, friends, and strangers.

An interesting circumstance connected with this sad event was mentioned to me by Mrs. Sanchez, a highly intelligent lady of Aurora, who happened that day to be out riding on horseback, accompanied by her husband and a party of friends. They had reached the summit of Mount Braley, when the attention of the party

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was directed by Mrs. Sanchez to the peculiar appearance of a cloud which appeared to hang over the earth like a huge black funnel in the direction of the Big Meadows. It had a dark-greenish tinge around the edges as if charged with sulphur or electricity. Other clouds were in the sky, but the weather was warm and pleasant. The attention of the whole party was fixed upon the black cloud. Suddenly it changed its form, and disappeared almost like magic. Apparently the attraction of the earth had scattered it or absorbed its contents. This was doubtless the same cloud which had burst and swept all before it in the Rocky Cañon. The time and direction corresponded precisely with the tragic event above recorded.



TOWN OF MONO.

The only other instance known to me of the bursting of a water cloud with such disastrous consequences occurred about four years ago in the San Francisquite cañon between Los Angeles and Fort Tejon. I have frequently passed through this cañon, and can readily conceive how disastrous a sudden flood would be any where between the points of entrance and exit. It is some ten or twelve miles through, and closely bounded on each side by precipitous hills and mountains. Within this distance the road crosses a small stream that courses through it eighty-seven times. In this cañon a family belonging to Los Angeles, who were on their way home from the valley of the San Joaquin, were overtaken by a heavy rain-cloud, which burst close behind them. The man jumped out of his wagon and strove to urge his animals up a steep bank; but the flood came upon them so suddenly that the wagon was swept away, dragging with it the animals. The women and children were all drowned.

I have been told of similar instances of water-spouts, or, more properly, the bursting of rain-clouds, in the cañons of the Colorado, and in other parts of Arizona. Owing, perhaps, to the fact that few people travel through the mountainous parts of that country in wagons, they have not often been attended by any loss of life, though Governor Goodwin, of Arizona, recently gave me an account of an entire mining camp that was swept away. Two lives were lost and much property damaged.

Proceeding some fourteen miles on our journey we turned the point of a hill overlooking the lake. It seemed to be just at our feet. We had to travel twelve miles farther before we reached Lawrence's Ranch.

Down in the cañon on the right of the road we passed some placer diggings, which attracted considerable attention two years ago. White labor could not make it pay, and the usual herd of Chinese jackals had crowded in and taken possession of the abandoned huts and sluices.

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They seemed to be doing well, if one might judge by their noisy jargon and barbarous gesticulations.

A few miles beyond we passed the town of Mono, consisting at present of three or four shanties, one of which only was inhabited.

A ride of twenty-five miles over the rough mountain trails gave me such an appetite as I had not experienced for many months. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear and bracing in these elevated ranges. An ecstatic glow of health pervades the system; the sight becomes keen; the blood flows freely through the veins; the digestion is perfect; and the world-worn traveler feels something of that elasticity and freshness with which he set forth in early life to put a girdle round about the earth. I was well disposed to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Lawrence, the owner of the ranch at which we proposed stopping for the night. It was a pleasant, home-looking place, with hay-stacks, wagons, and lowing cattle about the farm-yard; and the honest watch-dog bayed a deep-mouthed welcome as we rode up to the house. The worthy settler came out on the grassy slope in front and greeted us with the hearty cordiality of a frontiersman.

"Get down, gentlemen; get down and come in. We haven't much in this wild country, but what we have is at your service."

It was a pleasant surprise, when I was introduced to him, to find that we were old fellow-travelers.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand with the grip of a vice; "is it possible you have arrived here at last? I have been expecting you for over two years. I knew you'd visit Mono Lake some time or other. Why, my dear fellow, we are old friends! I have traveled with you all over the world—in print."

And here let me say, in all humility, that some of the happiest moments of my life have been derived from just such meetings as this in the wild regions bordering on the Pacific. To find myself known where it was least to be expected; to receive a cordial greeting as a friend where I could only hope for the ordinary civility due to a stranger; to feel that a few trifles of travel cast adrift upon the world in the pages of a magazine, without a thought of their fate beyond the current month, had inspired, far away from the haunts of civilization, a friendly personal interest in the writer—these, I say, affected me with no ordinary emotions of pleasure; for they proved in some degree that my wanderings in lonely countries had not altogether isolated me from the great brotherhood of man.

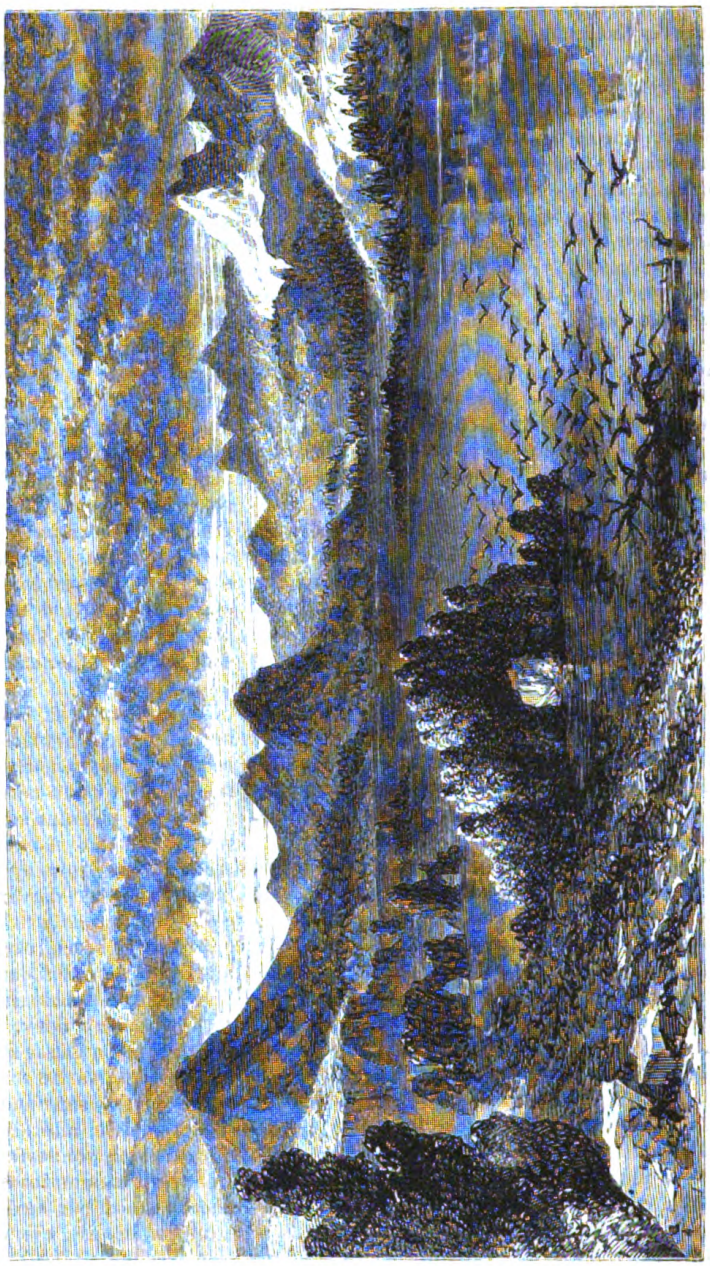
The house was a snug frame shanty, containing three or four rooms, roughly but comfortably furnished, and decorated with some curious specimens of colored engravings, which evinced at least a leaning toward the Fine Arts. Beds were plenty—deep, full feather beds, in which the sleeper was luxuriously buried for the night. I found that feathers were a staple product here. In truth, I had a dream, after my burial in the deepest of these beds, that nature had gifted me with wings, and that I was flying about among the pine-trees pursued by some adroit sportsmen, who amused themselves peppering me with snipe-shot. But this might have been owing to the supper prepared by the skillful hands of the good housewife. It is but simple justice to that lady to say that such a supper would have done honor to the best hotel in New York. For where else but in the mountain regions of the Pacific is there such delicately-flavored mutton, such rich yellow cream, such pure fresh milk and sparkling butter? The biscuits, too, were delicious; and there were preserves of wild mountain berries, and jams and tarts and pies that must have taxed the ingenuity of the inventor. As for vegetables, there was any variety; and the potatoes were as rich and mealy as the best Irish murphies. I never tasted any thing in the potato-line superior to them. Upon warmly expressing this sentiment to our kind host he was naturally elated, and offered to take me at once to his potato-patch. "You shall see for yourself," said he; "I rather calculate you never saw such a patch."

I was pretty stiff, however, after my long ride, and suggested that the morning sunshine would be the best light perhaps in which to view this remarkable potato-patch.

It was a pleasant scene that evening at Lawrence's Ranch. A gentleman and his wife from Aurora were stopping at the house for the enjoyment of the lake air; and their conversation contributed greatly to our enjoyment. We sat on the front porch, overlooking the whole magnificent panorama outspread before us. The glowing atmosphere hung over the lake like a vast prismatic canopy. Myriads of aquatic fowl sported on the glassy surface of the water, which reflected the varied outlines and many-colored slopes of the surrounding mountains. Trees, rocks, islands, and all visible objects were duplicated with wonderful clearness and accuracy. The white mountains of Montgomery fifty miles distant stood out against the horizon in their minutest details, every rock and furrow as if seen through a telescope. A soft, delicious air, fragrant with the odors of wild flowers and new-made hay, made it a luxury to breathe. High to the right, tipped by the glowing rays of the sun, towered the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas. To the west and south, grand and solitary—monarchs among the mountain kings—stood Castle Peak and Mount Dana, as if in sublime scorn of the puny civilization which encircles their feet. These mighty potentates of the wilderness, according to the geological survey of Professor Whitney, reach the altitude respectively, of 13,000 and 13,500 feet above the level of the sea. Still higher mountains have been found to the southward, during a recent expedition of the survey, of which very interesting reports by Professor Brewer, Mr. Charles D. Hoffman, Mr. King, Mr. Gardiner, and others,

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are now in progress of publication. A new and most interesting region between Kern River and Owen's Valley was explored by these gentlemen during the past summer, of which a brief notice has recently appeared in Silliman's *Scientific Journal*.



LAKE SHORE.

The shores of Lake Mono, in the vicinity of the water, have a whitish color, arising from the prevalence of calcareous deposits. It well deserves the name suggested by an early visitor —the "Dead Sea of the West." Not even that wondrous sea, whose bitter waters wash the ruined sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, presents a scene of greater desolation. Fourteen years had passed—how short a time it seemed!—since my trusty guide, Yusef Badra, pointed out to me from the St. Saba road the shores of the Dead Sea. I could almost imagine myself there again. Yet for grandeur of scenery, and for interesting geological phenomena, this lake of the Western Sierras is far superior to the Oriental Sea. Here the traveler, whether artist, geologist, botanist, or poet might spend many months, and find ample occupation for every hour of his time.

Lake Mono was visited in 1852 by Lieutenant Moore, whose adventures in that wild region, during the Indian war, gave him a high reputation on the Pacific coast. I am not aware whether any official report of his visit to Mono has been published. It would doubtless be most interesting; for few men have seen it under such novel and interesting circumstances.

The lake is eighteen miles in length by about ten or twelve in width. On the western side are distinct water-marks, showing that in former years it attained an elevation of 800 to 1000 feet above its present level.

This would indicate a superficial area of such vast magnitude that it must have resembled a great inland sea. On the eastern side is a gap or depression in the hills, through which it must have flowed, covering an immense area of the great Walker River basin. It is not improbable that it was once a continuous sea to Walker's Lake. But I will not hazard any conjectures on this point; for when one goes beyond the bare facts, as he sees them, in such a country as this, the imagination is bewildered. A vague idea possesses the mind that all the great interior basins, including that of Salt Lake, might have formed a grand intermediate ocean, stretching from the far north to the Gulf of California, between the great parallel ranges of the Cascades and Sierra Nevadas to the west, and the Rocky Mountains to the east.

On the Sierra side of the lake there are points of woodland which extend some distance into the water. Back from the shore deep cañons, rocky and precipitous, with ridges of

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pine on each side, cut their way into the heart of the mountains; and huge boulders, hurled down from the dizzy heights, stand like castles on the beach. From innumerable ravines fresh-water springs and streams pour their tribute into the lake. There is no visible outlet; yet the bitterness of the water is retained, and there is seldom a perceptible rise. Even in the great flood of '62, when every ravine poured down a roaring torrent, the rise did not exceed a few inches; and during the continuance of the flood, after the reception of the first volume of water, the level of the lake remained unchanged. It would seem that there must be a subterranean outlet; yet there is no evidence that the surplus water again reaches the surface. The probability is it becomes absorbed in the dry sands of the desert.

On the eastern shore low plains or alluvial bottoms, incrusted with alkali, show in distinct curvicular rims, composed of calcareous deposits, the gradual retrocession of the lake to its present level. The beach is strewn with beautiful specimens of boracic or alkaline incrustations. Weeds, twigs, stones, and even dead birds and animals, are covered by this peculiar coating, and present the appearance of coral formations. Some specimens that I picked up are photographic in the minuteness and delicacy of their details. When broken open the fibres of leaves, the feathers of birds, the grain of wood are found impressed in the calcareous moulding with exquisite perfection. Almost every conceivable variety of form may be found among these incrustations. White columns and elaborate façades, like those of the ruined temples of Greece, stand on the desert shore to the north. Archways and domes and embattlements are represented with astonishing fidelity. It is commonly supposed that these are formations of white coral; but there can be no doubt that they are produced by the chemical action of the water, which at frequent intervals is forced up through the fissures of the earth by subterranean heat. These springs are numerous, and probably form around them a base of calcareous matter, which by constant accretions rises above the surrounding level.

A curious and rather disgusting deposit of worms, about two feet high by three or four in thickness, extends like a vast rim around the shores of the lake. I saw no end to it during a walk of several miles along the beach. These worms are the larvæ of flies, originally deposited in a floating tissue on the surface of the water. So far as I could discover most of them were dead. They lay in a solid oily mass, exhaling a peculiar though not unpleasant odor in the sun. Swarms of small black flies covered them to the depth of several inches. Such was the multitude of these flies that my progress was frequently arrested by them as they flew up. Whether they were engaged in an attempt to identify their own progeny, or, cannibal-like, were devouring the children of their enemies, it was impossible to determine. The former seemed to be rather a hopeless undertaking amidst such a mixed crowd. The air for a circle of several yards was blackened with these flies, and their buzz sounded like the brewing of a distant storm. My eyes, nose, mouth, and ears were filled. I could not beat them off. Wherever they lit there they remained, sluggish and slimy. I fain had to rush out of reach and seek a breathing-place some distance from the festive scene.

It would appear that the worms, as soon as they attain the power of locomotion, creep up from the water, or are deposited on the beach by the waves during some of those violent gales which prevail in this region. The Mono Indians derive from them a fruitful source of subsistence. By drying them in the sun and mixing them with acorns, berries, grass-seeds, and other articles of food gathered up in the mountains, they make a conglomerate called *cuchaba*, which they use as a kind of bread. I am told it is very nutritious and not at all unpalatable. The worms are also eaten in their natural condition. It is considered a delicacy to fry them in their own grease. When properly prepared by a skillful cook they resemble pork "cracklings." I was not hungry enough to require one of these dishes during my sojourn, but would recommend any friend who may visit the lake to eat a pound or two and let me know the result at his earliest convenience. In fact, I don't yearn for fat worms as an article of diet, though almost any kind of food is acceptable when my appetite is good. There must be hundreds, perhaps thousands of tons of these oleaginous insects cast up on the beach every year. There is no danger of starvation on the shores of Mono. The inhabitants may be snowed in, flooded out, or cut off by aboriginal hordes, but they can always rely upon the beach for fat meat.

No other insect or animal that I could hear of exists in the waters of the lake. The concurrent testimony of the settlers is, that nothing containing the vital principle is indigenous to the water. It is possible, however, that scientific research may develop various forms of animalcule. Fish are not found in any of the streams that fall into it, even high up in the Sierra Nevadas. Yet in adjacent streams that form the sources of supply to Owen's and Walker's rivers there is a great abundance of fish.

No analysis, I believe, has yet been made of the water of this lake. It is strong and bitter to the taste, and probably contains borax and soda. To the touch it feels soft and soapy; and indeed has much the effect of liquid shaving soap. Upon being rubbed on the skin or any foreign substance, it makes an excellent lather. For washing purposes it is admirable. I washed my head in it, and was astonished at the result. To quote the language of a patent advertisement —it removes the dandruff from the hair, purifies the skin, causes a healthy glow, takes the grease out of cloth, and is especially successful as a general expurgator. The only difficulty I found about it is that it shrinks up the flesh when steeped in it for any great length of time, like a

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strong decoction of lye, and is hard to get rid of without a subsequent application of fresh water. I think it would extract all the flesh, blood, and muscular tissue out of the human body, and form the usual calcareous deposit over the bones in a very short time. Its buoyant properties are even more remarkable than those of the Dead Sea. To sink in it requires the strongest efforts of a strong swimmer. But one might almost as well sink as float in a case of wreck; for in either event his chance of life would be slender.

There are two islands situated a few miles from the northern shore, one of which is about two miles in length by one and a half in width; the other is smaller. Detached rocks extend around these for some distance into the water.

The larger island has a singular volcano in the interior, from which issues hot water and steam. Within a few yards of the boiling spring, the water of which is bitter, a spring of pure fresh water gushes out of the rocks. This is justly regarded as the greatest natural wonder of the lake. Fresh water bursting up from the very depths of a volcanic pile, surrounded by a sea of soda and borax, is surely one of the most striking anomalies of which we have any record.



MONO LAKE.

The smaller island is evidently an extinct crater. Lava formations abound upon it. No springs, either hot or cold, are found upon this island.

Immense swarms of gulls visit these islands during the spring of the year and deposit their eggs on every available spot. Myriads upon myriads of them hover over the rocks from morning till night, deafening the ear with their wild screams, and the water is literally covered by them for a circle of many miles. It is a common practice for the settlers to go over in their boats, and in the course of a few hours gather as many eggs as they can carry home. In some parts of the main island the open spaces between the rocks are so thickly covered with eggs that the pedestrian is at a loss to find a vacant spot for his foot. The Indians, until recently, derived a considerable portion of their subsistence from this source; but the white man, having a better right, of which gunpowder is the proof, has ordered the aboriginal egg-hunters to keep away. I have heard that a Yankee speculator now monopolizes the trade. The eggs are strong in flavor, but good for hotels and restaurants, like those of the Farraleones. A few go a long way in giving flavor to an omelette. The miners seem to relish them.

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During the winter months the waters of the lake are literally covered with swans, geese, brant, ducks, and smaller aquatic fowl. It is incredible the numbers of these birds that appear after the first rains. Sportsmen find it a laborious job to carry home their game. A regular gunning expedition in this region results in nothing short of wholesale slaughter. Twenty or thirty teal duck at a single shot is nothing unusual.

Frequent and violent storms visit the lake in autumn and winter; and during the summer the sudden gusts of wind from the mountains render navigation in a small boat somewhat perilous. A visit to the islands is attended by considerable risk and uncertainty. Only a few small skiffs have yet been built, and these are generally in a dilapidated condition. The tourist must calculate upon spending a night on the bare rocks, and go well prepared with blankets and provisions, otherwise he may suffer more than he bargains for. I would suggest June, July, and August as the best months in which to make the trip.

At the southern extremity of the lake are three remarkable volcanic peaks, of a conical form, the sides of which are covered with loose pumice-stone and obsidian. Regular craters are found in these peaks, showing signs of volcanic eruptions at no very remote date. The highest is 1500 feet above the level of the lake. It is extremely difficult to ascend, owing to the loose stratum by which it is covered; but there is a consolation in the facility with which the descent is made. At the base the ground is covered with various specimens of lava, of the most fanciful shapes and beautiful colors. I saw some that would be an ornament to any cabinet of curiosities in the Atlantic States. Unfortunately I had no convenient way of packing them on my horse.

There are some twenty settlers living on the shores of Lake Mono, most of whom are engaged in stock-raising and hay-cutting. The best ranches and farms are owned by Mr. Lundy, Mr. Van Read, and Mr. Lawrence. Most of the lands available for cultivation have been taken up. These are timbered, or adjacent to timber, and are well watered by springs. A saw-mill has recently been erected, and now that there is a chance of getting lumber it is probable a number of new houses will be built during the next summer.

The country is not strictly agricultural. The amount of arable land is small; but the mountains abound in mineral veins, and gold mining and prospecting for gold occupy considerable attention. Within a year or two when the facilities for crossing the Sierra Nevadas are increased, visitors from the Yo Semite Falls will doubtless pay their respects to Mono Lake by the way of the Bloody Cañon. A rough trail now crosses from that point by which the falls of Yo Semite may be reached in something less than two days I have known the trip to be made in thirty hours on a good mule.

In this isolated region, abounding in grand primeval forests, magnificent scenery, natural curiosities of the most remarkable kind; deer, sage-hens, quail, rabbits, and water-fowl; a fine bracing climate, and entire exemption from the petty annoyances of crowded communities, how peacefully and contentedly life might be passed! And yet the settlers have their troubles, their quarrels about land-marks and cattle, and the usual bickerings of frontier communities. I suppose man is born to trouble every where as the sparks fly upward.

My friend Lawrence was very anxious that I should spend a month with him, and make a detailed exploration of the country. He offered to get up his horses and travel with me entirely round the lake; through Bloody Cañon, across to Yo Semite, any where for variety and adventure. Pleasant as the prospect was, I was compelled to decline it. My time was limited. I had the Walker River County to visit, and the season was getting advanced.

Next day, after a hard ride of thirty miles over the mountains, I reached Aurora. Hurried and unsatisfactory as my trip had been, I had seen a good deal in so short a time; and if the reader has derived any pleasure from the recital, I certainly have no cause to regret my visit to Bodie Bluff and the "Dead Sea of the West."

LOVE IN A HOSPITAL.

SHE stepped with O what stately grace,
And O how wonderfully fair,
With morning sunlight in her face
And midnight in her hair!

I scarce knew, when that face had flown,
Whether it was or only seemed—
Whether I saw what I had known,
Or something I had dreamed!

And down the dreary ward by night
Our blessings followed her afar,
Like undulations of the light
That tracks a fleeting star.

With footsteps soft as falling snows,
And lighter than the summer air,
She passed the shadowy shapes of those
Who died in her sweet care.

O fate! should I unto my own
Yet fold the face that on me beamed.
Ah! shall I find what I have known,
Or have I only dreamed?

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MISS PINK'S FIRST SEASON.



MISS PINK'S BACK HAIR.

IT must be evident to the meanest capacity that this is Miss Pink, and that she is looking at her "back hair."

Fact is, she is not quite sure that this new coiffure is becoming. It is delightfully big and high, you know, and has seven frizettes of sorts and sizes disposed in its various rolls and bows; and it is utterly unlike any thing in nature, so it must be correct—but query becoming?

Miss Pink always remains a few minutes in her room after Louise has gone to fasten Madame's gown. She says she must get her fan and put on her gloves, but in reality she takes a good look at her sweet self in the long glass.

"One must be tidy, you see;" and Louise is not always quite particular enough with the pins. "Above all things, be tidy," was one of Fitz's special advices. Not that one cares what Fitz says—now, after his extraordinary, not to say abominable behavior since one came to town; having been such a darling in the country, saying all sorts of nice things about meeting one again in town, and dancing with one, and so on, and then! not even giving himself the trouble to come to five o'clock tea. Not that Miss Pink cares—oh no—she has plenty, plenty of other people to talk to and plenty of people to dance with, for the matter of that; only he needn't have chosen to ask one for the waltz one had just given to the long plunger

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with the eye-glass, and then go away altogether and not ask one again. Oh, goodness! mamma is calling. Down go the gloves; and the fan, rustle, rustle—gown catches on a nail. Miss Pink would swear if she knew how; catches her dress all up in a bundle and rushes down stairs. There is a plunge, a struggle; John, the stoic, breathes hard with the responsibility of piloting the flounces past the wheels, and of causing the unwilling door to close on the crinolines.

"Dear mamma—so sorry to have kept you waiting."

"What were you doing?" says mamma, rather cross; "you dawdle so dreadfully at night."

"Mamma's gown is a trifle tight to-night;" Louise has insinuated that "*Madame s'engraisse*," which is a deadly offense; so she relieves her feelings by bestowing a sort of rumbling dubation on her daughter on an accumulated score of small peccadilloes.

There is considerable jolting and rumbling, and much hoarse yelling of names in Hill Street, so a disjointed and mangled edition of the lecture only reaches Pinkina's ears, and she is less awed and subdued than might be expected.

"Remember," says mamma, to wind up, "that I will not allow you to dance more than once with any one *whosoever*—it is one of my rules."

Whereto Miss Pink replies meekly, "Yes, mamma."

Wondering, meanwhile, what it can possibly signify when they are all so exactly alike, she never can tell one from the other; and she dances as gladly with Frizzle and Foozle as with Fritter and Twitter.

Miss Pink has a hundred and twelve partners, and she does not know their names; she does not ever expect to know them; but there is one who has earned her eternal gratitude by wearing a little curly beard, and she always remembers his dance. And there is another, who has such very red hair that one can not mistake him. What a pity they don't each have a mark! Would not a cipher tatooed on the cheek be a brilliant idea? Or cut in the whiskers—of such as have whiskers—as one sows a name in mustard and cress, you know! Rather a poetic idea, eh? On the whole, Miss Pink is not sure that she appreciates her cavaliers. She had visions of six-foot heroes—beautiful people, with long mustaches; while among her partners there is not a middle-sized mustache! Poor dear Miss Pink! Mamma puts all her grievances in her pocket as she goes up stairs, and smiling, bowing, and amiability in general goes on when that Rubicon, the narrow door, is passed. It is quite possible to speak to three people at once—to recognize the acquaintances and to mark the likeliest place for a seat. A chaperon (a stout one especially) must have her wits about her pretty much as a fox-hunter in a crowd before a big fence. No one so sharp as Mrs. Pink. She avoids good-tempered Mrs. Marygold, who is in her usual corner near the window, not for the supposed purpose of thereby obtaining fresh air, but that her three stout daughters may help her to keep the sashes closed. The dear old thing is rheumatic, and can not bear a draught. A battle goes on, as might be anticipated, between the oppressed dancers and her ladyship for the right of way to the atmosphere, and one road to victory alone is open. Let there partners be found brave enough to risk their toes with the daughters, and let another hero entice the mamma to regions of lobster salad and Champagne—then—*then only* may "the casement be thrown wide."

Alas! as yet the solution of that great problem, "whether any one can be found to dance with those patient graces" has not yet come off. Monotony characterizes their part of the evening's proceedings—monotony, diversified by fear or hope on the score of chicken and peaches toward midnight. "Will supper be attainable or not?" Not so with Miss Pink. She is in a tremendous state of mind at first, lest no one should dance with her, lest her nose should be red, lest her hair should be rough. Oh dear! lest mamma should stay in the great room—and then it is so hot, and Miss Pink feels utterly miserable, for precisely two seconds, at the end of which period she perceives three of her pet partners coming toward her; that Laura Finch has her old green gown on again; that Dulcibelle is not waltzing; and that Fitz, in his white waistcoat, is in the next room, looking as if he had lost his way.

Fitz always looks so: it is correct. You should give the young lady, whose hand you are soliciting for a valse, the impression that you are a philosopher bent on the discovery of the most abstruse sciences—nonchalant and slightly melancholy. It is the Faust valse, and Miss Pink is *lancée*, sailing round the rooms, before the crash begins, with little Wiffles. Happy Wiffles! He did not expect to know a soul; had met and worshiped Pinkina last autumn. Was *en guette* by the door when she came in, and is for the present and future a triumphant Wiffles. Miss Pink fears no longer the fate of the Marygolds; she is specially popular to-night.

Pinkina is as good as gold about coming back to mamma. You see she has no "little affair" going on yet. When the "object" comes—the gentleman with plaintive eyes, who has not yet been introduced there, because he has not quite finished breaking his heart for Dulcibella, the last year's beauty, but who means to begin breaking his heart for Pinkina next week—when, as we said, "the object" comes on the stage, it will be more difficult to find mamma after the quadrille. The crowd will become so intense at that end of the room, one must have some ice. It will be so "awfully hot inside." She will not find her memory so keenly retentive as to "next dances" as it is now. It will not be so easy to see Fritter and Twitter on the way to claim their waltzes. Miss Pink will be more easily tired, and will positively require a moment's repose in the little room, with

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THE OBJECT MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

chintz sofas, china shepherdesses, and gardinia plants.

Apropos, what capital stories those little rooms might tell if they would! The soft, big sofa, whereon such snoozes were hoped for (not in vain) by the weary chaperon, and such awful twaddle spoken by the dancing men and their partners. Did not Finette sit a patient hour thereon, while her present husband hesitated to propose? Do not the photo-books, the anti-maccassars, the house-maid's dusters, and my lady's worsted work, find refuge beneath its shadow till the festivities be overspread? And what sighs of agony have relieved the overtaxed feelings of Frizzle when those admirable boots of his became unbearable to his unhappy corns.

Miss Pink has just been introduced to the "object," Frederick Vane, Esq. "She is so sorry she is engaged. Positively, not a dance to bestow."

The man with the red hair is for the next galop. That horrible Foozle, who kicks one, and who gets so soon giddy, has the last waltz.

"Could not Foozle be thrown over?"

The "object" is making an impression; he has such sad eyes, and *such* good gloves.

That dreadful Foozle! How she snubs him when his dance comes off. She begs him not to bump her so much against people. And she should prefer the other room. She will not have any supper. She does not know his friend Gossip, and quenches Foozle's intention of presenting the friend.

Foozle is prostrated and fallen.

Pinkina is quite ready to go home. The "object" is standing near the door, you see; looks like taking one to the carriage. "Wouldn't dear mamma like to go? must be so *very* tired?"

Of course Fred Vane is waiting to take her down; and he is presented to mamma. He has a particularly good manner with mammas. "Will not Mrs. Pink have some supper?" So charming to rest while the carriage is being called! One forgets how one yawned last night when one had to wait, and how, but ten minutes ago, one's feet ached!

"Will Pinkina give him one dance next time?"

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"Yes, Pinkina will give him a dance."

The Vane raises soft eyes in gratitude, Miss Pink is deeply impressed. "Good-night, Miss Pink."



MISS PINK'S PARTNERS.

These are Miss Pink's favorite partners; and this is the divided state of her heart between their respective merits. It is a case of Box and Cox, when one is out, the other in.



Number One waltzes all round her affections, but Number Two sings like "ten cherubs," and he finds one out at concerts, and comes to five o'clock tea. It is neck and neck between Numbers One and Two.

Number Three is chiefly exciting; he has a playful way of not appearing when he is expected, and of making unheard-of efforts and risking arrests to accept one's invitations to dinner.

It is not for his looks that Number Four is loved, but for his inward qualities. The fact is, Miss Pink believes him to be consumed by a hopeless attachment to herself; and how can she help being fond of a victim—a victim who provides her with monograms and helps her ball at croquet?

Miss Pink has a dear friend, with whom she goes to tea at five o'clock. The friend is older than Miss Pink, and has charms and qualities which inspire Pinkina with reverence and awe. She "does her hair" in a wonderful way; it looks as if it (the hair) had taken fright at something and fled to the back of her head, where it was caught and hung up by a ribbon. The friend knows a great deal of the world, and gives such good advice; and has a brother (which is more to the purpose)—a tall brother, who is fond of tea. He is not a clerk—he is not any thing in particular; he is rather eligible than otherwise, but not ponderous. He does not wear particularly good gloves, but he is "very nice." Mrs. Pink is always charmed that her dear child should go to see her friend.



THE TALL BROTHER.

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The brother has drawn such a beautiful design in her monogram book—all pipes and beer-jugs, twisted into every possible shape.

Sometimes the friend's mother comes in, and insists on hearing Miss Pink sing—which is dreadful. Pinkina requires a good deal of persuasion.

"Now, just *one little* one. I know you do sing charmingly."

Chorus: "Oh do, do sing!"

Pinkina grows very hot.

"Oh, indeed, indeed, not at all; scarcely *ever*, in fact." She doesn't sing now; she never practices; and she has forgotten *every* thing; indeed, she assures them, *every* thing.

"Oh do, now!" The brother is so fond of singing. "Ever so simple a ballad." "Please, a ballad."

Chorus: "Oh yes, now *do!*"

Miss Pink has taken off her gloves and turned round her chair, relenting. She becomes afresh restive at the last "propos."

Oh dear! she doesn't know any thing English—only Italian things—only *one* Italian thing out of "Semiramide;" and it is a duet; and there is no one to sing the first part.



THE CONCERT.

That does not matter in the least. The friend's mamma is resolved she shall sing. When people begin to ask for music they are like calves running before a carriage—you can by no means stop or turn them.

So Pinkina begins; she forgets the words; she suffers horribly; the piano is out of tune; but when it is finished they applaud her so immensely that she believes it can only have been her own ears that heard the evil sounds she has produced; and her determination *never* to sing again is shaken.

"Goodness, where is the cloak? Mrs. Pink's cloak?"

Pinkina does not half like the tussle that takes place before going away. The concert has been lovely, charming. To be sure, one was wedged in between the Marygolds, and Laura and Flora were behind, and the Misses Catt in front—who are so *very* thin—and not a man could get near one; and only that stupid Spurs to speak to down stairs; not one of one's "particulars" to be seen. But still how perfectly the people did sing! How divine! how superb! how *very pretty* it all was! and how one's gown is crushed! Mrs. Sunflower looks quite refreshed; she had a nap during "*Parige o Cara*" that was worth ten snoozes at a drum. She will not have such another till next Sunday.

Mrs. Sunflower has her own bag; you can see a huge T. S. in yellow braid on it when, after a long plunge, she hoists the unshapely body aloft.

Mrs. Seefar has no bag; but she is so sharp—so sharp, that not the sleepiest handmaid can defraud her of her gear.

"Number nine hundred and sixty-seven, please," she squeaks; "the big bundle under the second chair in the corner; three red cloaks, one brown shawl, a white one, a fur boa, and a pair of overshoes—all tied up together."

She is an excellent, careful mother; she pins a handkerchief over her own head, ties the fur boa round her throat, and rushes at her daughters.

"Here, Alexiny! Seraphiny!" (Mrs. Seefar is of Scottish extraction) "put *this* on, *quick*, now! put it up tight; don't catch cold!"

Seraphiny is in no hurry; two minutes more and Twaddle will be there, and to him might fall the privilege of disposing one of the red cloaks around her fair shoulders.

How sadly the mask falls from the face of society in the cloak-room! The bland gentlemen, the demure dames of middle age, how fierce, how objurgatory they become when their belongings are buried too deep, or the carriage can nowhere be discovered!

How the jaws are distended, and the brows lowered, of those calm, dignified daughters; and how meanly does the nobler sex step out,

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THE CLOAK ROOM.

with a cigar, to escape anxious quests for the missing footmen! Few and far between are the gentle youths who will hunt up carriages—few, and not always highly valued or adequately rewarded by the damsels for whose sakes they bruise their toes and risk their shiny boots in by-streets.



THE BROAD BELT.

Pinkina herself has had to tuck up her petticoats and her dignity, and dodge under the horses' heads to the other side of the square, where faithful Jeames had been desired to have the carriage in waiting, like modest Mr. Gilpin, "two doors off."

The cloak-room is verily a test as great, of temper and courage, as that much maligned field, the croquêt ground.

Pinkina is not fond of morning calls; but she does not dislike those that take her down town, because one is close to Stewart's, and there is sure to be half a yard more of something indispensable to Louise which can be got nowhere else; and then, oh, delight indescribable! gowns, cloaks, gloves, ties, ribbons, little belts, big belts, what is there not there? First time Pinkina went to Stewart's in solemn procession, to lay in

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stores of vanities for the season, she was awed and depressed. The piles and piles of folded material speckled and spotted, like Jacob's flock, that waylaid her if but a corner in her eye were unoccupied by the great counters of temptation; the stores of wonderful handkerchiefs, of reduced grêle muffs and cuffs that prowled in unforeseen angles, all tended to confuse and overpower Miss Pink: but the day came when she bought her broad belt.

She is not quite satisfied that it is a becoming addition to her wardrobe. Query, Does the waist look as small in it as in a narrow one? Pinkina has imprisoned herself pretty securely therein, but the effect disappoints her. Tom, her brother, is sarcastic and personal in his remarks; supposes it is a bandage to bind up Pinkina's broken heart; asks if it is the cholera belt; manifests an undesirable amount of wit on the subject.



ONLY HARRY GOODLACK.

We regret extremely that this should be Miss Pink. Mrs. Pink has not the least idea where she is—Mrs. Pink, who makes it a rule *always* to know where she is. We repeat our regret that this should be Miss Pink. And that is not the millionaire with the red hair who is asking for the rose. Not even the lately bereaved owner of the Willows, of whom Mrs. Pink has so (justly) high an opinion. Nor is it Fred Vane; even he has expectations. It is Harry Goodlack, who goes out to China next week, as clerk.

He is morbid upon the subject of Pinkina. "He may keep the flower, mayn't he? Oh, is she going already? Is she tired of sitting there? Please not to go yet, just one minute more; it may be years and years, etc."—deep sighs, *ad libitum*. "One must meet one's fate with what courage one can." "From the moment he first saw her, and so on. Does she remember? She had a blue ribbon in her hair?" This is all very nice, but just fancy Mrs. Pink's feelings all the time!

Pinkina will put it all down in her journal, and she will cry a little, and look out of the window when she goes home; but the chances are that the cats will spring miauling from the leads below, and a smut fall pensively from above on her upturned nose, and Miss Pink will shut the window, and wash her face, and consign Harry Goodlack to oblivion, as is her duty. "Heartless woman," eh? Wait a moment. The heart-broken lover, what will he do? He will think of Pinkina when he is not thinking of something else, or is not sea-sick.

"Brings people so nicely together." This is the correct thing to say of croquet; as if one were not tired to death of being brought together—dear me!

When Pinkina has an entirely new and killing get-up, and a hat of unusual wickedness, she doesn't mind it so much; besides, bronze boots and red heels are appreciated at croquet: but still, what a nuisance to have to hold a mallet when you have a parasol and a coffee-cup in your two hands, and then Jack Clip looks so hopelessly dismal if you don't pay attention to

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CROQUET.

the game; and none of the nice ones play—none of the "objects" except Number Four, and she is quite tired of him. Fred Vane is apt to dawdle under a tree with Dulcibella (whereas Pinkina hates Dulcibella and would be very glad to see her bonnet crushed or her hair out of order), and then the Sunflower girls get hold of Spurs and Butes (Butes is Number Two), and sit on chairs and talk; and one can't sit down one's self for half a second before a distracted host runs up with a mallet and implores one to join a game—"Won't one play?" and his object being usually to dispose of a given number of mallets, he thrusts it into one's newly-gloved hand, or drops it on one's toes, or at all events breaks the thread of one's little ideas.

Pinkina never loses her temper at croquet—oh dear, no!—well yes, of course she doesn't mean to deny she was a little provoked that day; but it was not because her ball was croqueted away so often, she did not care two straws about that; but it was so absurd of Dulcibella to go on in the way she did, pretending the balls would not remain steady unless Fred Vane held them when she put her foot on them. Mr. Vane must have hated kneeling there, Pinkina thinks; and then really how shockingly Dulcibella spooned—spooned so openly—Pinkina does not mean a pun, she is quite above punning on such a subject. But it grieves her for the dignity of the sex that such conduct should be too sadly common at the present day. It fully accounts to her for the conduct and the opinions of so many of the men she knows, and it is too bad, too hard on those who do not, etc. Miss Pink becomes slightly morbid, and her phraseology particularly involved on the subject of croquet toward the end of the season. Pinkina's symmetrical ankles ache with continual standing under blackened trees; her eyes are weary of the sight of red and black balls. It is *toujours perdrix;* and alas! the taste for lemon ice begins to pall even on *her* fresh young senses. It is becoming impossible to discover a new trimming for dresses; so many have been invented and worn out. Mamma Pink is beginning to say, "Your green and white will do perfectly well for the end of the time," and "I do not mean to give you another bonnet." When it comes to "no more bonnets" it is high time to leave town.

Pinkina feels herself a wiser, and, for the

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time, a sadder young woman. She has written three pages in her journal on the knowledge of human nature to be acquired during a sojourn in town, and she has developed some very fine and original ideas, which she rather thinks would benefit society if more widely circulated. Such as "People crowd their rooms too much; one's pleasure and one's dress suffer equally. Men are too apt to tread on one's dress when it is long behind. *Old* young ladies would be better employed in teaching their little nephews and nieces than in filling up the Lancers that are already too crowded!" The last cutting sarcasm was written with dashes and notes of exclamation in the journal after Mrs. Sunflower's, "*Thé dansante*," and was, we fear, leveled at those mature persons, the daughters of her hostess's sister. Also Miss Pink records that one should not trust too much to the civil speeches of mankind in general (and of Fitz in particular); which moral remark was indited shortly after her return from that picnic, whereat the recreant Fitz had manifested such renewed allegiance, such fresh devotion.

Fitz is a time-server; Fitz has observed Pinkina's success in the eyes of men, and has meanly placed her colors in his cap, after assuring himself that he is thereby only following the fashion; and Pinkina writes morally on the matter, writes most wisely, and acts (as she should do) exactly in the reverse of her proposed line of conduct. She is immensely kind to Fitz, believes in him implicitly, deposes two or three peculiar objects to erect a special throne for him, and confides such of her sentiments to his sympathetic ear as have weighed most deeply on what she is pleased to call her heart. We have our doubts as to the full development of that very apocryphal part of the human frame in Miss Pink. Query, In one's first season is there even time for such a thing? It is, we should say, best left at home—the heart—or lent by a prudent young lady to her mamma to be placed out at the best interest for her.

Pinkina is going out of town now; she has such a store of horrible old gowns and gloves and shoes she means to make a bonfire of them. She is in a great hurry—has a thousand things to do—shopping, she must rush off to Mrs. Brown's and to Mr. Stewart's. Adieu, Pinkina!

NIAGARA IN SPRING.

OH, I could gaze forever on thy face,
Unwearied still, thou matchless waterfall,
Whose twining spells of majesty and grace
My ardent sense bewilder and enthrall!

In all my moods thy charms' puissant sway
Enforce my will their master-spell to own;
My heart leaps at thy voice—or grave or gay—
And every chord is vibrant to thy tone.

So many years I have come back to stand,
With reverent awe, before thy glorious shrine—
So close and long thy lineaments I've scanned—
It seems thou shouldst grow something less divine.

I know thy face, its shifting glooms and smiles,
As cloud or sun upon thy bosom lies;
Thy wrathful guise, thy witching, rainbow wiles
Can wake no more for me the sweet surprise.

I know thy voice—its terror and its glee
Have in my ear so oft their changes rung,
Nor forest winds nor anthems of the sea
Speak to my soul with more familiar tongue.

My feet have scaled thy storm-scarred battlements,
And pressed the moss most emerald with thy tears,
And still profaned thy lucent caverns, whence
The neophyte comes pale with ghostly fears.

Yet, as the more of God the soul perceives,
And nigher Him is drawn, it worships more;
So, in my heart, thy matchless beauty leaves
Constraint, in thine, His grandeur to adore.

Within thy courts I come this vernal day,
Ere Fashion's chimes invite the thoughtless throng;
Almost alone I watch thy curling spray,
And lose my breath to swell thy ceaseless song.

I mark the flowers upon thy marge that blow,
Sweet violets blue and campanule's white bells;
Their azure shines unblanched, unblushed their snow:
These timid things feel not, as I, thy spells.

And in thy woods the birds heed not thy roar,
Where the brown thrush and painted oriole,
All unabashed, their tides of song outpour,
As if thy floods in terror did not roll.

They do not know, the buds and birds around,
How wonderful, how grand, how dread thou art!
But I, transfixed by every sight and sound,
Stand, worshiping thy Maker in my heart.

I must go back where tides of commerce flow,
And the dull roar of traffic cleaves the air;
But in my heart sweet memories shall glow,
And to my dreams shall summon visions fair.

Niagara! thou wilt freshen all my thought,
And cool the breath of fevered noons for me;
My days shall lapse with thy remembrance fraught,
Thy voices chant my nights' weird lullaby.

Great torrent, speed thee to the lake and sea,
With tireless smoke of spray and thund'rous roar;
I bless my God for all thy joy to me,
Though I should see thy marvelous face no more.

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SKETCHES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN CHINA.*



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM TAKING THEIR WEDDING DINNER.

BETROTHAL.

BETROTHAL in China is a matter with which the parties most deeply concerned have generally little to do. Their parents or guardians manage their betrothal much in the following manner: a person is employed as a go-between, or match-maker between the families. This person may be either a man or a woman. Usually the go-between engaged by the family which first makes the proposal is employed by both families in subsequent negotiations.

The negotiation is generally commenced by the family to which the boy or the young man belongs. The go-between is furnished with a card stating the ancestral name, and the eight characters which denote the hour, day, month, and year of birth of the candidate for matrimony. This card he takes to the family indicated, and tenders a proposal of marriage in regard to a daughter in behalf of a son of the party employing him. If the parents or guardians of the girl, after instituting inquiries about the family making it, are willing to entertain the proposal, they consult a fortune-teller, who decides, after considering the eight characters which indicate the time of the birth of the parties, whether the betrothal would be fitting and auspicious. If a favorable decision is made, the go-between is furnished with a card indicating the hour, day, month, and year when the girl they are willing to betroth was born, which he delivers to the family which employed him. The parents of the lad then consult a fortune-teller in regard to the proposed betrothment, furnishing him with the characters which indicate the ages of the boy and the girl. If this fortune-teller pronounces favorably, and the two families agree in regard to the details of the marriage, a formal assent is made to the betrothment. If for the space of three days, while the betrothal is under consideration in each of the families, after the card has been received from the other family, any thing reckoned unlucky—such as breaking a bowl or the losing of an article—should occur, the negotiation would be broken off at once, and the card would be returned to the party which sent it. When it is deposited there, incense and candles are lighted before these tablets.

The betrothal is not binding on the parties until a kind of pasteboard card has been interchanged between them. This card resembles somewhat a book-cover, consisting of two pieces of pasteboard. One of these is made much like the cover of a pasteboard box, as far as its edges are concerned. The outside of it is covered with red paper. On this red paper is pasted the likeness of a dragon or a phœnix, according as it is designed for the boy or the girl, the dragon or

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the phœnix being made out of gilt paper. This cover-like piece of pasteboard shuts down on the other part. They are connected together by a paper pasted on one edge of both, somewhat as the two parts of a book-cover are fastened together. Their inner surfaces are covered over neatly by a piece of red paper.

The family of the bridegroom provides two of these cards, one having a gilt dragon on it and the other a gilt phœnix. On the inside of the former the ancestral and given name of the boy's father, his own given name, and the characters which denote the precise time of his birth, the name of the go-between, and a few other particulars, are neatly written. There are also provided two long and large threads of red silk and four large needles. Two of these needles are threaded upon one of the silk threads, one needle being at each end of the thread, and then the needles are stuck in a particular manner into the inside of that card on the outside of which is the image of a dragon. The other card left blank, the other two needles and the other red silk thread, together with the card already filled out with particulars relating to the family to which the lad belongs, and its needles and thread attached, are taken by the go-between to the family to which the girl belongs. This card is then filled out with particulars relating to the family of the girl, corresponding to the particulars already recorded in the other. The thread and needles are also similarly stuck into the card having the phœnix on its outside. When this has been done it is sent back to the family of the boy, which carefully keeps it as evidence of his engagement in marriage; the card having the dragon on it, and relating to the boy, being retained and preserved by the family of the girl as proof of her betrothal. The writing on each of these documents is performed in front of the ancestral tablets of the family to which it relates, incense and candles having been lighted and placed in the customary positions before them. These cards having been thus exchanged by the families, the betrothment is consummated and legal. After this, neither party may break the engagement without the gravest of reasons.

At the time when the cards are sent to the family to which the girl belongs it is also customary to send as a present for her a pair of silver or gold wristlets, and for her family various articles of food, as pigs' feet, a pair of fowls, two fish, etc. When they send back to the family to which the boy belongs the engagement card, they send also as a present a quantity of artificial gilt flowers, some vermicelli, and bread cakes. The flowers are for distribution among the female members and relatives of the family. The articles sent on these occasions as presents are, in the Chinese view, omens of good to the parties most intimately concerned.

The red silk thread indicates that the engagement of the parties in marriage is fixed and unalterable. The Chinese seem to be firm believers in the sentiments that Fate or Heaven decides who are to become husband and wife, and that the act of parents in engaging their children is an exponent of the will of Heaven or of the decrees of Fate, corresponding to the Western saying that "Matches are made in heaven."

Some say that these threads are kept professedly for the purpose of tying together the goblets out of which the bride and bridegroom drink wine on the day of their marriage. Sometimes they are actually thus used on that occasion. More frequently, however, a new red cord or string is then used, and the old cords taken and put into the queue of the bridegroom, or worked into the shoes worn by the bride on the day of their marriage, as omens of good. The use of the large needles in betrothing parties is also auspicious. According to some, they serve to *draw the thread along*. It is sagely asked, What is the use of a thread unless there is a needle with which to use it?

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

The time which transpires between betrothal and marriage varies from a month or two to eighteen or twenty years, depending much on the age of the parties. From one to three months before the marriage a fortunate day is selected for its celebration. Generally a member of the family of the bridegroom, or a trusty friend, takes the eight horary characters which denote the birth-time for each of the affianced parties, and for each of their parents, if living, to a fortune-teller, who selects lucky days and times for the marriage, for the cutting of the wedding garments, for the placing of the bridal bed in position, for the finishing of the curtains of the bridal bed, for the embroidering of the bridal pillows, and for the entering of the sedan, on the part of the bride, on the day of her marriage. These items are written out on a sheet of red paper, which is sent to the family of the girl by the hands of the go-between. If accepted, the periods specified become the fixed times for the performance of the particulars indicated, and both parties proceed to make the necessary arrangements for the approaching wedding.

Presenting the wedding-cakes and material for bridal dress to the family of the bride by the other party is next in order. The relative time usually adopted for the performance of this custom is about one month before the day fixed for the marriage. The number of these "*cakes of ceremony*," or wedding-cakes, varies from several score to several hundreds. They are round, and about an inch thick, weighing generally about one pound and ten or twelve ounces each, and measure nearly a foot in diameter. There is also sent a sum of money, of greater or less amount, according to previous agreement, a quantity of red cloth or silk, usually not less than five kinds, for the use of the bride, five kinds of dried fruits, several kinds of small cakes, a cock and a hen, and a gander and a goose. The top one of the various stacks of these wedding-cakes, as they are carried through

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the streets, has several small doll-like figures, made out of wheat flour, each a few inches high, and fastened upon slips of bamboo, stuck into it. The family of the girl, on receiving these wedding-cakes, proceed to distribute them among their relatives and intimate friends. The small cakes are also distributed in a similar manner. The money sent is generally spent in outfitting the bride.

Rich families make much more valuable presents than above indicated. These presents are carried through the streets in such a manner that they can be seen by every one. The rich present costly head-dresses, wristlets, and other ornaments worn by ladies. They add two jars of wine, on one of which is a picture of a dragon, and on the other a picture of the phœnix; also a male and a female goat, ten or more pieces of silk, or satin, or crape, of five different kinds or colors. Presents of money are also sent for one of the bride's maternal uncles, and for one of her paternal uncles, if she have such relatives living. On some of these parcels, tastefully done up in red paper, are written propitious words or sentences.

The parents of the bride, or her guardians, receive only a part of the proffered presents, returning the balance, to which they add some articles for the parents of the bridegroom. They accept all the money, and all the silks and satins designed for the use of the girl, but only the male of each pair of animals, one of the jars of wine, and a part of the large cakes of ceremony and the small cakes, and such a proportion of the other things as custom requires. The rest of the things, as the female animals, a few of the cakes, etc., together with the card having the name of the bride's family, are returned to the other party.

The large cakes returned to the family of the groom are divided into four or eight pieces. One of these pieces is given to each family of near relatives or very intimate friends of the family of the groom, together with a little of the vermicelli, and one of the artificial flowers. This distribution of cakes among the relatives and friends of the parties is an intimation that a relative or child of a dear friend is soon to be married. These families may expect to receive at the proper time a formal invitation to the wedding.

A few days before the day fixed for the wedding the family of the bridegroom again makes a present of various articles of food and other things to the family of the bride, as a cock and a hen, a leg and foot of a pig and of a goat, eight small cakes of bread, eight torches, three pairs of large red candles, a quantity of vermicelli, and several bunches of fire-crackers. There is also sent a girdle, a head-dress, a silken covering for the head and face, and several articles of ready-made clothing, which are usually borrowed or rented for the occasion. These are to be worn by the bride on her entering the bridal sedan to be carried to the home of her husband on the morning of her marriage. The food, or a part of it, including the cock, is to be eaten by her on that morning. The fire-crackers are for explosion on the road, and the torches are for burning during the time occupied *en route* to her new home. On each of the eight bread-cakes is made a large red character in an ancient form of writing, of an auspicious meaning, as "longevity," "happiness," "official emolument," and "joy;" or certain four of them have four characters, meaning "the phœnixes are singing in concert," or "the ducks are seeking their mates." Four of these bread-loaves are accepted; the remaining four and the hen, according to strict custom, are returned to the party which proffers them.

Some two or three days before the time fixed for the wedding a red card is sent by the family of the bride to the other party, stating what furniture will be furnished as the bride's dowry, and the number of loads. The person who takes this card—usually the go-between—informs the family of the groom what time these things may be expected. The main object of this notification is said to be that the family of the bridegroom may prepare and have in readiness the proper amount of money, duly put in red paper, or tied around by a red string, for the bearers of the furniture.

Generally, on the afternoon or evening before the sending of the outfit, a very singular custom is observed by the bride, assisted by one or two women, who are employed to aid her for a few days before and subsequent to her marriage. This custom is called *sifting four eyes*, and is regarded as an omen of good. A large round sieve-like utensil, made out of bamboo splints, in diameter about three or four feet, is procured; also a brass vessel, two or three feet in diameter and about one foot high, which is placed on a pedestal, raising it a short distance from the floor. After having placed in this vessel a quantity of burning coals they take the wedding garments one by one, or in convenient quantities, and having laid them on this sieve, the women hold it, with its contents, for a moment or two over the vessel, with a slight sifting movement. They then remove this portion of her clothing from the sieve, and, taking another portion, they place it on the sieve and go through the same ceremony, and so on, until all of her outfit, as regards personal clothing, shoes, and head ornaments, has been properly sifted. Sometimes a similar ceremony is also performed with regard to the small articles of the household furniture, which is designed for the bride's use in her future home. The holders of the sieve during the sifting are continually uttering various sentiments, which have come to be considered as peculiarly appropriate to the occasion and propitious, as, "a thousand eyes, ten thousand eyes we sift out; gold and silver, wealth and precious things, we sift in."

After the articles have been sifted, contact with them is carefully avoided by the female members of her family. It is supposed that it would be especially unlucky for her and her affianced hus-

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band should any pregnant woman, or any person wearing mourning, handle, or in any manner come in contact with any of the articles already sifted before they are carried over to the future home of the girl. Such a contact would be expected to produce death in her husband's family, or a future miscarriage on her part, or quarrels and misunderstandings between him and her, or some undesirable result. Every thing sifted is carefully packed away, and great relief is experienced when the furniture and trunks of clothing have started for the residence of the bridegroom.

A ceremony similar to "sifting four eyes," though called "expelling the filth," is sometimes performed not long previous to the marriage-day at the house of the bridegroom, with reference to his personal apparel, especially his wedding suit, for the purpose of warding off any pernicious influences.

At the time indicated on the card the dowry of the bride is carried in procession through the streets with as much parade and show as the amount of the furniture will possibly admit. Not unfrequently, when the parties are near neighbors, the procession of porters or bearers, instead of taking the shortest route from the residence of the bride to the residence of the groom, takes a circuitous route through the principal streets for the purpose of exhibiting the furniture.

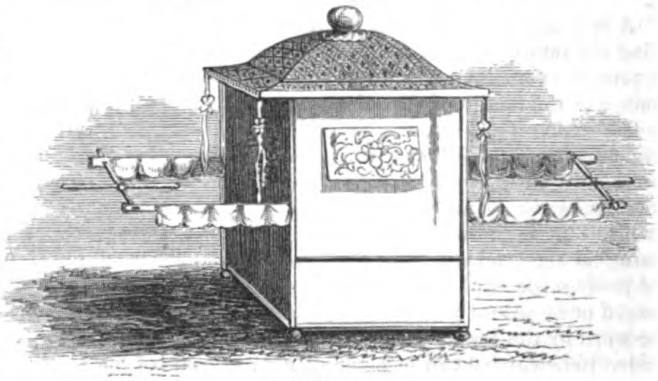
This outfit is procured, in most cases, to a great extent, by means of the money which has been furnished the family of the bride by the family of the groom for that purpose. In the case of wealthy families little dependence is actually placed on receiving money for this object, though valuable presents of money are always made to the family of the bride by the other party. The poor generally find it impossible, in marrying off a daughter, to be at much expense over and above the amount of money received from the family of their future son-in-law. It is customary for friends and relatives of the bride's family who have received "cakes of ceremony" to make presents of materials for clothing, artificial flowers, or other ornaments for the head, to her family. These presents are designed to constitute a part of the bride's outfit.

Usually, the day before the wedding, the bride has her hair done up in the style of married women of her class in society, and tries on the clothes she is to wear in the sedan and for a time after she arrives at her future home on the morrow. This is an occasion of great interest to her family. Her parents invite their female relatives and friends to a feast at their house. The professed object of trying on the clothing is to see how the articles provided will fit, and to ascertain that every thing is ready, so that there may be no delay or confusion on the arrival of the hour when she is to take her seat in her sedan. While thus dressed (the thick veil designed to conceal her features on arrival at her husband's residence not now being worn), she proceeds to light incense before the ancestral tablets belonging to her father's family, and to worship them for the last time before her marriage. She also kneels down before her parents, her grandparents (if living), her uncles and aunts (if present), and worships them in much the same manner as she and her husband will on the morrow worship his parents and grandparents, and the ancestral tablets belonging to his family. On the occasion of the girl's trying on these clothes and worshiping the tablet and her parents, it is considered unpropitious that those of her female relatives and friends who are in mourning should be present.

The bridal chair is selected by the family of the bridegroom, and sent to the residence of the bride generally on the afternoon preceding the wedding-day, attended by a band of music, some men carrying lighted torches, two carrying a pair of large red lanterns, containing candles also lighted, and one having a large red umbrella, and one or two friends or other attendants. The bridal chair is always red, and is generally covered with broadcloth, or some rich expensive material. It is borne by four men, who wear caps having red tassels. The musicians, and all the persons employed in the procession, have similar caps.

Very early on the morning of her marriage the bride or the "new woman" arises, bathes, and dresses. While she is bathing the musicians are required to play. Her breakfast consists theoretically of the fowl, the vermicelli, etc., sent by the family of her affianced husband. In fact, however, she eats and drinks very little of any thing on the morning or during the day of her wedding. Her imaginary breakfast on these articles is regarded as an omen of good, and conducive to her long life in harmony with her husband.

When the precise time approaches for taking her seat in her sedan, usually between five and eight o'clock in the morning, previously fixed by the fortune-teller, her toilet is completed by one of her parents taking the thick veil and placing it over her head, completely covering



BRIDAL SEDAN.

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her features from view. She is now led out of her room by one of her female assistants, and takes her seat in the sedan, which has been brought into the reception-room of the house. The floor from her room to the sedan is covered for the occasion with a kind of red carpeting, so that her feet may not touch the ground. She takes her place in the sedan amidst the sound of fire-crackers and music by the band. The bride, her mother, and the various members of the family, are required by custom to indulge during this morning in hearty and protracted crying—oftentimes, no doubt, sincere and unaffected.

While seated in the sedan, but before she starts for her future home, her parents, or some members of her family, take a bed-quilt by its four corners, and, while holding it thus before the bridal chair, one of the bride's assistants tosses into the air, one by one, four bread-cakes, in such a manner that they will fall into the bed-quilt. These bread-cakes were received from the family of her husband at the same time as the cock and vermicelli were received. The woman during this ceremony is constantly repeating felicitous sentences, which are assented to by some others of the company. The quilt containing these cakes is gathered up and carried immediately to an adjoining room.

In the front of the procession go two men carrying two large lighted lanterns, having the ancestral or family name of the groom cut in a large form out of red paper pasted upon them. Then come two men carrying similar lanterns, having the family name of the bride in a similar manner pasted on them. These belong to her family, and accompany her only a part of the way. Then comes a large red umbrella, followed by men carrying lighted torches, and by the band of music. Near the bridal chair are several brothers of the bride or friends of her family, and several friends or brothers of the groom. These latter are dispatched from the house of the groom early in the morning, for the purpose of meeting the bridal procession, and escorting the bride to her home. This deputation sometimes arrives at the house of the bride before she sets out on her journey, and, if so, it accompanies the procession all the way. About midway between the homes of the bride and the groom the procession stops in the street, while the important ceremony of receiving the bride is formally transacted. The friends of the bride stand near each other, and at a little distance stand the friends of the groom. The former produce a large red card, having the ancestral name of the bride's family written on it; the latter produce a similar card bearing the ancestral name of the groom. These they exchange, and each, seizing his own hands, bows toward the members of the other party. The two men in the front of the procession who carry the lanterns having the ancestral name of the groom now turn about, and, going between the sedan chair and the two men who carry the lanterns having the ancestral name of the bride, come back to their former position in the procession, having gone around the party which has the lanterns with the bride's ancestral name attached. This latter party, while the other is thus encircling it, turns round in an opposite direction, and starts for the residence of the family of the bride, accompanied by that part of the escort which consisted of her brothers or the friends of her family. The rest of the procession now proceeds on its way to the residence of the bridegroom, the band playing a lively air. At intervals along the street fire-crackers are exploded. It is said that, from the precise time when the two parties carrying lanterns having the ancestral names of the two families attached separate from each other in the street, the name of the bride is changed into the name of her betrothed; the lanterns having his name attached remaining in the procession, while those which have her (former) name are taken back to the residence of her father's family. From this time during the day she generally is in the midst of entire personal strangers, excepting her female assistants, who accompany the procession, and keep with her wherever she goes.

On arriving at the door of the bridegroom's house fire-crackers are let off in large quantities, and the band plays very vigorously. The torch-bearers, lantern-bearers, and the musicians stop near the door. The sedan is carried into the reception-room, and a sieve; such as was used in the ceremony of "sifting four eyes," is put on the top of it, over its door. The floor, from the place where the sedan stops to the door of the bride's room, is covered with red carpeting, lest her feet should touch the floor. A woman who has borne both male and female children, or, at least, male children, and who lives in harmonious subjection to her husband, approaches the door of the sedan, and utters various felicitous sentences. A boy six or eight years old, holding in his hands a brass mirror, with the reflecting surface turned from him and toward the chair, also comes near, and invites the bride to alight. At the same time the married woman who has uttered propitious words advances, as if to open the door of the sedan, when one of the female assistants of the bride, who accompanied the procession, steps forward and opens it. The mirror held by the lad is expected to ward off all deadly or pernicious influences which may emanate from the sedan.

The bride is now aided by her female assistants to alight from the sedan. While being led toward the door of her room, the sieve which was placed over the door of the bridal chair on its arrival is sometimes held over her head, and sometimes it is placed directly in front of the door of the sedan, so that, on stepping out, she will step into it. During all this time the features of the bride are entirely concealed by the thick covering put over her head by one of her parents at her parental residence.

The groom, on the approach of the bridal procession, disappears from the crowd of friends

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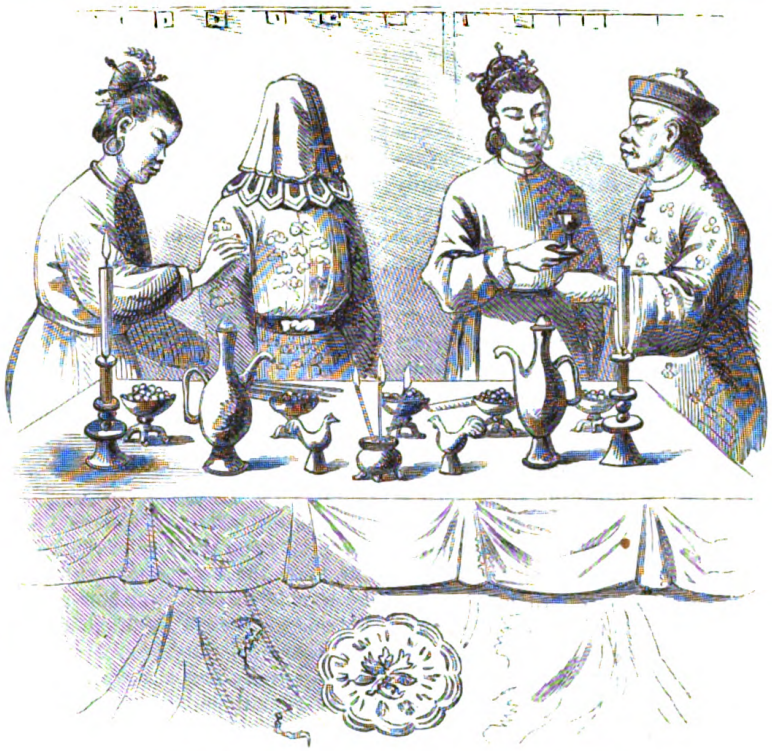


BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WORSHIPING THE TABLETS OF HIS DECEASED ANCESTORS.

and relatives who have assembled at his residence on the happy occasion, and takes his position standing by the side of the bedstead, having his face turned toward the bed. When the bride enters the room, guided by her assistants, he turns around, and remains standing with his face turned from the bed. As soon as she has reached his side, both bridegroom and bride simultaneously seat themselves, side by side, on the edge of the bedstead. Oftentimes the groom manages to have a portion of the skirt of her dress come under him as he sits down by her, such a thing being considered as a kind of omen that she will be submissive. Sometimes the bride is very careful, by a proper adjustment of her clothing at the moment of sitting down, not only to prevent the accomplishment of such an intention on his part, but also to sit down, if possible, in such a manner that some of his dress will come under her; thus manifesting her determination to preserve a proper independence, if not to bring him actually to yield obedience to her will. After sitting thus in profound silence together for a few moments, the groom arises and leaves the room. Before going out, the assistants of the bride oftentimes request him to rub the feet of his bride a little, under the impression that, if he should comply, her feet will be prevented by that act from aching in the future!

The ceremony, as a whole, is called "worshiping the temple." A table is placed in the front part of the reception-room. The table is said to be placed "before heaven." Two candlesticks, containing two large lighted candles, and a censer containing lighted incense, are put upon this table, the censer between the candlesticks. Among other things there are also placed on it two miniature white cocks, made of sugar, five kinds of dried fruit, a bundle of chopsticks, a foot measure, a mirror, a pair of shears, and a case containing money-scales. Some or all of these are frequently placed on a platter made out of the wood of the willow-tree. Two goblets, sometimes connected together by a red silk or red cotton cord several feet long, are also put upon the table. When every thing is ready, the bride is led out of her room and takes her place by the table on the right side of the groom. The faces of both parties are turned toward the table—that is, toward the open light of the heavens. At certain signals from one of the female assistants of the bride, who is aided to do her part by these women, both parties kneel down four times, each time bowing their heads toward the earth once in profound silence. They then rise to their feet and change places, the bride standing on the left of the bridegroom. They now kneel down four times, bowing their heads as before. This portion of the ceremony is called "worshiping heaven and earth." They then turn around, so that their faces are toward the inner or back side of the room, instead of toward the front or outside, as before, the bride being on the right side of her husband. The ancestral tablets having been previously placed on a table in the back side of the room, and candles and incense having been lighted and arranged near them in the customary way, the bridegroom and bride now bow down and worship these tablets eight times, according to the manner after which they have

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BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRINKING SAMSHU TOGETHER.

just "worshiped heaven and earth." They again resume their original relative positions, differing only in that they face each other, and not standing side by side. Separated from each other by only a few feet, they now kneel down four times again, and bow their heads once each time toward the ground. After this they rise to their feet, and remain standing in silence, while they are helped to the wedding wine. One of the female assistants takes the two goblets from the table, and, having partially filled them with a mixture of wine and honey, she pours some of their contents from one into the other back and forth several times. She then holds one to the mouth of the groom, and the other to the mouth of the bride, who continue to face each other, and who then sip a little of the wine. She then changes the goblets, and the bride sips out of the one just used by the groom, and the groom sips out of the one just used by the bride, the goblets oftentimes remaining tied together. Sometimes she uses only one goblet in giving the wine. She then places the goblets on the table, and proceeds to break off a bit of the sugar cocks and give to the bridegroom and to the bride; perhaps also a few of the five kinds of fruit which have been provided is handed to them. After this the groom usually takes the bunch of chopsticks in one hand and the long case which contains the money-scales in the other, and makes a pretense of raising up by their means the thick covering which conceals the head and face of his bride from his view. It is only a pretense, and he returns the chopsticks and the money-scales to the place whence he took them. This usually concludes the ceremony.

All of the articles of food and of family use placed on the table during the performance of this ceremony are, according to the Chinese stand-point, omens of harmony and of prosperity. Eating from the same sugar cock, and drinking wine from the same goblets, are symbolical of union in sharing their lot in life.

Until this time the bride has worn the heavy embroidered outside garment, head-dress, etc., which she had on when she entered her sedan. These are now removed. She has her hair carefully combed in the style of her class in society, and she is arrayed in her own wedding garments. Sometimes her hair is gorgeously decked out with pearls and gems, true or false, according to the ability of the family to purchase, rent, or borrow. When her toilet has been completed, and every thing has been made ready, the bride and bridegroom sit down in her room to their wedding dinner. He now, oftentimes for the first time in his life, and always for the first time on his marriage-day, beholds the features of his wife. He may eat ever so much of the good things provided on the occasion, but she, according to established custom, may not take a particle. She must sit in silence, dignified and composed. The door being left open, the invited guests, and the parents of the groom and his relatives, improve the opportunity to scan the bride and observe her deportment. Several times during the day, if living conveniently near, the family of the bride send some refreshments

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for her to eat. This is received with thanks, and the bearer rewarded with a small present. Custom does not allow her to partake of this refreshment from her parents, but demands its being sent and received.

Every invited guest is expected to make a present in money to the family of the bridegroom. This should be sent in to the family the day before the wedding, though sometimes it is brought by the guest himself when he comes to the feast. The amount of the present is entirely optional, and varies from a few hundred cash to fifteen or twenty dollars, according to the wealth of the guest and the nearness of relationship. Even should the formal invitation not be complied with, the person invited remaining away, the present is nevertheless expected, and it would be disreputable not to give it. These presents in ready money help considerably to defray the expenses of the occasion.

The large candles which were transferred to the bride's room from the reception-room at the close of the ceremony of "worshiping heaven and earth," are permitted to burn all day and unto the evening, if they will. As it is eminently desirable that candles should be burned all the night long in the bridal chamber, these are usually, during the evening, exchanged for another pair, which it is calculated will last until the following morning. These are two feet long, more or less, and of a bright red color. Usually on one is made, in a lively yellow color, a picture of a dragon, by the use of gold leaf, or of a liquid preparation called "gold oil;" and on the other the picture of a phœnix, representing respectively the groom and his bride. Sometimes auspicious characters or phrases are written on the candles. These, lighted on the evening of the wedding, and arranged on the table in the bride's room, are desired to burn during the whole night, and as much longer as they will last. It would be considered very unlucky should they be extinguished by accident. Should one or both of them go out during the night, such an event would indicate the premature and untimely death of one or both of the parties. The material of the candles should not melt and trickle down the sides. This is regarded as a bad omen, the trickling down of the material being thought to resemble the flowing of tears down the cheeks, and betokens, on wedding occasions, that there will be much sorrow in the family of the newly-married couple, or that they will not live happily together. If the candles should burn out about the same time, it is supposed that the couple will die about the same period in the future; and should one burn much longer than the other, it is inferred that one will long survive the other.

CEREMONIES AFTER MARRIAGE.

The wedding festivities generally last at least two days. The first day the male friends and relatives of the groom are invited to "*shed their light*" on the occasion. On the second day the female friends and relatives of the family of the groom are invited to the wedding-feast. This is often called the "women's day."

Not long after the family and guests have breakfasted on the morning of the second day, the newly-married couple, amidst the noise of fire-crackers, come out of their room together for the purpose of worshiping the ancestral tablets belonging to the household, the grandparents, and parents of the groom. This custom is known by the name of "*coming out of the room.*"

Not long subsequent to the ceremony of "coming out of the room," the couple proceed to the kitchen for the purpose of worshiping the god and goddess of the kitchen. This is performed with great decorum, and is regarded as an important and essential part of marriage solemnities. Incense and candles are lighted, and arranged on a table placed before the picture or the writing which represents these divinities, plastered upon the wall of the kitchen. Before this table the bridegroom and his bride kneel down, side by side, and bow in worship of the god and goddess of the kitchen. It is believed that they will thus propitiate their good-will, and especially that the bride, in attempting culinary operations, will succeed better in consequence of paying early and respectful attentions to these divinities.

On the third day the parents of the bride send an invitation to their son-in-law and his wife to visit them. With this invitation they send sedans for them. The card is usually brought by her brothers, if she has any of the proper age, or by relatives having her own ancestral name. Until this morning, since she left her former home, two days previous, the bride has seen none of her own family, and generally none of her own relatives or acquaintances. She and her husband now receive the congratulations and compliments of her brothers or other relatives, and prepare to visit her parents. The bride enters her sedan first, and proceeds a short distance in front of her husband. They do not start together, nor is it proper that they should arrive at the house of her parents at the same time. The chair provided for the bride on this occasion is a common black sedan in all respects, except that its screen in front has a certain charm painted upon the outside. This charm is the picture of a grim-looking man, sitting on a tiger, with one of his hands raised up, holding a sword, as if in the act of striking, representing a certain ruler of elves, hobgoblins, etc. The object of its use on the occasion of a bride's returning to her parents' house, on the third day after her marriage, is to keep off evil and unpropitious influences from her.

On arrival at her paternal home the bride's sedan is carried into the reception-room, and she alights amidst the noise of fire-crackers. The sedan which contains the son-in-law stops a few rods from his father-in-law's residence, where he is met by one of his brothers-in-law, or some relative or friend, deputed to meet and

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CHARM TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS FROM A BRIDE.

conduct him into the house. The two parties, standing in the street, respectfully shake their own hands toward each other on meeting, according to the approved fashion. The newly-arrived is now invited to enter the house. He is seated in the reception-room, where he is treated successively to three cups of tea and three pipes of tobacco. Afterward he is invited to go and see his mother-in-law in her room, where he finds his wife. There he sits a while, and visits after a stereotyped manner, being careful to use only good or propitious words, avoiding every subject and phrase which, according to the notions of this people, are unlucky. He is soon invited into the reception-room, where he is joined by his wife. Every thing being arranged, the husband and wife proceed to worship the ancestral tablets of her family, her grandparents, and her parents, if living and present, very much in the way they worshiped, on the preceding day, the tablets of his family, his grandparents, and parents. At the conclusion of this ceremony the bride retires to her mother's apartments, or to some back room, where she and the female relatives present are feasted. Her husband is invited to partake of some refreshments in the reception-room, in doing which he is joined by his bride's brothers, or some others of her family relatives. According to the rules of etiquette he must eat but very little, however hungry he may be. The usual phrase employed in speaking of it is that he eats part of "three bowls of vegetables," after which he declines to receive any thing more, under the plea that he has eaten enough. He soon takes his departure in his sedan, leaving his bride to follow by herself by-and-by, accompanied usually only by a servant or female friend.

It is a common custom, on the morning of the tenth day after her marriage, for the parents of the bride to send an invitation for her to spend the day with them. If accepted, she goes and returns unattended by her husband. At the end of a month, should they again invite her, she usually goes and visits with her parents, and brothers and sisters, for a few consecutive days, spending the nights there. Her husband calls upon them during this visit perhaps once or twice in the daytime, but is careful neither to go there with his wife nor return home with her. Husbands are never seen with their wives in public.

At the expiration of a month after marriage the bride expects to receive a present from her parents, consisting, in part, of the following articles: an image of the Goddess of Mercy, universally worshiped by married women, and a portable niche to put it in; a censer to contain incense while consuming; a pair of candlesticks, to hold candles while she is worshiping; a fan; two flower vases; artificial flowers; and cosmetics.

After the first year of his marriage the bridegroom is expected every year to make presents of a pig's foot, vermicelli, wine, and large red candles, with, perhaps, some money, to his father and mother-in-law, on the occurrences of their birthdays, at the festivals which take place during the fifth month, the eighth month, and at the winter solstice, and at new year's. During the first year of his married life it is customary for his parents-in-law to make *him* more or less presents like the above, at the times of the great festivals, and especially at new year's day.

CEREMONIES WITH CHILDREN.

On the third day after the birth of a child the midwife washes it for the first time. This washing is performed before an image of the Goddess of Children, already referred to, called Mother. This divinity is supposed to have the care and oversight of children of both sexes until they are sixteen years old. About the time of washing the child an oblation of five or eight plates of meats, fruits, etc., is made to the goddess, arranged on a table before her picture or image, with wine, incense, candles, and fresh flowers. This is regarded as a thank-offering for the aid of "Mother" thus far. The food is subsequently taken away and eaten by the members of the family. On this day friends and relations take occasion to send various kinds of food, as fowls, vermicelli, and cakes, to the family, in token of their congratulations.

Immediately after being washed, the important custom of binding its wrists is observed. In regard to this there seems to be great diversity of practice. Some families simply bind around each wrist one or more ancient *cash* of a particular kind by means of a red cotton cord, where the cash remains for eleven days or longer. Others only put around each wrist a loose red string, as though it were a ring. Other families provide several silver toys, as a miniature seal, a small bell, drum, pestle, and mallet. One or more of each kind of these toys, with an ancient cash, are bound around each wrist. The string used is generally about two feet long,

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each end being put about the wrists, leaving about one foot of loose string between them. These things are worn till the child is fourteen days old, when some families remove them. Sometimes, however, a ring of red cord or of red tape, with or without some cash or toy, is worn for several months, or even for a year. When soiled, the tape or cord is exchanged for another clean one.

The ancient cash is used as a charm, in order to keep away evil spirits or influences. The silver toys are designed as omens of good relating to the future life of the child, as it were expressing the desire that it may become wealthy and honored. The wrists are thus tied together in order to prevent the child becoming naughty and disobedient. It is thought that such a tying of the wrists will tend to keep the child from being troublesome in after-life, and from meddling with what does not belong to it, just as though he or she was bound. When boys and girls are naughty and troublesome, they are often asked if their mammas did not bind their wrists? implying that if their wrists had been properly bound when an infant, they would have been restrained from misconduct in subsequent life.

On the third day after the birth of the babe two Chinese characters are written on a piece of red paper, which, having been carefully folded around a parcel inclosing certain articles, is hung up on a nail or peg on the outside of the door of its mother's room by means of a red string tied around it. The design of this paper and contents is to ward off unfavorable influences from the child; and persons who are not very intimate with the family, on seeing it, understand it to constitute a request that they should not enter the room. Some say that only those persons who were present at the washing of the babe are allowed to enter the bedroom as long as the red paper is attached to the door, which is for eleven days.

This parcel contains two of a certain fruit full of seed used in the manufacture of a material employed somewhat like soap in washing, some pith of a rush used for wicking, two chopsticks, one or two onions, two pieces of charcoal, some cat's hair, and some dog's hair. A pair of the trowsers of the child's father are put upon the frame of the bedstead, in such a way that the waist shall hang downward, or be lower than the legs. On the trowsers is stuck a piece of red paper, having four words written upon it, intimating that all unfavorable influences are to go into the trowsers instead of afflicting the babe. The hair in the package on the outside of the bedroom door is to keep the noises which may be made for eleven days by the dogs and cats in the vicinity from frightening the babe. The coal is to aid in making it hardy and vigorous. The onions are to cause it to be quick-witted and intelligent. The pith is explained as contributing to make it fortunate or successful in life. The two fruits are to aid it in being cleanly and neat. It is believed that if persons come into the bedroom for the space of eleven days, while the parcel remains on the door, who ought not to come into it, the child will assuredly have white sores on its gums, and that it will be sickly and difficult to rear.



SHAVING A CHILD'S HEAD WHEN ONE MONTH OLD.

When it is one month old, mother and child, according to theory, leave the bedroom for the first time after her confinement. On this day occurs another important ceremony, that of shaving the child's head for the first time, either by a barber or by one of the family. Some are careful to have it done before an image of "Mother" if it is a girl, and before the ancestral family tablets if it is a boy, incense and candles being lighted in front of the image and the tablets. A thank-offering is also presented to the goddess on this occasion. Relations and intimate friends are invited to a feast. They often come to witness the shaving of the child's head. Those who come must bring with them presents of money or silver rings, vermicelli, or fowls, etc. In case of its being the first-born, Tauist priests are often invited to perform the ceremony called "passing through the door," for the benefit of the babe. The maternal grandmother of the child is always expected to bring or send presents of clothing or food on this day.

When the child is four months old "Mother" is again thanked; relatives and friends are again invited to a feast, who bring or send presents of money or food. As at the end of a month, so now the maternal grandmother or her present, if she does not come in person, occupies a prominent position. If the circumstances of her family allow her to do so, she makes expensive presents of food and clothing, and a chair, sometimes painted red, together with a quantity of molasses candy. The various articles of food are presented as an oblation before "Mother." The happy father, or the paternal grandfather or grandmother, bows down before the goddess, and begs that the child may be good-natured and easy to take care of, that it may grow fast, that it may sleep well at night, that it may be wide awake in the daytime, that it may not be given to crying, and that it may be kept in good health. The edibles are subsequently feasted on by the family and invited guests, having

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been previously presented before the ancestral table.



CHILD SITTING ON A CHAIR WHEN FOUR MONTHS OLD.

It is not usual to allow a child to sit in a chair until the day it is four months old. At a suitable time during this day the soft molasses candy provided by its maternal grandmother is taken, and put in the seat of the chair on rollers. The child is then put in the chair so as to sit down on this candy, which sticks it to the chair for the time being. This is done in order that it may learn to sit in the chair, and not require to be carried very much in the arms of the nurse or mother.

On the anniversary of the child's birthday another thank-offering is presented to "Mother," and other presents of food and of clothing are received from the maternal grandmother. If it be a boy, among other articles of clothing are a pair of boy's shoes and a cap; if a girl, besides clothing are wristlets and head ornaments. The provisions for the thank-offering are in theory provided by the maternal grandmother of the child.

Before the feast on this occasion, a large bamboo sieve, such as farmers use in winnowing grain, is placed on a table before the ancestral tablets of the family, where incense and candles are already burning. On this are laid a set of money-scales, a pair of shears, a foot-measure, a brass mirror, pencil, ink, paper, and ink-slab, one or two books, the abacus, a silver or a gold ornament or implement, and fruits, etc. The child, dressed in the new garments just presented, is placed upon the sieve in the midst of the articles upon it. The object now is to see what it will first take hold of and play with. The moment is one of great interest to the parents and assembled friends. It is said that the article or articles the child first takes up indicate its future employment, character, or condition in the world. If the child be a boy, and he takes a book or an implement connected with literature, as pen or ink, it is surmised that he



GRASPING PLAYTHINGS WHEN ONE YEAR OLD.

will become a distinguished scholar; if he seizes the money-scales, or the silver or gold instrument or ornament, that he will become famous for his wealth and for his talents in making money.

On all the occasions, when incense and candles are burned before the image of the goddess

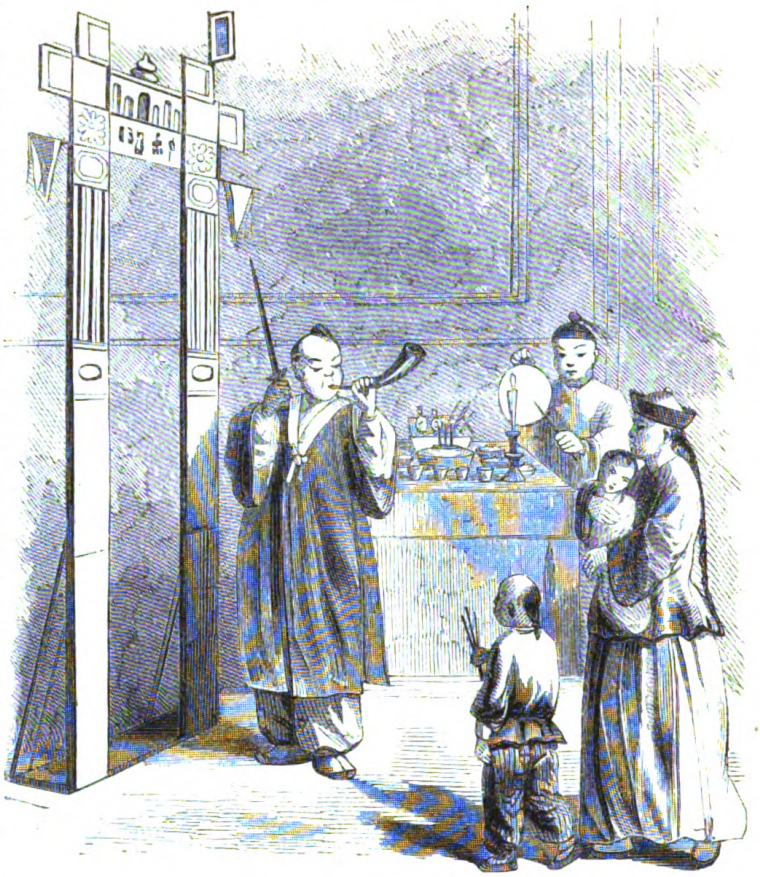


FATHER TEACHING HIS CHILD TO WORSHIP.

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or before the ancestral tablets with special reference to a child, the child is taken there, if well, and made to worship in a certain manner by moving its hands up and down a few times. Sometimes, however, instead of its hands being moved up and down, the child, held in the hands of some one, is itself moved up and down before the object worshiped, which is reckoned the same as making it move its hands in worship.

The ceremony of "passing through the door" sustains a very important relation to the welfare of children, according to the sentiment and practice of many Chinese. Some families have it performed regularly every year; others every second year, as in the first and third; others every third year, as the third and sixth, and so on, until the child is sixteen years old, or the ceremony of "going out of childhood" is observed. Sometimes, when a child is sickly, "the door is passed through" once or twice per month, or several times in the course of the year, according to the condition of the child and the will and ability of the parents. Probably there are few families here which do not have this ceremony performed more or less frequently between the third day after the birth of a child and the period when it is supposed to pass out of the control of "Mother." Sometimes it is performed in consequence of the decision of a fortune-teller for the benefit of a child.



PASSING THROUGH THE DOOR.

A day is usually spent in "passing through the door" and its attendant ceremonies. Several priests of the Tauist sect (never any of the Buddhist sect) come to the residence of the lad's parents in the morning, before or after breakfast, according to agreement, and first arrange an altar, made out of tables placed one upon another. On the uppermost of the tables they place censers, candlesticks, and various images of their gods. Behind the altar they suspend three paper-hangings, upon which are painted several tens of goddesses, among whom that of "Mother" occupies a conspicuous position. In a convenient part of the room is placed a table, having upon it five, eight, or ten plates of meats, vegetables, fruits, and cakes. After every thing is properly arranged one of the priests rings a bell while chanting his formulas, another beats a drum, another strikes his cymbals together, etc. The grand object of this is to invite certain goddesses to be present, which is supposed to be done when their names and places of residence have been repeated in the accustomed manner. The celebrated female divinities who are honored as midwives or "mothers," and who are believed to be particularly concerned in the rearing of children, or who originally lived in the surrounding country, are invited to be present.

At the proper time, usually in the afternoon, these goddesses are invited to partake of a feast, which has been arranged on a table for their entertainment. Besides eight or ten kinds of food, there are also provided a wash-bowl of hot water, and a towel, a fan, and cosmetics and artificial flowers for the especial use of the female divinities in making their toilet before partaking of the feast. The priests ring a bell, beat a drum, and clap their cymbals, reciting their liturgies for an indefinite time, which constitutes an invitation for these goddesses to partake of the collation.

The "door" is finally passed through in the middle of the afternoon or near sundown. This door is made out of bamboo, covered with red and white paper, and is some seven feet high by two and a half or three feet wide, costing per-

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haps twelve or fifteen cents. The furniture in the room is so arranged that the priests and the party which passes through this door can go around without doubling on their track. Sometimes a table is placed near the centre of the room, and an open space is left on all sides of it. One of the priests—who wears a fancy-colored skirt, and has on his head a curiously-shaped head-dress—takes in one hand a small bell, or a sword having small bells fastened to the handle, and in the other a horn, and commences reciting formulas or incantations in front of this door, which is often at this time standing near the centre of the room. The priest, thus dressed, personates "Mother" in the act of performing magic spells for the purpose of saving children from evil spirits and unhealthy and malignant influences. The paterfamilias, or, if absent or deceased, some one in his stead, calls the children of the family together. He takes the one which can not walk or which is sick in his arms, and the other children, if any, each take a single stick of lighted incense in their hands. The priest after a while blows his horn, and advances slowly through the door. He is followed by the paterfamilias or his representative, and all the children of the family, who thus pass through the door. All the other priests are at this time doing something to aid, as beating the drum and clapping their cymbals. The head priest brandishes the sword in the air, or in its place he sometimes flourishes a whip made in the shape of a snake, as though he was striking an invisible object.

The door is then taken and placed at one of the four corners of the room, and the priest, father, and children again pass through it in a similar manner. It is then successively placed at each of the other corners, and again in the centre, where it is respectively passed through by the priest and his followers. Soon after this the door is hacked in pieces, and its parts set on fire and burned in the open court of the house, or in the street in front of the house where the ceremony is performed.

While performing this ceremony a small wooden image, a foot high, more or less, is invariably used to represent the child for whose special benefit it is celebrated. When first performed for any child, a new one is obtained to represent it; and when not used, it is carefully preserved. Oftentimes it is placed by the side of "Mother's" image in the bedroom. The name of the child is usually written on the back of the image. In case the child dies before sixteen years of age, this image is placed in the coffin with its corpse, and buried with it. After the ceremony of "going out of childhood" has been performed, it is often used as a plaything by the children of the family. In case the child is exceedingly sick, and may not be carried in person through the door, this image, with or without some of the clothing of the child placed on a platter, is taken and carried through the door, instead of the child, which amounts to the same thing as though the child itself was carried through. As above intimated, all the children of the family improve the opportunity to pass through the door, as well as the particular one for whose special benefit the ceremony is observed. Sometimes nephews and nieces, and several of the children of the near relatives of the family who happen to be present, also join the procession and pass through the door. The design of all this is to benefit the children, causing them to recover if sick or feeble, continuing them in health if well, and enabling them to arrive at a good old age.

Many parents, after the first shaving of the head of a child, when one month old, allow the hair to grow on a part of the top of the head, if a boy, in the shape and of the size of a small peach, until eight or ten years old, or even until sixteen years old; if a girl, a patch of hair is often allowed to grow on one or both sides of the head. Many Chinese seem to be at a loss why the tuft is left. Some explain that which is left on the pate of a boy to be for a defense of the soft part of the skull. They all seem to regard it as an omen of good, or a kind of charm, and conducive to the health or welfare of the child.

Sometimes neither the "peach" nor the queue is allowed to grow until the lad is some six or eight years old, the whole head being regularly shaven. The cause of this delay is sometimes said to be the death of his father or mother when it was decided to let one or both of these grow. Sometimes, in the case of him who is the only son of his parents, and born long after their marriage, they vow to give him up to be the child of some idol or to be a Buddhist priest. They will not then let his hair grow on his pate until six or eight years old. Their object in making this vow, and in treating their dearly-beloved son in this way, is to procure good health and longevity to the lad. They apply various sorts of derogatory names or epithets to him, as "Buddhist priest," "beggar," "refuse," "dirt," imagining that he will thus be allowed to live, and that no evil spirit or influence will injure his health. By-and-by, when he seems to be established in health, they allow his hair to grow like other boys. All their apparent neglect and abuse are but an index of their real affection for him, and are intended to lead the evil spirits and malicious influences, which might otherwise be expected to molest or harm him, to pass him by as worthless and good for nothing.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The ceremony called "going out of childhood" is performed by many families when each of their children is sixteen years old or thereabouts. It is very nearly like the ceremony called "passing through the door," which has been described, except that it is generally much more imposing and showy than that ceremony, as it is usually performed. The theory entertained is, that at sixteen years of age the boy emerges from boyhood into manhood, and the girl from girlhood into womanhood. From the

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time of the performance of this ceremony the goddess of children, "Mother," ceases to have the superintendence of the boy or the girl, and the individual comes under the government of the gods in general. The expression "thanking Mother" is often used in speaking of this event, when she is thanked for her past care of the youth.

Let it not be understood, because one *becomes of age* or arrives at *adult age* in China when sixteen years old, that he comes out from the legal control of his parents at this time. While his parents are alive, a son must continue to obey them. Such is the doctrine of the classics, the laws, and the customs of China. No matter how old, how educated, how wealthy—except he has become an officer of the government, and while he is serving the emperor—he must render prompt and implicit obedience to his father and mother. He may on no account disobey, or neglect, or slight their wishes or their orders. After he has become an official, and is away from his paternal home in the service of the state, he is subject to the commands of the emperor. His parents can not then control him in any respect, though he must conform in every thing to the established customs of the empire in regard to his parents. The time never arrives when a man in a private station, while his parents are living, may engage in the pursuit he chooses, or may keep his earnings for himself, or spend them as he pleases, without their free consent and approval. His wages are given to them, and they can oblige him to do any thing or take any course they please, without asking his consent or caring for his preferences. Such is said to be *law*; but *in fact* and *in practice* he is treated with some consideration, often consulted, and his wishes frequently complied with.

A daughter, after she is married, is not subject to her own parents, but comes under the control of her husband's parents, if they are living. To them she is often little different from a slave. She may not resist, or oppose, or deride their wishes or commands, any more than she might resist, or oppose, or deride the wishes or commands of her own parents before her marriage. Very frequently she is treated by them with great cruelty.

After the son has attained his sixteenth year, in case of the decease of his father, he generally manages the outside affairs of the family pretty much as he pleases, unless his mother should happen to be a strong-minded woman. The classic says the woman has three obeyings: 1st, *she must obey her father* (before her marriage); 2d, *she must obey her husband* (after marriage); and, 3d, *she must obey her son* (after her husband's death), *i. e.*, when he shall have arrived at mature age.

The principle of a woman's obeying her son after the decease of her husband must not be understood as allowing him to abuse, or insult, or injure her. Neither would custom tolerate nor the laws justify such unfilial conduct.

In cases of extreme unfilial conduct parents sometimes accuse their children before the magistrate, and demand his official aid in controlling or punishing them; but such instances are comparatively rare. Public sentiment is so strong against the individual who will not treat his parents with the customary respect and obedience, and the want of filial piety is taught to be a crime of such enormity, that few Chinese are found who have the hardihood to lay themselves open to the disgrace of a public prosecution. It is said that, should a parent whip his child to death for unfilial conduct, notice would seldom or never be taken of it in the shape of a prosecution of the parent before the magistrate; only the maternal uncles of the disobedient lad or man would have a right to interfere in the case. When a parent brings his incorrigible son before the magistrate for filial impiety, and demands punishment to be inflicted, the maternal uncles of the accused have a right to interfere or to be consulted, especially in case very severe punishment, as death, should be demanded by the indignant and dishonored parent.

The magistrate may exercise his prerogative of advising the parent in regard to the course to be pursued, as well as of exhorting the refractory son in regard to his duty; but he may not set himself firmly against carrying out the punishment demanded by the offended parent. If the parent requires his son to be publicly whipped by the command of the magistrate, the latter is obliged to order the infliction of the whipping. If the former demands a public exposure of his son in the wooden cangue, with the crime of *not filial* written upon it, then the latter must cause the son to be thus punished for a specified time. If, after these or similar slight punishments, the son remains undutiful and disobedient, and his parents demand it at the hands of the magistrate, the latter must, with the consent of the maternal uncles of the individual, cause him to be taken out to the high wall in front of the yamun, and have him there publicly whipped to death.

If a son should murder his parent, either father or mother, and be convicted of the crime, he would not only be beheaded, but his body would be mutilated by being cut into small pieces; his house would be razed to the ground, and the earth under it would be dug up for several feet deep; his neighbors living on the right and the left would be severely punished; his principal teacher would suffer capital punishment; the district magistrate of the place would be deprived of his office and disgraced; the prefect, the governor of the province, and the viceroy would all be degraded three degrees in rank. All this is done and suffered to mark the enormity of the crime of a parricide.

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TOM MALLORY'S REVENGE.

"IF you want to wreak a thorough vengeance upon a woman, you must first make her love you. Without that preparation, you can't inflict a complete or very lasting torture. With it, you can gratify the devil's own malice."

This philosophical remark was uttered between two puffs of a cigar by a well-dressed man of about thirty, whose air and tones showed the tuition of good society, and whose face expressed intellectual culture. He was seated on a shaded bit of lonely river bank, in front of him a languid flow of clear brown water, above him the giant green plume of an elm, its uppermost sprays gently quivering, unheard, in a faint breeze of summer. His thoughtful eyes seemed to be spelling out the inmost feelings of a young man, not more than twenty-one, who was his only companion.

"Oh, the devil! And suppose you can't make her love you! suppose that's just the thing!" exclaimed the latter, impatiently.

He stood with his hands in his pockets, his broad-brimmed hat drawn over his brows, glaring at the stump of an elder which he was kicking with a sort of purposeless petulance. He was a tall, well-built youth, with keen gray eyes and regular features. He would have been remarkably handsome but for a certain rustic unfinish visible in his awkwardly-fitted clothing, in his long hair combed straight over his ears and greasing his coat-collar, in his careless stoop and lounging movements, and, above all, in a lack of that refined intellectuality which ennobled the otherwise inferior face of the smoker. Even his utterance, notwithstanding a naturally grand voice, was untuned, monotonous, and slightly nasal. Evidently he was the product of one of our New England country districts; yet you must not understand that he came from the lean lower soil which produces the Slicks and the Downings; his grammar was good, and he pronounced like a man who knows how to spell.

A violent flush covered his features after he had spoken. It seemed to him that he had confessed his secret with perfect clearness; and, although he did not look at his comrade's eyes, he felt that they were upon him. Dragging his hat completely over his face, he threw himself on the turf, and tore the short grass-blades with his fingers, while he muttered disconnectedly concerning the cause of his agitation, impelled by that desire for sympathy which coerces the unhappy:

"Yes, I've been talking about myself all this while. Revenge on a woman! It seems mean enough to you, I suppose. So it is. That depends, however. I wouldn't hurt one. I wouldn't lift my finger against one. I would die sooner. But—oh Lord! what can a man do? They entangle a fellow; they get round him and fool him; they make him think they'll have him; they are ever so sweet and loving. Then, when they've got him to offer his whole heart and soul, and all he is and ever will be, they push him off like a dog. Oh, you mustn't touch 'em! They're women. They're the fair sex—the gentle sex. They break down all your hopes and ambition and self-respect; they do it coolly to your face, and laugh at you behind your back; they do it without the least pity; brag of it. Oh, it's all right! You mustn't wish 'em any harm. Lovely woman—consoling spirit, messenger from Heaven, and so forth. I don't growl at being refused. I'm man enough to bear that. It's being deceived beforehand and despised afterward that mads me. O Lord! I don't know what I would do if I could. I wouldn't see any harm happen to the girl that I'm talking about. It's as you say. I couldn't revenge myself on her without making her love me. And that can't be; no, never can be. I've tried that thoroughly, God knows."

He paused a moment, tore his hat off, and looked the other in the face with an air of self-derision.

"I suppose you think I'm a cursed fool, Mr. Stuart. I know I talk like one. I've only been acquainted with you six weeks, and here I am wanting your pity. But you are the first I've told it to. You look as if you could understand a fellow. I know you can. You write books about just such things; you told my story before I knew it myself. You needn't say any thing. I don't want to bore you to get up good advice for me. But you comprehend now what I meant by talking for half an hour about revenge upon a woman. Revenge, I don't know whether I would take it if I could."

"I don't suppose you would, Mr. Mallory," said Stuart, continuing to study the discomposed face before him with a feeling which was not all compassion, but partly the professional interest of a novelist in the workings of human nature. "You are too much in love for that. A tear from this girl (whoever she may be) would put out your wrath in a second. In fact, setting to work to torment a woman and deliberately watching the process is a hard thing for any man to do. Not a nice thing to think of afterward either. Calculated to make a man brutal, and therefore unhappy. No, as I told you before, I don't know any proper and sufficient vengeance upon a jilt excepting making her love you."

"And what then?"

"Why then love *her*, and keep loving her and keep her loving you as long as life lasts."

Mallory laughed outright, and then stopped with a groan. The suggestion gave him a momentary sense of exultation which turned to instant bitterness as he remembered that he was imagining the impossible.

"No, Sir; it can't be. And now—*now* I don't want it to be. I don't intend to demean myself again. No more begging and whimpering."

"Of course not. Generally useless, and always foolish. Attend to yourself now, and get cured of this. Go away from here. Go to work. Travel. Any thing to occupy your

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mind with something besides Miss Whatshername."

"I'm going—going to Europe in three weeks—going to study medicine in Paris."

"The devil you are! Ho-ho. You'll forget the young lady fast enough. Oh, I've no fears for you! Medical student in Paris, eh? You'll soon—well, never mind, you'll know it all in six months."

The younger man seemed curious, but the elder had evidently determined to say nothing more, and they both dropped into meditative silence. Presently Mallory looked up suddenly, with the excitement of a new idea.

"I say, that student life in Paris must be queer?"

"Very."

"If I could write home some letters about it do you think a New York paper would publish them?"

"I think it might—that is, good letters—lively and accurate."

"Can't promise about the lively. But I've a great mind to try. Only I don't know how to—"

"I do. Send them to me. I'll get them in if they are the thing. Send on three or four by way of a sample. I'll make terms for you and write you word immediately."

"You will! Oh, I'm ever so much obliged. Mr. Stuart, I don't know how I can ever repay you for your kindness to me."

"But I haven't done it yet."

"No, not this. But you've been sympathizing; and you've taken the trouble to understand me; and you've given me conversation too good for me. I think," closed the young fellow, solemnly—"I think you've done not a little, Sir, toward forming my character."

Stuart could not help smiling at this mixture of modesty and conceit, so whimsical and yet so natural.

"Character formed already, eh?" said he. "Go abroad and see, my venerable youngster. I'm sorry for you almost. You'll have a host of temptations in Paris. I don't know whether you'll resist them. Don't forget to work. Labor is the great safeguard for humanity. I don't care how much a man fasts and prays; if he doesn't work the devil is cocksure of him. Come back a first-rate physician. In winning that goal you will avoid a great many sad divergences, almost unconsciously. Come, let's go back to town. It must be supper-time, and I ordered some fried clams, Milford style, which I wouldn't miss for a reputation."

Mr. Stuart was a New York writer, by turns journalist and magazinist, who had chosen to spend this particular summer in an unfrequented village by the sea-shore for the purpose, as he said, of having enough, for once in his life, of fishing and bathing. As we get older I think that most of us lower our ideals of pleasure, having learned by experience the wisdom of taking up with the attainable. When Stuart was twenty years old he dreamed of more sumptuous joys and sublimer sorrows than he ever realized. We must quit him in order to follow after the fortunes of Mr. Thomas Mallory, who, although unknown to fame, is just now the most interesting of the two, inasmuch as he has in him the elements of a drama of passion.

When Mr. Tom came home from Williams College he meant to stay only six weeks in Milford. Miss Nellie Ryder kept him there a year, dancing a gay, hopeful attendance on her during the first four months, and following her about in a moody, wretched enchantment during the other eight. Determined, self-confident, and vain, he was amazed as well as pained by her refusal of him, and would not for a long time believe that she was thoroughly resolved to go through life, and even be happy, without the hand of Tom Mallory. It is hard for the young, full of animal spirits—to whom imagination paints universal achievement as so easy—to accept the wilted facts of disappointment and humiliation. It was especially difficult for Tom, who looked upon luxuriant success as not less natural to his life than leaves to summer trees. And when at last Miss Nellie forced him to believe more or less in her sincerity by forbidding him ever again to mention the subject of marriage between them he got angry, and before the tribunal of his own soul brought her in guilty of cruelty, as pitiless as unprovoked, as systematic in execution as capricious in motive. The fact is that his vanity had made him misunderstand the young lady. The pretty little wiles with which a lively girl angles for passing admiration he had taken for direct encouragement to courtship; and he had easily come to think that Nellie would be downright broken-hearted if he failed to offer himself. In fact, he could tell a hundred things which she had said or done or looked to that effect. What did she mean by putting that rose in his button-hole one evening? What did she accept his bouquet for the next morning? Why did she watch him so anxiously when, for the sake of perfecting his empire over her, he danced three successive quadrilles with Mary Tyler? Why did she take his arm the very first time they met on a picnic?

Tom asked himself these foolish questions by the hour together, and groaned in impotent rage and misery for answer. What did it all mean? Oh! she was a jilt. She had intentionally deceived him. She had meant from the very first to bring him to her feet and then spurn him. She wanted to see him suffer; she loved the horrid spectacle. She was a vain, frivolous, heartless, false, fascinating, irresistible, beautiful little tigress. How abominably she had behaved since the refusal! When she was teased about him by a young fellow who was himself paying attentions to her, she had smiled and kept a significant silence. Then she had told her mother of the offer, knowing very well that the old goose would gabble it throughout the village. She was a braggart over her mischief. Oh, he

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hated her! No, he didn't. Yes, he did. No. Yes. At last it seemed as if the Ayes had it.

He was in this venomous temper when he made confession of the matter to his chance acquaintance, Mr. Stuart, drawn out by that strong attraction which exists in men of sympathetic natures. The wise and kindly counsel of the author confirmed his resolution to go immediately abroad; he made his preparations hastily, and bade a melancholy farewell to his many friends in Milford. Should he also say good-by to his one enemy? Yes, he would; he absolutely must see her once more; he could not quit her forever without a last word; he longed for another reminiscence of her to carry in his aching bosom.

After the death of a famous champion of the Catholic Church a cross with jagged edges was found on his emaciated breast, where for unknown years it had been cherished, rasping with slow torture the bleeding flesh. How many spiritual crosses, more tormenting than that one of ivory, are resolutely hugged to quivering hearts! But you can conceive that Tom had a motive for seeing Nellie quite aside from this desire to secure a woeful remembrance. Shall I divulge his last weakness? He still hoped. Yes, he thought it possible that at this ultimate moment, when he was about to go so far away, perhaps never to return, she would be suddenly brought to feel that she could not spare him, that she had loved him from the first, and that it was her sweet destiny to love him through life. He pictured the scene to himself—the sudden pallor on her cheek and tremor in her voice—the little hand lying in his, not withdrawn because of his pressure—the words of affection and hope which he would then dare to breathe into her ear—the blush, the tear, the smile with which she would listen to them—the whispered *Yes* of acceptance—the heart-uniting kiss. It was a nice little bit of coloring and grouping, to be sure; and you must not wonder at the almost happy tears which dropped over it. The lords of creation are a stoical and heroic race, it is certain; but they have cried a great deal, first and last, at the bidding of women, though generally in a secret, shamefaced way, with the key turned on their wet faces.

Really one wishes that Nellie Ryder could have been willing to sit for her portrait in Tom's imaginary painting, so passionately did he love her, and just at this time so humbly. But her heart was hardened against him; it would not grant him one sympathetic palpitation. I believe she had lately been on a visit to New Haven, and had found a young man there whom she could throb for, although he was probably not a whit more admirable than Tom Mallory. Why people fall in love is an old question not yet satisfactorily answered. A bachelor friend of mine says that it is a matter of contact, of exposure, as in catching any other disease, propinquity being always dangerous, no matter if some reckless persons do escape.

Nellie had heard that Tom was going to Europe, and guessed that he came to say good-by when she saw him enter her father's gate. Dressed in a white morning-dress, without a single ornament save a pink ribbon or so, she sat in the pillared porch which sheltered the front-door, the shadow of the door-yard elm lying all about her, and a sweet summer breeze playing with the cataract of chestnut ringlets which rolled over a broad comb upon her white neck. I believe that she was reading some one of the travels of Bayard Taylor, whose works and portrait she admired exceedingly, longing often to look upon the adventurous man himself, and occasionally cogitating the project of writing to him for his autograph. A tall and rather slender girl she was, noticeably elastic and graceful as she rose to receive her visitor. Her profile was well enough, though not quite as classic as she desired; her complexion was a clear half-brunette, flushing into rich rose-color on the cheeks; her eyes alone presented a beauty that was extraordinary. Large, and of a prevailing dark-hazel, with specks of tortoise-shell colors in them, and sparks of light dancing upward from innermost depths, and an expression variable enough to utter the feelings of all womankind—now arch, now tender, now passionate, now placid—they were quite enough to account for the infatuation of Tom Mallory. And as that poor young man looked into them at this moment his breath came so heavily and his throat grew so dry that he could not speak.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mallory," she said, in a tone of perfect composure. "Won't you take a seat?"

"Thank you—in a great hurry—don't know that I can stay," gasped Tom, and then sat down.

"You are going to Europe, I hear. How delightful! I so envy you!"

Where, now, was Tom's picture of two blissful lovers? She didn't care a hair-pin for his departure, nor for the possibility that he might be tempted to stay all his life across the water, nor for the chance of his being drowned in the Atlantic Ocean, and so forth. She only thought of Europe, including, perhaps, a romantic idea of meeting Mr. Bayard Taylor, who was, of course, to be found in every castle of the Rhine and every châlet of Switzerland.

"Indeed, Miss Ryder," broke out Tom, bitterly, "you have no cause to envy me."

"Why, I should think you would enjoy it of all things," answered Nellie, not a ripple of comprehension showing on the smooth surface of her counterfeit innocence.

Tom gave a hasty glance at her beautiful eyes, without finding in them a single spark of affection, nor even the faintest confession of comprehension. She did not mean to be cruel; quite the contrary; she wished to be wisely merciful; she was resolved that he should not demean himself. She neither hated nor despised him, although she could not love him, and wished he would let her alone. Tom was far from appreciating her motives; indeed, he did the

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profoundest injustice to them; but he had sense enough to see that his case was hopeless.

"I can't stay, Miss Ryder," said he, rising. "I'm not quite packed yet, and I start to-morrow. I wish you every happiness," he went on, with a choking voice. "Good-by."

She gave him her hand. He pressed it and bent down suddenly to kiss it. She drew it away from him before he could win that one small favor.

"No, no; you must not," she stammered. "I hope you will be happy. Good-by."

He turned away with such a pale, humiliated, desperate face that she felt a thrill of regret at having repulsed this meek, farewell utterance of unrequited affection. She had not exactly intended it; she had not done it through aversion, nor caution, nor even affectation of modesty; only from an instinctive movement of that reserve which she had been obliged to use for months past to check his ever-reviving hopes.

"Not even *that!*" groaned the miserable Tom when he was out of hearing. "Not even kiss her hand—now—when I may never see her again! Haughty—conceited—insolent! Oh, too much! I will *not* be despised. I will remember."

Then the words, "If you want to wreak a thorough vengeance on a woman you must first make her love you," entered his memory and cast down every angry wish, every exultant expectation in hopeless ruin.

Three weeks later found him the lonely and unhappy tenant of an *appartement de garçon* in the *Quartier Latin* of Paris. But although a fellow may be very wretched, it is hard for him to continue very solitary when once established in that hive of boon companions, the regions of Parisian studentdom, surrounded by the youth of the most sociable nation under heaven, many of whom are under pressing necessity of making friends from whom they can borrow money. Look at the pictures in the *Charivari* and the *Illustration de Paris* if you want to see the jolly, reckless, spendthrift life of the Latin Quarter. If you are ever over the water go to the dancing gardens of that classic retreat and be astonished, perhaps grief-stricken, at the wild, unwatched boys and their affectionate enemies, the *grisettes*, cutting the extravagant pranks of the *cancan*, with the uniformed, cocked-hatted gens d'armes standing by on the watch for improprieties. And then imagine the succeeding supper and all that follows; only imagine it, for it will not bear your chaste investigation.

I think that he was a bad fellow during most of his Parisian life, and I believe that he has come to admit it himself. There was something worse in him than appeared on the surface. There was a deliberate, persistent self-perversion, not unlike that of the Hindoo fakir who takes an unnatural posture and keeps it until he grows misshapen. He sincerely tried to become hard-hearted; to crush the affectionate sensibilities which had made him suffer; to dull the delicate respect for woman in which he had been educated; to free himself from whatsoever moral bonds might interfere with his pleasures. His iron will and tireless perseverance were bent to this wicked purpose by a load of painful and mortifying recollections. There was a sullen desire in him—never expressed in words, not fully acknowledged in thought—to avenge all his anguish and insult upon the person who had tortured him, or, if that were not possible, upon humanity. His humiliation before Miss Ryder he recollected with rage, after he had half-forgotten the feelings which led him to it. The wound in his affections healed sooner than the wound in his vanity.

Hardly a day passed that he was not haunted by her spiritual presence. While she was picnicking on Milford Point, or flirting in New Haven with the beaux of Yale College, she was also walking beside Tom Mallory in Paris, her soft hazel eyes perfectly visible to his stern gray ones, sometimes sending him home in sadness and tenderness from the wanton gardens, sometimes provoking him to a defiant plunge into dissoluteness. Then, from the dissolving fantasia of passion her image rose again, perhaps brought vividly to mind by the sight of some person who resembled her—and once more a restraining or an angering companion. One afternoon he thought he saw her in the great picture-gallery of the Louvre, and he felt at that moment as if a child could have knocked him down with a feather. Enraged to find how weak he still was, he deliberately drank himself drunk that night, for the first and last time in his life. Through all these alternations of passion, these fiery heatings and cruel chillings, the once soft heart was being steadily tempered to hardness.

After he had been three months in Paris he sent Stuart the four sample letters which he had promised.

"The tattle is good," wrote the author. "Keep it up; plenty of dialogue, plenty of private gossip, plenty of devilry—a little medical news. I have got you a place as Occasional Correspondent of the *Morning Spectator*, and you can send something once a week. You will have the regular price of five dollars a column. Hope you accept. Meantime don't forget to become a good doctor. Don't get tickled with the idea of becoming a *litterateur*, and make a fool of yourself as did your now sagacious monitor. Be a tip-top sawbones first. By-the-way, have you obeyed the direction, 'Physician, heal thyself?' Got the arrow-head out of the heart before this, I suppose. I wish you joy of your success in that, and in winning the affections of the *Morning Spectator*. By-the-way, again, suppose you should pick up a few cheap engravings or sketches, illustrative of Parisian life as you see it. Some publisher may think your letters worth collecting in volume form. Great asses—publishers! Shall be delighted to see you when you return! Yours cordially, etc."

Tom laughed outrageously over this letter, not because it was irresistibly witty, but because he felt as elated with his literary success as a child with a new plaything. He sat immediately down and wrote a long epistle of ardent thanks and unconscious boastings to Stuart, who grinned good-naturedly over it in his chamber, feeling immensely tempted to work it into his next novel.

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Miss Nellie Ryder did her part toward creating Tom's excitement. In the literary career which he saw opening before him he seemed to discover the first promise of his desired revenge; for her father took the *Morning Spectator*, and she would read the weekly column of "NEMO." Would she not regret, now when it was all too late, that she had despised the love of a man who could fill so large a space in the public eye? Might not *she* yet be following *him* about with offerings of admiration?

Yes, Tom; the thing was possible, under the existent constitution of female nature. For this end, as well as for the applause of the great world, he labored mightily upon his letters, writing them twice over for greater perfection of style, and searching after curious matter in every nook of Paris. I believe that his ambition to be a crack correspondent led him into some new irregularities, causing him to frequent the Cyprian gardens more than ever, and to court the company of the wildest youths of the Latin Quarter. But he hit his mark. He sent home pages that made even proof-readers grin. His anecdotes were quoted with generous profusion by the country press. His fame as a frivolous but amusing gossip flitted the rounds of what was then the great republic. He even filled all Milford with wonder and laughter, more or less scandalized. For nearly two years the weekly letters went from the Latin Quarter to Nassau Street, and sent back the quarterly drafts from Nassau Street to the Latin Quarter. After a while the American aristocracy in Paris heard of him, and he got an invitation to the Consul's receptions, then to the Minister's receptions, and then to the Imperial balls, so that he became acquainted with traveling millionaires and statesmen from his own land, and walked familiarly among hosts of noble people dazzling with diamonds or august with decorations. You may be sure he worked all these items into his correspondence, dividing Milford into two factions, of the admiring and the incredulous.

Meantime, remembering the advice of Stuart, and acting upon it with that strong practical sense which he carried into every thing but love (and who carries it there?), he was rapidly mastering his profession. You have possibly suspected before this that he was a fellow who "could labor terribly," full of stubborn industry, of *vim*, of passion, with a brain like a steam-engine—good works and plenty of boiler. He obtained prizes; he made a discovery or two; he was noticed at the examinations.

After two years of hard study he declared himself fitted for practice, and bade farewell to the *Quartier Latin*, not without a lost and lonesome feeling which showed that the heart within him was yet tender, and could love a place if not a person. He was somewhat thin and pale now, chiefly with overwork, let us hope; and he resolved to recruit himself with a year or so of lounging about the Continent, not caring to go with colorless cheeks and sunken eyes before the scornful beauty of Milford.

He had obtained permission from the office of the *Spectator* to become a Traveling Correspondent. The letters of introduction which he could now obtain in Paris enabled him to see not only the physical wonders, but something of the society of Spain, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. He returned from his tour flushed with health, with elated pride, and with as much happiness as his now hardened temper could absorb. A new source of triumph had opened to him in the publication of his first book, a copy of which, together with three or four papers containing favorable notices, met him in Paris, forwarded there by his publisher—yes, his own publisher. Before he started on his journey he had sent Stuart a package of sketches depicting wild and queer life at Paris. At Vienna he received the following letter in reply:

"I have hooked a gudgeon for you. He couldn't resist the pictures, and will publish a volume of the Correspondence, if I will select the best, which I will do immediately in anticipation of your consent. It won't trouble me. No need of much supervision; it is very easy printing from print. You will get twelve per cent. on the retail price, which is the best that any body will do for a tyro."

And there was the wonderful volume. After Tom had read it through as though it were perfectly new to him, and got the favorable notices by heart, he felt that he was ready to meet Miss Nellie Ryder.

We must take a brief glance at that interesting young lady. She was neither married, nor engaged, nor in love, and she was as great an admirer of literary men, especially travelers, as ever. She had delighted in the letters of NEMO months before she knew who was their author. There were things in them which in her innocence she did not understand, and which knowing married ladies only half-explained to her by shaking their propriety-crowned noddles; but it is possible that the epistles interested her only the more for that, inasmuch as from the days of Eden until now the feminine soul has been hungry after forbidden mysteries. It gave her a start of some curious emotion, inexplicable to her and to myself also, when she read in one of the New Haven papers, "We learn that NEMO, the brilliant Occasional Correspondent of the *Morning Spectator*, is Mr. Thomas Mallory of Milford. Mr. Mallory graduated at Williams College three years ago, with high honors," etc., etc. Then the book came out, heralded by magniloquent advertisements, and followed by praise in high places. Nellie saw it in a New Haven bookstore, and gave up a love of a ribbon to buy it; excusing the folly to herself by saying that she wanted to see how those absurd letters could be illustrated. But she did not merely look at the pictures; she read, fragment by fragment, every word of the well-remembered context; she even noticed the absence of some of her favorite passages cut out by Stuart, and was vexed at the omission. A cross-sea of contending pain and pleasure at Tom's glory rippled through her spirit. It was agreeable to remember that she had had this "brilliant" being at her feet; but

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it was mortifying to reflect that he would probably kneel there no more forever. She did not want him, nor regret that she had refused him—by no manner of means, Mr. Thomas Mallory; but she got very curious to see him.

Tom Mallory reached New York; shook hands patronizingly with his publishers; forced a sumptuous dinner and magnificent thanks upon Stuart; swelled a little in the Club of Authors and Artists; and, thus fortified, came up to Milford.

Three years had passed since he left the place, so that he was twenty-four years old now, an unexampled maturity, and Miss Nellie Ryder was nearly twenty-one, no doubt a ripe woman. He felt sure, however, that Time had wrought no such change in her as in him. He rejoiced, he exulted in the thought that he had been able to sear his sensibilities and blunt his conscience, at least in these heart matters, with a thoroughness which her opportunities had certainly not allowed her to emulate. If either of them should suffer when they came once more into daily contact it would not be him, thank the ——! You see that he had not forgotten his unlucky love, as men can and do forget, wondering how they could have been such fools, and speaking of the silly sorrow with humorous satisfaction as they do of a by-gone sea-sickness or any other ludicrous misery. He was yet in the sore state, when the injury seems of consequence and well worth a laborious vengeance.

He thought it best to wait three or four days before he called on the Ryders. Nellie was not astonished at his remissness, but a little mortified she certainly was, because it looked as though he had forgotten his interest in her; and I understand that no woman likes to lose a once subject heart, however little she may be willing to give for the sake of keeping it. All the other girls were at her with, "Have you seen Mr. Mallory? Isn't he splendid! I think he is *so* handsome and interesting; and then his manners are *perfectly* elegant. What! hasn't he been to see you? Why, Nellie, you don't say!"

They met first at a party. She saw him walk up and down the veranda for half an hour with Mrs. Wooster, a gay young widow from New Haven. She watched him out of the corners of her handsome eyes while she conversed successively with Mr. Beasely the storekeeper, and Mr. Fox the lawyer, and Mr. Gilmer the Yale "senior," who was enjoying the honors of rustication in Milford. Tom did not once look at her, nor appear to be aware that there was a person in the world besides Mrs. Wooster. He had learned before his time the potent secret that, when a man wants to become a favorite with the other sex, he must seem to be entirely devoted to each woman with whom he talks, regarding no other feminine creature for the time being, and forgetting even his own ease and pleasure and vanity.

"It looks like a match already," thought Nellie; "how can she have bewitched him in such a hurry?" Half an hour afterward she believed that he did not care a straw for the widow, and was almost as much in love with herself as ever. They blushed a little at first meeting, for the old days would be remembered. For an instant Tom adored her; felt humiliated before her, and burned with disappointed love and wounded vanity; but the next instant changed him by a mighty struggle into the unruffled, wary, attentive, courteous young man of fine society.

"I have traveled with you, Mr. Nemo," she said, after they had stumbled through their confused greeting. "I have read your letters."

"I am very much obliged to you for telling me so," answered Tom, smiling with such apparently earnest gratitude that she was flattered.

"How you must have enjoyed yourself in those magnificent court-balls!"

"I have enjoyed myself quite as much—more—in our little parties here in Milford. I remember thinking so at St. Cloud."

"Then you didn't forget us plain folks, even in the presence of royalty? I am glad you are such a true American. So many people come home from Europe, pretending a disgust with their country!"

"How could I forget? Yes, I was always on the look-out for Milford people. I had a great disappointment once. I thought I saw you in the picture-gallery of the Louvre, and for a moment I promised myself the pleasure of showing you about the city. It was only a handsome French lady."

"He has not got over it yet," inferred Nellie; "I must be careful how I seem to encourage him."

She toned down the air of interest with which she had talked hitherto, and quitted the subject of Tom's feelings and personal adventures to inquire coolly about the sights of Europe. He perceived the change, and guessed the reason of it. In the first pang of wounded self-love he thought of standing on his dignity, of conversing as indifferently as herself, of gaping at the other pretty girls present, and praising the cleverness of Mrs. Wooster. But he quelled this impulse of childish fretfulness, and continued to be absorbed in Miss Nellie Ryder. For half an hour he conversed calmly about the European capitals, doing his best to be interesting, but never failing to check himself if he saw her disposed to speak, and listening to her remarks with an air of cordial approbation. He was anxious, too, lest she should be tired with standing; troubled lest she should take cold from the open window behind her; in short, full of those little attentions and courteous cares which always gratify women, at least in Milford.

"I can make him offer again if I ever wish to," thought Nellie, as he resigned his place by her side to the Rev. Mr. Dibble, the young bachelor minister. Ten minutes afterward she was astonished, and a trifle mortified, at seeing him apparently fascinated by that little hoyden, Miss Fannie Foster. His simple trick—the trick of every clever flirt—a trick which she also knew

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how to play—deceived her when it came to be practiced on herself. She could not keep her eyes from following him occasionally. How well he was dressed, how gracefully he walked, what gentlemanly manners, what an intellectual face, and what a distinguished mustache! How ridiculously conceited Fannie Foster was over her success! How eager were all the other girls, every sly creature of them, to attract his attentions! How dull was the Rev. Mr. Dibble! She was almost disappointed that Tom did not approach her again during the evening.

Take care, Nellie!

When he called on her the next day she had recollected herself. Both tried to be easily sociable, but neither succeeded very well, the fact that they were *tête-à-tête* being embarrassing. After a few minutes Nellie noticed that Tom had a cool, steady way of watching her, as if he were trying to look beneath the surface of her expression and conversation. She felt very curious to know his motives; but she could only discover that there was a strange strength in the gray eye once so timorous; an unflinching, searching keenness which heated her cheek and hurried her pulses.

The truth is, that he suspected her of being far more artful than she was; for he had felt her superiority to him when she came back from a city "finishing" at eighteen, and he was but a country beau of twenty-one; and now, although the advantage of having seen the most "life" was at last on his side, he still feared her and wanted to gauge her powers. Partly to revenge her embarrassment, and partly because she felt just a little interested in the matter, she began to tease him gayly about his attentions to Mrs. Wooster.

"I don't like widows; I am afraid of them," said he. "They have run over a large range of human feeling, and it makes them too clever, too self-possessed. They are an overmatch for me."

"What! with all your experience of the world, Mr. Nemo?"

"I have had very little experience of the real world, the interior, the spiritual. I have seen ruins and wonders, seen decorated coats and rich gowns, and all that, but very little of the hearts under them. You have had a chance to study deeper than I. You have come very near to people's souls here in Milford. I have been a long way from them in Paris."

Nellie was gratified with the acknowledgment of her superiority, and pleased also that he should announce himself so helplessly innocent.

"Even you—not a widow, determined not to risk being one, apparently—even you would be an overmatch for me," he continued, emboldened by her smile. "I don't seem to be quite safe in your presence. I feel obliged to be constantly on my guard against you."

"You have no need of it," answered Nellie, drawing back coolly, in fear that he was about to reopen the old courtship.

Tom had expected this change in her manner, but he was nevertheless angry at it. It stung anew that savage pride of his which for three long years (and how long they are in youth!) had kept him firm to the desire of punishing the being who had filled him with humiliation—to his nature no possible blessing, only a poison. He was angry, but he crushed all expression of it, for he had learned that terrible secret, how to bide his time.

"Oh, I don't charge you with intentions," he laughed. "I charge you with power, and I'm afraid you may use it unwittingly, damage me without meaning it or knowing it. You women are good skaters on this slippery surface, human intercourse. We men are awkward ones. There is a collision, accidental perhaps, and you go smoothly on your course. But we are on our backs seeing stars."

Nellie felt that he was mildly reproving her for the past, and that she did indeed owe him some atoning kindness. Her eyes unwittingly filled with softness, and she smiled as she answered:

"But you must forgive us, since we mean no harm. And you must learn to skate better."

"How can we? We have so many other things to do. We must make money, manage politics, build cathedrals, fight battles, and write nonsensical letters from Europe. The world of the affections is almost your only world; and so you study it closely and know it thoroughly; and when we enter it we are at your mercy."

"And so it ought to be," said Nellie. "What influence should we have over you if it were different? But let us quit this philosophizing. Did you see any cameos at Florence, any corals at Naples? I'm just equal to those subjects, you know."

Tom drew out a small morocco case and laid it on the table open, exposing an exquisite cameo. Nellie took it up, admired it, longed for it, and then hastily replaced it as the thought struck her that she might seem to be begging for it.

"Will you do me the favor to accept it?" he asked.

Once he would have stammered and blushed in making such an offer, while Nellie would have been self-possessed and graceful. It is rather a significant circumstance that now it was she who colored and faltered, and he who was at ease.

"I thank you—but I can not. I ought not to take such a handsome present from you. I—mamma would object. I really thank you very much."

"I beg you won't refuse it. I have already given one to Mrs. Wooster, and one to Fannie Foster. They felt no hesitation."

"Mrs. Wooster is a widow, and Fannie Foster is a—" She was about to say "hoyden," but charitably left the sentence unfinished. All of a sudden her mind was quite clear on the subject of the gift, and she declined it with a firmness which was somewhat ceremonious in

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manner if not haughty. Was she jealously vexed because he had given cameos to Mrs. Wooster and Fannie Foster? The flattery of that supposition lulled the angry pain which her refusal inflicted on the sensitive, resentful pride of this unfortunately constituted young fellow.

Still as he thought over the interview on his way homeward he concluded that he had gained little by it, except that he had learned where they stood with regard to each other. She no longer despised him, and he no longer trembled before her, which was a vast change for the better. But, on the other hand, she had not been crushed by his genteel dress, fine manners, traveled air, and literary reputation; she had quietly placed herself on her simple, womanly dignity, and he had not seemed to reach her there. On the whole, it had been a worrying half hour to him, not calculated to blunt his hard feeling of vindictiveness.

I suppose that by this time you consider Tom a thoroughly hateful and contemptible person. His mother was not of that opinion, and yet she knew him well and was a very sensible woman, not much blinded by parental partiality. She said that he was a better son than ever; that formerly he had often been disobedient, willful, selfish, fretful, and loud; but that now he was thoughtful of her comfort, attentive to her wishes, and gently spoken. It is perfectly true: he had gained as well as lost by his life abroad; he had improved in manners as he had deteriorated in heart. Perhaps his mother did not notice that she no longer attempted to rule him as of old, but had tacitly allowed him to become the head of the family, so that he found nothing at home to rouse his temper.

The summer and the autumn passed, adding new rays to Tom's glory. A second volume of his letters came out, exciting more attention than the first. He "set up practice" as doctor, and by a successful operation of acknowledged difficulty obtained professional fame, so that he was often sent for from the surrounding townships. He became the pride of Milford and its chief social favorite with men as well as with women. During all this the hard-tempered youth never forgot his purpose with regard to Nellie Ryder. He did not apparently seek her society, but nevertheless he met her a surprising number of times, and they rarely failed to have a long talk of apparently a very interesting nature.

An impudent story got about town that Nellie Ryder and Fannie Foster were rivals for the good graces of Tom Mallory. Nellie cried with rage about it, but did not therefore check his visits.

"Hope you ain't busy," said Miss Nancy Riggs, as she walked in upon Nellie one afternoon. "I'm come to have a long talk with you."

"I've no doubt of it," smiled Nellie, who could not endure the garrulous old creature.

"Wa'al, I *am* sociable, that's a fact," admitted Miss Nancy. "Is your mother to home? Ain't, eh? Glad on't. Knew she wasn't. I come to see *you* specially, Ellen Ryder. I think it's my dooty to warn you, kinder, against that Doctor Mallory."

Nellie's eye grew anxious at once, and somewhat vexed, although she still kept her lips at their false work of smiling.

"They say he's git'n fond of you agin."

"Nonsense, Miss Nancy!" answered the girl, her eyes becoming sweetly illuminated.

"Yes, he's certainly dreadful attentive; and I'm afeard he don't mean no good by it."

Nellie blushed crimson from chin to forehead, and choked so with indignation that she could not answer.

"Young folks don't git no good by livin' among Roman Catholics an' French people, an' keepin' such company as he tells about in them letters. I don't want to be uncharitable. I wouldn't say a word aginst him only for your sake. But I must say, an' I do say, that I consider him a bad young man. There! I've done my dooty."

Nellie trembled from head to foot with excitement. It is significant that she forgot the implied insult to herself in her anger at the condemnation passed upon Tom Mallory.

"Thank you for nothing, Miss Riggs!" she said. "I should like to know what right you have to judge Mr. Mallory in this style. How do you know he is a bad young man? I don't believe it. I don't believe a word of it—not a word!"

"But look at them disgustin' letters," said Miss Nancy, who had read every one of them, but who now blazed up in the breeze of contradiction. "You are a young girl, an' don't understand all they mean. Look at the company he kep' in Paris! Do you know what kind of places them gardens be?"

"No. I don't want to know. I don't care. He went there as a literary man to study foreign life. Besides, what is it to me? You are mistaken if you think I see much of him." (How the best of girls will fib about young men!) "There's nothing between us. He's an old beau of mine; but that's over long ago. Thank you for nothing at all, Miss Riggs!"

"Wa'al, I only come for your good, Ellen Ryder. I thought you needed warnin', an' now I'm sure of it."

"I believe I can take care of myself, Miss Riggs."

"Yes, I know you do, Ellen Ryder; an' that's just the reason why I come to talk to you. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Or, as Mr. Dibble says, self-confidence is ruin."

"Then look out for yourself, Miss Nancy."

"Well, if I ain't astonished, Ellen Ryder! I thought you was a sweet-tempered, amiable girl; an' here you be as tart as if you had been married forty year. I never see such a temper!"

"Miss Nancy, you insulted me. You hinted that Mr. Mallory could do me some harm."

"And it's true. I know it now, if I never knowed it afore. Well, well; this is what

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folks git for bein' charitable! this is the way Christian kindness is rewarded! Good-mornin', Miss Ellen Ryder!"

Is it a shame that a girl as innocent as Nellie should defend the character, and actually believe in the purity of a dissolute Tom Mallory? Don't blame me for it. My business as an author is simply to tell the truth concerning humanity. Such things do happen, and often, notwithstanding the opposition of Miss Nancy Riggs and other virtuously-severe people. You will please to observe, by-the-way, that Miss Nancy had nothing to allege against Doctor Mallory's walk and conversation in Milford; and it is a suggestive fact that he had become quite virtuous under the influence of that New England society which, while in Paris, he pretended to despise for its hypocrisy. It leads one to suspect that his contempt was altogether undeserved. Meanwhile he also had his counselors and catechisers.

"What do you talk about so much with Nellie Ryder?" smiled his mother.

"Do I talk with her much? Well, she is very fond of hearing about balls and royalties, and such things."

"Why don't you marry her, Tom?"

"You know I tried that, mother. You know how I came out. I don't want any more self-contempt."

"Nellie wouldn't make the same answer now."

"Mrs. Mallory, are you aware that you are my mother, and that parents are sometimes partial to their children?"

"Tom, I was a girl before I was a mother. I can understand girls. I understand Nellie Ryder. If you want her you can have her."

"Don't want her, mother."

Mrs. Mallory did not fully believe this positive assertion of her offspring, being perhaps over-sharp in these love-matters, as women sometimes are.

Longer and longer grew the interviews between the two young people; not sociable and gay now, as they were when Tom first returned to Milford, but broken by many silences, embarrassing if not distressing. Little by little Tom had brought up the old subject of his rejection. At first he did not speak of it long at a time or plainly, but only alluded to it as something which dissociated their interests forever. He showed no anger; he uttered no reproaches or bemoanings; he seemed simply indifferent, yet unforgetting. The topic was painful to Nellie, and it grew daily more so, yet also more interesting; while, as for Tom, it was no new tyrant over his thoughts, but one which had long held stern dominion. More and more completely it monopolized their intercourse, until it appeared as if nothing brought them together but the remembrance of their eternal separation.

After a while it was observable that during these long conversations Nellie's cheeks became flushed, her eyes nervously bright, her breath feverish, and that after Tom left her she was apt to sink into fits of absent-minded silence. Later still, she used to lock herself up in her own room and cry by the hour together; not by any means for the mere luxury of the sensation. Why would he cling so sullenly to that idea that the past necessarily determined the future? Why would he not understand, without being told, that a woman may change her mind, and will at least be grateful for a decent opportunity of confessing it? Perhaps he supposed that she liked him now, and was trying to punish her for the old refusal. Her pride rose at this thought, but not much, for it was not what it had been; and besides, she remembered with compunction how she had formerly humiliated *him*. Was it indelicate in a girl to care so much for a man when she did not feel sure that he cared for her? Please excuse her. She did her best to uproot her emotion, and, when that was hopeless, to conceal it. There were times also when something in Tom's manner—intentional on his part, I am afraid—deceived her temporarily into the belief that she was as dear to him as long ago. I do not condemn her; I pity and admire her.

You see that I have stated in a sufficiently blundering way the awkward fact that Nellie Ryder had fallen in love with the once undesired Tom Mallory. Why was it? Well, he had become distinguished; he was well-dressed and elegant and intellectual; he was sought after in society and known in the world. Women naturally adore notability, says my bachelor friend; they have an instinctive preference for men who don't play second fiddle.

Tom's desired revenge had come at last; but how could he enjoy it if he did not know it? Indeed, he had not yet been able to decide what he wanted to do when he should find that he had Nellie's heart in his power and could make it bleed at his cruel pleasure. Let us not waste our time in wandering through his wild, vague, changeful, contradictory reveries, sometimes gentle and compassionate, and sometimes so wicked that he was ashamed to meet his own eyes in the glass, but for the most part simply perplexed and sullen. Let us at once see how he discovered his secret, and what revenge he found in the inspiration of triumph.

One January day he received a summons to call on Mr. Ryder, who was suffering with the rheumatism; and as the distance was not great he set out on foot, chiefly intent upon the thought that he should have a talk with Nellie. For a time he scarcely noticed the weather, although it was the most inclement of New England wintriness. The fine flakes of a settled snow-storm were falling as well as they might through a raw and fitful gale, sometimes driving horizontally before a sudden gust, then descending in vertical showers during the succeeding lull, with here and there a few hundred flakes sailing upward and about on some tiny whirlwind. The branches of the bare trees, the tops of the fences, the mouldings of the village windows were all capped with white, rounded frills, deepening in

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every secure corner. On the roofs the snow lay in drifts, the windward slopes being mostly swept bare, while to leeward of the ridge-boards and the chimneys it had gathered as the storm would let it, showing delicate long sweeps and beautiful curves, out of which rose continually little mad spirals, staying only for a moment, and then rushing away like a vapor before the driving wind. The sky was a uniform dull, pearly glare, shaded into snowy mistiness all around the horizon, and exhibiting, as you looked up at the zenith, innumerable specks of dark ash color falling deliberately, ceaselessly, like the days of an eternity. In the fields the heads of the little knolls were bald, merely powdered with whiteness, through which appeared the frozen, yellowish stalks of last autumn's grasses. Under shelter of these knolls and of the fences were numberless drifts, various in size, but curiously uniform in feature, the greater proportion being delicately smoothed and rounded, although the windward slope was always the longest; while others terminated at the top in a clearly defined crest, often combing over like a breaking wave—but all alike haunted by a restless ghost made up of whirling flakes. Suddenly Tom remembered that it was on just such a winter's day as this that he had been refused by Nellie Ryder. The reminiscence brought up tender feelings mingled with bitter ones.

When he came out of the invalid's room Nellie followed him into the hall.

"My father is not going to be sick?" she inquired.

"Oh no; of course not. It is a mere lameness, which will probably go off when the storm does."

"It is horribly cold," she added. "Won't you come into the sitting-room and get warm before you go out again?"

Forgetting her father's rheumatism she was actually glad of the furious tempest because it gave excuse for that invitation. Tom accepted it in silence and took a seat by the fire. The two were never willingly apart of late, and yet they were very unhappy together.

"This day reminds me of another," he said, looking at her with a bitter smile.

She made no answer, for she also remembered.

"Really, the nature of a thing depends pretty much on the nature of him who sees it," he remarked. "That storm seemed dreary and horrible to me; this one is enlivening, exciting."

Nellie flinched, for the storm of to-day was beating upon her very heart, while the recollection of the other was cheerful.

"Nellie, I have never thanked you for one thing," he said, changing his tone to mocking gayety. "I believe you did a good deal to fit me for my profession. I can study suffering more firmly and coolly because I once suffered myself."

"I thought trouble softened the heart," she answered, timidly.

"Very likely; but not the head," he laughed.

"Why do you keep bringing up this subject?" she asked, stung by his merriment. "You know that *I* don't desire to speak of it."

"You surprise me, Nellie. Why should you forbid it now after having allowed it for months past. Can't a man, if he wishes, enjoy the privilege of talking about the time when he made himself wretched and ridiculous? Is it conceding too much to my vanity?"

"You ought not to linger over a past which you say is so painful. Your future is bright enough; and you ought to live for that."

"So I do. I smile with delight at the thought that I may yet admire you as the well-chosen partner of our excellent young pastor, the Reverend Mr. Dibble."

"You will have no such pleasure, Sir," replied Nellie, with imprudent excitement.

"What! Is it possible? Can it be that the Reverend Mr. Dibble indulges a mistaken hope?"

"Send him to ask, and then get him to tell you the result if you can," she said, endeavoring to laugh in order to hide a tell-tale quivering of the mouth.

"Oh, he wouldn't tell it; not for three years, at least. Then he would become a philosopher, as I am, and uncork his bitter experience to find it grown sweet by age."

"Perhaps he would," muttered Nellie, too much perturbed to think of a remark to the purpose.

"Tell me, Nellie—you can tell it to me now, for the thing is no longer important—does a good girl—a girl like yourself, for instance—rejoice in the humiliation of a man whom she refuses?"

"No, Tom—never!"

"And you never exulted over me in the days when I suffered and deserved to suffer?"

"No, Tom."

"No—I don't suppose you did. I really believe, too, that the subject is not pleasant to you."

"Then why do you harp on it?" exclaimed Nellie, feeling that she should cry if she did not try to be angry. "Why do you reproach me and torment me in this underhanded way? If you can't wish me to be happy, why can't you stay away from me?"

As soon as she had spoken she perceived how she had forgotten her self-respect and betrayed her heart. Covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears of shame and wretchedness. Tom remained astonished a moment; then he rose suddenly and advanced to her.

"Is it possible, Nellie," he said, "that *I* can cause *you* such unhappiness?"

Another instant of tumultuous, exultant reflection, or rather feeling, and he felt that he had before him his long-sought opportunity of vengeance.

"Oh, God bless you for owning it!" he exclaimed. "I never could have bent my pride to you without it."

Her hands dropped trembling into her lap, and she looked up through her tears in wonder.

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He leaned over her; he took both her hands in his and kissed them; his tears fell upon her cheeks.

"Oh, my dear little girl," he whispered, "I know now that I have loved you all this long wretched time!"

A tumultuous flood of love and joy poured through his whole soul, sweeping out of it, at least for the present, every wreck of evil passion and habit. Was the blessed transformation as real, as profound, as lasting in its nature as it was sudden? Could the pure, affectionate, sensitive girl safely trust him with her future? I don't know. I have nothing to do with that. I describe such women and men as actually live in the world without guaranteeing the wisdom of all their conduct. Certain it is that she did trust him, with the whole-souled, innocent simplicity of love. This much, too, I will add, that when I last heard of her she was proud of her husband and happy, while he had already outlived the suspicions of the grave people of Milford.

ANÆSTHESIA.

"I HAD a call from Dr. Morton this morning," said our Principal; "he'll be here at chapel exercises to-morrow and will address the school."

"And who is Dr. Morton?" I asked.

I trust Dr. Morton will pardon my ignorance. Let it be remembered in extenuation of that ignorance that, when Dr. Morton began his experiments in Anæsthesia, I was a baby in long dresses; that the greater portion of my days, since I have been capable of taking such a subject into my mind, has been spent in the conning of Davies's course of Mathematics, Fasquelle's French books, and Anthon's Latin series. Let it be remembered, furthermore, that I am not a physician, neither a scientific man—only a woman. Now if I had ever had a tooth extracted, a tumor removed, or an arm amputated—if I had ever been indebted to Anæsthesia for salvation from suffering otherwise inevitable, there would have been no need, I am sure, for me to inquire "Who is Dr. Morton?" But having had in my lifetime no more formidable dental instrument in my mouth than some gentle finger and thumb to remove my uprooted baby-teeth, having never seen a surgeon's knife, and having suffered no more serious operation than the removal with the familiar needle of a splinter from an ulcerated thumb, I was ignorant, and I did inquire "Who is Dr. Morton?"

"Dr. Morton is one of the Peace Commissioners from Jeff Davis," replied our Principal, facetiously, supposing my ignorance feigned.

"Tell me who he is, for really I do not know."

"Do not know! I'm astonished. You ought to know—every body ought to know. He is the man who first introduced ether as an anæsthetic."

Thoroughly ashamed by this time of my ignorance, I finished my coffee in silence.

The following morning, though a great pile of uncorrected school-girl's compositions lay on my writing-desk, I went to chapel to see and hear the man whom every body ought to know. On the stage, by the side of the Principal, was seated a man with a thoughtful, perhaps sad, face and an intelligent blue eye. My curiosity and interest were aroused: I was face to face with a man to whom the suffering every where are indebted, and whose name has been for a quarter of a century ringing in two hemispheres, albeit I had not remembered it. Before me sat a discoverer, one of that class to which Columbus, and Harvey, and Jenner belonged. I looked at his head—well formed, his brow broad, thoughtful. Then I talked with myself: "I wonder if his discovery was made by accident, or was it the result of research, thought, and reasoning. He must be a wealthy man; such a gift to the world should enrich the giver as it doubtless has. I presume Congress has appropriated something handsome—ah! now I remember something about Dr. Morton, concerning his application to Congress after the battle of the Wilderness for—"

Here Dr. Morton was introduced by the Principal. For fifty minutes he chained my attention. It was not his polished style that did the work, for Dr. Morton was not at all times fluent, hesitating, occasionally, for a word, which, however, when secured was forcible. It was the eloquence of truth; it was the story of a discoverer, agitated by hopes and fears, trembling but resolute, groping his way into a mysterious, unexplored country; the story of victory, of disappointments, of persecutions, told with simple pathos by the man who had seen and felt it all. Dr. Morton sketched briefly and modestly the history of his great discovery, dwelling no longer than was imperative upon the opposition and difficulties against which he was forced to make his way in the introduction of ether, that Angel of Mercy, which has brought to the discoverer alone of all the world—to use his thought—suffering instead of comfort. I wish I could reproduce his remarks as I heard them that morning, glowing with feeling. So engaged did I become with his theme that I procured some documents relating to the discovery of ether; among others "The Trials of a Public Benefactor," by Nathan P. Rice, M.D., and the report of the Congressional Committee on Military Affairs and Militia of 1863, to whom was referred Dr. Morton's petition, asking compensation for the discovery and gift to mankind of a practical anæsthetic. I have spent weeks in the examination of these and other documents relating to Dr. Morton's discovery with an interest which few novels have awakened in my mind. Amidst such a mass of interesting material it is difficult to make a selection for a Magazine article. How, in such a space, can there be presented a photograph of a subject about which volumes have been written?

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In the year 1844, while a student of the Massachusetts Medical Hospital, Dr. Morton heard, among other lecturers of the Institution, the eminent surgeon Dr. John C. Warren allude to the means of preventing pain. Trials were made with all the agents calculated to accomplish that end; opiates and stimulants were given freely; and experiments were made with animal magnetism and nitrous oxyd or laughing gas, and he personally assisted in demonstrating the utility of these agents before the class of which he was a member. In the same year Dr. Morton heard a lecture on Cerebral Stimulants, embracing ether, from a professor of the college. Among the medicinal uses of this substance was mentioned its relief of toothache. This being germane to his profession—that of a dentist—it found a secure lodging in his mind.

Having a patient a short time after this who was suffering excessively from a tooth, Dr. Morton applied ether to the sensitive cavity, sealing it up, as it is exceedingly volatile, with wax, repeating the application once an hour during the day. On introducing the instrument in search of a sensitive portion of the bone the patient exclaimed: "Doctor, I neither feel the instrument in the tooth nor your hand on my face, though I plainly see it in the looking-glass." The idea seized him "like a grasp of steel," to use his own words, that if the influence of ether could be diffused over the system, the pain of surgical operations might be relieved. But how was this to be accomplished? It was obviously impossible to immerse the whole body in ether as he had the tooth.

From that day Morton began an industrious examination of the character of ether. He read every thing on the subject within his reach. Each bit of information on this absorbing theme was hoarded with a miser's care. He found that ether was ranked as a poison; that Sir Benjamin Brodie had given it to guinea-pigs, and it had killed them; that a jar containing ether having been broken in an apothecary's shop, a maid-servant had died from inhaling the vapor; that medical professors, both in America and Europe, had prohibited the students taking it even for amusement. Morton administered ether to animals and found that it did produce death. From medical text-books he learned that ether may be taken, if diluted with atmospheric air, to relieve the accidental inhalation of chlorine gas, and in several specified diseases; that when inhaled it causes a succession of effects analogous to those produced by laughing gas; that stupefaction generally ensues, while apoplectic conditions are sometimes induced. Here was definite and important information: ether in small quantities could be inhaled with safety, but not without discomfort. Morton immediately commenced a course of gradual experiments with the view of testing the question of the degree of danger attending the inhalation of ether, and of the amount of the vapor which could be safely taken into the lungs. His first experiment was to place ether, with several narcotics, as morphine, opium, etc., in a retort surrounded with a hot towel. Then cautiously, with an anxious, beating heart he inhaled the vapor, little by little. The result was severe headache, accompanied by a numbness which increased as the inhalation progressed.

In the spring of 1846 a student in Morton's laboratory informed him that he had frequently inhaled pure unmixed ether, without experiencing any injurious effects from its use. Shortly after this information Morton, desiring to ascertain all that was to be known concerning the character of ether, consulted a druggist and chemist of Boston, who mentioned several cases which had come under his observation of persons who had taken ether for its exhilarating effects; among others, he spoke of a man who, being rendered wild by its inhalation, had severely injured his head, who yet knew nothing of the injury, when restored to consciousness, until his attention was called to it. It was the general impression that, when taken in large quantities, its effects would be dangerous and lasting, if not fatal.

Advanced on his way by this information, Morton made several experiments on animals. Among the most satisfactory was one in which a water-spaniel was the subject. The head of the animal was held over cotton, saturated with pure ether, until the dog sank to the floor as dead, and for two or three minutes remained insensible to kicks and pinches. A slit was taken from his ear without evoking any signs of pain. Yet in three minutes the dog was bounding upon his master with all his former life. Now, for the first time, Morton communicated his hopes and faith to his brother-in-law, Francis Whitman; to Dr. Hayden, his assistant; and to his legal adviser, R. H. Dana, Jun. This was in June 1846.

In the first real verification on man of Morton's theory he was at once the operator and the subject. His description of this experiment, contained in his memoir to the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris, which was presented to that Association by M. Arago, is in the following language:

"Taking the tube and flask, and seating myself in the operating-chair, I commenced inhaling. I found the ether so strong that it partially suffocated me, but produced no decided effect. I then saturated my handkerchief, and inhaled it from that. I looked at my watch, and soon lost consciousness. As I recovered, I felt a numbness in my limbs, with a sensation like nightmare, and I would have given the world for some one to come and arouse me. I thought for a moment I should die in that state, and the world would only pity or ridicule my folly. At length I felt a slight tingling of the blood in the end of my third finger, and made an effort to touch it with my thumb, but without success. At a second effort I touched it, but there seemed to be no sensation. I gradually raised my arm and pinched my thigh, but I could perceive that sensation was imperfect. I attempted to rise from my chair, but fell back. Gradually I regained power over my limbs, and full consciousness. I immediately looked at my watch, and found that I had been insensible between seven and eight minutes. Delighted with the success of my experiment, I immediately announced the result to persons employed in my establishment, and waited impatiently for some one upon whom I could make a fuller trial."

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Toward the evening of the same day Dr. Morton heard a timid ring of his office door-bell—"such a ring," said he, in addressing our school, "as one of you girls would give as you stood with a throbbing tooth before a dentist's door, with his horrible instruments gleaming before your mental vision." The visitor proved to be a man, with muffled head, who was suffering great pain from a tooth which he wished to have extracted. Shrinking from the operation, he inquired anxiously of Dr. Morton if he could mesmerize. "I didn't exactly tell him that I could, neither did I say that I could not," said Dr. Morton; "for I was very anxious for a patient." Dr. Morton saturated his handkerchief with pure ether, and gave it to his patient, asking him to breathe upon it. Unquestioning as a child the latter obeyed, and almost immediately became unconscious, when, while Hayden held the lamp, Morton extracted a firmly-rooted bicuspid tooth. As it came out the patient turned as white as a sheet of paper, and slid from the chair to the floor. "I never saw a body with breath in it look more like a corpse," is Morton's account. Seconds seemed ages while his patient lay there as in the embrace of death. A fearful dread seized his heart lest he might have sent that soul into eternity. With trembling hands, while the perspiration stood in great drops on his brow, Morton seized his patient by the collar, raised him at arm's-length, where he hung for a moment as straight as a fish, when, losing his hold, the patient dropped into the chair with a bound which inflated his lungs, and started the circulation; the color returned to his face, and immediately he shouted "Glory!" He proved to be a good Methodist. "And I wanted to cry 'Glory hallelujah' with him," said Dr. Morton; "there was not a dry thread on me, I had been so thoroughly frightened, supposing he was dead." The date of this operation was September, 1846.

From the very dawn of science it had been the earnest desire of the medical profession to perform operations without pain. And this desideratum the most eminent surgeons were despairing of attaining. Wrote Velpeau in 1839: "To avoid pain in surgical operations is a chimera which it is not allowable to pursue at the present day. The cutting instrument and pain in operative surgery are two things which never present themselves singly in the mind of the patient; and it becomes necessary for surgeons to admit the association." Sir Benjamin Brodie, in a lecture at St. George's Hospital as late as October, 1846, said: "There is no greater desideratum in surgery and medicine than the means of allaying bodily pain." He then proceeds to express a doubt whether that would ever be found. It is a singular coincidence that Dr. Morton, having discovered this desideratum, demonstrated its efficacy within the twenty-four hours preceding the delivery of this lecture.

"He," says Sydney Smith, "is not the inventor or discoverer who first says a thing, but he who says it so long, loud, and clearly that he compels mankind to hear him." Morton was about to demonstrate that he was possessed of the courage and persistence which Sydney Smith indicates as indispensable characteristics of the discoverer. A man less brave would have hesitated to prosecute the subject. Many philosophers and inquirers have brought their investigations to a point as advanced as that which Morton had attained, and, even when no risk was apparent in prosecuting the subjects, have abandoned them to perish as unripe fruit.

A timid man in Morton's place would have hesitated to proceed against the risks involved. "This man," he would have argued, "came out of that death-like state; will the next one? Is it safe, on this isolated case, to erect a general theory? And if a man should die under my hand, with all the published facts regarding the nature of ether against me, I should be convicted of manslaughter." The thought was enough to make a man shrug his shoulders.

But Morton did not hesitate a moment at this point. "All the world will be interested and will rejoice with me, and the medical profession will be eager to welcome this new means of helping and perfecting the healing art," he reasoned. He was filled with the enthusiasm of the poet. At an early hour the following morning, after an exciting night, he called upon his patient, Mr. Frost, and found him whistling merrily, and engaged in cracker-making, which proved to be his business. "That's a capital way you've got of pulling out teeth, Doctor," he said. "I shall send all my friends to you."

After a consultation with his friend and assistant, Hayden, Morton decided that some impressive experiments in the presence of witnesses and at the hands of surgeons should be made of the effects of ether. He decided upon the Massachusetts General Hospital as the place where, with the permission of its distinguished corps of surgeons, he would make his first public experiment in Anæsthesia. He therefore applied to Dr. Warren, the senior surgeon, then in charge of the hospital. Morton laid the whole matter before that eminent surgeon, and though he failed to get any definite assurance that he should be allowed the opportunity of trying his agent on hospital patients, he did not leave without hope.

Though many successful experiments were performed within the next fortnight it was fourteen days before Dr. Warren directed the house surgeon to inform Morton that he would be permitted to try his discovery upon a patient at the hospital on the following Friday at ten o'clock.

As the time drew near for this test experiment the discoverer grew painfully anxious, "hardly eating or sleeping," says a witness, lest something should occur to render it unsuccessful. He had witnessed phenomena in different patients, which though they excite no anxiety whatever at the present day, when the effects of ether are familiar and understood, would, if

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they should occur upon the hospital patient, lead the surgeons to interfere and remove the patient from his hands. Night and day before the experiment was to be made Morton devoted himself to an earnest investigation of the subject, to improvements in his apparatus for administering ether, informing himself as to antidotes in case of unhappy results.

The day and hour at length arrived. Morton, from a delay in the completing of some modification of his apparatus for inhaling the agent, was unavoidably behind the appointment by ten or fifteen minutes. Dr. Warren, having waited this length of time, then rose and said, "As Dr. Morton has not arrived I presume he has some other engagement."

The crowd laughed, and Warren was preparing to proceed with the operation; he raised his knife, the door opened, and Morton, the expected experimenter, appeared. Being especially anxious concerning his patient, his first glance was to assure himself that he was to have a fair subject. Then he looked around upon the crowded amphitheatre. Instead of a staff of surgeons, and a few students and medical men, who, he had supposed, might be present, he found spectators from every profession. And amidst that sea of faces he saw not one which was sympathizing. Blank incredulity, or, at the best, curiosity alone was to be seen. The focus of so many expectant eyes, trembling for the success of his experiment, knowing that in the event of its failure shame and hisses awaited him, for a moment he was confused almost to dizziness. He was aroused by Warren's abrupt "Well, Sir! your patient is ready." With a beating heart he commenced the administration of ether. Morton knew, absorbed as he was, that every sound among his spectators had gradually ceased, and that they were regarding him and the patient on the table with breathless interest. When, at the end of five minutes, the patient being quietly sleeping, he turned to announce the fact to the operating surgeon, he found curiosity and incredulity replaced in the faces of his spectators by astonishment and deepening interest. Warren brought his knife up carefully, as though afraid of frightening his patient. Useless precaution! That form lying on that table of horror was as unconscious as the dead. There was the plunge of the knife and the crimson tide, the waiting assistants with cords ready to pinion the struggling, frantic victim, the listening ears, the shrinking hearts of the crowd, dreading the shrieks as the relentless knife should do its work. But there came not a sound of pain; there was not a movement of the placid features or the composed limbs.

It seemed to Morton's impatient heart that the surgeon worked with wonderful deliberation, and that the operation would never be finished. But it did come to an end; the patient gradually regained his consciousness, and testified that he had felt no pain.

"This was a proud moment," says Dr. Rice, "for the hitherto unnoticed dentist—the medical student, previously undistinguished from any of his fellows. Now was the practicability of what he had imagined fully and satisfactorily proved to the world; and as he stood there at that moment, his breast swelling with the honest pride of success, and his brain giddy with reaction from the first excitement, he formed the cynosure of the eyes of men of all ages and conditions, completely forgetful of self in the excitement of the moment. In the front were grave and dignified men, who, for a better view, had absolutely placed themselves upon their knees on the board floor. On the rows of benches above were mixed students and men of science attracted thither by the novelty of the announcement, grouped in every imaginable position, all anxious and breathless as they had been while watching that small group in the centre of the room. Soon, however, the spell was broken, and crowding around him, they offered him their congratulations and besieged him with questions."

This first public demonstration of the anæsthetic power of ether was made on the 16th day of October, 1846. This experiment was immediately followed by others with entire success. Many of the operations were of a most interesting nature. I shall be excused for introducing the following: "A patient had been committed to the hospital with paralysis of the lower extremities. It was decided to apply the actual cautery; a dozen irons, heated to a white heat, were in readiness. The patient was thrown into an anæsthetic state, and the heated irons, one after the other, were drawn up and down his back in a zigzag motion, with the smoke rising, and the skin crisping and cracking like a burning shingle; and when they had been applied nothing but a powdered mass, which was brushed from the back with the hand, was left of the skin. The patient indicated no suffering, and testified, when he had come out of his anæsthetic state, that his sensations had been those of unmixed delight."

It has been justly said that the first attitude of the world toward a great discovery is incredulity and then hostility. This was exemplified in the reception by the medical faculty, and by medical and scientific journals, of the announcement of Morton's discovery. Many of the journals allowed weeks to elapse before any notice was given on the subject. Then it was noticed only to be denounced as "a humbug," "a will-o'-the-wisp," "the last special wonder," a something "which would soon descend to the bottom of that great abyss which had engulfed so many of its predecessor novelties." "We should not consider it entitled to the least notice," said a leading medical periodical of Philadelphia; "but we perceive by a Boston journal that prominent members of the profession have been caught in its meshes." In Paris the announcement of the discovery was received with almost indifference. Velpeau, Roux, Magendie, and others politely declined using the discovery. The councils of Zurich

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prohibited the use of ether. In November, 1847, more than a year after the discovery, it had not been tried at all in the Pennsylvania Hospital, one of the largest on the continent; and during that year it is known that several different sermons were preached against the use of ether. "Pain," argued the divines, "was the natural and intended curse of the primal sin; therefore any attempt to do away with it must be wrong." The opposition of others was based upon the ground that pain is salutary. An eminent physiologist expressed a doubt whether there was a true advantage in suppressing pain. "It is a trivial matter," argued this Stoic, "to suffer; and a discovery whose object is the prevention of pain is of slight interest." One could almost wish to see such a man on the surgeon's table.

Letters came pouring in upon Doctor Morton from all parts of the civilized world, many reproaching him with having announced the claims of a humbug. The Parisian academicians charged him with having prematurely published his discovery. "He was besieged," says a witness, "by professional gentlemen, who consumed his time by speculative doubts, questioning the accuracy of his experiments, and repeating the complaints of his antagonists." And the new agent might be used for nefarious purposes, it was objected. The habit had sprung up of using ether like opium for purposes of exhilaration and intoxication. Burglars were using it, etc., etc. Accidents, moreover, resulted from the use of ether in unskillful hands. Objections were urged so perfectly shallow that, but for the fact that every body seemed eager to hurl a stone at the struggling discovery, they would have been puffed away by the breath of public contempt.

A most formidable opposition met the discoverer from his own profession. A meeting of Boston dentists was called, and a committee of twelve appointed to make a formal protest against anæsthesia. This organized opposition made an appeal to the public through the newspapers, which carried with it great weight, particularly as it professed to give a large number of instances in which experiments had failed or produced unfortunate results. Some affecting instances were cited in which young ladies, having inhaled ether, left Dr. Morton's office delirious, in which state they remained for days, with bleeding at the lungs, melancholy, etc.

Prosecutions were threatened for administering ether. A boy, who had inhaled ether, swallowed some blood from his bleeding gum, whence a tooth had been removed. Vomiting it up on his return home, his physician was called, who, detecting the odor of ether, and knowing that it was ranked among the poisons, pronounced the boy poisoned. Rushing off, he entered a complaint against Morton. With this claimants for damages for injury to health started up in all directions, and lawyers' letters came pouring in upon him, threatening exposure and prosecution in case the claims were not settled.

The opposition and persecution which met Dr. Morton at every turn and in every shape would have discouraged an ordinary man. He saw that he must fight or his discovery would be strangled in its infancy. Almost unaided he entered upon the contest. He determined to appeal from physicians to patients, from the profession to the public. But the public must be informed.

By a Congressional report before me it appears that Morton had private resources upon which he determined to draw, in order to settle the struggle for the life of anæsthesia in the most expeditious manner possible. He procured several young physicians at a thousand dollars apiece, whom he instructed in the proper mode of administering ether, and sent them forth, armed with this new agent, and the apparatus which was then thought necessary for its administration, to all parts of the United States, and to London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. He enlarged, at a heavy expense, his apartments, and converted the whole into a hospital, where operations, as he announced to the public, would be performed free, nothing being asked of the patients except their certificates, with the right to use them publicly. He expended several thousand dollars for the manufacture of *pure* ether. He offered to supply this to the wounded in the Mexican war for one cent per patient, but the offer was declined by the Government at Washington.

Wherever these drilled, carefully-instructed agents of Morton approached hospital surgeons their reception was the same. The inhalation of ether was dangerous, they said; the state produced was asphyxia—a partial arrest of the vital process—and they would not encourage their patients to walk along this solemn path, to make this descent into "the valley of the shadow of death," with the possibility that they might be unable to return.

Morton then offered to take his patients from Boston, transport them to the hospitals of other cities, and try the experiments there. This proposition being accepted, he procured a number of patients for fifty or a hundred dollars per head to go with him to these cities and have bad teeth extracted. After fighting objections and delays of various characters from surgeons and patients, the indomitable doctor succeeded in performing a series of experiments which the surgeons acknowledged successful. Congratulating himself upon this high testimony, wrung from the profession, he hoped to be able to overcome the most scrupulous when one of those unfortunate incidents occurred which illustrates somewhat the difficulties which Morton found it necessary to remove.

Ether was administered to a patient who, after a few inhalations, died. The surgeons intimated that Morton must have known the capriciousness of the agent, etc., etc.

"I took," says Dr. Morton, "the first train for New York. At New Haven we met the New York train; the boys were crying the pa-

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pers, 'Death from Ether!' I stole out of the cars, purchased a paper, and learned that a patient had been sent to the hospital because she had terrible spasmodic pains in the head; that an hour after entering a few inhalations of ether were administered to her, when her nails turned dark, her lips purple, and she was dead. 'A clear case of death from ether,' said the surgeons as I arrived. I said no, and insisted on a *post-mortem* examination. No, the body would be called for, consent of friends could not be had, etc. With a bare hope that it might not be called for within the time prescribed by law I waited; but it was called for, and there was a dead lock; the case was spreading like fire over a prairie while my hands were completely tied. It was a State prison offense to procure that body; but with the conviction that it was not ether that killed, and that the cause of the death could be ascertained on examination, I determined to run the risk. The *post-mortem* examination had not continued an hour before there was found in the lower lobe of the brain a tumor about two-thirds the size of a hen's egg, and resembling one without the shell, showing that the tumor and not ether had caused the death."

Many sudden deaths are on record from this cause, but how was Morton to make use of this new-found truth to chase down the lie that was spreading with lightning speed? For obvious reasons he could not make known the means by which it had been ascertained. As soon as possible he prepared a paper on the subject, and spread it before the medical profession in all parts of the civilized world, and in every manner conceivable sought to overcome the opposition. So perfectly absorbed was he with this one business of introducing ether, and so enormous were the expenses he incurred, that his friends applied to court to have a conservator appointed over him.

Time would fail me to recapitulate the incredible efforts of this brave man to keep alive the spark of life in the infant Hercules. He made twenty-seven fruitless journeys to the hospitals of one city for the purpose of getting it tried there. He published a weekly bulletin of the successful cases in the English, German, and French languages. He secured the control of medical journals, newspapers, and editors. For one article he paid sixteen hundred dollars. According to the sworn testimony of R. H. Dana, Jun., "Dr. Morton hardly knew a full night's rest or a regular meal for three months." "Letters," continued this witness, "came pouring in upon Dr. Morton from all parts of the country. I have seen ten bound volumes, containing about two thousand letters, received by him on this subject between October, 1846, and July, 1847, some of them coming from distant lands and filled with queries. He was obliged to employ a secretary to answer these communications; to increase his accommodations at great expense. His dental business was neglected, and he risked all, labored, expended health, time, and money on his discovery. He issued circulars giving detailed accounts of the experiments, and kept a minute journal of events, experiences, and suggestions."

After a time he began to feel that his courage and industry were to have their reward. The accumulated, resistless evidence which he rolled upon the world began to make itself felt. The foreign surgeons were finally induced to make new experiments, and were successful. The theatres of hospitals became the scenes of operative display before distinguished surgeons, princes, and crowned heads, and the daily press teemed with the proceedings. The London journals hailed it as "the great American discovery," congratulated their transatlantic brethren upon the laurel wreath with which it crowned their country, and counseled that the joyous tidings should be spread through the lands and winged across the seas.

Morton soon found himself overwhelmed by inquiries from persons desiring to ascertain if they were of the class who could safely take ether. But all were not selfish who called and wrote. Letters of congratulation clogged his letter-box, and he began to receive the warm sympathies of the learned, the wise, and the good; the tender thankfulness of woman and the warm God bless you! of Christian men. The ocean steamers brought letters from eminent scientific men, and testimonials from several foreign courts. The Institute of France awarded to him its largest gold medal, and he holds honors in several foreign orders. Amidst this general enthusiasm one would have supposed that his troubles in reference to ether were forever ended.

The value of the benefits which the discovery was universally acknowledged to confer induced petitions to Congress urging upon Government the propriety of making an appropriation to cover the expenses that had been incurred, which amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars. The moment there was an intimation that money might be expected from the Government several contestants for the honor of the discovery appeared in the field. Here, then, was fresh work for Dr. Morton. He must set aside the claims of others, and establish his own to the discovery.

The claims of these contestants, with the arguments by which they were sought to be sustained, and the rebutting testimony, furnish interesting material for an article. It is impossible in this paper to enter upon the inviting field. With the remark that Morton's claim is now established, and acknowledged beyond controversy, the subject is dismissed.

It is not proposed to dwell upon the unmanly and incredible persecutions which Dr. Morton was now called to encounter, though there are points in this history which possess all the interest and fascination of a romance. Congress and the public were soon discouraged in trying to follow the controversy, and became disgusted with the whole subject of priority of discovery, and the discoverer was sunk in insignificance.

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This being opposed to his ideas of justice, he applied to the courts in the principal cities to take the testimony (*in perpetuam rei memoriam*) of the profession and others who were familiar with his labors and experiments. As the opponents cross-examined the witnesses, this occupied a long period. Dr. Bigelow, for instance, was on the stand thirty-six hours. These gentlemen chose their own hours, while this commission was under pay, wading through the business, the same process going on in three different cities. A year and a half was consumed in this manner; and before the testimony was recorded—which was necessary—and printed in form to be used before the committee of Congress, it cost many thousand dollars. It was so lengthy that it was difficult to find a committee to examine it. It was not until a new Congress that it received an examination, when the committee made a report establishing Morton's claim as the discoverer beyond all question. This report has been reaffirmed by several subsequent Congressional reports, and by the scientific societies which have examined the subject.

A bill to reward the discoverer was put upon the private calendar in the Senate, which, having passed the Senate, was lost in the House by a small vote, at a midnight session. That this defeat resulted from the reluctance of Congress to appropriate the money was demonstrated from the fact that a reported bill, appropriating the money, but leaving the courts to decide who should have it, was likewise defeated. The matter was pushed with the utmost diligence, but no bill could ever be safely navigated through both branches of the same Congress. A majority of both branches of Congress, utterly dissatisfied with these failures, joined Morton in a written protest to the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, asking that he would either purchase the right to use the patent or issue an order to his subordinates to desist using the discovery, on the grounds "that private property should not be taken for public use without just compensation." The President referred the matter to the Secretary of War, who reported back to the President, by whom it was then referred to the Attorney-General. The Executive finally required as a prerequisite a suit and a judgment against an army or navy surgeon for using Morton's discovery, agreeing that the officer should be instructed to admit the use of any article he might be using covered by Morton's patent. The tempest-tossed discoverer expressed to the President his fears lest such a course might awaken the opposition of the profession, and retard the introduction of the discovery for which he had so long and assiduously labored. Upon the President's assurance that the whole responsibility would be on the Executive, Morton brought suit, recovered judgment, and in due time, but after a change of administration, and an expenditure of several thousand dollars, produced a record of the judgment to Howell Cobb, then at the head of the Treasury Department, to which the hospital belonged. He hesitated, and finally refused to carry out the order of the President. Being desirous to stand exonerated with the medical profession, Dr. Morton made an exposition of the above facts in relation to the suit. Of this the Secretary of the Treasury took advantage, alleging that the suit, being friendly, he should require a suit to be brought against other institutions than Government to establish the patent. Having gone so far in the matter that it was ruin to retreat, Morton reluctantly brought other suits, but before trial could be had the patent expired, and the whole matter fell through.

It has not been thought necessary to defend Morton in taking out a patent in a matter in which the comfort of humanity was so largely at stake. Among many reasons for this step, which was taken after thoughtful consultation with judicious persons, was the desire to restrain so powerful an agent as ether, which might be used for nefarious purposes, and to provide some proper security against interference from *ex post facto* claimants. With the reception of the patent Morton gave, through Dr. John C. Warren, to such hospitals and charitable institutions as he should name, and to all competent persons, permission to use the discovery. "I never doubted," said Morton, "that the proper authorities would take it out of private hands if the public good should require it."

By the three contests, viz., that of introducing the discovery, the contest for the honor of the discovery, and that waged for years with the Government, Morton found his health so impaired that his life was despaired of, his lucrative business, which yielded an income of $10,000 yearly, destroyed, and his means and credit expended.

So matters stood with him when the rebellion broke out. Morton made an arrangement with the Government that, when he was telegraphed to "bring that trunk," he was to understand that his own body was meant, while the people would not be informed that a battle was impending.

Dr. Morton has attended the principal battle-fields, administering anæsthetics with his own hands two thousand times in a single battle. During the ten days' fighting at the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, there were, according to official reports, twenty thousand wounded men. Many of these, of course, needed surgical operations.

The following account is from an army correspondent:

"After an engagement the ambulance wagons are rushed to the front and loaded with the wounded, who are brought to the rear and spread upon the ground. The experienced surgeons then pass among them, probing the wounds, and pinning upon each man, who requires an operation, a ticket, designating the nature of the operation. On this occasion the wounded who needed immediate operations were removed to a secluded spot and laid in a row. Then Dr. Morton passed from one to the other, administered ether or chloroform at the rate of three minutes to the man, and without a single failure prepared them for the knife. He was followed by the surgeon who performed the operation, leaving the dressing of the wound to the less experienced

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surgeons. This last being completed, the patient was by the orderlies conveyed, still asleep, to his tent, where on waking he learned that the dreadful operation was over. A dozen operations were sometimes completed before the first man had come from his anæsthetic state.

"The comfort of anæsthetic agents to the soldier does not stop here. His wounds are daily dressed under their influence. And one who has ever heard the groans and cries and prayers which rise from those ambulance wagons as the men piteously beg not to be moved, must acknowledge the priceless value of this boon to man, for the wagons are loaded and unloaded under their influence. After the retreat at Fredericksburg hundreds were loaded and unloaded by the aid of Dr. Morton's discovery."

Will it be credited when I say that since this war began, in the face of these great demonstrations of the value of this discovery, that applications have been made to the Government for remuneration on five different occasions? At this point an association of the most eminent merchants and scientific men of the country made a move in the matter. They petitioned Congress to remunerate Dr. Morton, the discoverer of Anæsthesia, for the expenditures he had incurred in bringing the discovery to the status it now enjoys. This association spared no pains which could have weight with Congress. They procured petitions, memorials, resolutions from the great bulk of the members of medical associations, scientific societies, professors and surgeons of the principal colleges and hospitals, surgeons, officers, and wounded soldiers of the army and navy, urging upon Congress an appropriation in Morton's favor for the use of anæsthetics in the army and naval practice. Accompanying their petition were some thousand letters of introduction addressed to different members of Congress by distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the Union, urging them to make vigorous efforts to procure the appropriation. The letters from the surgeons of the army established the fact that mortality from surgical operations during the present war has been greatly curtailed by the use of anæsthetics; that they contribute to the more rapid recovery of the patient; that one surgeon can do more with this agent than four without it; that it increases the daring of the soldier on the field, and diminishes the objections of many minds to enlistments. Added to this testimony the Surgeon-General made a recommendation that Congress should pay Dr. Morton $200,000.

The House of Representatives committed the whole subject to the Committee of Ways and Means. The petitions were hung up in the committee-room for their information, covering the walls. A slight examination of the subject showed them that the claim had gone through all the legislative, administrative, executive, and even judicial departments of the Government. They therefore voted to put it into one of the appropriation bills. It came into the House some ten days after the battles of the Wilderness, at a moment when one could look out of the Capitol and see acres of barracks termed hospitals filled with wounded men for whose comfort and relief anæsthetics were used a thousand times a day. Yet the subject was not under consideration five minutes before the appropriation was dead.

But while our cheeks are crimsoned in contemplating this injustice, it is a comfort to know that the most distinguished men of our country are holding meetings and forming associations to induce the people to do what the Government was unwilling or unable to do. National testimonials, established by the voluntary subscriptions of individuals, have been adopted by all countries to mark the public sense of services to the human family, particularly when such services have reflected honor and distinction upon the country where they have been performed. When we consider this discoverer, health impaired, business destroyed, property gone, embarrassed by annoying debts, "inaction" seems "crime."

THE POND HOUSE.

FORTY years ago I was placed as junior clerk in the house of Aycrigg and Co., who will be well remembered as leading merchants of the time. The first year of my service with the house was marked by an incident, so strongly fastened on my memory, productive of such great consequences to all concerned, and so powerfully recurring to-night, that I shall use my sleepless hours in putting upon paper what comes up in my brain with the vividness of yesterday.

My fellow-clerks were Jared Palmer and Wilson Elliott. Two men more entirely dissimilar in style and habit it would be impossible to find, and yet these two were the firmest friends—more, I may say, like brothers than otherwise. Palmer was the eldest. He was of a quiet, undemonstrative manner; more given to musing absent-mindedness than any other peculiarity—laughing seldom, and apparently enjoyed a silent sociality with more relish than scenes of merriment and pleasure. We spoke of Palmer as of one who was destined for success as a merchant. He was careful, and attentive to duty; and was generally supposed to save a large part from his salary of $500 per annum—a salary which in those days was liberal for a young man.

Elliott, on the contrary, was loose and lavish in his expenditure. He was a gay, handsome fellow, loved dress, and dressed well. His joyous disposition never led him into dissipation by wine or by dissolute companions. When Elliott overreached his income it was never from these causes, but rather from extravagance in dress, or an outlay that his means did not warrant, in order to shine in female society. His salary was the same as Palmer's, and yet many times I have known him, as the month was approaching its completion, and pay-day yet some distance away, to borrow of his more saving associate such sums as were necessary to meet casual expenditures until he was again in funds. Whatever Elliott's shortcomings were in this respect, he never failed to pay, and his duties in the

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counting-house were quite as rigorously performed as Palmer's, and certainly with more rapidity and brilliancy.

A short time after my début with Aycrigg and Co. there was a rumor got about the establishment that Mr. Bennett, our book-keeper, would soon retire from that post to become a member of the firm. This rumor was of little consequence to any except Palmer and Elliott, who had each been a number of years with the firm, and looked forward to the truth of the rumor as something that would certainly lead to the promotion of one of them. These rumors after a time strengthened into certainty; and it was well known that, in accordance with the policy of the house, one of these two would be called within a year to occupy the post to be vacated by Mr. Bennett, with its salary of $1600 per annum. This had become a matter of frequent conversation between us, and I am entirely convinced that when it was first known as a certainty there was not the slightest feeling of jealousy between Jared Palmer and Wilson Elliott for its possession. Each spoke openly of his hope that he might be selected for the vacancy, when it should occur, but each as candidly admitted that, should the choice fall upon the other, the unsuccessful one would rejoice in his good fortune, with the entire confidence that it only interfered with his onward progress in the world for a short time, and that Messrs. Aycrigg and Co. would see that neither suffered by the good fortune of the other.

It was early in the spring-time—about the time of first flowers, and birds, and of city people feeling a strong desire for a day's fishing, a ride into the country, or some momentary freedom from the tedious monotony of mechanical life. We—that is, Palmer, Elliott, and myself—took a single day from our desks for a breath of fresh air. In those days there was no dashing off a hundred miles before breakfast, and back at night, by rail. We were obliged to be content with a carriage and horses to carry us half a score of miles, where we threw a line for a few fish; ate a quiet, wholesome dinner at some wayside tavern; and returned refreshed in the evening from the excursion. I am not sure but it was a better way than they have now of making a toil of one's pleasure by going too far and too fast. We had run down to our agreed-upon destination, stabled our horses, eaten some natural bread and milk, and, in accordance with our programme, were throwing our lines rather successfully in a beautiful bit of water called Cazneau's Pond, and pulling some rather nice trout, considering we were only city fishermen. It seems always to be my luck, whenever upon a rural excursion, to meet with some accident; and upon this occasion I was not behind my usual fortune. An enthusiastic remark of Elliott's respecting a lady on the shore caused me to turn suddenly in the boat, and see, as I disappeared under the engulfing waters, a quick vision of a beautiful girl, mounted on horseback, motionless, within twenty yards of where we lay, and apparently watching our fishing. As soon as my head came above water I was dragged by my laughing companions, spitting and sputtering, into the boat, with the continuation of my vision before me joining my friends most heartily in their mirth at my dripping and dejected appearance. She rode forward to the edge of the pond, and pointing to a pretty brown house standing a few rods distant, invited us to walk up, where a fire would restore me to my original state of comfort. I had no fault to find with the invitation; it was given very cordially and very prettily; but with a memory of the laugh to which the wicked little creature had yielded but a few moments before, I was in favor of walking back a mile to the inn, and there finding the necessary element she had offered. In this I was overruled by my companions, each of whom seemed to look upon my accident as a peculiarly fortunate thing, which would allow them a chance for closer acquaintance with the fair equestrian.

The result was, that in a few minutes I was consigned to the care of Terry, the old and faithful negro man—one of that race we learned to respect, but which have now passed away; and in lieu of a suit of dry clothes I was wrapped in a profusion of warm, clean blankets, while Terry attended to the rapid drying of my own. From him I learned where I was, and all things necessary to allay my curiosity. The house, the hospitality of which I was the recipient, was the Pond House, once the residence of Stephen Cazneau, who was deceased; his widow, with her only daughter, Miss Florence Cazneau, the lady by whose invitation I was being dried and warmed, and their servants, were the only occupants. I could hear occasionally from where I sat the laugh of Miss Florence, and that of Elliott; and then I listened, a little interested, to the voice of Miss Florence singing to the accompaniment of a harp; and a few moments after a little jealously to that of Elliott doing the same to the guitar. It was very clear that they were making the best of their time, and that very pleasantly, while I was recovering the results of my dive.

When, by the assistance of Terry, I was sufficiently renovated to make my appearance in the parlor, I found that an acquaintance had been awakened with more than ordinary quickness by the accidental discovery, on the part of Madame Cazneau, that the mother of Palmer had been an old and very dear friend of her own, in long past time. This had at once opened in the old lady's heart a claim on her consideration that no casual accident could have accomplished; and when I made my appearance I had nothing left but to assent to the arrangements, which were, that instead of dining at the inn, we were to dine with her and Miss Florence Terry, in the mean while, was to bring over our horses; and, when the time of departure came, it could be taken from the Pond House as well.

A very pleasant day we spent. There was

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something about Florence Cazneau that left me, when the evening closed in, very much of the opinion that the Pond House was about the most desirable place on earth; and when next day Elliott confided to me, at a moment we were alone, a series of the most heart-rending and enthusiastic raptures on the same subject, declaring that he should make full use of his invitation to Pond House, and win its fair occupant, I could not blame him, though a pang of fear shot through my own breast lest he should.

I noticed from that day forth that Palmer was still more given to his silent, moody way; that whenever Elliott, as was almost his hourly custom, spoke of our day at the Pond House, and of Florence Cazneau, his mouth would contract, and a hard grayness would set about his face. He would speak of her but seldom, and then only when we were alone together, avoiding studiedly any chance of conversation on the subject with Elliott. I knew from all this that Jared Palmer loved Florence Cazneau also, and I pitied him when I thought of the rival with whom he had to contend, and of the terrible effect that a want of success would have on a disposition like his. I had not long to wait that I might see the result of this love on both. As the weeks passed over, the two, who had but a short time before been so friendly, became cold and distant. From the lips of Palmer I learned nothing. Whatever of success or failure he met with in his wooing his lips were closed as the grave, and no indication met my eyes, only that hard, deathly look, whenever I sought, through curiosity or other cause, to draw from him any expression concerning Florence, or of Elliott and his success.

Elliott was different. With him there was nothing secretive. One day he was in a flurry of hope. He had spent the previous evening at the Pond House. He had been received with coldness by Madame Cazneau; she favored Palmer; but Florence had confessed her love, and bade him hope in the coming time.

"All depends," he said, "now upon one thing."

"And that," I asked, "is—?"

"How can you ask? You must know that my success depends on my obtaining the vacancy when it occurs. Ah! pray for my realization of it."

This startled me rather unpleasantly. I had heard no expression on either side of late regarding this point, though I ought to have been sure that the same feeling could not remain that once actuated them.

"And your success," I said, "depends on your obtaining the situation?"

"Certainly it does, with Florence's mother. Palmer has her favor, and should he find favor in the eyes of the firm, then I am lost. Florence herself is penniless if she marries without her mother's consent."

"Then if the house should confer the position on Palmer you mean to relinquish Florence?" I asked.

"Never! But I can not bring the dear girl from her present position of plenty down to five hundred dollars a year, can I?"

"If she is willing."

"For my sake she will do all things. But I can not consent. And yet we can not wait. Should Palmer obtain the preferment he will press his suit, and I must take Florence, to the sacrifice of all her hopes from her mother, or leave her subject to the persecutions of Palmer."

The entrance of Palmer closed this conversation; and this day I noticed these two men, as they took their seats on opposite sides of the great desk, raise for an instant their eyes to each other. That look remained fixed on my memory for years; and nothing through all the strange future could wear away the belief that in that one glance was centred the most deadly hate that man could bear against man, on the part of Palmer. With Elliott it seemed more the flush of fierce indignation than any settled venom.

One morning, about a week after this, when I came into the office Mr. Aycrigg called me to his private room, and most unexpectedly announced to me, for I had no hope to that end, that I had been promoted to the desk vacated by Mr. Wilson Elliott, who had been placed in that of Mr. Bennett, that day made a partner in the firm of Aycrigg and Co. A flush of exultation passed over me at this intelligence—exultation as much brought forth at the success of Elliott as at my own advancement. On maturer thought a shade of pity for Palmer was mingled with joy for the decision; but when I considered that both could not be the fortunate one I felt sincerely happy that it had fallen to Elliott. When Elliott came down I saw him approach his desk, where a note was lying, which I knew communicated to him the fact of his appointment. I saw him take up the letter and look at the superscription, which in a moment, I could see by his countenance, he recognized as Mr. Aycrigg's writing. He was deathly pale in an instant. He looked all around the office wildly, more particularly at Palmer, who, bent over the book in which he was writing, with white lips, and cramped fingers on the pen, seemed instinctively to know, without looking, all that was passing. Elliott gathered nothing, I am sure, from my countenance. I did not intend to interfere with the intelligence, as it would come to him through the letter he held in his hand. I watched him read it with eyes distended and lips wide apart, as though struggling for breath; and then, when he had drank in every word as though it were life, I stepped toward him and grasped his hand. He staggered into my arms, and for a moment I thought was about to faint. There was not a word spoken, no sound, only the scratching of Palmer's pen.

The moment that Elliott recovered his presence of mind he stepped rapidly from where I stood across the office, and before I divined his purpose had Palmer's hand in his own. I say

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before I knew his purpose, though, had I known it, I would have offered no impediment, though I am obliged to confess that the action sent through me one of the most unpleasant pangs. I had the memory of that look which only a week before had so impressed me. Palmer yielded his hand; and while Elliott's eyes were filled with tears a strange fire shot from Palmer's, a fire that seemed a show of pleasure, and yet—

"We are friends?" Elliott said.

"Yes."

"Believe me, if there is any shadow over my path at this moment it is my success at your cost."

"You have not succeeded in any thing upon which I set value," was Palmer's answer.

Was this so? I thought, and for an instant my belief was staggered by the coolness of the speaker. Elliott had the same thought passing through his mind; he questioned:

"Florence?"

"Miss Cazneau is one whom it is honorable to admire," Palmer answered. "I admire her; but I knew long since that I had awakened no reciprocity in her. I had not to wait for my failure to secure the situation to renounce all hope of Miss Florence Cazneau."

I was dumb. I was forced to believe, and yet these phrases were too well worded to entirely deceive. That they did Elliott I was sure. He held Palmer's hand still, grasping it tighter as he spoke.

A month went over. To all ordinary observers the old feeling between Elliott and Palmer was restored. To myself, who wished most to believe, there was something that hung like the sword of Damocles suspended by a hair; but what that something was, or how to detect or avoid it, I could not tell. Palmer showed no sign of the old feeling. I detected nothing of the old look. On the contrary, he smiled more than ever before; he talked more; there was certainly more anxiety on his part to act what is commonly termed "the agreeable" than I had previously noticed. I tried to argue with myself against my instincts, and term them prejudices. I tried to make myself believe that Palmer had seen how false his course was, even regarding it as a matter of policy to cherish animosity against one who had not injured him and who sought to be his friend. All this I plead in my own mind. But one single flash of memory, carrying me back to that day when I had watched the look upon Palmer's face, blotted away all my argument and brought back the shadow that would not be gone.

One morning I entered the office as usual. Elliott was absent. I inquired from Palmer, as I was opening my books carelessly, the cause of his absence. At first I did not look as the answer was given, but the strange huskiness of his voice attracted my attention, and I looked up. He was flushed and excited; he was generally pale under agitation. He pointed with his finger to the inner office.

"There is some trouble inside," was his answer.

"Trouble?" And singularly my mind went immediately away from Elliott to Mr. Aycrigg, and visions of bankruptcy fluttered through my brain.

Palmer bent down over his books.

"Yes, trouble about some money—the safe has been robbed."

"Robbed! Of what amount?"

"Twelve thousand dollars, they say. Elliott is inside."

At this moment Mr. Bennett opened the door of the inner office and called my name. As I entered I noticed a stranger—a thick-set, red-faced, gray-eyed man, who looked quickly over me, and then drummed with his fingers on the edge of his chair and whistled under his breath. Mr. Bennett, as he motioned me to a chair, said,

"I have sent for you that you might tell Mr. Aycrigg as nearly as you remember the circumstances attending the deposit of the case of money in the safe last night. You and Mr. Elliott were both present, I believe?"

I complied with his request.

"The safe has been very singularly robbed," he went on, in an explanatory way, "and we thought, perhaps, some little incident would strike your memory in connection with the closing and locking of it last evening that might have a bearing."

I said that I had revolved the same idea instantly in my mind, but I could remember nothing different from the ordinary way.

"You knew, then, of the robbery?" Mr. Bennett said, looking at me.

"Yes. Mr. Palmer informed me this moment."

"How much money did he say was taken?" said the strange man, speaking very quick.

"Twelve thousand dollars," I answered.

A look passed between the stranger and Mr. Bennett which I did not understand, and Elliott and myself were dismissed. We went back to our desks silently, and that day there were less words spoken between us than usual, each perhaps revolving in his own mind the affair of the morning. In less than an hour the strange man passed out of Mr. Aycrigg's office, stopping at Palmer's desk as he went, and obtaining a bit of blank paper, which he stood carefully folding, and finally slipped in his pocket, all the while, as I imagined, taking a survey of Palmer, his desk, and all its belongings.

After this we heard more of the robbery. The money was principally in notes of the United States Bank, with some foreign gold. It had been received late in the afternoon of the day before, and counted by Mr. Bennett. The only ones who carried keys to the safe were himself and Elliott, the latter only since his promotion. The safe had not been broken; expert locksmiths had examined it and pronounced the lock right; and the conclusion was that it had been opened with a key. When

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this announcement was made my heart beat faster. I would not allow myself to entertain for a moment any feeling that pointed with suspicion toward Elliott. I only trembled when I thought how long it would take to scatter from men's minds the dumb spectres that would sit in watchfulness over him. All the police assistance of the city had been brought to bear on the robbery, but nothing was evolved; and as day by day went by hope of recovering the money was growing less, and the agitation caused by the loss was beginning to wear away. There was no theory, as far as we knew, that would lead to any clew.

So completely had the discovery of the robbery absorbed all other things for a while that Elliott and I had almost ceased to speak of Florence and his approaching marriage. I knew that its consummation had been postponed for some months under the imperative commands of Madame Cazneau, who had only given reluctant consent upon the entrance of Elliott to his new position, and the withdrawal of Palmer from all claims. She would not agree to the marriage of Florence until a year had passed, that Elliott might be enabled from his own pocket to place his wife in a home of her own. Elliott wrestled hard with this decision, and once or twice he was on the point of stating the case to Mr. Aycrigg and asking from that gentleman an advance upon his salary to overcome this difficulty. I persuaded him from such a course, but still he chafed under the restraint and spoke freely, both before Palmer and myself, of the poverty that delayed his happiness, declaring, at some unguarded moments, that he would sacrifice all hopes from the mother by marrying Florence, and leaving the home to come in its own good time.

One day, nearly two months after the robbery, I met Elliott upon the street. He had asked for and obtained a week's leave of absence, which time we supposed was to be spent at the Pond House with the Cazneaus. I was, therefore, rather surprised to see him, and still more so when he came toward me with outstretched hands and a face covered with smiles. He had smiled so little of late that I could not but notice—his usually happy manner having changed into a fretful, querulous way. Now he seemed once more to be the old fun-loving Elliott.

"Yes!" he answered, in response to my question, "I am over my troubles. We are to be married this day week."

"And Florence's mother?" I asked.

"Oh! my boy, all difficulties are removed; *l'argent*, you see, works wonders. We are to have a house, a home, a larder, a cook, a kitchen—every thing that is useful, to say nothing of the ornamental." He was in wonderful spirits; and as he turned and slipped his arm through mine and walked with me, he talked all the time. He had been at the Pond House, and had only that morning returned to the city that he might see every thing right. Every thing was right, and he was the happiest man in the world. I was to be his groomsman—that was long ago understood—and we talked of some necessary matters connected with the coming ceremony. There was one thing I wished very much to know, but as the information was not volunteered, I could not ask it. I wanted to know how Elliott had surmounted the difficulty, how he had obtained the money necessary to the end he had just announced. I left awkward gaps in our conversation just at the point when I felt that he would know I expected this communication, but it had no effect. I hinted, without any effect, and finally I came more to the point by saying:

"I am glad, Elliott, that you have succeeded in getting the necessary money. You did not say that you had any hope whatever when I saw you last."

"No! I—you see—well, it was unexpected, accidental I may say. But come, you must dine with me and I will tell you."

I consented to dine with him on one condition—I was on my way home. If he would go there with me, that I might leave word where I could be found through the evening, as I expected a person to call upon me whom I wished to see on business. If he came I wanted him sent wherever we went. This was arranged, and we proceeded to dinner at a neighboring hotel. We had disposed of the dinner and were sitting over our wine, but still there seemed a disinclination on the part of Elliott to lead the conversation to the point where my mind continually wandered. I came at last boldly to it, though speaking as though it had only accidentally occurred in that direction. I said:

"By-the-by you said you would tell me how you became so fortunate as to reach your hopes unexpectedly."

"Ah! yes," he answered, very quickly, "I must tell you; but it is a secret, remember. It must go no farther than yourself. Nobody knows it, not even Florence. It was a very unbusiness-like thing, but very fortunate. I hope it will not reach the ears of the firm. I bought a lottery-ticket and it drew a prize of one thousand dollars."

There was something in the manner in which Elliott said this that sent a sickening tremor through me. He did not raise his eyes to mine; and I knew instantly that if he had spoken the truth, and I had never before doubted him, there must be something more which he had not told. I sat still, looking down into my glass. I was afraid to lift my eyes lest I might catch his and find there his falsehood, if it was one, or betray my doubt if he had told the truth.

There came a tap to the door, and the head of a waiter immediately following, announced that a person wanted to see the gentlemen that were dining in No. 17. It was for me, I said; show him in. Instead of the one I had expected to see, and for whom I had left word at home, I was astounded to see the stranger that I remembered from the morning of the robbery,

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who was with Mr. Aycrigg at the time I entered the office. He was close following the waiter, and came into the room almost upon my words. I sprang to my feet in astonishment. Elliott did the same. The stranger paid no attention to us, but closed the door the waiter had swung wide to admit him, and then he turned the key.

"What is the meaning of this?" I faltered. The courage had left me the moment I met his face.

"Nothing to you, Sir," he said, "but to this gentleman much. I have a warrant for you, Mr. Elliott. I hope you will behave like a gentleman now, and not make any fuss."

"A warrant for me!" said Elliott, in a low, astonished tone.

"Come, now, that's right; you see the thing's all out, and it won't do any good making any row."

"What do you mean by 'all out?' Why in the name of Heaven don't you explain?" I said, in rather a loud tone.

"Well, well! keep quiet now, and I'll tell you. Mr. Elliott knows all about it. The amount of it is that the money Mr. Elliott has been paying out has been traced, and the thing's all up. Mr. Elliott knows what I mean."

I was chilled until my teeth chattered as I looked at Elliott; but I saw nothing in his face like guilt. I turned back to the man, and said, chokingly, "Go on!"

"Well, if you must have it, the money that Mr. Elliott has been paying out is part of the stolen money — part of them $12,000. Now you've got it all. I'm sorry, but it's so; and therefore, d'ye see, it's no use making any fuss. I've earned what I'll get in the matter mighty hard, for I've followed up this thing night and day. And my advice is to this young man to give up the rest of the money, and make the best terms he can, or he's a goner."

I looked now at Elliott. He was pale—very pale—but there was a proud sneer upon his face, and he was perfectly self-possessed. He was looking at me, but he spoke to the man.

"Do your duty, Sir, and arrest me. I am guiltless of this charge, and can immediately show it. I obtained the money honestly which I have paid away, and have ample proof to that effect."

I drew one long sobbing sigh, and the weight that had fallen upon me as a million of tons was raised. I believed what Elliott had spoken.

I did not ask any explanation then. I felt sure that it would come. The man sat down quietly and took wine by himself, while Elliott discharged the bill and prepared to go. As a matter of course I accompanied him to the magistrate. There we had the explanation that the arrest was altogether accidental; though the warrant had been issued that afternoon, it was not intended to serve it until the next day. The officer expected to arrest Elliott at the Pond House, and Mr. Aycrigg, not knowing the location, had sent him to me for information. The man had called at my house, and there received the intelligence that Elliott was at that moment dining with me at a certain hotel. In consequence of this unexpected arrest and the lateness of the hour the examination was necessarily postponed until the following day. This was equally with Elliott's consent, and the next morning accordingly was set, Elliott declaring to me, as he did to the magistrate, that a few minutes, when all were present, would explain the matter. I obtained, as a favor, the privilege of his remaining in the custody of the officer instead of being committed to confinement, and so I left him. That night, as I sat looking into the fire and wishing for the morning, I thought over every possibility that could lead to such an end as the possession by Elliott of any portion of the stolen money without compassing his guilt. I pondered it over. I burned with the fever of my brain, and still I was obliged to confess to myself that in the balance against Elliott I had nothing to put but his word and his past. I had known him only a little over a year, but my attachment was equal to brotherhood, and I could only view the fact of his guilt being made apparent as a most deadly blow struck at myself. I cherished a hope against hope that the morning would show him a true man, and that Florence, that darling girl, whom I loved as a sister, and came so very near loving as something more, would never hear of this night's work.

And the morning came. I had not seen Mr. Aycrigg since the arrest. I could not; there was no time until we met at the magistrate's office. I looked anxiously in his face when he entered, as though I could see there some portion of the coming story. All I could detect was a quivering attempt at sternness, and a restless desire to avoid looking at Elliott. Mr. Bennett and Palmer were present, the last with the same flush, so unusual to him, that he wore on the morning when he announced the robbery to me. He had only known of Elliott's arrest, he told me, an hour before, when Mr. Bennett had requested his attendance at the magistrate's. They were taking evidence. Mr. Bennett testified to the amount of money and its denomination. The only portion of it that could be identified was a bill of one thousand dollars upon a New Orleans bank; this being a new currency, it had been particularly noticed, both by himself and Mr. Aycrigg. After the robbery it was concluded to say nothing about this note, as by that means the robbery might possibly be detected. This proved successful. The bankers of the city having received through the police a description of the note, it was stopped in the hands of one of the large dealers in furniture. This man being called, testified that he received the note from Mr. Elliott in payment for articles bought; that Mr. Elliott explained the possession by saying that he had received the note by remittance from New Orleans, in payment of an old debt. I looked at Elliott as the man said this, and the hope fled out of my heart. The calm self-possession that had upheld him through all, up to this point, was wavering. He looked from Mr.

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Bennett to myself, and the blood mounted to his face, until it became purple. There was nothing farther in evidence against him; nothing was needed. The magistrate was leaning over his desk, writing upon a printed form. I knew it was a commitment, and my very heart sank. Had the prisoner any thing to say, the magistrate asked.

Yes, he had only the simple truth to relate, which he would now do, although he had not told it before, for reasons which he would give. He had told the furniture dealer what he had testified to relative to his possession of the note. He had also told Mr. Bennett, at the time of asking for leave of absence for a week, that he had received some money from a relative in settlement of future claims. He also confessed that he had told me what was untrue when he had ascribed the possession of the money to a prize in the lottery. This, though he did not justify himself in the deceit, was done at the request of Mr. Palmer.

"Mr. Palmer!" said several voices in an instant.

Yes, Mr. Palmer, who had acted so nobly, so generously with him. When Palmer knew that he labored under difficulties that would possibly drive him into a premature marriage against the commands of Florence's mother he had offered his aid. Mr. Palmer had not the amount which Elliott wanted in cash. His savings had been invested in various ways, but he offered to Elliott a draft which he held, as a boon, leaving him to obtain the money for it, or use it in exchange, only taking his, Elliott's, acknowledgment for the amount, one thousand dollars, payable in twelve months.

At this juncture Elliott turned to Palmer as though for support of his relation. Palmer bowed his head, and said it was correct. Elliott went on. Mr. Palmer made a request—a request which amounted in Elliott's heart to a sacred thing, that he would keep secret the real manner of his obtaining this aid, and ascribe it to other sources if he was questioned. Palmer again bowed in acknowledgment, and Elliott proceeded.

He had offered this draft to the person he was then in treaty with for goods—it was refused, and the transaction was broken off. He had mentioned this to Palmer, who had given him the address of two persons who could possibly aid him. One of these, a broker, named Connington, had bought the draft, giving him the full sum named upon its face, though it had five months to run before maturity, on condition of his taking this New Orleans note, which was at five per cent. discount. This was his entire story, and would be found true on inquiry.

Oh, great Heavens! how the light broke upon me! It was all clear enough now; and I stood there and wondered why those who heard him did not break forth in one voice of acquittal for the innocent and condemnation for the guilty. I wondered why the magistrate should wish to go through any further action in the case, and why he did not immediately order Elliott to be set at liberty. All this ran swiftly through my brain as I heard him order the officer to go in search of this Connington and bring him there—the case would wait his return.

It seemed hours to me instead of minutes until the officer returned with Connington. He was a tall, stately man in black, smooth-faced, and wearing an unimpeachable white cravat. He came in with confidence, looking around the room with a bland smile, as though searching for some familiar face. He was sworn. Did he know the prisoner? Yes. Would he relate in what way that knowledge tended? Certainly! Mr. Elliott had called on him about a week before, and deposited in his hands a draft for which he wished to enter into negotiation. He, Connington, had taken the draft, but had been unable so far to find a purchaser. Elliott, who had been sitting, sprang to his feet. His face was ghastly. His hands were clenched. The light had broken upon him. The magistrate pushed up his glasses and looked at Connington.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you did not buy that draft of the prisoner?"

"Certainly I did not;" and the broker deliberately drew forth a wallet from his pocket, undid the strap, and laid the draft upon the magistrate's desk. The magistrate took up the draft and examined it.

"Who does this draft belong to?" he asked of Connington.

"To the prisoner, as far as I know," was the answer.

The magistrate held the bank-note up to the view of Connington, and asked,

"Mr. Connington, have you ever seen this note before?"

The broker took the note, looked at it for a moment, and then handing it back, answered,

"No, Sir."

Elliott, who had remained standing, sprang violently toward the broker, and, catching him by the throat, screamed,

"Liar!"

In a moment the room was in confusion, and Connington was dragged out of Elliott's hands, the magistrate was down again at his desk. A paper was handed to the officer, and Elliott was committed in full upon the charge.

When I went out from that room I felt that I could spring upon those two, Palmer and Connington, and tear the truth out of their hearts. I loathed to go back to the office where I should be obliged to meet Palmer, perhaps to speak to him, and yet I knew that any open accusation of him would only ruin all chance of Elliott's escape. I must be secret and silent for his sake. Florence must be made acquainted with all, and who so fit to break the truth to her as I? She must not only know the case as stated against Elliott, but she must know my theory of it. I went to the office, saw Mr. Aycrigg, and obtained from him permission for a week's holiday. I wanted that time, I said to myself,

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that I might think of some plan for Elliott's aid. I then went to visit him in prison. We exchanged our thoughts, and cheered each other with hope; and then I went away, bearing his messages and his protestations to the Pond House.

Florence Cazneau was a woman, every inch of her. There was no screaming, no fainting, no nonsense of any kind. She heard all my recital with a flashing eye and a bloodless lip, and then like Demosthenes she declared in favor of action. Ay! but how? She would see this man Connington. To what purpose? I asked. She did not know. At all events she would see him and conclude from the interview what could be done. Woman-like, to form her opinion from physiognomy, perhaps? No! To gratify curiosity? No! Whatever was the motive I was not to know it. I had my task assigned. I must see this man Wood, the officer who had tracked out the affair so far and arrested Elliott, and by some means make him serve me in secretly tracking it further. The next day Florence Cazneau and myself went together to the city. She upon her errand, I upon mine. I saw Wood, and from him I learned that his business with Mr. Aycrigg was finished and paid for. A strong emphasis he laid on this last word. Twenty dollars in Mr. Wood's hand loosened his tongue, and made all things slide easier. He informed me after I had stated to him all my surmises, all my suspicions, and all my certainties and convictions, that the watchfulness had first fallen upon Palmer, this course having been awakened by the fact that Mr. Palmer had, in communicating to me the news of the robbery, stated the amount of money when it had not been told him at the time of the first alarm. This was the only circumstance of suspicion, and upon a question casually put to him by Mr. Bennett, he asserted that he had overheard it stated from the inner office.

Wood took the matter in hand with some spirit, under a promise that if it was traced out to Elliott's liberation one hundred dollars should be his fee. That no circumstance should be lost, I obtained the names of the parties to whom Elliott had first offered the draft. As it was a security of the very highest class, I wondered that any one should refuse it when offered in trade. I called first upon the furniture dealer. In response to my question he showed himself a man of few words. He opened his desk and placed in my hands a note without signature or date, cautioning him against receiving such a draft, which would be offered him, as it would lead to trouble, and he would eventually be the loser. This note I obtained. The next person I called on was the other broker to whom Palmer had sent Elliott. He was more wary, and more wordy, but upon partial explanation, a reference to the house of Aycrigg and Co. in case, as he expressed it, of any future trouble, he showed me a similar note to the first, and confessed that but for that note he would have bought the draft at a low rate of discount. He promised to produce the note when wanted. So far so good. We had here evidence to show that notwithstanding Palmer's ingenuity in giving the names of two brokers, the intention was to drive him to Connington finally. The name of the dealer to whom Elliott first offered it was known to him through Elliott's own admission. The object now was to identify the writing. It was not Palmer's—that I knew. It was more of a woman's hand. I did not think it Connington's, but I believed the letters were written by some one through his instigation. Florence was appealed to. She had visited Connington, to whom she was, of course, entirely unknown, under the pretense of negotiating some Government securities for an aunt residing at a distance. She had seen his handwriting, and declared at a glance that the letter was not his, but I watched the sparkle of her eyes, and I knew that Florence had struck something. It proved so.

This visit to Connington was without motive beyond that of observation. How well she had observed Florence showed by declaring that letter to have been written by a woman in Connington's house, perhaps a housekeeper—something more, at all events, than a servant. She flitted in and out the room several times while Florence was there, as though anxious to hear whatever was said, and stopping occasionally to enter into the conversation, at which Mr. Connington would fidget uneasily, but made no remonstrance, as though afraid of the woman. By her speech she was German, though speaking good English. The note, on examination, showed that it was written from dictation, or copied by one who wrote the hand peculiar to the Germans, one or two misspelled words supporting the hypothesis.

To all this Mr. Wood was called in. He listened to every word with his head drawn to one side, his left eye buried in his hat, and both hands busily engaged in nursing his foot, which was drawn well up for that purpose. When Mr. Wood heard all that was said, he deliberately folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and laconically jerking out, "That's my woman!" Mr. Wood marched away. Three days after I was at the Pond House. Florence and myself were both depressed, but each trying to cheer the other. During those three days nothing new had transpired, and I had not been able to find Wood any where. I could not arrive at any other conclusion than that he had deserted the cause, seeing little chance of winning the hundred dollars. It was drawing toward evening when we heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and on stepping to the window I saw Mr. Wood jump from a closed vehicle at the door. There was something about the man's face that said success. I almost ran into the hall to meet him. Mr. Wood extended a finger patronizingly to me, and with the other hand knocked his hat slightly forward.

"My woman's there!" he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

It took me a moment to gather the meaning.

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I then knew that he had this woman, the writer of the anonymous notes, in the carriage outside. I said to him, "Bring her in." Mr. Wood by this time had forced his way to the back-room, and stood beckoning me mysteriously. I went to him. He drew me inside, and looking warily round, shut and locked the door in the same way he had done at the hotel on the night of Elliott's arrest

"Now, gov'nor, honor bright, you know! I've done the right thing by you, and I guess, if you're a gentleman, you'll do the same by me."

He stopped here, and I assured him I would certainly.

"Then, d'ye see, I'm going to get all this money back, and get your friend out of the scrape. But that won't benefit me much unless you act on the square. You see, the house offered a thousand dollars reward for the recovery of this money."

"Which will be entirely yours, besides my hundred," I answered, knowing this was what the man was coming to.

"That's enough said between gentlemen." And Mr. Wood thrust both hands into his pockets and whistled very low. I opened the door, and in a few moments Mr. Wood ushered in a rather good-looking woman, with a sharp gray eye, whom he introduced as Mrs. Reichart.

I shall not follow Mrs. Reichart in her revealing, nor Mr. Wood in his rather egotistical account of how he won the lady's confidence in three days so completely as to succeed in bringing her by her own will to the Pond House. He found entry to Mr. Connington's on pretense of business, at a time when he knew the broker was out: saw, of course, his fair housekeeper; won her ear by a sad detail of the loneliness of his state of widowerhood; called a second and a third time—each time missing the broker, but finding Mrs. Reichart; each time winning farther and farther upon her confidence; until now, as Mr. Wood blushingly informed me, they were on their way to be married, having left the house of Mr. Connington at two o'clock that day for that purpose. Since that hour Mr. Wood had been riding about the country with the fair widow, convincing her that it would be better to make a clean breast of it, and share the reward, than to join her master in the county jail, where he would certainly be before night. If she lost the husband she expected on starting from home, she would be a clear gainer of five hundred dollars. On sober second thought the widow thought so too; and within a short time after her début at Pond House a statement was drawn up, and signed by her, which in after-time she verified on oath. In this confession she owned to being the writer of the two anonymous letters, which were written from Connington's dictation. That she had been a listener at various interviews between her master and Palmer, at which this matter was discussed. That she had seen the bill paid to Elliott, in the same manner, by overlooking them from a closet communicating with an adjoining room. That the balance of the stolen money, she believed, was in Palmer's possession, but that Connington knew where it was, as there had been several quarrels regarding its division. There was some little other information volunteered by Mrs. Reichart, one item of which was that Connington had promised for a long time to make her Mrs. C., until she had, in the blindness of love, given into his keeping some three thousand dollars, the savings of the late deceased Reichart, after which he refused to fulfill his pledges. It was therefore a heart caught on the rebound that Mr. Wood had fallen in with, wooed, and won in three days.

As that detective gentleman elegantly expressed it, "the jig was up." Mrs. Reichart was left at the Pond House in the care of Florence and myself, making herself pretty comfortable, and entertaining us with many piquant anecdotes of the past villainies of Connington, while Mr. Wood drove back to the city to achieve the arrest of that individual and Palmer. We expected to hear from him again that night, as the Pond House was only an hour's ride. It was getting late, nearly midnight; Mrs. Reichart had retired; the fire was burning low; while on the rug, between Florence and I, lay a hound that had been presented to Madame Cazneau by Palmer. Florence had not spoken for some minutes, and every thing was very still. Suddenly the dog started to his feet, raised his head, with the nose extended toward the ceiling, and sent forth a half scream, half bark, that sent a shudder through my veins. Without ceasing the sound, the dog sprung to the door and pawed violently. I opened it, and as quickly he dashed at the hall door leading on to the piazza. I should not have opened this, but that Terry, hearing the cry of the dog from the back-room where he was sitting, considering it a duty to remain up the last in the house, and knowing that something more than ordinary was in progress, came into the hall at that moment. I threw open the door and the dog rushed away over the lawn with a moaning bark. I followed, with Terry close upon my track. The hound came to a stand at the edge of the pond, close by the spot where we had fished upon that memorable day when we had first seen Florence Cazneau. Something there was floating out from shore, about a hundred feet away, and propelled by the wind, for it was blowing almost a hurricane that dull September night. There was considerable delay in getting the boat; she lay the other side of the pond. In time we raised this floating object into the boat. It was a man; more than this we could not tell for the darkness, but between us we brought him to the house.

Oh, my God! when the light fell upon his face it was Jared Palmer. Dead! Drowned upon the very spot where he had first seen her, to gain whom he had so sinned and suffered.

Within the hour Wood's carriage rolled up to the door, and the officer, with a face signifying his want of success, entered the house. His

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story was soon told. He had arrested Connington and had him safely. Palmer had by some means escaped, having taken alarm, and was supposed to have the money with him. Elliott would be released the next day; as soon as the District Attorney could go through the form of entering a *nolle prosequi*. I took the officer by the arm and led him into the next room, face to face with the man for whom he held an unserved warrant. For a moment he was startled, and then running his hands rapidly over the dripping body, he whispered. "It's here, all right!"

Yes, it was there, every cent of the stolen money, less the bill of one thousand dollars. There was more there, too, for Palmer had been careful, very careful of money.

How it was that Palmer had, as the first step in his flight, come to the Pond House, will only be explained at that time when all things are brought to light. There were many theories, mine is too terrible to tell.

Elliott next day was released, and again took his position at the desk of Aycrigg and Co., the old gentleman, to say nothing of Mr. Bennett, giving way to some eccentric but not less real modes of showing their satisfaction.

Mr. Wood got the thousand dollars, which, like a man of honor, he shared with the fair widow, who to the day of her death remained still a widow.

Connington did the State seven years service, after which he disappeared to parts unknown.

And here am I, a bachelor, forty years after, writing this history from a room in the Pond House, where I am on one of my numerous visits to my very dear old friends Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Elliott, *née* Florence Cazneau. Strange, is it not?

MILFORT.

IT is often remarked that America, owing to its comparatively recent discovery and settlement, is wanting in the romance and poetry with which the history of the Old World is filled. We are too modern, too fresh in our existence, to present any thing but the common everyday facts of life, forgetting that it is not the *age* but the *character* of events that gives them their poetry. It is true that a certain interest attaches to scenes that occurred five or six thousand years ago, in an entirely different state of society from what we ever witnessed; but the romance and poetry of a people belong chiefly to their early history, whether that history commenced a hundred or a thousand years ago. Then the individual is not merged in the mass; and hence we find those strange personal adventures and hazardous experiments which develop so marvelously all that is heroic and daring in man. Instead of being deficient in the romance of history, America is peculiarly full of it. The discovery of a new world and a new race of men appealed to the imagination as it never had been appealed to before, and made the realization of those things which for ages had been only dreams appear easy and natural.

America, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, was written all over with Æneids and Iliads long before the time of the Heroic Period of the great war for the Union. True, many of those have passed away with the wilderness which witnessed their origin, progress, and end; yet a vast number are still preserved amidst the legends and chronicles of the Old World—in France, England, Spain—especially in the latter. The investigations hitherto made amidst these musty records have been to bring to light facts bearing on our national history, and not on isolated expeditions or personal adventures. There is a vast field here yet unexplored.

As an illustration of this I give the following narrative, as written by himself,* of the adventures and career of Milfort, a Frenchman who came to this country in 1795. He found his way unaided and alone to the Creek Indians; became for twenty years their head chief, controlled their action during the war of the Revolution; conceived and carried out the plan of the cession of Louisiana to France; was chief actor in many of the wars on our Southern borders, and came very near changing materially the current of our national history.

In 1775, impelled by a spirit of adventure, he says, he went to Dunkirk, in France, for the purpose of traveling in countries not generally known, indifferent as to what particular region it might carry him. His first impulse was to explore some of the northern countries of Europe; and finding a vessel loaded for Norway, he embarked on board of her in January, and eventually landed in Berg. In walking along the wharves of this place he came across a ship bound for the United States, and immediately took passage in her, and the next April landed in New London, Connecticut.

The cities and large towns of the New World presented little attractions for him, and he passed rapidly through Norwich, Newport, Providence, and Boston to New York. Thence he turned southward to Philadelphia and Baltimore, passing through Virginia and the Carolinas to Savannah in Georgia. The whole country was alive with the stir of arms. The battle of Bunker Hill had set the nation in a blaze; but that great struggle, which was yet to draw his own nation into it, and found a new empire, did not attract a passing notice from him. Why the sights and sounds usually so exciting to a soldier made no impression on him he does not inform us—he only hints that he was seeking after something

* *Mémoires, ou Coup d'Œil rapide sur mes Voyage dans la Louisiane, et mon Séjour dans la nation Creeke.* Paris, 1802. According to the *Biographie Universelle*, tome xviii., 288, his real name was Le Clerc, and he was born "toward the middle of the last century at Tirles-Moutiers, a village near Mézières. His early education was defective, and we do not know the real cause of the adventurous life which he embraced. He afterward pretended that, having had the misfortune to kill a person employed in the royal palace, he took refuge in the United States, whence he passed to the Creek Indians."

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strange and new; and so, leaving Savannah, he proceeded up the river to the then little village of Augusta, and after a short stop passed on to Orangeburg, on the borders of South Carolina.

Still seeking a ruder state of society, he struck west to Tougalon, where he met the first object that seemed to awaken his dormant interest. He found himself, to his astonishment, in the midst of a French vineyard—just such a one as he had a thousand times seen in his native land. On seeking the owner of this "espéce de France" in the heart of the American wilderness he passed an old Chevalier of St. Louis, a Bordelais, who, sick of the misfortunes and troubles of France, had emigrated, first to the West Indies with his family, and thence to this remote region, where he had commenced the cultivation of the grape after the manner of his native province. This little episode in his wanderings he dismisses with the remark that the wine manufactured by the Chevalier was very poor—equal only to the most inferior found in Bordeaux.

He circulated along the frontier for some time, attracted by the half savage life of the inhabitants, and at last came across a set of men entirely new to him, and known in that region as "crackers," or "gougers." Noticing a great many of them to be blind of one eye, he asked the reason of it, when he was told that it resulted from their peculiar mode of fighting. The men were very much given to whisky-drinking, which made them quarrelsome. Hence personal encounters were of constant occurrence among them. These were settled after an artistic fashion of their own—by "regular mills," as the sporting gentry of the present day would term them. A place and day being appointed for the fight, a company assembled, and, forming a circle, placed the fighters within the ring. These men, he said, were armed with long finger-nails, which had been allowed to grow uncut from infancy, and hardened by being colored from time to time with fat, and exposed to a strong heat. They thus became almost as tough as the claws of a tiger. The only artificial weapon they used was a long pointed piece of rough iron. Thus equipped they presented themselves for the combat. The oldest man in the crowd gave the signal for the fight to begin, and acted as umpire. At the sign agreed on the antagonists pitched into each other, and using teeth, nails, and iron spike, bit, clawed, and gouged with savage ferocity. When one was overthrown the other jumped upon him and tore and gashed him till he was disabled, and then with a dextrous movement of his thumb forced the eye from its socket. As soon as this was done the old man gave the signal for the combat to cease, though often not quick enough to prevent the other eye from sharing the fate of its companion. The victor then leaped upon a stump and proclaimed his prowess in true backwoods extravagance, inviting any of the spectators to come forward if they wanted to try him, defied mankind in general, and beings from the other world to boot. No one being found anxious to run the risk of losing an eye, he was proclaimed victor. The Frenchman remarks that, in consequence of this singular method of settling affairs of honor, blind men among the gougers was the rule, those whole of both eyes the exception. They are a wicked, lazy race, he says, doing little except to plant some tobacco, which they carry to the maritime towns and exchange for whisky. He was once invited to dine with a company of these half savage Americans, and seems to experience a decided sensation in the novel entertainment. There was certainly a wide margin between it and a dinner at a Paris restaurant.

One would have thought that the lawless character and brutal ferocity of the "gougers" would have satisfied the Frenchman with the beauties of savage life without his seeking more revolting exhibitions of human depravity. But having heard that somewhere farther in the mysterious interior there was a race of savages that first roasted their enemies and then ate them, he determined to penetrate into their country. He had heard such marvelous stories of their manner of life and customs that he wished to see them for himself. So having learned that they lived somewhere in a westerly direction, he took a servant and spare horse for his luggage and provisions, and with no guide but a compass boldly plunged into the Western wilderness. But the second day the servant, who was a Spaniard, became frightened at the solemn interminable forest, and begged piteously that he might be allowed to go back. The chivalrous Frenchman consented, and saw him and his horse disappear among the trees with the most exalted composure, and then turned to pursue his strange, solitary expedition alone. At night he hitched his horses to the trees and lay down on his blanket beside them.

Thus he kept on, day after day, until at length he reached the Ogeechee River, which he was compelled to swim. From the farther banks of the stream stretched away a sandy plain covered with pine-trees, presenting a still more sombre and dreary aspect than the forest he had hitherto traversed. The yielding soil being uncarpeted with leaves gave back no sound to the steady tramp of his steeds, while the low sighing sound in the dark mass of evergreens overhead added still deeper mystery to the scene. The adventure began to wear a black appearance, and the vast solitude pressed heavily on his heart, yet he would not turn back. He had started for the strange and unknown, and neither visible nor invisible dangers should daunt him.

He thus kept resolutely on for fifteen days, now fording and now swimming streams—now plunging into dark ravines, and now ascending high ridges, yet ever finding the same monotonous untrodden forest around him. At the end of that time he discovered that his provisions were exhausted. He now began to be anxious, for there seemed to be no end to the wood in front, while he did not know how, without provisions, he should be able to retrace his steps through the immense forest he had been more

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than a fortnight in traversing. He had no immediate fear of starvation, for he saw the woods around him were filled with nuts and berries; still he could not but feel that he had acted rashly in starting on an expedition without any known point in view, and without any knowledge whatever of the country through which he was to pass. He felt, however, that he had gone too far to retrace his steps, and that, as there must be *some* limit to the wilderness, his safest course was to go on. Besides, the hope of at last coming upon something strange and new, which impels all explorers forward, prompted him to this course. He therefore plunged deeper and deeper into the wilderness, subsisting as he best could on the fruit which the forest yielded him. Every morning he rose, hoping soon to emerge in some opening, and every night he lay down, wondering where this vast solitude would end.

This one solitary Frenchman traversing the American wilderness, not in search of an El Dorado or fountain of life, but of a race of men who roasted and ate travelers and enemies alike, presents certainly a strange spectacle. He had ample time for reflection, and he must have been as much of a philosopher as a dreamer to have retained his composure and hopeful spirit amidst such circumstances. His thoughts at night, as he lay down beside his steeds in the forest, and his anticipations by day as he strode resolutely on through the endless colonnade of trees, must have been novel and peculiar, and we regret that he did not intersperse them in his narrative.

The forest was seamed with rivers that "listened to the sound of their own dashings," whose origin and destination were alike a mystery. From these he would emerge dripping and weary, still steering toward the setting sun, till at length he reached the banks of what he afterward ascertained to be Flint River.

He had now been steadily piercing the wilderness for a whole month, and for the last two weeks without any thing to eat except such fruit as he could gather on the way. Weary and dispirited, he halted here for several hours to rest. Then gathering a few berries and nuts, he mounted his horse and, swimming the stream, pushed on.

After going, as he judged, about a hundred and twenty miles, he came upon a beautiful fountain leaping and sparkling amidst the green foliage. But even this joyous object, bursting unexpectedly on him in the midst of the solitude, failed to waken a corresponding emotion. His low diet had done what the wilderness could not—conquered his indomitable spirits—and he looked moodily on the frolicking waters. He was sick—the miserable forage to which he had been reduced had disordered his stomach, and he felt that he must have something more nourishing to eat or he soon would be unable to march at all, and be compelled to lie down and die in the forest. He cast about him on every side for something to kill, but his two horses made such a conspicuous object that every animal fled as he approached, while he dared not leave them to hunt lest he should be unable to find them again, to say nothing of the personal danger he might encounter on foot and alone in the forest. Still he must change his diet or die. His situation was getting desperate; and after pondering on it a while, he resolved to kill his spare horse and live on him till he should recover his strength. Having come to this determination he unstrapped his luggage and threw it away, and tying the animal to a tree, stepped back a short distance, and cocking his gun was about to raise it and fire, when he heard a slight noise in the woods behind him. Turning quickly round to ascertain the cause, he saw to his surprise a group of four Indians and a negro gazing intently on him. Having been locked up for more than a month in the wilderness, this first sight of human beings so overjoyed him that he never thought of danger, and instantly beckoned them with the most friendly gestures to approach. But they, pointing to his gun, refused to stir. He then threw it away, when one of them, an old venerable-looking Indian, and apparently the father of the others, approached, and addressed him in the Indian dialect. Milfort, of course, could not understand him, but in reply pronounced on a venture the word "*Française.*" To his surprise and joy he saw that it was not an unfamiliar word to the savage, for he instantly advanced with a smiling countenance and took his hand. He had a French medal round his neck, which Milfort afterward learned had been given to him by the French governor, when Louisiana was under the dominion of France

Milfort did not know what the savages meant to do with him; but thinking there could scarcely be a worse fate than to be left to starve in the wilderness, he asked no questions, but immediately gave himself up to their direction. The old man, after making a little speech, placed the horses and equipage in charge of the other Indians, when they all started off in a western direction. After going a little distance, the young negro, at a given signal, parted from them like an arrow from the bow, and bounding away with astonishing fleetness disappeared in the forest.

The old Indian then by gestures inquired of Milfort what he was about to do with his gun when they came upon him. He in reply made him understand that, being in a starving condition, he was about to kill his horse for food. The Indian then pointed to the sun, and made a short line on the earth, to give him to understand that by the time the sun had gone that distance they would be at his home. After about an hour's march, but which to Milfort, exhausted with hunger, seemed an age, they arrived at the Chattahochee River, on the other side of which was a village of the "Coctas." He now knew why the negro had been sent on in advance, for he was awaiting their arrival with canoes which he had brought over from the farther side.

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Crossing the river, they proceeded to the house of the old Indian, who, as they entered, made a sign to Milfort to be seated, and presented him with a pipe. Although smoking was not exactly the occupation the Frenchman thought most suitable to a man in a starving condition, he said nothing, but took the pipe with a gracious gesture, and soon found that it relieved very much the gnawings of hunger. After he had finished, his savage host presented him with a slice of water-melon, and took a piece himself. Milfort devoured it voraciously and looked up for more, but to his surprise no more was offered him. He could not understand why his raving hunger was thus taunted, for he knew he had made the Indian understand his starving condition, and he seemed to be friendly. He had not much time, however, for reflection on this singular conduct of his host, for in a few moments he was startled by the loud and rapid beat of a drum. The Indian, observing his surprise, informed him by signs that their council was about to assemble, and offered to conduct him to it. Milfort immediately rose to follow him, for, unable to make himself understood, he thought it best to humor every wish of his host, though he could not but think that the savage was singularly polite and friendly for one who roasted and ate men.

This was in the month of May, 1776, for Milfort had been more than a month in crossing the State of Georgia, so devious and full of obstructions had been his way. He had arrived among the powerful tribe of the Creeks, and at the time of one of their annual councils. Into this council Milfort's host now conducted him, for though he was not himself a chief his age gave him free admittance. Leading him forward to a chief seated in the centre on some bear-skins, he presented him, saying that he was a Frenchman whom he had found lost in the forest. The chief received him with great dignity, and, making him a sign to be seated by his side, took his hand in token of friendship. Milfort addressed him a few words in French, but seeing that he did not understand him addressed him in broken English. To his amazement he found that the chieftain spoke English perfectly. This was the renowned M'Gillivray, a man well known at that time both in this country and in Europe.

The Creeks had been warm friends of the French when they occupied Louisiana, and Milfort was most cordially received by the assembled chiefs. He did not remain long, however, for his host soon advanced to conduct him away. Leading him back to his cabin he gave him about an ounce of bread, and the same amount of roast meat, and a drink of water. These mere morsels seemed to increase rather than allay the pangs of hunger, and Milfort could not reconcile this extreme parsimony with the friendly bearing of the Indian. Toward sunset the latter conducted him to a little room in which his baggage had been previously deposited, and pointing to some bear-skins made signs for him to lie down and rest. He did so, and being very tired as well as hungry, soon fell asleep, and dreamed of luxurious banquets at which he was allowed to eat without stint. In the midst of his imaginary repast the old Indian entered the room, and, waking him up, asked how he had slept. He then poured out for him a small cup of whisky, and made signs for him to follow him. He did so, and entering an adjoining room, saw to his great delight a table spread with abundance to eat. When his hunger was appeased his savage host made him understand that he had kept him on short allowance at first from fear that sudden repletion would injure him.

M'Gillivray soon came in to dine with him, and they had a long conversation together, kept up on Milfort's side in very imperfect English. M'Gillivray, on the other hand, not only spoke it perfectly, but informed Milfort, to his great surprise, that he spoke scarcely any other language, having but a very limited knowledge of the Indian tongue. The reason of this was, as he afterward ascertained, that M'Gillivray's father was a Scotchman, and had given him an English education. His mother was the natural daughter of a French officer who formerly commanded at Fort Toulouse, near Alabama. This officer had made a mistress of a squaw, the beautiful daughter of a Creek chief, and M'Gillivray's mother was the fruit of the connection. His father had long been a trader among the Creeks, and was much beloved by them. In one of his visits to buy furs, peltries, etc., he saw this half-Indian half-French girl, who had inherited her mother's beauty, and fell in love with her. More conscientious than the French officer, he made her his wife, which added greatly to his influence with the Creeks. They lived happily together, and a family of five children grew up in their half-civilized home. There were two sons and three daughters, but one after another died, till only one son and daughter remained. The former was sent to Charleston, to be educated as an English youth; and he might well pass for one, for being Scotch on his father's side, and only half-Indian on his mother's, he was only slightly tinted with the swarthy hue of the savage. After finishing his education he visited the Creeks on behalf of the English to negotiate a treaty with them. Reverenced for his father's sake, and claimed as one of their own from being the son of a chieftain's grand-daughter, he was received with the warmest tokens of affection, and named their *Estechocko*, or "friend." He was six feet high, tall, spare, and erect, and afterward became known as the Talleyrand of Alabama. The beautiful country of the Creeks, their unbounded affection for him, combined perhaps with a longing for a wild life, which had come with his Indian blood, determined him to remain among them.

During the conversation at the dinner-table Milfort informed him that it was his intention to remain some time in the Indian country.

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Milfort was delighted with the intelligence; for with an educated man for a companion, with whom he could converse about the great world without, he saw that he could combine the charms of both savage and civilized life, and gratify his educated as well as his natural tastes.

M'Gillivray invited him to go home with him as soon as the council broke up, but Milfort, with true French politeness, declined on the grounnd that his kind host might feel hurt at his leaving him so suddenly. M'Gillivray, however, was determined not to part with his new-found companion, and before the council dispersed had arranged it all with the old Indian in whose charge he left the horses and baggage.

Milfort, bidding his Indian host an affectionate adieu, promising to come and see him again soon, mounted one of M'Gillivray's horses, and the two rode away into the forest toward the beautiful home of the latter on the banks of the Coosa. For three days these two men, thus strangely brought together in the heart of the wilderness, journeyed on together, surrounded by all the glories of the spring, the pleasant hours passing swiftly by in pleasant converse respecting the great world without; and on the fourth reached their place of destination. The situation that M'Gillivray had chosen for his home was picturesque in the extreme, and burst on Milfort like an oasis in the desert. The cabins of sixty slaves stood sprinkled over the opening, which was skirted by the river, amidst which rose conspicuously the more imposing residence of M'Gillivray, their proprietor. Each family had a cabin of its own surrounded by a patch of cultivated ground, which gave to the whole the appearance of a little village. This quiet spot, surrounded by the green forest, and smiling in the sun, seemed to Milfort more like a dream than a reality, and he could not repress an exclamation of delight. M'Gillivray took him to his own house, and after a day or two presented him with a separate cabin for his especial use. In the mean time, determined to retain him permanently among his tribe, he had spoken enthusiastically of the simple, pleasant manners of his people, told him of the reputation the nation had already acquired, and unfolded the brilliant plans he had laid out for the future. All this was strange and new to Milfort; he had started on his adventurous expedition in the expectation of finding a state of human degradation more revolting than any he had ever yet experienced, of seeing men who roasted and ate their enemies, and behold he had fallen on Arcadian simplicity, and found himself in a nation of savages far more civilized and refined than the wild frontiersmen of the white settlements.

Before the charm and novelty of his new situation had time to wear off he was informed by M'Gillivray that a secret war expedition was being fitted out by the Creeks. The chivalric Frenchman, in order to show his gratitude for the kindness he had received, immediately offered to accompany it as a volunteer. M'Gillivray, though secretly delighted at the offer, declined it on the ground that he was too recent a stranger to be allowed the honor of defending their country; but that at some future time the chiefs would be glad to accept of his services. Milfort, however, was determined not to be left behind, and pressed his request so earnestly that for fear of offending him it was finally granted. The fact that he was a Frenchman was the chief reason for thus deviating from their established custom. It is a remarkable fact that the French were always great favorites with the Indians on this continent, while the English were as invariably hated.

Honored with the title of Creek warrior, Milfort joined the expedition, and it took up its line of march through the forest.

These wild warriors in their war paint and equipped for the foray was a novel sight to the French soldier, and he could not but reflect on his strange appearance and position among them. He soon discovered that several of the subordinate chiefs, under the pretense of friendship, were keeping close watch of him; for not only was he a stranger, but he had come among them in too mysterious a manner to permit them to feel perfectly at ease respecting him. As they approached the neighborhood of the enemy he was kept under still closer surveillance. A council of war being called to decide on the plan of attack he was invited to it, and his opinion, he being a European soldier, was asked as to the best course to be adopted. He politely declined to give any whatever, saying that he was entirely ignorant of their mode of warfare, and also that of the enemy. But they, determined to obtain his views, explained their usual method of surprise by night, etc., and then insisted on his giving them the plan he would adopt if left to himself. Being thus urged, he, after obtaining full information of the locality, circumstances, number, etc., of the enemy, presented a plan, which, though it might be very imperfectly comprehended by his savage companions, would have one merit at least—that of being entirely new to the enemy. To his surprise it was adopted, and proved entirely successful. The enemy, thrown into utter confusion by the new mode of Indian warfare, were completely routed. Milfort, however, had not the faintest idea what an Indian battle was; and when, with their blood-curdling war-whoop and unearthly yells and frantic gestures and gleaming tomahawks, they leaped among their foes, they looked more like painted demons than men. He confesses that he was startled at the strange apparition, and adds, with a naïveté that is irresistible, "it required all the consciousness that I was a Frenchman, and that I was sustaining the honor of France, to keep me from showing any alarm. The different colors with which they painted their bodies rendered them more frightful objects than the painted devils that figure in the ballet of an opera."

Several skirmishes and battles took place before the campaign finished, in which he, by his

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skill and cool bravery, won the highest praise, and fixed himself firmly in the confidence and esteem of the nation. The chiefs were lavish in their praises and demonstrations of gratitude, which filled M'Gillivray with unbounded delight, and he called him the saviour of his country. Not long after, in conversing on the affairs of the nation, he informed him that he would soon have another opportunity of showing his courage and attachment to the tribes; for the Americans and Indians had made an incursion into the Creek territory, and they were about fitting out a formidable expedition against them. This time Milfort had no difficulty in getting himself accepted as a volunteer.

The campaign that followed was an important one, and furnished him many opportunities to distinguish himself. On one occasion, when the Indians were about to close with their enemies, he saw that the position which a portion of the warriors had taken would, if maintained, end in certain defeat. He passed fearlessly through the hostile fire, and placing himself at their head swept round through the forest, and falling unexpectedly on the enemy routed them with great slaughter. The reckless exposure of his life at the critical moment of the battle, and the glorious victory which he had thus been able to secure, completed the ascendency which the former campaign had gone so far toward giving him over the tribe.

On the return of the expedition the war-chiefs, relieved entirely from their suspicions, made a glowing report of his services to the council of old men, and spoke in such extravagant terms of his personal bravery that he was unanimously elected Little War-Chief. M'Gillivray was in ecstasy, and publicly declared himself his protector and friend.

Milfort had now been two years a resident of the nation, and to fix him still more firmly among them M'Gillivray gave him his only sister for a wife. Having thus obtained a distinguished rank he was determined to prove himself worthy of it. An opportunity, however, did not occur till next year, when an important expedition was undertaken by the young warriors. Invested with the dignity of war-chief he accompanied it as a leader. Sweeping rapidly forward on their war-path they at length came in the neighborhood of the enemy. Here they halted, and a council of war was called to decide on the plan of attack. Milfort, by right, formed one of it, but took no part in the deliberations till each had expressed his opinion. He was then called on for his. He had adopted a plan of his own, entirely different from any that had been proposed. It was a novel one to the chiefs, and one they could not fully comprehend; yet so entirely had Milfort won their confidence that they unhesitatingly fell in with it, but told him that he must take chief command in carrying it out. He did so. He had seen enough of their fighting to know exactly what they could do, and had also become well acquainted with the tactics of the enemy. The result was, he so completely overthrew and routed the enemy that a single battle ended the war, and they returned in triumph to their homes.

Peace being restored, Milfort made a tour through the nation to ascertain more thoroughly its exact condition, and its capabilities with reference to future action. Clothed with the authority of the chiefs of the council of old men, and preceded by the fame of his exploits, he was every where received with demonstrations of love and reverence.

When the council assembled the next year they determined to give him a new evidence of their esteem and confidence. After discussing the state and prospects of the nation a chief arose and proposed, as wars were frequent and troubles of various kinds surrounded them, that they should elect a grand chief who should take supreme control of their affairs, and be commander-in-chief of the army. The confidence reposed in M'Gillivray's talents, as well as in his integrity, made him the proper person to receive this high position, and it was unanimously offered him. But he being in feeble health, besides of a mild and amiable disposition, which made him so averse to battle that he never accompanied any of the warlike expeditions, declined the proffered honor. He told the chiefs, while thanking them for this proof of their attachment, that his health would not enable him to sustain the fatigues inseparable to war, and if he should accept the place of commander-in-chief he could not always lead them to battle, and hence on the most important occasion they might find themselves without a leader. At the same time he spoke of Milfort's services, rehearsed his warlike deeds, and reminding them of the confidence they had already reposed in him, proposed they should make him their *Tastanegy*, or Grand War-Chief. The proposition was at once accepted, and Milfort, without a dissenting voice, was elected Grand War-Chief of the Creek nation.

He was absent at the time on business of the tribe, and M'Gillivray dispatched a swift runner for him, with the request to hasten back and receive the high honor that had been awarded him. Milfort, though he felt deeply this touching proof of the confidence of the Indians in him, resolved, notwithstanding, not to accept the position. Returning with all speed he sought an interview with M'Gillivray, and after thanking him warmly for this new evidence of his attachment, without informing him of his determination went direct to the council. He thanked them also for the honor they had done him, but said they ought to choose a chief more experienced in their customs and more acquainted with their wants than he was; that he was content in having led their brave chiefs and warriors to victory, and had much rather obey than command.

The council deliberated on what he said, but determined, notwithstanding his objections, to

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confirm his election. Milfort saw at once that to persist in his refusal would give great offense, and so he made another proposition. He reminded them of the abilities of M'Gillivray, the great service he had rendered the nation before he came among them, and of his own friendship for him, which made him unwilling to exercise authority over him, and then proposed that they should make M'Gillivray head chief of the nation in all its political matters, while he, under him, would be head war-chief. This compromise, by a division of the honor, satisfied all parties, and so the delicate affair was settled.

The ceremony of induction into office followed; and, though imposing in some parts of it, in others quite astounded the Frenchman. The council assembled in state, when a part of the chiefs slowly approached, and one of their number, a venerable man, advanced and led him to a litter covered with the richest bear-skins, and surrounded with a garland of ivy leaves. Four powerful chiefs then stepped forward, and lifting it on their shoulders commenced a slow and stately march around the grand centre cabin. A crowd of young warriors, each holding in his hand a staff adorned with eagle plumes, preceded them, dancing and gesticulating and rending the air with their wild hurrahs. The whole was led by a master of ceremonies, who carried a cocoa-nut shell on the end of a stick containing some hard berries, by shaking which he kept time. Before, behind, on every side, marched the old chiefs, each carrying his baton tipped with eagle plumes, painted in different colors. Then came six priests, or medicine men, with undressed deer-skins on their shoulders for capes, and in their hands the plant from which the war medicine was to be made. As the cortége approached the grand cabin it was met by another priest, accompanied by two young warriors carrying calabashes filled with water, in which the juice of the plant for the war medicine was to be mixed. When about twenty paces off the priest stopped, and dipping his hand in the water sprinkled it around, and chanted a hymn or invocation to the God of War. As the chant ceased all the chiefs advanced, six in a line, to meet him, and dipping their hands in the same calabash made the same gesture as they sprinkled the water. Then the six priests came forward and compounded the mixture. This ceremony being performed they entered the grand cabin, and the six priests took their stations behind the litter on which Milfort sat in state. Then the old man stepped to his side, and with great ceremony helped him to descend, and placed him upon a buffalo robe prepared for his reception.

Thus far the ceremonies had been very imposing, but now the dignity of the occasion ceased; for the whole assembly sat down, and for twenty-four hours devoted themselves with ludicrous gravity to the drinking of the medicine of war, as they called the tea that had been brewed. Milfort, who had never before drank the mixture, soon grew sick, and began to throw up. The chiefs, accustomed to it, resisted its nauseating effects much longer; but at length they also succumbed, and a scene of vomiting ensued that Milfort, sick as he was, contemplated with the most unbounded astonishment. It was an extraordinary finale to an inauguration. It lasted all night, till the next morning at sunrise, when the whole stripped stark naked and repaired to a round cabin where the priests were awaiting them with kettles full of the boiling tea. Into these they threw red-hot stones, uttering the while a low melancholy chant. In a few minutes the cabin was full of steam, and the inmates of course in a raging perspiration, that trickled in streams down their bodies. Milfort, though tough for a white man, could with difficulty sustain the heat; but he knew it would be fatal to the reputation of a grand war-chief to be the first to succumb, and bore it like a martyr. This continued for half an hour, when a part of the chiefs left the cabin. The priests then surrounded Milfort, and together threw themselves into a cold stream that ran past the door. With his blood at boiling heat Milfort looked aghast at this cold plunge; but there was no time for delay or remonstrance, and in he went. That it did not kill him he attributed entirely to the immense quantity of hot tea or war medicine he had drank. Emerging from the water they rested a little, and then returned to the grand cabin, where a magnificent banquet had been prepared. After this there was a grand dance, which lasted three days. At the close Milfort was conducted out of the cabin in the same state in which he had entered it, and attended to his own. The oldest war-chief then proclaimed that the ceremony was completed, and he was now the first sentinel of the nation.

Milfort was now really at the head of the nation—its great war-chief, who was to lead all its hostile expeditions. But he found his position at the very outset a very embarrassing one, for the Creeks were in alliance with the English, and at war with the Americans; yet with the latter he knew the French armies were now co-operating. He felt no hesitation in fighting the Americans, but he could not bring his mind to fight his own countrymen. He therefore endeavored to induce the Indians to preserve a strict neutrality, giving many and plausible reasons for such a course. They were inclined to take his advice, but said they had formed a treaty with the English, and felt it would not do to break openly with them. It was finally arranged that a few warriors should join the English army as representatives of the nation, but not a sufficient number to require him, as grand war-chief, to accompany them.

On what an apparently slight event turned the whole question whether the Creeks, the most powerful and warlike of all the Southern tribes, should make common cause with the others against us! Their conduct in this matter has been attributed to the sagacity and forethought of M'Gillivray, the Indian Talleyrand, as they

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styled him; but now it leaks out that it was solely because a Frenchman had been elected their grand war-chief, and would not fight his own countrymen. Neither political nor military reasons had any thing to do with the comparatively indifferent attitude of the Creeks during the War of the Revolution, but regard for the national feelings of their new war-chief. But for this the war on our Southern frontier would have assumed a vastly more formidable character, and we should have witnessed achievements such as made the names of Pontiac and Tecumseh so long the terror of the white settlers.

Though Milfort had compromised matters so that the Creeks should occupy almost a neutral attitude during the war, he was afraid that events might occur which would draw the whole nation into it as allies of the English; and he determined to withdraw himself and the principal warriors entirely from the scene of combat. He had seen inscribed on shells, which they carefully preserved, various figures, which he found on inquiry to constitute the historical records of the nation. On asking for an interpretation of their meaning, he ascertained that the Creeks traced their origin to Mexico, from which they emigrated after the overthrow of the Montezuma to the Red River, beyond the Mississippi. They described with great enthusiasm their homes on the banks of this stream, and he proposed to make a visit to them. This interest in their past history pleased the Creeks, and they at once fell in with his project. So assembling two hundred young warriors, the *élite* of their fighting force, he struck off into the Western wilderness.

Reaching the Mississippi he left his warriors in camp, and descended to New Orleans. He had carefully noticed the capacity of the country through which he passed, and when he saw what a magnificent river flowed through it, furnishing a channel to internal commerce, he was amazed that France had ever ceded Louisiana to Spain. He staid some time at New Orleans, obtaining statistics respecting the amount of commerce that entered the river—the extent of navigation, and the character and magnitude of the territory its waters drained. *Then* and *there* was born the project of getting that vast country once more into the hands of France—a project he never abandoned, but pursued steadily till it was accomplished. After thoroughly informing himself on all points connected with the thriving colony, he prepared to depart, making this note as the result of his investigations: "*If France permits the Americans to get possession of this beautiful river, in fifty years they will dictate laws to Europe.*" Thus, many years before the commencement of the present century, this Creek war-chief, with the sagacity of a statesman, foresaw the important part the great valley of the Mississippi was to play in the history of the world. He returned to his wild warriors absorbed in vast schemes for the future aggrandizement of France.

The march to the Red River was resumed; but he determined on his return to explore this wonderful valley, and ascertain from personal inspection its capacities, and then, when the present war was over, revisit France, and lay before the Government the results of his investigations, and the scheme that had already assumed a definite shape in his own mind.

He reached the ancient home of the Creeks late in autumn; and as the weather was getting cold, and there were so many broad rivers to swim in the route they must traverse, he proposed that they should stay there till spring. The true motive, however, which governed him, was the wish to keep away while the English were at war with the French. They spent the winter in trapping and hunting, and at the end of March broke up their wigwams and started on their return. Instead, however, of taking the route by which he had come, Milfort chose a different one, carrying him farther north, so that he might see more of the country. Having struck the Mississippi, he ascended its banks to the Ohio, then followed this latter stream till he approached the American settlements from the east; and penetrated even to the Niagara frontier. The farther he explored the more he was convinced of the importance of his great scheme of getting Louisiana ceded back to France, so that she could control the valley of the Mississippi. His warriors spent the time in hunting and trapping while he matured a plan which, if successful, would aggrandize France, and make her mistress of half the western continent.

He was absent on this extraordinary expedition eighteen months, and returned with a vast retinue of horses loaded with furs and skins. He had not lost a man nor met with a serious accident during the whole time. The Creeks, who had wondered what had become of their new war-chief, received him with unbounded delight, and crowding around him, escorted him —two thousand in number—in triumph to his home, which he had named "*Petite Paris.*"

He had a long and interesting interview with M'Gillivray, and unfolded to him the grand project which he determined, on the first favorable opportunity, to present to the French Government. With France master of the Mississippi Valley, and the Creek nation in close alliance with it, M'Gillivray saw that his people would be secure against the incursions of the colonists, and soon rise to that position of power which he ardently wished to see them occupy. Nothing, however, could be done till the continental war should close.

In the mean time, the Georgians having made encroachments upon the Creeks, the latter clamored loudly for vengeance; and Milfort assembled his warriors to make an incursion against the settlers. But when he reached the frontiers he abandoned his design, and filled with his great scheme, determined to visit the two hostile armies and see what the prospects were of a termination of the war. He first visited the British camp at Charleston, then passed on to the French head-quarters at Yorktown, where

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the allied army had remained since the capitulation of Cornwallis. From thence he went to Philadelphia, and being convinced that the war would soon be over, returned to his warriors, and abandoning the expedition into Georgia led them back to their homes.

Not long after he conducted two successful expeditions against General Bowles, who figured so prominently for a while in the affairs of the Seminoles.

In 1789 M'Gillivray went to Mobile to make a treaty with the Spanish Governor of Louisiana and M. Mirian the Intendant. Being appointed commissioner-general for the King of Spain, he wished Milfort to accept the office of sub-commissioner-general; but the latter declined; though afterward, when Carondelet was made Governor-general of Louisiana, he did accept the position.

In the mean time an event occurred which made him again summon his warriors to the field of battle. Two old Creek chiefs being on a visit to Georgia, the whites got them drunk, and while in this state formed a treaty with them by which a large tract of land was ceded to Georgia. When the chiefs became sober they refused to own the treaty, which so enraged the Georgians that they seized them and threatened to kill them. This infamous treaty was the cause of much trouble afterward, not only between the Creeks and Georgia, but also between the former and the General Government.

Milfort, indignant at the foul outrage, did not wait to make complaints to Washington, but placing himself at the head of a large band of warriors fell on the settlements with resistless fury. The whites flew to arms, but were beaten in almost every encounter; and for a while terror reigned upon the frontier. The daring and success of the Indians astonished the Americans, and they attributed the skill and energy with which the avenging blow was delivered and followed up to the great ability of M'Gillivray. One of the papers of the day, speaking of the war, said of M'Gillivray: "With what address has he conducted this unhappy war against us! If it were possible to gain his friendship, and get him in our interests, it would be most desirable, for the other Indians would not then dare to make war. Let us then strive to make peace with him." M'Gillivray became at once a very distinguished man; his name was a terror throughout the border settlements South; was often repeated in the halls of Congress and Washington's cabinet, and became a familiar word in the saloons of Europe; and yet during the whole war he was never once on the field of battle.

History often makes heroes out of very singular material; but it rarely, as in this case, manufactures one entirely out of the imagination. While the country rung with the daring plots of M'Gillivray, he was quietly sitting in his own cabin on the Coosa, attending to his plantation. An unknown French soldier was winning for him a reputation which to this day it is supposed he won for himself. The result was that Washington sent commissioners to him, and eventually gave him the rank of Brigadier-General in the American service. It is nevertheless true, strange as it may appear, that M'Gillivray never once led the Creeks to battle! Let the future historian of Georgia make a note of this, and he will be able to solve some things that occurred in the Creek nation, subsequent to the Revolution, which otherwise would remain a mystery.

Milfort now saw clearly that the Creeks would have to abandon their lands unless something was speedily done. In the end he designed to have their safety secured by an alliance with France; but he knew that years must elapse before this could be brought about, if accomplished at all, and he resolved to form a grand league with all the Southern Indians, and make common war against the Americans. The borderers, he saw, must be driven back at once, or their rapid encroachments would inevitably force the Indians to retire. In carrying out his plan he visited tribe after tribe, as Tecumseh did afterward; and though he did not arouse them by his eloquence, he showed so clearly that unless a common alliance was made they would all be compelled to give up their lands and abandon their homes, that he met with but little strong opposition; and before the year was out had formed one of the most formidable Indian leagues that was ever made on this continent. Rumors of this at length reached the seat of government at New York, and caused much anxiety to Washington. The powerful Southern tribes, joined together and led by such a bold and skillful leader as the one who had recently spread terror through Georgia, would wage a war that would cost much blood and treasure to bring to a successful termination.

M'Gillivray being nominally the chief of the nation, was supposed to be at the bottom of this great and dangerous movement. In the mean time the two officers which had been sent as commissioners to treat with him reached the hostile tribe. Luckily for them Milfort, when they arrived, was absent at Pensacola, occupied in distributing the annual presents of the Spaniards to the Indians. M'Gillivray immediately sent for him; but the commissioners had evidently seen and heard enough in their interviews with the chiefs to convince them that Milfort would oppose all their propositions; and hence they pressed M'Gillivray with all their power to depart with them immediately for New York, where he could talk over the affairs of the nation with Washington. The more he showed a disinclination to commit himself in any way until Milfort's return, the more anxious they were to hasten his departure. They had found a different state of things from what they had anticipated. M'Gillivray, instead of being the great and warlike chief he had been represented to be, was a man in feeble health and of a peaceful disposition, and evidently entirely under the influence of this Milfort, of whom they appar-

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ently had never heard before. The strong and resolute spirit which controlled the Creek nation, and gave such prestige to its arms, was not, after all, the head political chief; and more than half of the difficulties they expected to encounter would be surmounted at once if they could get the latter where he could no longer feel its influence. By what inducements and promises they succeeded we are not informed, but they did prevail on M'Gillivray to depart suddenly with them before Milfort had time to return.

Milfort, the moment he received M'Gillivray's message, set out to meet him. He had seen enough of M'Gillivray's yielding disposition to make him fear the worst if he were left alone to deal with the commissioners. He knew that their object in coming was to obtain possession of Creek lands, which would be only the beginning of the final absorption of their whole territory; and he determined they should go back with that object unaccomplished. But, to his great disappointment and indignation, he found when he reached home that M'Gillivray and the commissioners had been gone three days. It would be impossible to overtake him even if it were wise to do so, and he moodily resigned himself to fate, feeling that nothing but evil could result from this ill-starred visit to the head of the American Government. At one time he resolved to assemble four thousand warriors and march to the frontier to await his return, but he finally abandoned the design, and remained in his cabin.

In the mean time M'Gillivray proceeded with the commissioners to New York, and became the guest of Washington. One day he made a visit to Wall Street, and crowds of curious gazers gathered on the sidewalk as he passed. The tall and slender white chieftain (for he could hardly be called an Indian) bore no resemblance whatever to the renowned and terrible warrior they had pictured to themselves. On another occasion he visited the Hall of Congress, and was received with distinguished honor. Overwhelmed with attentions, flattered and caressed by the most distinguished men of the nation, it is not surprising that this savage chieftain, with the blood and instincts of a white man in him, should have yielded to the seductive influences that surrounded him. Alone and unaccustomed to such associations, he gradually lost that feeling of independence which characterized him in his forest home, and became a mere instrument in the hands of those who coveted the rich lands of his tribe. His pride was also flattered by the promise of a commission of Brigadier-General in the American army—a rank that a white man would have gone far to have obtained. Washington was probably wholly unacquainted with the deception and wrong that had been practiced on the Creeks, as he had heard only the white man's story, and intent on preventing an expensive and desolating war on the southern frontier, and at the same time wishing to satisfy the Georgia delegates, made a treaty with him, by which the very lands which the State had endeavored to obtain from the drunken chiefs were ceded to the whites. As compensation in part he received the rank, uniform, and pay of Brigadier-General.

In the midst, however, of his newly acquired honors, the thought of Milfort, who had acquired complete ascendency over him in all affairs of the nation, would trouble him, and he looked forward to the meeting with him with no little anxiety. To blunt the edge of his opposition, and if possible secure his approval of the treaty, he solicited, and actually obtained, the same military rank for him with which he himself had been honored. With the commission for him in his pocket he set out on his return home. On his arrival he sought an interview with Milfort, and told him what he had done, and at the same time presented him his commission as Brigadier-General, together with a kind message from Washington. Milfort's worst fears had been realized. But reproaches and remonstrances would now avail nothing—the deed was done, and the first downward step of the nation irrevocably taken. He did not complain, but when he told M'Gillivray that he would not accept the commission of Brigadier-General, and bade him return it to Washington, the humbled chieftain felt how utterly his course was condemned, and that he alone must bear the responsibility of it.

A council of the chiefs was called and the treaty laid before them. They were amazed at its conditions, and M'Gillivray saw, as he gazed on the grave, stern countenances that surrounded him, that he had fallen forever in the confidence of his people. No proposition, however, was made to ratify the treaty; it was plain that a smothered fire was in their breasts that would require but little provocation to make a consuming flame.

This not long after was furnished. An officer arrived from the seat of Government with the money due M'Gillivray as general, and a thousand dollars for Milfort. In passing through the village of Okfoski, one of the bags containing the money fell from the saddle of the messenger and burst open. The Indians who had crowded around immediately asked who it was for. The officer replied for M'Gillivray, their chief. The news spread like wild-fire. Soured by the conditions of the treaty, and indignant that the head of the nation should sport the epaulets of a general in the white man's service, the discovery of this money removed the last barrier to the open expression of their rage and suspicions. It was to them proof positive of their chieftain's treachery, and they assembled and tumultuously demanded his death. They would unquestionably have killed him on the spot but for the interference of Milfort, who promised to investigate the matter, and see every thing made right. In an interview with M'Gillivray he told him he must immediately send back his commission to Washington as he had done, and accept no stipend from the American Government.

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He did so, but this concession to the prejudices of the Indians came too late. They would not be appeased, and a second grand council was called to deliberate on the matter. After a long and stormy debate it was decided that M'Gillivray should die. The man whom they had so reverenced, in whose hands they had placed with entire confidence the interests of the nation, had now fallen so low that nothing but his blood could appease them.

Milfort, as much as he disapproved of M'Gillivray's course, stood firmly by him in this terrible crisis; but he saw clearly that he could not, with all his influence, stem the tide of opposition; and so, to avert from his friend the doom that awaited him, he secretly hurried him off to Mobile. After remaining here some time M'Gillivray went to Pensacola, where he died, without seeing the treaty he had made with Washington ratified by his chiefs. Thus perished one whom writers have been pleased to call the Talleyrand of Alabama. The people of the United States and the Government labored under a delusion as to his character while he lived, and history has prolonged it since his death. Milfort, the Frenchman, not M'Gillivray, the mixed breed, was the life and soul of the Creek nation.

Washington, when he gave M'Gillivray his commission of Brigadier-General, presented him with a superb pair of epaulets which he had received from the court of France through Lafayette. These the humbled chieftain gave to Milfort, who after found use for them in a way he little dreamed of then.

Washington, finding the treaty he had made with M'Gillivray not ratified by the nation, sent another commissioner, Souanne, to bring the matter to a satisfactory adjustment. The agent remained six months among the Creeks, trying in every way to win over Milfort, to whom the chiefs now looked for advice and counsel. But the promises and flatteries that had proved so potent with M'Gillivray were lost on the resolute Frenchman, and Souanne departed without having accomplished his object. Out of his failure grew the famous Yazoo and Sciota Land Company, which was nothing less than a gigantic swindle on the Indians.

In the mean time the French Revolution rolled on—the head of Louis XVI. fell on the scaffold, and France became a republic under the control of the Directory. Soon Bonaparte was elected First Consul, and the war with Spain commenced. The news of this important event at length reached the quiet settlement of Mobile. Milfort at once saw that the time for carrying out his long-meditated project had come. Retaining his French citizenship, his first step was to send in his resignation as commissioner of Spain to the Governor of Louisiana. The reason he gave was, that the two countries being at war he could no longer act as agent of the latter. The Governor accepted it, complimenting him at the same time on the fidelity and ability with which he had executed his trust.

Having thus cut himself loose from the Spanish authority, Milfort resolved to visit France and lay before the Government his grand scheme for reannexing Louisiana. First, he sat down and placed his views and the statistics which he had so carefully gathered in the form of a memorial. He then laid his plan before the Creek chiefs, saying, that when he had accomplished his object he would return, and, with France as their ally, bid defiance to the Americans.

Bidding them farewell, with much wise counsel as to the course they should pursue till his return, he repaired to Mobile and bought a ship in which he set sail for Philadelphia. On his arrival there he sought an interview with citizen Fauchet, who then represented the French republic at the seat of the Government of the United States, and laid before him his plan in detail. Fauchet fell in with it at once, and offered to give him a free passage to France. This, however, Milfort declined, and finding a vessel bound for Bordeaux about to sail, paid his passage in her, and embarked for his native country. Fauchet had given him a strong letter of recommendation to Cambacères, one of the consuls of the Committee of Public Safety, which he presented at once on reaching Paris. Cambacères received him cordially, and gave him a letter to the Secretary, who, though he approved of his plan, told him nothing could be done until negotiations for peace with Spain should commence. The Government would then make the cession of Louisiana one of the conditions of the treaty.

About six months after Charles Lacroix, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, presented him to the Directory. This body gave him a special audience, and listened with the liveliest interest to the details of his project. They saw at once a way was opened for France to recover the best part of the possessions she had lost in America. Milfort's report of his explorations of the Mississippi and its tributaries—his account of the growing commerce and vast capabilities and future wealth of the great valley of the West, filled them with wonder, and opened in prospect a new empire to the republic.

Thus was born and eventually carried out the project of obtaining once more possession of Louisiana. It has doubtless often occurred to the reader of history why was it that France, environed with perils as she was on the Continent, turned her attention to America? Here is the solution. While Europe was rocking above the earthquake before which the Bourbon dynasty had gone down, a solitary Frenchman in the wilds of the South formed and matured that plan which well-nigh changed the current of our history. That Louisiana would ultimately have been ours no one will deny; but by what process the result would have been reached it is impossible to conjecture.

Having thus succeeded to the extent of his most sanguine wishes, Milfort intimated to the Government that he would like to return to the Creek nation. The Directory replied that it

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was necessary he should remain in France until his scheme should be consummated. But he told them that all his property was among the Indians, and that in France he had no means of support. To obviate this difficulty they made him Brigadier-General.

The wandering Frenchman searching for adventure in our Southern wilds had risen by his energy to be head war-chief of the Creek nation, and thence, by a strange metamorphosis, was translated to Brigadier-General in the grand army of France. Holding this high position, he remained year after year waiting the progress of events to bring about the accomplishment of his scheme. At length it was announced that Louisiana was once more in the possession of France. A grand expedition was immediately set on foot to take possession of it, and convey a French colony of 25,000 men thither under command of Marshal Victor. Milfort threw himself with his accustomed energy into it, and soon, to his great joy, he saw the fleet which was to bring the consummation of his years of labor spreading its sails for the Atlantic. His dream of success, however, was dashed in the very moment of its fulfillment. The fleet was blockaded in the port of Ostend, and before it could be released Louisiana was sold to the United States for $15,000,000. This was in 1803.

Here ends Milfort's own account of his life and adventures. The remainder is briefly told in the *Biographie Universelle*. He returned to his native district, where he lived in tranquillity, a single wife taking the place of his former harem among the Creeks. Then came the invasion of France in 1814. The Allies, leaving the strong places unassailed, threw themselves upon the centre. The only way of opposing them was by harassing their rear and cutting their lines of communication. A levy of "corps-francs" was raised, and Milfort was appointed their commander. But he harassed the peaceable peasantry more than he did the enemy. After the close of this short and unhappy campaign he quitted Mézières, and took up his residence at Vouzierès, where he did nothing during the second invasion beyond defending his own house, which he had transformed into a kind of fortress. Abandoning the lower floor, he masked the staircase by a palisade of bushes, and concentrated his arms upon the next floor. These, consisting of three double-barreled guns, served by Madame Milfort and a servant, were to cover the doorway, while the General himself defended the palisade. A company of Hulans entered the house one night, and, finding the lower floor deserted, began to light a fire and make themselves comfortable. One of them coming near the palisade on the stairs, received a sabre stroke from Milfort, and ran back to his comrades, who laughed at him. Another coming up met the same fate, whereupon the whole company took to flight, rushing pell-mell from the court-yard. This was just what Milfort had been waiting for. The three muskets sent their balls among the fugitives in the narrow passage. But, notwithstanding his victory, Milfort thought it prudent next day to seek safety within the walls of Mézières. He died there in 1817, leaving a young son, without any fortune. His widow, implicated in a charge of swindling, was sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

The career of Milfort reads more like a tale of romance than actual history. Unknown as it was to America, it had an important bearing on her destiny. But for him, one of two things would have occurred, and possibly both—a war with Spain, or the occupation of the mouth of the Mississippi by the English. When the news of the purchase of Louisiana reached the United States military preparations were already being made for its conquest by us, in consequence of the violation by Spain of her treaty stipulations. A forcible seizure of it was inevitable, which would have precipitated a war with Spain, which in turn might have hastened the war with England, that took place nine years afterward. At that time New Orleans could not have made the gallant and successful defense she did under Jackson.

Again, the possession of Louisiana by France rendered its ultimate conquest by England almost certain if the former had endeavored to hold it. Bonaparte saw this, and it was to prevent so great a catastrophe that he transferred it so readily to the United States. With England in possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, the war of 1812 would have taken a different course and had a different issue. Stretching her arms across from New Orleans to Canada, she would have given the Western Indians tenfold the assistance she did. Jackson's campaign against the Creeks would probably have had a different termination, and Tecumseh's grand confederation have been backed by a force that the Western frontiers could not have resisted.

Mr. Benton, in 1830, in a speech in Congress referring to this event, and the result if the French fleet had reached Louisiana, said:

"Put it on either foot—Louisiana remains a French or becomes a British possession. In the first contingency we must have become the ally or the enemy of France. The system of Bonaparte admitted of no neutrals; and our alternatives would have been between falling into the train of his Continental system, or maintaining a war against him on our own soil. We can readily decide that the latter would have been most honorable; but it is hard to say which would have been most fatal to our prosperity, and most disastrous to our republican institutions. In the second contingency, and almost certain one, we should have had England established on our western, as well as on our northern frontier; and I may add our southern also; for Florida, as the proper ally of France, would have been a fair subject of British conquest in the war with France and Spain, and a desirable one, after the acquisition of Louisiana, and as easily taken as wished for, the vessel that brought home the news of the victory of Trafalgar being sufficient to summon and reduce the places of Mobile, Pensacola, St. Marks, and St. Augustine. This nation, thus established upon three sides of our territory, the most powerful of maritime powers, jealous of our commerce, panting for the dominion of the seas, unscrupulous in the use of savage allies, and nine years afterward to be engaged in a war with us! The results of such a position would have been, the loss for ages and centuries of the navigation of the Mississippi, the permanent occupation of the Gulf of Mexico by the British fleet, the consequent

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control of the West Indies, and the ravage of our frontiers by savages in British pay. These would have been the permanent consequences, to say nothing of the fate of the late war, commenced with our enemy encompassing us on three sides with her land-forces, and covering the ocean in front with her proud navy, victorious over the combined fleets of France and Spain, and swelled with the ships of all nations. From these calamitous results the acquisition of Louisiana delivered us."

Such mighty and fearful results did a French adventurer among a tribe of Southern Indians come within a hair's-breadth of securing. The accidental blockade of the French fleet in a Dutch port, and afterward the bold act of Jefferson, which he himself believed to be unconstitutional, alone prevented this. What prophet could have seen any connection between that solitary, half-starved wanderer in the wilds of Alabama and such historical changes? Unknown as he is, Milfort played an important rôle in our history, and came very near playing a still more important one. It is only the surface of the broad stream of human events that we commonly see; the deep under-currents are seldom known.

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXIT.

IT rained all through the night; and when the morning came it was raining still.

Contrary to his ordinary habit, Midwinter was waiting in the breakfast-room when Allan entered it. He looked worn and weary, but his smile was gentler, and his manner more composed than usual. To Allan's surprise he approached the subject of the previous night's conversation of his own accord as soon as the servant was out of the room.

"I am afraid you thought me very impatient and very abrupt with you last night," he said. "I will try to make amends for it this morning. I will hear every thing you wish to say to me on the subject of Miss Gwilt."

"I hardly like to worry you," said Allan. "You look as if you had had a bad night's rest."

"I have not slept well for some time past," replied Midwinter, quietly. "Something has been wrong with me. But I believe I have found out the way to put myself right again without troubling the doctors. Later in the morning I shall have something to say to you about this. Let us get back first to what you were talking of last night. You were speaking of some difficulty—" He hesitated, and finished the sentence in a tone so low that Allan failed to hear him. "Perhaps it would be better," he went on, "if, instead of speaking to me, you spoke to Mr. Brock?"

"I would rather speak to *you*," said Allan. "But tell me first, was I right or wrong last night in thinking you disapproved of my falling in love with Miss Gwilt?"

Midwinter's lean nervous fingers began to crumble the bread in his plate. His eyes looked away from Allan for the first time.

"If you have any objection," persisted Allan, "I should like to hear it."

Midwinter suddenly looked up again, his cheeks turning ashy pale, and his glittering black eyes fixed full on Allan's face.

"You love her," he said. "Does *she* love *you*?"

"You won't think me vain?" returned Allan. "I told you yesterday I had had private opportunities with her—"

Midwinter's eyes dropped again to the crumbs on his plate. "I understand," he interposed, quickly. "You were wrong last night. I had no objections to make."

"Don't you congratulate me?" asked Allan, a little uneasily. "Such a beautiful woman! such a clever woman!"

Midwinter held out his hand. "I owe you more than mere congratulations," he said. "In any thing which is for your happiness I owe you help." He took Allan's hand, and wrung it hard. "Can I help you?" he asked, growing paler and paler as he spoke.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Allan, "what *is* the matter with you? Your hand is as cold as ice."

Midwinter smiled faintly. "I am always in extremes," he said; "my hand was as hot as fire the first time you took it at the old west country inn. Come to that difficulty which you have not come to yet. You are young, rich, your own master—and she loves you. What difficulty can there be?"

Allan hesitated. "I hardly know how to put it," he replied. "As you said just now, I love her, and she loves me—and yet there is a sort of strangeness between us. One talks a good deal about one's self, when one is in love—at least I do. I've told her all about myself, and my mother, and how I came in for this place, and the rest of it. Well—though it doesn't strike me when we are together—it comes across me now and then, when I'm away from her, that she doesn't say much on her side. In fact, I know no more about her than you do."

"Do you mean that you know nothing about Miss Gwilt's family and friends?"

"That's it, exactly."

"Have you never asked her about them?"

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MISS GWILT.—[SEE AUGUST NUMBER, PAGE 349.]

"I said something of the sort the other day," returned Allan; "and I'm afraid, as usual, I said it in the wrong way. She looked—I can't quite tell you how; not exactly displeased, but—oh, what things words are! I'd give the world, Midwinter, if I could only find the right word when I want it, as well as you do."

"Did Miss Gwilt say any thing to you in the way of a reply?"

"That's just what I was coming to. She said, 'I shall have a melancholy story to tell you one of these days, Mr. Armadale, about myself and my family; but you look so happy, and the circumstances are so distressing, that I have hardly the heart to speak of it now.' Ah, *she* can express herself—with the tears in her eyes, my dear fellow, with the tears in her eyes! Of course I changed the subject directly. And now the difficulty is how to get back to it, delicately, without making her cry again. We *must* get back to it, you know. Not on my account; I am quite content to marry her first, and hear

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of her family misfortunes, poor thing, afterward. But I know Mr. Brock. If I can't satisfy him about her family when I write to tell him of this (which of course I must do), he will be dead against the whole thing. I'm my own master, of course, and I can do as I like about it. But dear old Brock was such a good friend to my poor mother, and he has been such a good friend to me—you see what I mean, don't you?"

"Certainly, Allan; Mr. Brock has been your second father. Any disagreement between you about such a serious matter as this would be the saddest thing that could happen. You ought to satisfy him that Miss Gwilt is (what I am sure Miss Gwilt will prove to be) worthy, in every way worthy—" His voice sank in spite of him, and he left the sentence unfinished.

"Just my feeling in the matter!" Allan struck in, glibly. "Now we can come to what I particularly wanted to consult you about. If this was your case, Midwinter, you would be able to say the right words to her—you would put it delicately, even though you were putting it quite in the dark. I can't do that. I am a blundering sort of fellow; and I am horribly afraid, if I can't get some hint at the truth to help me at starting, of saying something to distress her. Family misfortunes are such tender subjects to touch on—especially with such a refined woman, such a tender-hearted woman, as Miss Gwilt. There may have been some dreadful death in the family—some relation who has disgraced himself—some infernal cruelty which has forced the poor thing out on the world as a governess. Well, turning it over in my mind, it struck me that the major might be able to put me on the right tack. It is quite possible that he might have been informed of Miss Gwilt's family circumstances before he engaged her—isn't it?"

"It is possible, Allan, certainly."

"Just my feeling again! My notion is to speak to the major. If I could only get the story from him first I should know so much better how to speak to Miss Gwilt about it afterward. You advise me to try the major, don't you?"

There was a pause before Midwinter replied. When he did answer it was a little reluctantly.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Allan," he said. "This is a very delicate matter."

"I believe you would try the major if you were in my place," returned Allan, reverting to his inveterately personal way of putting the question.

"Perhaps I might," said Midwinter, more and more unwillingly. "But if I did speak to the major I should be very careful, in your place, not to put myself in a false position—I should be very careful to let no one suspect me of the meanness of prying into a woman's secrets behind her back."

Allan's face flushed. "Good Heavens, Midwinter!" he exclaimed, "who could suspect me of that?"

"Nobody, Allan, who really knows you."

"The major knows me. The major is the last man in the world to misunderstand me. All I want him to do is to help me (if he can) to speak about a delicate subject to Miss Gwilt, without hurting her feelings. Can any thing be simpler between two gentlemen?"

Instead of replying, Midwinter, still speaking as constrainedly as ever, asked a question on his side. "Do you mean to tell Major Milroy," he said, "what your intentions really are toward Miss Gwilt?"

Allan's manner altered. He hesitated, and looked confused.

"I have been thinking of that," he replied; "and I mean to feel my way first, and then tell him or not afterward, as matters turn out."

A proceeding so cautious as this was too strikingly inconsistent with Allan's character not to surprise any one who knew him. Midwinter showed his surprise plainly.

"You forget that foolish flirtation of mine with Miss Milroy," Allan went on, more and more confusedly. "The major may have noticed it, and may have thought I meant—well, what I didn't mean. It might be rather awkward, mightn't it, to propose to his face for his governess instead of his daughter?"

He waited for a word of answer, but none came. Midwinter opened his lips to speak, and suddenly checked himself. Allan, uneasy at his silence, doubly uneasy under certain recollections of the major's daughter which the conversation had called up, rose from the table, and shortened the interview a little impatiently.

"Come! come!" he said, "don't sit there looking unutterable things—don't make mountains out of molehills. You have such an old, old head, Midwinter, on those young shoulders of yours! Let's have done with all these pros and cons. Do you mean to tell me in plain words that it won't do to speak to the major?"

"I can't take the responsibility, Allan, of telling you that. To be plainer still, I can't feel confident of the soundness of any advice I may give you in—in our present position toward each other. All I am sure of is, that I can not possibly be wrong in entreating you to do two things."

"What are they?"

"If you speak to Major Milroy, pray remember the caution I have given you! Pray think of what you say before you say it!"

"I'll think—never fear! What next?"

"Before you take any serious step in this matter write and tell Mr. Brock. Will you promise me to do that?"

"With all my heart. Any thing more?"

"Nothing more. I have said my last words."

Allan led the way to the door. "Come into my room," he said, "and I'll give you a cigar. The servants will be in here directly to clear away; and I want to go on talking about Miss Gwilt."

"Don't wait for me," said Midwinter; "I'll follow you in a minute or two."

He remained seated until Allan had closed

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the door—then rose, and took from a corner of the room, where it lay hidden behind one of the curtains, a knapsack ready packed for traveling. As he stood at the window thinking, with the knapsack in his hand, a strangely old, care-worn look stole over his face; he seemed to lose the last of his youth in an instant.

What the woman's quicker insight had discovered days since, the man's slower perception had only realized in the past night. The pang that had wrung him when he heard Allan's avowal had set the truth self-revealed before Midwinter for the first time. He had been conscious of looking at Miss Gwilt with new eyes and a new mind, on the next occasion when they met after the memorable interview in Major Milroy's garden; he had been conscious of his growing interest thenceforth in her society, and his growing admiration of her beauty—but he had never until now known the passion that she had roused in him for what it really was. Knowing it at last, feeling it consciously in full possession of him, he had the courage which no man with a happier experience of life would have possessed—the courage to recall what Allan had said to him, and to look resolutely at the future through his own grateful remembrances of the past.

Steadfastly, through the sleepless hours of the night, he had contemplated the sacrifice of himself to the dearest interest of his friend, as part of the great debt of gratitude that he owed to Allan. Steadfastly he had bent his mind to the conviction that he must conquer the passion which had taken possession of him for Allan's sake; and that the one way to conquer it was—to go. No after-doubt as to the sacrifice had troubled him when morning came; and no after-doubt troubled him now. The one question that kept him hesitating was the question of leaving Thorpe-Ambrose. Though Mr. Brock's letter relieved him from all necessity of keeping watch in Norfolk for a woman who was known to be in Somersetshire; though the duties of the steward's office were duties which might be safely left in Mr. Bashwood's tried and trustworthy hands—still, admitting these considerations, his mind was not easy at the thought of leaving Allan at a time when a crisis was approaching in Allan's life.

He slung the knapsack loosely over his shoulder, and put the question to his conscience for the last time. "Can you trust yourself to see her, day by day, as you must see her—can you trust yourself to hear him talk of her, hour by hour, as you must hear him—if you stay in this house?" Again the answer came, as it had come all through the night. Again his heart warned him, in the very interests of the friendship that he held sacred, to go while the time was his own; to go before the woman who had possessed herself of his love had possessed herself of his power of self-sacrifice and his sense of gratitude as well.

He looked round the room mechanically before he turned to leave it. Every remembrance of the conversation that had just taken place between Allan and himself pointed to the same conclusion, and warned him, as his own conscience had warned him, to go. Had he honestly mentioned any one of the objections which he or any man must have seen to Allan's attachment? Had he—as his knowledge of his friend's facile character bound him to do—warned Allan to distrust his own hasty impulses, and to test himself by time and absence before he made sure that the happiness of his whole life was bound up in Miss Gwilt? No. The bare doubt whether, in speaking of these things, he could feel that he was speaking disinterestedly, had closed his lips, and would close his lips for the future, till the time for speaking had gone by. Was the right man to restrain Allan the man who would have given the world, if he had it, to stand in Allan's place? There was but one plain course of action that an honest man and a grateful man could follow in the position in which he stood. Far removed from all chance of seeing her, and from all chance of hearing of her—alone with his own faithful recollection of what he owed to his friend—he might hope to fight it down, as he had fought down the tears in his childhood under his gipsy master's stick; as he had fought down the misery of his lonely youth-time in the country bookseller's shop. "I must go," he said, as he turned wearily from the window, "before she comes to the house again. I must go before another hour is over my head."

With that resolution he left the room; and, in leaving it, took the irrevocable step from Present to Future.

The rain was still falling. The sullen sky all round the horizon still lowered, watery and dark, when Midwinter, equipped for traveling, appeared in Allan's room.

"Good Heavens!" cried Allan, pointing to the knapsack, "what does *that* mean?"

"Nothing very extraordinary," said Midwinter. "It only means—good-by."

"Good-by!" repeated Allan, starting to his feet in astonishment.

Midwinter put him back gently into his chair, and drew a seat near to it for himself.

"When you noticed that I looked ill this morning," he said, "I told you that I had been thinking of a way to recover my health, and that I meant to speak to you about it later in the day. That later time has come. I have been out of sorts, as the phrase is, for some time past. You have remarked it yourself, Allan, more than once; and, with your usual kindness, you have allowed it to excuse many things in my conduct which would have been otherwise unpardonable, even in your friendly eyes."

"My dear fellow," interposed Allan, "you don't mean to say you are going out on a walking tour in this pouring rain!"

"Never mind the rain," rejoined Midwinter. "The rain and I are old friends. You know

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something, Allan, of the life I led before you met with me. From the time when I was a child I have been used to hardship and exposure. Night and day, sometimes for months together, I never had my head under a roof. For years and years the life of a wild animal—perhaps I ought to say, the life of a savage—was the life I led, while you were at home and happy. I have the leaven of the vagabond—the vagabond animal, or the vagabond man, I hardly know which—in me still. Does it distress you to hear me talk of myself in this way? I won't distress you. I will only say that the comfort and the luxury of our life here are, at times, I think, a little too much for a man to whom comforts and luxuries come as strange things. I want nothing to put me right again but more air and exercise; fewer good breakfasts and dinners, my dear friend, than I get here. Let me go back to some of the hardships which this comfortable house is expressly made to shut out. Let me meet the wind and weather as I used to meet them when I was a boy; let me feel weary again for a little while, without a carriage near to pick me up; and hungry when the night falls, with miles of walking between my supper and me. Give me a week or two away, Allan—up northward, on foot, to the Yorkshire moors—and I promise to return to Thorpe-Ambrose better company for you and for your friends. I shall be back before you have time to miss me. Mr. Bashwood will take care of the business in the office. It is only for a fortnight, and it is for my own good: let me go!"

"I don't like it," said Allan. "I don't like your leaving me in this sudden manner. There's something so strange and dreary about it. Why not try riding, if you want more exercise; all the horses in the stables are at your disposal. At all events, you can't possibly go to-day. Look at the rain?"

Midwinter looked toward the window, and gently shook his head.

"I thought nothing of the rain," he said, "when I was a mere child, getting my living with the dancing dogs—why should I think any thing of it now? *My* getting wet, and *your* getting wet, Allan, are two very different things. When I was a fisherman's boy in the Hebrides I hadn't a dry thread on me for weeks together."

"But you're not in the Hebrides now," persisted Allan; "and I expect our friends from the cottage to-morrow evening. You can't start till after to-morrow. Miss Gwilt is going to give us some more music, and you know you like Miss Gwilt's playing."

Midwinter turned aside to buckle the straps of his knapsack. "Give me another chance of hearing Miss Gwilt when I come back," he said, with his head down and his fingers busy at the straps.

"You have one fault, my dear fellow, and it grows on you," remonstrated Allan; "when you have once taken a thing into your head you're the most obstinate man alive. There's no persuading you to listen to reason. If you *will* go," added Allan, suddenly rising as Midwinter took up his hat and stick in silence, "I have half a mind to go with you, and try a little roughing it too!"

"Go with *me!*" repeated Midwinter, with a momentary bitterness in his tone, "and leave Miss Gwilt!"

Allan sat down again, and admitted the force of the objection in significant silence. Without a word more on his side, Midwinter held out his hand to take leave. They were both deeply moved, and each was anxious to hide his agitation from the other. Allan took the last refuge which his friend's firmness left to him: he tried to lighten the farewell moment by a joke.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I begin to doubt if you're quite cured yet of your belief in the Dream. I suspect you're running away from me, after all!"

Midwinter looked at him, uncertain whether he was in jest or earnest. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"What did you tell me," retorted Allan, "when you took me in here the other day and made a clean breast of it? What did you say about this room and the second vision of the dream? By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet once more, "now I look again, here *is* the Second Vision! There's the rain pattering against the window; there's the lawn and the garden outside; here am I where I stood in the Dream; and there are you where the Shadow stood. The whole scene complete, out of doors and in; and *I've* discovered it this time!"

A moment's life stirred again in the dead remains of Midwinter's superstition. His color changed; and he eagerly, almost fiercely, disputed Allan's conclusion.

"No!" he said, pointing to the little marble figure on the bracket, "the scene is *not* complete; you have forgotten something as usual. The Dream is wrong this time, thank God!—utterly wrong! In the vision you saw, the statue was lying in fragments on the floor; and you were stooping over them with a troubled and an angry mind. There stands the statue safe and sound! and you haven't the vestige of an angry feeling in your mind, have you?" He seized Allan impulsively by the hand. At the same moment the consciousness came to him that he was speaking and acting as earnestly as if he still believed in the Dream. The color rushed back over his face, and he turned away in confused silence.

"What did I tell you?" said Allan, laughing a little uneasily. "That night on the Wreck is hanging on your mind as heavily as ever."

"Nothing hangs heavy on me," retorted Midwinter, with a sudden outburst of impatience, "but the knapsack on my back, and the time I'm wasting here. I'll go out and see if it's likely to clear up."

"You'll come back?" interposed Allan.

Midwinter opened the French window, and stepped out into the garden.

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"Yes," he said, answering with all his former gentleness of manner, "I'll come back in a fortnight. Good-by, Allan; and good luck with Miss Gwilt!"

He pushed the window to, and was away across the garden before his friend could open it again and follow him.

Allan rose, and took one step into the garden; then checked himself at the window, and returned to his chair. He knew Midwinter well enough to feel the total uselessness of attempting to follow him, or to call him back. He was gone, and for two weeks to come there was no hope of seeing him again. An hour or more passed, the rain still fell, and the sky still threatened. A heavier and heavier sense of loneliness and despondency—the sense of all others which his previous life had least fitted him to understand and endure—possessed itself of Allan's mind. In sheer horror of his own uninhabitably solitary house he rang for his hat and umbrella, and resolved to take refuge in the major's cottage.

"I might have gone a little way with him," thought Allan, his mind still running on Midwinter as he put on his hat. "I should like to have seen the dear old fellow fairly started on his journey."

He took his umbrella. If he had noticed the face of the servant who gave it to him he might possibly have asked some questions, and might have heard some news to interest him in his present frame of mind. As it was, he went out without looking at the man, and without suspecting that his servants knew more of Midwinter's last moments at Thorpe-Ambrose than he knew himself. Not ten minutes since the grocer and the butcher had called in to receive payment of their bills—and the grocer and the butcher had seen how Midwinter started on his journey.

The grocer had met him first, not far from the house, stopping on his way, in the pouring rain, to speak to a little ragged imp of a boy, the pest of the neighborhood. The boy's customary impudence had broken out even more unrestrainedly than usual at the sight of the gentleman's knapsack. And what had the gentleman done in return? He had stopped and looked distressed, and had put his two hands gently on the boy's shoulders. The grocer's own eyes had seen that; and the grocer's own ears had heard him say, "Poor little chap! I know how the wind gnaws and the rain wets through a ragged jacket better than most people who have got a good coat on their backs." And with those words he had put his hand in his pocket, and had rewarded the boy's impudence with a present of a shilling. "Wrong hereabouts," said the grocer, touching his forehead. "That's my opinion of Mr. Armadale's friend!"

The butcher had seen him farther on in the journey, at the other end of the town. He had stopped—again in the pouring rain—and this time to look at nothing more remarkable than a half-starved cur, shivering on a door-step. "I had my eye on him," said the butcher; "and what do you think he did? He crossed the road over to my shop, and bought a bit of meat fit for a Christian. Very well. He says good-morning, and crosses back again; and, on the word of a man, down he goes on his knees on the wet door-step, and out he takes his knife, and cuts up the meat, and gives it to the dog. Meat, I tell you again, fit for a Christian! I'm not a hard man, ma'am," concluded the butcher, addressing the cook, "but meat's meat; and it will serve your master's friend right if he lives to want it."

With those old unforgotten sympathies of the old unforgotten time to keep him company on his lonely road he had left the town behind him, and had been lost to view in the misty rain. The grocer and the butcher had seen the last of him, and had judged a great nature as all great natures *are* judged from the grocer and the butcher point of view.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. MILROY.

Two days after Midwinter's departure from Thorpe-Ambrose Mrs. Milroy, having completed her morning toilet, and having dismissed her nurse, rang the bell again five minutes afterward, and, on the woman's reappearance, asked impatiently if the post had come in.

"Post?" echoed the nurse. "Haven't you got your watch? Don't you know that it's a good half hour too soon to ask for your letters?" She spoke with the confident insolence of a servant long accustomed to presume on her mistress's weakness, and her mistress's necessities. Mrs. Milroy, on her side, appeared to be well used to her nurse's manner; she gave her orders composedly, without noticing it.

"When the postman does come," she said, "see him yourself. I am expecting a letter which I ought to have had two days since. I don't understand it. I'm beginning to suspect the servants."

The nurse smiled contemptuously. "Who will you suspect next?" she asked. "There! don't put yourself out. I'll answer the gate-bell this morning; and we'll see if I can't bring you a letter when the postman comes." Saying those words, with the tone and manner of a woman who is quieting a fractious child, the nurse, without waiting to be dismissed, left the room.

Mrs. Milroy turned slowly and wearily on her bed when she was left by herself again, and let the light from the window fall on her face.

It was the face of a woman who had once been handsome, and who was still, so far as years went, in the prime of her life. Long-continued suffering of body, and long-continued irritation of mind, had worn her away—in the roughly-expressive popular phrase—to skin and bone. The utter wreck of her beauty was made

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a wreck horrible to behold by her desperate efforts to conceal the sight of it from her own eyes, from the eyes of her husband and her child, from the eyes even of the doctor who attended her, and whose business it was to penetrate to the truth. Her head, from which the greater part of the hair had fallen off, would have been less shocking to see than the hideously youthful wig by which she tried to hide the loss. No deterioration of her complexion, no wrinkling of her skin could have been so dreadful to look at as the rouge that lay thick on her cheeks, and the white enamel plastered on her forehead. The delicate lace and the bright trimming on her dressing-gown, the ribbons in her cap, and the rings on her bony fingers, all intended to draw the eye away from the change that had passed over her, directed the eye to it on the contrary; emphasized it; made it by sheer force of contrast more hopeless and more horrible than it really was. An illustrated book of the fashions, in which women were represented exhibiting their finery by means of the free use of their limbs, lay on the bed, from which she had not moved for years without being lifted by her nurse. A hand-glass was placed with the book, so that she could reach it easily. She took up the glass after her attendant had left the room, and looked at her face with an unblushing interest and attention which she would have been ashamed of herself at the age of eighteen.

"Older and older, and thinner and thinner!" she said. "The major will soon be a free man; but I'll have that red-haired hussy out of the house first!"

She dropped the looking-glass on the counterpane, and clenched the hand that had held it. Her eyes suddenly riveted themselves on a little crayon portrait of her husband hanging on the opposite wall; they looked at the likeness with the hard and cruel brightness of the eyes of a bird of prey. "Red is your taste in your old age, is it?" she said to the portrait. "Red hair and a scrofulous complexion and a padded figure, a ballet-girl's walk, and a pickpocket's light fingers. *Miss* Gwilt! *Miss*, with those eyes and that walk!" She turned her head suddenly on the pillow, and burst into a harsh, jeering laugh. "*Miss!*" she repeated over and over again, with the venomously-pointed emphasis of the most merciless of all human forms of contempt—the contempt of one woman for another.

The age we live in is an age which finds no human creature inexcusable. Is there an excuse for Mrs. Milroy? Let the story of her life answer the question.

She had married the major at an unusually early age; and, in marrying him, had taken a man for her husband who was old enough to be her father—a man who at that time had the reputation, and not unjustly, of having made the freest use of his social gifts and his advantages of personal appearance in the society of women. Indifferently educated, and below her husband in station, she had begun by accepting his addresses under the influence of her own flattered vanity, and had ended by feeling the fascination which Major Milroy had exercised over women infinitely her mental superiors in his earlier life. He had been touched, on his side, by her devotion, and had felt in his turn the attraction of her beauty, her freshness, and her youth. Up to the time when their little daughter and only child had reached the age of eight years their married life had been an unusually happy one. At that period the double misfortune fell on the household of the failure of the wife's health and the almost total loss of the husband's fortune; and from that moment the domestic happiness of the married pair was virtually at an end.

Having reached the age when men in general are readier, under the pressure of calamity, to resign themselves than to resist, the major had secured the little relics of his property, had retired into the country, and had patiently taken refuge in his mechanical pursuits. A woman nearer to him in age, or a woman with a better training and more patience of disposition than his wife possessed, would have understood the major's conduct, and have found consolation in the major's submission. Mrs. Milroy found consolation in nothing. Neither nature nor training helped her to meet resignedly the cruel calamity which had struck at her in the bloom of womanhood and the prime of beauty. The curse of incurable sickness blighted her at once and for life.

Suffering can, and does, develop the latent evil that there is in humanity as well as the latent good. The good that was in Mrs. Milroy's nature shrank up under that subtly-deteriorating influence in which the evil grew and flourished. Month by month, as she became the weaker woman physically, she became the worse woman morally. All that was mean, cruel, and false in her, expanded in steady proportion to the contraction of all that had once been generous, gentle, and true. Old suspicions of her husband's readiness to relapse into the irregularities of his bachelor life, which in her healthier days of mind and body she had openly confessed to him—which she had always, sooner or later, seen to be suspicions that he had not deserved—came back, now that sickness had divorced her from him, in the form of that baser conjugal distrust which keeps itself cunningly secret; which gathers together its inflammatory particles atom by atom into a heap, and sets the slowly-burning frenzy of jealousy alight in the mind. No proof of her husband's blameless and patient life that could now be shown to Mrs. Milroy; no appeal that could be made to her respect for herself or for her child growing up to womanhood, availed to dissipate the terrible delusion born of her hopeless illness, and growing steadily with its growth. Like all other madness it had its ebb and flow, its time of spasmodic outburst and its time of deceitful repose—but, active or passive, it was

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always in her. It had injured innocent servants, and insulted blameless strangers. It had brought the first tears of shame and sorrow into her daughter's eyes, and had set the deepest lines that scored it in her husband's face. It had made the secret misery of the little household for years; and it was now to pass beyond the family limits, and to influence coming events at Thorpe-Ambrose, in which the future interests of Allan and Allan's friend were vitally concerned.

A moment's glance at the posture of domestic affairs in the cottage, prior to the engagement of the new governess, is necessary to the due appreciation of the serious consequences that followed Miss Gwilt's appearance on the scene.

On the marriage of the governess who had lived in his service for many years (a woman of an age and an appearance to set even Mrs. Milroy's jealousy at defiance), the major had considered the question of sending his daughter away from home, far more seriously than his wife supposed. On the one hand, he was conscious that scenes took place in the house at which no young girl should be present. On the other, he felt an invincible reluctance to apply the one efficient remedy—the keeping his daughter away from home in school-time and holiday-time alike. The struggle thus raised in his mind once set at rest, by the resolution to advertise for a new governess, Major Milroy's natural tendency to avoid trouble rather than to meet it, had declared itself in its customary manner. He had closed his eyes again on his home anxieties as quietly as usual, and had gone back, as he had gone back on hundreds of previous occasions, to the consoling society of his old friend the clock.

It was far otherwise with the major's wife. The chance which her husband had entirely overlooked, that the new governess who was to come might be a younger and a more attractive woman than the old governess who had gone, was the first chance that presented itself as possible to Mrs. Milroy's mind. She had said nothing. Secretly waiting, and secretly nursing her inveterate distrust, she had encouraged her husband and her daughter to leave her on the occasion of the picnic, with the express purpose of making an opportunity for seeing the new governess alone. The governess had shown herself; and the smouldering fire of Mrs. Milroy's jealousy had burst into flame in the moment when she and the handsome stranger first set eyes on each other.

The interview over, Mrs. Milroy's suspicions fastened at once and immovably on her husband's mother. She was well aware that there was no one else in London on whom the major could depend to make the necessary inquiries; she was well aware that Miss Gwilt had applied for the situation, in the first instance, as a stranger answering an advertisement published in a newspaper. Yet knowing this, she had obstinately closed her eyes, with the blind frenzy of the blindest of all the passions, to the facts straight before her; and, looking back to the last of many quarrels between them which had ended in separating the elder lady and herself, had seized on the conclusion that Miss Gwilt's engagement was due to her mother-in-law's vindictive enjoyment of making mischief in her household. The inference which the very servants themselves, witnesses of the family scandal, had correctly drawn—that the major's mother, in securing the services of a well-recommended governess for her son, had thought it no part of her duty to consider that governess's looks in the purely fanciful interests of the major's wife—was an inference which it was simply impossible to convey into Mrs. Milroy's mind. The resolution which her jealousy of her husband would, in any case, have led her to take after seeing Miss Gwilt, was a resolution doubly confirmed by the conviction that now possessed her. Miss Gwilt had barely closed the sick-room door when the whispered words hissed out of Mrs. Milroy's lips, "Before another week is over your head, my lady, you go!"

From that moment, through the wakeful night and the weary day, the one object of the bedridden woman's life was to procure the new governess's dismissal from the house.

The assistance of the nurse, in the capacity of spy, was secured—as Mrs. Milroy had been accustomed to secure other extra services which her attendant was not bound to render her—by a present of a dress from the mistress's wardrobe. One after another, articles of wearing apparel which were now useless to Mrs. Milroy, had ministered in this way to feed the nurse's greed—the insatiable greed of an ugly woman for fine clothes. Bribed with the smartest dress she had secured yet, the household spy took her secret orders, and applied herself with a vile enjoyment of it to her secret work.

The days passed, the work went on—but nothing came of it. Mistress and servant had a woman to deal with who was a match for both of them. Repeated intrusions on the major, when the governess happened to be in the same room with him, failed to discover the slightest impropriety of word, look, or action, on either side. Stealthy watching and listening at the governess's bedroom door, detected that she kept a light in her room at late hours of the night, and that she groaned and ground her teeth in her sleep—and detected nothing more. Careful superintendence in the daytime, proved that she regularly posted her own letters, instead of giving them to the servant; and that on certain occasions when the occupation of her hours out of lesson-time and walking-time was left at her own disposal, she had been suddenly missed from the garden, and then caught coming back alone to it from the park. Once, and once only, the nurse had found an opportunity of following her out of the garden—had been detected immediately in the park—and had been asked with the most exasperating politeness, if she wished to join Miss Gwilt in a walk. Small circumstances of this kind, which were sufficiently sus-

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picious to the mind of a jealous woman, were discovered in abundance. But circumstances, on which to found a valid ground of complaint that might be laid before the major, proved to be utterly wanting. Day followed day, and Miss Gwilt remained persistently correct in her conduct, and persistently irreproachable in her relations toward her employer and her pupil.

Foiled in this direction, Mrs. Milroy tried next to find an assailable place in the statement which the governess's reference had made on the subject of the governess's character.

Obtaining from the major the minutely careful report which his mother had addressed to him on this topic, Mrs. Milroy read and re-read it, and failed to find the weak point of which she was in search in any part of the letter. All the customary questions on such occasions had been asked, and all had been scrupulously and plainly answered. The one sole opening for an attack which it was possible to discover, was an opening which showed itself, after more practical matters had been all disposed of, in the closing sentences of the letter.

"I was so struck" (the passage ran) "by the grace and distinction of Miss Gwilt's manners that I took an opportunity, when she was out of the room, of asking how she first came to be a governess. 'In the usual way,' I was told. 'A sad family misfortune, in which she behaved nobly. She is a very sensitive person, and shrinks from speaking of it among strangers—a natural reluctance which I have always felt it a matter of delicacy to respect.' Hearing this, of course I felt the same delicacy on my side. It was no part of my duty to intrude on the poor thing's private sorrows; my only business was to do, what I have now done, to make sure that I was engaging a capable and respectable governess to instruct my grandchild."

After careful consideration of these lines, Mrs. Milroy having a strong desire to find the circumstances suspicious, found them suspicious accordingly. She determined to sift the mystery of Miss Gwilt's family misfortunes to the bottom, on the chance of extracting from it something useful to her purpose. There were two ways of doing this. She might begin by questioning the governess herself, or she might begin by questioning the governess's reference. Experience of Miss Gwilt's quickness of resource in dealing with awkward questions at their introductory interview decided her on taking the latter course. "I'll get the particulars from the reference first," thought Mrs. Milroy, "and then question the creature herself, and see if the two stories agree."

The letter of inquiry was short and scrupulously to the point. Mrs. Milroy began by informing her correspondent that the state of her health necessitated leaving her daughter entirely under the governess's influence and control. On that account she was more anxious than most mothers to be thoroughly informed in every respect about the person to whom she confided the entire charge of an only child; and, feeling this anxiety, she might perhaps be excused for putting what might be thought, after the excellent character Miss Gwilt had received, a somewhat unnecessary question. With that preface Mrs. Milroy came to the point, and requested to be informed of the circumstances which had obliged Miss Gwilt to go out as a governess.

The letter, expressed in these terms, was posted the same day. On the morning when the answer was due no answer appeared. The next morning arrived, and still there was no reply. When the third morning came Mrs. Milroy's impatience had broken loose from all restraint. She had rung for the nurse in the manner which has been already recorded, and had ordered the woman to be in waiting to receive the letters of the morning with her own hands. In this position matters now stood; and in these domestic circumstances the new series of events at Thorpe-Ambrose took their rise.

Mrs. Milroy had just looked at her watch, and had just put her hand once more to the bell-pull, when the door opened and the nurse entered the room.

"Has the postman come?" asked Mrs. Milroy.

The nurse laid a letter on the bed without answering, and waited, with unconcealed curiosity, to watch the effect which it produced on her mistress.

Mrs. Milroy tore open the envelope the instant it was in her hand. A printed paper appeared (which she threw aside), surrounding a letter (which she looked at) in her own handwriting! She snatched up the printed paper. It was the customary post-office circular, informing her that her letter had been duly presented at the right address, and that the person whom she had written to was not to be found.

"Something wrong?" asked the nurse, detecting a change in her mistress's face.

The question passed unheeded. Mrs. Milroy's writing-desk was on the table at the bedside. She took from it the letter which the major's mother had written to her son, and turned to the page containing the name and address of Miss Gwilt's reference, "Mrs. Mandeville, 18 Kingsdown Crescent, Bayswater," she read eagerly to herself, and then looked at the address on her own returned letter. No error had been committed: the directions were identically the same.

"Something wrong?" reiterated the nurse, advancing a step nearer to the bed.

"Thank God—yes!" cried Mrs. Milroy, with a sudden outburst of exultation. She tossed the post-office circular to the nurse, and beat her bony hands on the bed-clothes in an ecstasy of anticipated triumph. "Miss Gwilt's an impostor! Miss Gwilt's an impostor! If I die for it, Rachel, I'll be carried to the window to see the police take her away!"

"It's one thing to say she's an impostor be-

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hind her back, and another thing to prove it to her face," remarked the nurse. She put her hand as she spoke into her apron pocket, and, with a significant look at her mistress, silently produced a second letter.

"For me?" asked Mrs. Milroy.

"No," said the nurse, "for Miss Gwilt."

The two women eyed each other, and understood each other without another word.

"Where is she?" said Mrs. Milroy.

The nurse pointed in the direction of the park. "Out again for another walk before breakfast—by herself."

Mrs. Milroy beckoned to the nurse to stoop close over her. "Can you open it, Rachel?" she whispered.

Rachel nodded.

"Can you close it again so that nobody would know?"

"Can you spare the scarf that matches your pearl-gray dress?" asked Rachel.

"Take it!" said Mrs. Milroy, impatiently.

The nurse opened the wardrobe in silence, took the scarf in silence, and left the room in silence. In less than five minutes she came back with the envelope of Miss Gwilt's letter open in her hand.

"Thank you, ma'am, for the scarf," said Rachel, putting the opened letter composedly on the counterpane of the bed.

Mrs. Milroy looked at the envelope. It had been closed as usual by means of adhesive gum, which had been made to give way by the application of steam. As Mrs. Milroy took out the letter her hand trembled violently, and the white enamel parted into cracks over the wrinkles on her forehead. "My drops," she said. "I'm dreadfully excited, Rachel. My drops!"

Rachel produced the drops, and then went to the window to keep watch on the park. "Don't hurry," she said. "No signs of her yet."

Mrs. Milroy still paused, keeping the all-important morsel of paper folded in her hand. She could have taken Miss Gwilt's life—but she hesitated at reading Miss Gwilt's letter.

"Are you troubled with scruples?" asked the nurse, with a sneer. "Consider it a duty you owe to your daughter."

"You wretch!" said Mrs. Milroy. With that expression of opinion she opened the letter.

It was evidently written in great haste—was undated—and was signed in initials only. Thus it ran:

"Diana Street.

"My dear Lydia,—The cab is waiting at the door, and I have only a moment to tell you that I am obliged to leave London, on business, for three or four days, or a week at longest. My letters will be forwarded if you write. I got yours yesterday, and I agree with you that it is very important to put him off the awkward subject of yourself and your family as long as you safely can. The better you know him the better you will be able to make up the sort of story that will do. Once told you will have to stick to it—and, *having* to stick to it, beware of making it complicated, and beware of making it in a hurry. I will write again about this, and give you my own ideas. In the mean time don't risk meeting him too often in the park.

"Yours, M. O."

"Well?" asked the nurse, returning to the bedside. "Have you done with it?"

"Meeting him in the park?" repeated Mrs. Milroy, with her eyes still fastened on the letter. "*Him!* Rachel, where is the major?"

"In his own room."

"I don't believe it!"

"Have your own way. I want the letter and the envelope."

"Can you close it again so that she won't know?"

"What I can open I can shut. Any thing more?"

"Nothing more."

Mrs. Milroy was left alone again, to review her plan of attack by the new light that had now been thrown on Miss Gwilt.

The information that had been gained by opening the governess's letter pointed plainly to the conclusion that an adventuress had stolen her way into the house by means of a false reference. But having been obtained by an act of treachery which it was impossible to acknowledge it was not information that could be used either for warning the major or for exposing Miss Gwilt. The one available weapon in Mrs. Milroy's hands was the weapon furnished by her own returned letter—and the one question to decide was how to make the best and speediest use of it.

The longer she turned the matter over in her mind the more hasty and premature seemed the exultation which she had felt at the first sight of the post-office circular. That a lady acting as reference to a governess should have quitted her residence without leaving any trace behind her, and without even mentioning an address to which her letters could be forwarded, was a circumstance in itself sufficiently suspicious to be mentioned to the major. But Mrs. Milroy, however perverted her estimate of her husband might be in some respects, knew enough of his character to be assured that, if she told him what had happened, he would frankly appeal to the governess herself for an explanation. Miss Gwilt's quickness and cunning would, in that case, produce some plausible answer on the spot, which the major's partiality would be only too ready to accept; and she would at the same time, no doubt, place matters in train, by means of the post, for the due arrival of all needful confirmation on the part of her accomplice in London. To keep strict silence for the present, and to institute (without the governess's knowledge) such inquiries as might be necessary to the discovery of undeniable evidence, was plainly the only safe course to take with such a man as the major and with such a woman as Miss Gwilt. Helpless herself, to whom could Mrs. Milroy commit the difficult and dangerous task of in-

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vestigation? The nurse, even if she was to be trusted, could not be spared at a day's notice, and could not be sent away without the risk of exciting remark. Was there any other competent and reliable person to employ, either at Thorpe-Ambrose or in London? Mrs. Milroy turned from side to side of the bed, searching every corner of her mind for the needful discovery, and searching in vain. "Oh, if I could only lay my hand on some man I could trust!" she thought, despairingly. "If I only knew where to look for somebody to help me!"

As the idea passed through her mind the sound of her daughter's voice startled her from the other side of the door.

"May I come in?" asked Neelie.

"What do you want?" returned Mrs. Milroy, impatiently.

"I have brought up your breakfast, mamma."

"My breakfast?" repeated Mrs. Milroy, in surprise. "Why doesn't Rachel bring it up as usual?" She considered a moment, and then called out sharply, "Come in!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN IS FOUND.

NEELIE entered the room, carrying the tray with the tea, the dry toast, and the pat of butter which composed the invalid's invariable breakfast.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Milroy, speaking and looking as she might have spoken and looked if the wrong servant had come into the room.

Neelie put the tray down on the bedside table. "I thought I should like to bring you up your breakfast, mamma, for once in a way," she replied, "and I asked Rachel to let me."

"Come here," said Mrs. Milroy, "and wish me good-morning."

Neelie obeyed. As she stooped to kiss her mother, Mrs. Milroy caught her by the arm and turned her roughly to the light. There were plain signs of disturbance and distress in her daughter's face. A deadly thrill of terror ran through Mrs. Milroy on the instant. She suspected that the opening of the letter had been discovered by Miss Gwilt, and that the nurse was keeping out of the way in consequence.

"Let me go, mamma," said Neelie, shrinking under her mother's grasp. "You hurt me."

"Tell me why you have brought up my breakfast this morning," persisted Mrs. Milroy.

"I have told you, mamma."

"You have *not!* You have made an excuse —I see it in your face. Come! what is it?"

Neelie's resolution gave way before her mother's. She looked aside uneasily at the things in the tray; "I have been vexed," she said, with an effort; "and I didn't want to stop in the breakfast-room. I wanted to come up here and speak to you."

"Vexed? Who has vexed you? What has happened? Has Miss Gwilt any thing to do with it?"

Neelie looked round again at her mother in sudden curiosity and alarm. "Mamma!" she said, "you read my thoughts—I declare you frighten me. It *was* Miss Gwilt."

Before Mrs. Milroy could say a word more on her side, the door opened and the nurse looked in.

"Have you got what you want?" she asked as composedly as usual. "Miss, there, insisted on taking your tray up this morning. Has she broken any thing?"

"Go to the window—I want to speak to Rachel," said Mrs. Milroy.

As soon as her daughter's back was turned she beckoned eagerly to the nurse. "Any thing wrong?" she asked, in a whisper. "Do you think she suspects us?"

The nurse turned away with her hard, sneering smile. "I told you it should be done," she said, "and it *has* been done. She hasn't the ghost of a suspicion. I waited in the room—and I saw her take up the letter and open it."

Mrs. Milroy drew a deep breath of relief. "Thank you," she said, loud enough for her daughter to hear. "I want nothing more."

The nurse withdrew; and Neelie came back from the window. Mrs. Milroy took her by the hand and looked at her more attentively and more kindly than usual. Her daughter interested her that morning—for her daughter had something to say on the subject of Miss Gwilt.

"I used to think you promised to be pretty, child," she said, cautiously resuming the interrupted conversation in the least direct way. "But you don't seem to be keeping your promise. You look out of health and out of spirits —what is the matter with you?"

If there had been any sympathy between mother and child Neelie might have owned the truth. She might have said frankly, "I am looking ill, because my life is miserable to me. I am fond of Mr. Armadale, and Mr. Armadale was once fond of me. We had one little disagreement, only one, in which I was to blame. I wanted to tell him so at the time, and I have wanted to tell him so ever since—and Miss Gwilt stands between us and prevents me. She has made us like strangers; she has altered him, and taken him away from me. He doesn't look at me as he did; he doesn't speak to me as he did; he is never alone with me as he used to be; I can't say the words to him that I long to say; and I can't write to him, for it would look as if I wanted to get him back. It is all over between me and Mr. Armadale—and it is that woman's fault. There is ill-blood between Miss Gwilt and me the whole day long; and say what I may, and do what I may, she always gets the better of me, and always puts me in the wrong. Every thing I saw at Thorpe-Ambrose pleased me, every thing I did at Thorpe-Ambrose made me happy before she came. Nothing pleases me, and nothing makes me happy now!" If Neelie had ever been accustomed to ask her

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mother's advice and to trust herself to her mother's love, she might have said such words as these. As it was the tears came into her eyes, and she hung her head in silence.

"Come!" said Mrs. Milroy, beginning to lose patience. "You have something to say to me about Miss Gwilt. What is it?"

Neelie forced back the tears and made an effort to answer.

"She aggravates me beyond endurance, mamma; I can't bear her; I shall do something—" Neelie stopped, and stamped her foot angrily on the floor. "I shall throw something at her head if we go on much longer like this! I should have thrown something this morning if I hadn't left the room. Oh, do speak to papa about it! do find out some reason for sending her away! I'll go to school—I'll do any thing in the world to get rid of Miss Gwilt!"

To get rid of Miss Gwilt! At those words—at that echo from her daughter's lips of the one dominant desire kept secret in her own heart—Mrs. Milroy slowly raised herself in the bed. What did it mean? Was the help she wanted coming from the very last of all quarters in which she could have thought of looking for it?

"Why do you want to get rid of Miss Gwilt," she asked. "What have you got to complain of?"

"Nothing!" said Neelie. "That's the aggravation of it. Miss Gwilt won't let me have any thing to complain of. She is perfectly detestable; she is driving me mad; and she is the pink of propriety all the time. I dare say it's wrong, but, I don't care—I hate her!"

Mrs. Milroy's eyes questioned her daughter's face as they had never questioned it yet. There was something under the surface, evidently—something which it might be of vital importance to her own purpose to discover—which had not risen into view. She went on probing her way gently deeper and deeper into Neelie's mind, with a warmer and warmer interest in Neelie's secret.

"Pour me out a cup of tea," she said; "and don't excite yourself, my dear. Why do you speak to *me* about this? why don't you speak to your father?"

"I have tried to speak to papa," said Neelie. "But it is no use; he is too good to know what a wretch she is. She is always on her best behavior with him; she is always contriving to be useful to him. I can't make him understand why I dislike Miss Gwilt—I can't make *you* understand—I only understand it myself." She tried to pour out the tea, and in trying upset the cup. "I'll go down stairs again!" exclaimed Neelie, with a burst of tears. "I'm not fit for any thing—I can't even pour out a cup of tea!"

Mrs. Milroy seized her hand and stopped her. Trifling as it was, Neelie's reference to the relations between the major and Miss Gwilt had roused her mother's ready jealousy. The restraints which Mrs. Milroy had laid on herself thus far vanished in a moment—vanished, even in the presence of a girl of sixteen, and that girl her own child!

"Wait here!" she said, eagerly. "You have come to the right place and the right person. Go on abusing Miss Gwilt. I like to hear you—I hate her too!"

"You, mamma!" exclaimed Neelie, looking at her mother in astonishment.

For a moment Mrs. Milroy hesitated before she said more. Some last-left instinct of her married life in its earlier career and happier time pleaded hard with her to respect the youth and the sex of her child. But jealousy respects nothing; in the heaven above and on the earth beneath, nothing but itself. The slow fire of self-torment burning night and day in the miserable woman's breast flashed its deadly light into her eyes, as the next words dropped slowly and venomously from her lips.

"If you had had eyes in your head you would never have gone to your father," she said. "Your father has reasons of his own for hearing nothing that you can say, or that any body can say, against Miss Gwilt."

Many girls at Neelie's age would have failed to see the meaning hidden under those words. It was the daughter's misfortune, in this instance, to have had experience enough of the mother to understand her. Neelie started back from the bedside with her face in a glow. "Mamma!" she said, "you are talking horribly! Papa is the best and dearest and kindest—oh, I won't hear it! I won't hear it!"

Mrs. Milroy's fierce temper broke out in an instant—broke out all the more violently from her feeling herself, in spite of herself, to have been in the wrong.

"You impudent little fool!" she retorted furiously, "do you think I want *you* to remind me of what I owe to your father? Am I to learn how to speak of your father, and how to think of your father, and how to love and honor your father, from a forward little minx like you! I was finely disappointed, I can tell you, when you were born—I wished for a boy, you impudent hussy! If you ever find a man who is fool enough to marry you, he will be a lucky man if you only love him half as well, a quarter as well, a hundred-thousandth part as well, as I loved your father. Ah, you can cry when it's too late; you can come creeping back to beg your mother's pardon after you have insulted her. You little dowdy, half-grown creature! I was handsomer than ever you will be when I married your father—I would have gone through fire and water to serve your father! If he had asked me to cut off one of my arms, I would have done it—I would have done it to please him!" She turned suddenly with her face to the wall—forgetting her daughter, forgetting her husband, forgetting every thing but the torturing remembrance of her lost beauty. "My arms!" she repeated to herself, faintly. "What arms I had when I was young!" She snatched up the sleeve of her dressing-gown furtively, with a shudder. "Oh, look at it now! look at it now!"

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Neelie fell on her knees at the bedside and hid her face. In sheer despair of finding comfort and help any where else she had cast herself impulsively on her mother's mercy—and this was how it had ended! "Oh, mamma," she pleaded, "you know I didn't mean to offend you! I couldn't help it when you spoke so of my father. Oh do, do forgive me."

Mrs. Milroy turned again on her pillow, and looked at her daughter vacantly. "Forgive you?" she repeated, with her mind still in the past, groping its way back darkly to the present.

"I beg your pardon, mamma—I beg your pardon on my knees. I am so unhappy; I do so want a little kindness! Won't you forgive me?"

"Wait a little," rejoined Mrs. Milroy. "Ah," she said, after an interval, "now I know! Forgive you? Yes—I'll forgive you on one condition." She lifted Neelie's head, and looked her searchingly in the face. "Tell my why you hate Miss Gwilt! You've a reason of your own for hating her, and you haven't confessed it yet."

Neelie's head dropped again. The burning color that she was hiding by hiding her face showed itself on her neck. Her mother saw it, and gave her time.

"Tell me," reiterated Mrs. Milroy, more gently, "why do you hate her?"

The answer came reluctantly, a word at a time, in fragments.

"Because she is trying—"

"Trying what?"

"Trying to make somebody who is much—"

"Much what?"

"Much too young for her—"

"Marry her?"

"Yes, mamma."

Breathlessly interested, Mrs. Milroy leaned forward, and twined her hand caressingly in her daughter's hair.

"Who is it, Neelie?" she asked, in a whisper.

"You will never say I told you, mamma?"

"Never! Who is it?"

"Mr. Armadale."

Mrs. Milroy leaned back on her pillow in dead silence. The plain betrayal of her daughter's first love, by her daughter's own lips, which would have absorbed the whole attention of other mothers, failed to occupy her for a moment. Her jealousy, distorting all things to fit its own conclusions, was busied in distorting what she had just heard. "A blind," she thought, "which has deceived my girl. It doesn't deceive *me*. Is Miss Gwilt likely to succeed?" she asked aloud. "Does Mr. Armadale show any sort of interest in her?"

Neelie looked up at her mother for the first time. The hardest part of the confession was over now—she had revealed the truth about Miss Gwilt, and she had openly mentioned Allan's name.

"He shows the most unaccountable interest," she said. "It's impossible to understand it. It's downright infatuation—I haven't patience to talk about it!"

"How do *you* come to be in Mr. Armadale's secrets?" inquired Mrs. Milroy. "Has he informed *you*, of all the people in the world, of his interest in Miss Gwilt?"

"Me!" exclaimed Neelie, indignantly. "It's quite bad enough that he should have told papa."

At the reappearance of the major in the narrative Mrs. Milroy's interest in the conversation rose to its climax. She raised herself again from the pillow. "Get a chair," she said. "Sit down, child, and tell me all about it. Every word, mind—every word!"

"I can only tell you, mamma, what papa told me."

"When?"

"Saturday. I went in with papa's lunch to the work-shop, and he said, 'I have just had a visit from Mr. Armadale; and I want to give you a caution, while I think of it.' I didn't say any thing, mamma—I only waited. Papa went on, and told me that Mr. Armadale had been speaking to him on the subject of Miss Gwilt, and that he had been asking a question about her which nobody in his position had a right to ask. Papa said he had been obliged, good-humoredly, to warn Mr. Armadale to be a little more delicate, and a little more careful next time. I didn't feel much interested, mamma—it didn't matter to *me* what Mr. Armadale said or did. Why should I care about it?"

"Never mind yourself," interposed Mrs. Milroy, sharply. "Go on with what your father said. What was he doing when he was talking about Miss Gwilt? How did he look?"

"Much as usual, mamma. He was walking up and down the work-shop; and I took his arm and walked up and down with him."

"I don't care what *you* were doing," said Mrs. Milroy, more and more irritably. "Did your father tell you what Mr. Armadale's question was—or did he not?"

"Yes, mamma. He said Mr. Armadale began by mentioning that he was very much interested in Miss Gwilt, and he then went on to ask whether papa could tell him any thing about her family misfortunes—"

"What!!!" cried Mrs. Milroy. The word burst from her almost in a scream, and the white enamel on her face cracked in all directions. "Mr. Armadale said *that?*" she went on, leaning out farther and farther over the side of the bed.

Neelie started up, and tried to put her mother back on the pillow.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, "are you in pain? are you ill? You frighten me!"

"Nothing, nothing, nothing," said Mrs. Milroy. She was too violently agitated to make any other than the commonest excuse. "My nerves are bad this morning—don't notice it. I'll try the other side of the pillow. Go on! go on! I'm listening, though I'm not looking at you." She turned her face to the wall, and clenched her trembling hands convulsively be-

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neath the bed-clothes. "I've got her!" she whispered to herself, under her breath. "I've got her at last!"

"I'm afraid I've been talking too much," said Neelie; "I'm afraid I've been stopping here too long. Shall I go down stairs, mamma, and come back later in the day?"

"Go on," repeated Mrs. Milroy, mechanically. "What did your father say next? Any thing more about Mr. Armadale?"

"Nothing more, except how papa answered him," replied Neelie. "Papa repeated his own words when he told me about it. He said, 'In the absence of any confidence volunteered by the lady herself, Mr. Armadale, all I know or wish to know—and you must excuse me for saying, all any one else need know or wish to know—is, that Miss Gwilt gave me a perfectly satisfactory reference before she entered my house.' Severe, mamma, wasn't it? I don't pity him in the least; he richly deserved it. The next thing was papa's caution to *me*. He told me to check Mr. Armadale's curiosity if he applied to me next. As if he was likely to apply to me! and as if I should listen to him if he did! That's all, mamma. You won't suppose, will you, that I have told you this because I want to hinder Mr. Armadale from marrying Miss Gwilt? Let him marry her if he pleases; I don't care!" said Neelie, in a voice that faltered a little, and with a face which was hardly composed enough to be in perfect harmony with a declaration of indifference. "All I want is to be relieved from the misery of having Miss Gwilt for my governess. I'd rather go to school. I should like to go to school. My mind's quite changed about all that—only I haven't the heart to tell papa. I don't know what's come to me; I don't seem to have heart enough for any thing now; and when papa takes me on his knee in the evening, and says, 'Let's have a talk, Neelie,' he makes me cry. Would you mind breaking it to him, mamma, that I've changed my mind, and I want to go to school?" The tears rose thickly in her eyes, and she failed to see that her mother never even turned on the pillow to look round at her.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Milroy, vacantly. "You're a good girl; you shall go to school."

The cruel brevity of the reply, and the tone in which it was spoken, told Neelie plainly that her mother's attention had been wandering far away from her, and that it was useless and needless to prolong the interview. She turned aside quietly, without a word of remonstrance. It was nothing new, in her experience, to find herself shut out from her mother's sympathies. She looked at her eyes in the glass, and, pouring out some cold water, bathed her face. "Miss Gwilt sha'n't see I've been crying!" thought Neelie, as she went back to the bedside to take her leave. "I've tired you out, mamma," she said, gently. "Let me go now; and let me come back a little later when you have had some rest."

"Yes," repeated her mother, as mechanically as ever; "a little later, when I have had some rest."

Neelie left the room. The minute after the door had closed on her Mrs. Milroy rang the bell for her nurse. In the face of the narrative she had just heard, in the face of every reasonable estimate of probabilities, she held to her own jealous conclusions as firmly as ever. "Mr. Armadale may believe her, and my daughter may believe her," thought the furious woman. "But I know the major—and she can't deceive *me!*"

The nurse came in. "Prop me up," said Mrs. Milroy. "And give me my desk. I want to write."

"You're excited," replied the nurse. "You're not fit to write."

"Give me the desk," reiterated Mrs. Milroy.

"Any thing more!" asked Rachel, repeating her invariable formula as she placed the desk on the bed.

"Yes. Come back in half an hour. I shall want you to take a letter to the great house."

The nurse's sardonic composure deserted her for once. "Mercy on us!" she exclaimed, with an accent of genuine surprise. "What next? You don't mean to say you're going to write—?"

"I am going to write to Mr. Armadale," interposed Mrs. Milroy; "and you are going to take the letter to him, and wait for an answer; and, mind this, not a living soul but our two selves must know of it in the house."

"Why are you writing to Mr. Armadale?" asked Rachel. "And why is nobody to know of it but our two selves?"

"Wait," rejoined Mrs. Milroy, "and you will see."

The nurse's curiosity, being a woman's curiosity, declined to wait.

"I'll help you, with my eyes open," she said. "But I won't help you blindfold."

"Oh, if I only had the use of my limbs!" groaned Mrs. Milroy. "You wretch, if I could only do without you!"

"You have the use of your head," retorted the impenetrable nurse. "And you ought to know better than to trust me by halves, at this time of day."

It was brutally put; but it was true—doubly true, after the opening of Miss Gwilt's letter. Mrs. Milroy gave way.

"What do you want to know?" she asked. "Tell me—and leave me."

"I want to know what you are writing to Mr. Armadale about."

"About Miss Gwilt."

"What has Mr. Armadale to do with you and Miss Gwilt?"

Mrs. Milroy held up the letter which had been returned to her by the authorities at the post-office.

"Stoop," she said. "Miss Gwilt may be listening at the door. I'll whisper."

The nurse stooped, with her eye on the door.

"You know that the postman went with this letter to Kingsdown Crescent?" said Mrs. Milroy. "And you know that he found Mrs. Mandeville gone away, nobody could tell where?"

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"Well," whispered Rachel, "what next?"

"This next. When Mr. Armadale gets the letter that I am going to write to him he will follow the same road as the postman; and we'll see what happens when *he* knocks at Mrs. Mandeville's door."

"How do you get him to the door?"

"I tell him to go to Miss Gwilt's reference."

"Is he sweet on Miss Gwilt?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" said the nurse; "I see!"

THE HELMSMAN.

THE night is dark; the winds are loud;
The sky is sown with flying cloud;
Our good ship scuds before the gale,
All taut and trim with shortened sail.

Against her sides the black waves rock;
Her timbers quiver with the shock;
The shrill foam flies across her bow,
Flung skyward from her sharpened prow.

Before us all is thick and dark,
Yet onward bounds our eager bark;
With hoarse loud tumult shrieks the wind,
Like some mad demon close behind.

Beside the wheel the helmsman stands;
He grasps it with his sinewy hands;
And all the while his restless eye
Roams over ship and sea and sky.

His face is white; his shadowy form
Is buttoned close against the storm;
His tawny hair streams out behind;
His beard is shaken with the wind.

Oh, seems he now a phantom there
Beside the wheel—a thing of air!
And seems this ship some ghostly bark,
That rushes blindly through the dark.

O hark! what means that sudden sound?—
O helmsman, whither are we bound?
He makes no sign; he speaks no word;
No answer from his lips is heard.

But straight before the hissing gale,
All trim and taut, with shortened sail,
Like some wild sea-bird in her flight,
Our gallant ship speeds through the night.

O helmsman, whither sail we now?
What fair land lies before our prow?
What welcome port have you in view?
What friendly harbor sail we to?

He answers not, but silent stands,
And grasps the wheel with both his hands;
And onward, onward, through the dark,
Like some wild sea-bird speeds our bark.

STREET EDUCATION.

CHILDREN, boys especially, take to the streets as instinctively as ducks do to water; and it is very foolish to expect that clucking frantically on the shore of the pool will keep them out of it. A wise duck paddles off with the young ones, and they have what boys call a "general good time" together, which is much the best. Hens can not do this—more is the pity; but if you are a human hen and have a brood of human ducks, by wisdom and patience and self-training you may even cause webs to grow by which you will be enabled to swim with your family, and be their protector and companion rather than their tyrant and annoyance.

"But my children learn more from the street than they do from their books and school, I am sorry to say," sighs some denizen of the city. "I wish that I could get into the country to bring them up."

"Do you intend that they shall continue to reside in the country when they are men?"

"Oh no, I suppose they will naturally desire the more active life of a city, and a business career of some sort; but it is so much better to grow up in the country."

It is a good deal the fashion to talk in that way among a large class of sensible people. But after reflection it certainly seems, as it were, better to let boys and girls get a little used to metropolitan ways and manners, being already born in a city, than to run the awful risk of moral acclimation when nearly grown up. I would not feed a child upon poison that he may become inured to evil and insensible to injury from it in time. But city influences are not all bad any more than the country is all good. Corydon and Phillis, Delia and Damon, are immortal in French china, but do they exist elsewhere? You may find large-hearted, generous-minded, right-thinking people in country as well as in city, and in both you will find just the reverse. Dissipation is as effectually taught in a country grocery as in a city saloon. So if you take your children into the country, do not do it in the belief that you are removing them from the possibility of bad company or from the liability to temptation.

The summer, with its warm odors of piny forests and new-mown hay, its forest scents and rippling music of many waters, comes and beckons one forth from the brick and mortar wilderness into God's temple. Go. Refuse not the sweet invitation. Take the children and let them loose if you can, and frolic with them. Up hill and down dale. Sailing boats, riding, driving, and fishing, picnicking, sporting, teaching and learning about all manner of four-footed beasts and cattle and creeping things; of trees and flowers and climbing vines; and all sorts of free out-of-door life. Buy stout clothing, good jack-knives, lots of string, calico aprons, and broad brims, and bid them fleet the time gayly—and provided you're neither starved

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on salt pork, nor surfeited into boils with cake and pastry, and don't get limbs broken from unruly horses, nor eaten up by mosquitoes, nor heated into crisp in garret bedrooms, nor, being near a swamp, return home to typhoid in September, it will do you all good—it is the best thing by all odds for New Yorkers, Bostonians, Philadelphians, and the like. But do not flatter yourselves that it is the best thing the year round, or that human nature is very essentially different in the country from Broadway or Chestnut Street. Those who are in mischief already want to get others in the same condition; those who are not, are wild to get in themselves. And in both places it is especially incumbent upon parents to see that these objects, as concerning their children, are not fully accomplished.

Another reason why the country is accounted a better place to rear a family is, that the parents are more with their children. If this could be insured in both places the danger would be half over. It is the prevalent notion that the children are an essentially different race from the "grown-up," and must be got out of the way somehow: that does a good deal of the mischief.

You rightly forbid your children certain amusements. But you should see that they have proper amusements. Arrange their parties and go with them; talk the thing over afterward; see that they come home with you, and the hungry craving is appeased; and maturity finds them with a certain amount of innocent experience worth every thing in enabling them to withstand temptation.

Boys and girls like to visit together, which is all right and proper; and if the visiting is done a good deal at home, and you invite nice girls and boys to visit your own, knowing them to be such, and being young folks with them yourselves to a certain extent, thus making your influence that of a companion as well as a parent, the chances are greatly against their making mésalliances which will give you incurable heartaches by-and-by.

"But I want my children kept out of the street. They have no place to play except there, and I can not bear to have them grow up street children."

The streets are not good places generally, but a good deal depends on the neighborhood. A well-paved, shaded, respectable street, under certain restrictions, is not a bad play-ground; and one can sit at the parlor window, with book or work, and watch the play, which is a better use to put them to than to advertise Messrs. Brocatelle and Co.'s upholstery, or to darken and close up your parlor into absolute murkiness; and it is really a pleasant change from the back bedroom up stairs, which we Americans call nursery or sitting-room. It gives the parlor, too, an air of habitation, which is always pleasant. And then, too, in most large cities there are many parks, or squares, or gardens, or shaded walks of some kind, if one is not too busy or too genteel to enjoy them, and would only think that a little of the time wasted in embroidering Berlin knitting or gossip would be better spent letting the children enjoy these blessed privileges whenever they can do so. There's a world of enjoyment in a calico dress and a well-packed basket, to sixpence it out of town somewhere with the children of a Saturday afternoon: vulgar, maybe, but delightful and profitable too in the long-run, and it might be enjoyed very much oftener than at present if a little pains were taken.

But, speaking of streets, few people ever see the real beauty of a street. To the masses the street is a safe, easy, and expeditious mode of transit from one location to another, often hot, often bleak, usually dirty and crowded, and invariably evil-smelling and suggestive of disease and discomfort generally—a place to make money, to spend money, and to hurry through and away from to a place somewhere else called home.

But, seen by some eyes, a street is a beautiful sight. Its splendid hotels, with the loads of luggage suggestive of travel and far countries; its cool corridors and aristocratic inmates (sometimes); its gay shops, holding such a marvelous wealth of dolls, toys, and pretty things; its fine carriages; its fast horses; its labor-honored carts bringing the luxuries of a world to your doors; its churches and its old trees; its smooth pavements, and occasional monument or fountain or park; its crowds of people—richly-dressed ladies, some fair and young, some old, sorrow and pain stricken ones; all busy, all intent on some purpose, all interested; septuagenarians, looking as full of old stories as a fig is of seeds; returned soldiers, with brown faces, perhaps on crutches; sailors from the other side of the world; school-children, with flowing ringlets and hungry faces, going home from school; the lame, the blind, the halt—all there. No wonder that children learn more from street than school. And it is well just here to take a hint from facts.

If one class of people can learn from a certain condition of things, others can; and if you see so much to admire and instruct, what must the soft and impressible mind of a child receive from the same influences? Clearly the streets and all their influences are educational, and, being so, it is your privilege to use them to the best advantage.

The war and the times have been wonderfully educational. Children drink in information as the hungry sand drinks water, and it is your privilege to sift and filter for them. Take them to Faneuil Hall, to Independence Hall, to Fort Washington. Let them see the picture-galleries, the museums, the ship-yards, and the great winged messengers of commerce—the machine-shops, the manufactories of all sorts. Answer questions till your lungs and information give out, but never your patience. A review to a child is a military event; a parade or a procession marks a page of history to them. It is an incident to you, it is an event to them.

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Rides, journeys, and excursions are lessons in geography and natural history, eagerly swallowed, faithfully digested, and permanently incorporated in memory and brain, never to be effaced.

The Fourth of July was once a nuisance, with its explosive saltpetrey patriotism, its inflated, spread-eagle orations which few could hear and nobody cared for. It will not soon be thus again. The country will teach, and the streets will tell the children that the Union, for which the grandsires fought, the people will now protect and defend, and that nothing is meaner than treason—except defending it.

What child that saw the regiments depart will ever forget it? The gay music, the rich banners, the bright arms, and handsome faces in the serried ranks, the uncomprehended sorrow in the women's faces, the pale lips of the departing soldiers, the pealing bells, the cannon, the tearful adieus, so strangely bright, so strangely sad. The streets taught wise and manifold lessons in those days. The call to arms sounded over the land like the whistle of Roderick Dhu, and from each hill-side and valley, from behind bush, log, stone, or brake rose the Man for the Place. The children will not forget the dark days when the awful rout of Bull Run smote the land—when "Lost! lost!" was the cry, save in the faithful few who forgot not that the cause was not lost if the day and the battle were against us. Or when victory after victory set the joy-bells clanging over the country, like the old bell of Nuremberg, with its

> "I am Roland! I am Roland!
> There is victory in the land!"

and we knew that Richmond was ours. Then neighbor met neighbor, speechless with joy, and the crowd shouted, "Good news, good news!" and the cities blossomed like tulip-beds with flags. The flaring lights, the hurrying feet, the music, the involuntary chorus of the crowd, the impromptu processions, and withal the orderly, self-sustained character of all in the streets, showing the steady balance which the American sense of personal responsibility bestows upon a people otherwise so impulsive and enthusiastic.

There were some who did not like to be in the streets in such a crowd; but those who did, and who taught their children the lessons of these days, will not regret it.

And on that awful day of woe when the martyred President went up to heaven by the bloody path, leaving his bright and stainless record for a loving legacy to a bereaved people, the city streets were grave schoolmasters then. They told of the wonderful hold of the popular heart which this strange man had won; for he was strange even to us, and impossible to any other nation, in his wisdom and loving-kindness, his solemn sadness and real dignity, which wore so easily the mask of jocularity. It will be long before, as a people, we grow into the wisdom of our late beloved President, for he has helped make the proverbs of the nation. And the children saw all this, and their little faces grew solemn; and they all wore their bits of crape with the dignity of true sorrow. The solemn draperies, the sad faces, the tears of sorrow, the silence which filled the land like a murky atmosphere, will never be forgotten by these tender minds, which are wax to receive and marble to retain. It will be tragic history to them hereafter, most reverently remembered.

There is a little anecdote of Washington Irving whose authenticity is perfectly reliable, which shows the permanent bias which may be given to a child's mind. Somebody asked Mr. Irving if he had ever seen General George Washington. "Yes," said he, "twice. Once was on occasion of some review in the City of New York, I do not know what. I had been taken to see the parade, and was lifted in the arms of my Scotch nurse to see the General, and was told that the stately gentleman on horseback was General George Washington, for whom I had been named. And I knew, even then, it was something to have seen General Washington. Next day I was out walking again with my nurse, when she suddenly caught sight of the General entering a shop. Clutching my hand tightly, she hurried into the shop and caught him by the sleeve, crying,

"'General! General! here's a bairn that's called after ye. Will ye no gie him a blessing?'

"'Called after me, is he?' said the General, in a pleased voice, and, laying his hand on my head, said, in a most reverential manner, 'God bless the little one forever!' and went out of the shop. I never saw the General again," continued Mr. Irving, "and I am an old man now; but I can sometimes, even now, feel the gentle pressure of his hand on my head, and I know his blessing abided with me, for I have been blessed."

And the noble head bowed as if to receive another benediction; and those who heard the simple story grew grave and reverential, for they all felt that it was much to have received the benediction of Washington. And who can tell if it be not to this incident that we owe the rare volumes of the great man's "Life" for which we are indebted to the pen of Washington Irving?

When we remember that the memories of the aged retain the recollections of childhood and youth with much more vividness than the occurrences of their later years, it behooveth us to remember that we are filling the treasure-houses of memory of those who will one day find in them their only store of reminiscences; and to us will be either blame or praise given, according as we have been faithful to our trust or negligent. The children will soon control society, will vote, fight, plead, debate, court, flirt, love, marry, and go to Europe, go to Congress, or into the spirit-world. It is for us to say if they shall remember childhood as a dreary season of unwelcome tasks, executed in loneliness, and for which they were not praised, in which they were not assisted, whose tedium was unrelieved by parental sympathy; or if childhood

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shall be really, as the social dogma has it, "the happiest season of life." It is now to choose if they shall be ignorant or learned in the days of training—the days in which it is of the greatest importance to the country that its future rulers shall be bred up from childhood in the household of a pure political faith; that a love of country shall mean more than annual fire-crackers, and that the patriotism of women is not to be despised; that the "President and those in authority" be remembered in the prayers of the babes, and that the nation's honor shall grow to be dear as their own. And to this end let not the teachings of the times and the streets be despised and set at naught; but let those having authority suffer the little children to learn their lessons from pure lips which they love, rather than those whom any wild chance may throw in their path.

MARGARET BRONSON.

I KNOW you are tired enough of tales of war, and that your own dark memories of the sealed record of the nation's bloody baptism need no fresh reminders. My story does not concern a battle, but a woman; and how can I help it if she lived down there on the border, so surrounded and hemmed in by conflict and combatants, by scenes of peril and blood and death, that they must necessarily interweave themselves with the controlling events of her life? I hardly know what you would have thought of her if you had seen her standing there alone on the lawn in the haze of that sultry June evening. You would have stopped involuntarily, as before some striking picture. A woman with a certain regal bearing in the drooping of her shoulders, in the position of her hands, in the curve of her neck, in the very folds of her lustreless black silk dress and the mantle of white crape that fell over it—a graceful woman certainly; a well-poised head held a little loftily, perhaps; a face somewhat pale contrasted with the hair that was pushed back from it, and features regular as a statue's.—A beautiful woman then? That would depend partly on yourself, partly on her mood. A particular curl in the bright color of her lips, an arch of her eyebrow, a sharp, decided tone about the whole contour of her face, might at any time and always have repelled you. Or, if you had seen her smile as she could smile if she chose, as she did not often, you might wish Murillo could have painted her. The slant sunbeams were flecking the grass and the trees above her, touching spots of gold, too, upon her dark dress. You would have noticed rather her independence of their effect than that they added any thing by it; the play of light and shade and color did not seem necessary to her as to many women. You would fancy that she might stand in the dimness of a dungeon unchanged. In this circumstance—as often through lesser avenues the soul finds voice—lay the key to Miss Bronson's nature.

People were rather dubious on the subject of a young woman who carried pistols, had no desire to marry, and was not afraid of guerrillas. It was outré, it evinced discontent with her sphere; it was—it really was—"strong-minded." Very likely. And you don't like the word? I am sorry, for it seems to be appropriate, and I am obliged to use it. It and she fitted well into the life she had led. For a mother, she had only the memory of a kiss on a dead face; for childhood and girlhood, a long, luxurious dream with her own fancies, and the sole companionship of that uncompanionable, silent father, who, dying six months ago, left her as inheritance enough of his own Northern temperament to cool the heats of her Southern blood; a well-ordered plantation, and a crowd of model slaves moulded after the most sacred pattern of the "institution"—perhaps because their master was too much of a gentleman to be grossly cruel—perhaps because he found occasion to pacify within himself certain clamorous memories of the faith of his fathers.

As to the slaves, Miss Bronson freed them within a month after the old man gave her his last kiss; she would have done it the day after his funeral, except out of respect for him. This utterly illogical and inconsequent act was doubtless the foundation of the objectionable epithet aforesaid, which horrified rumor had attached to her. As for the plantation, she carried its business on by herself, with such of the negroes who chose to remain with her as she could support; smiled when the neighbors were scandalized that Miss Bronson should reduce herself to such disgraceful poverty; chose neither relative, friend, nor husband for company, but passed her days in solitude and the gloom of the old rooms which had such a foreign hush in them, from missing the dead man's silence. She might have been lonely, for she loved him; or she might not. No one knew but herself.

The haze had blotted out the golden flecks on her dress and hair, and the twilight had fallen heavily, while she stood there watching the west. She began at last to pace back and forth under the trees, in a peculiar, nervous way she had, which was more like that of a man than of a woman, yet not unwomanly nor ungraceful.

A footstep in the street, and a voice at the gate calling her name, aroused her from her reverie. She turned her head slowly, and stopped her walk.

"Mr. M'Ginley, I think? It is rather dark."

"Yes, Miss Bronson."

She did not advance to meet him or invite him to enter, but stood as she had stood, watching the sunset, in that statue-like attitude which could not be any thing but haughty, if she tried to make it so. Yet I doubt if she knew it. The young man hesitated an instant, then came in, and up the graveled walk.

"Am I intruding?"

"Intruding? Oh no."

"I should be sorry if I were, because—"

"Are you alone?"

It was not Miss Bronson's custom to interrupt; she was too well-bred; he knew that.

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"Yes," he said.

"It is not safe, I suppose?" she questioned, busied with drawing the crape over her shoulders.

"Perhaps not; that is a matter of very little consequence, however."

The shade of bitterness in his tone could not have escaped her, but she took no notice of it; she occupied herself in picking a blossom of the scarlet trumpet-flower that trailed over the trees; then threw it away.

"Won't you sit down? You may be tired with your walk."

He thanked her, and refused with some reserve, placing the garden-chair for her. She preferred to stand.

"You do not wear the gray, I see, when you take your strolls," she said, glancing at the eagles on his sleeve. They had been bright once, but were dull with long service now.

"Hardly—not even in *this* hospitable town. I prefer, under all circumstances, to carry the face as well as the heart of loyalty. If I recollect rightly, I believe I have never been afraid or ashamed of this uniform."

The rough private's dress formed a strong contrast to the elegance of hers; but it was more than balanced by something in his deep-set eyes, and a certain pressure of his thin lips; perhaps a word of Mrs. Browning's—*masterful*—would have expressed it. Some such thought as this may have crossed her mind, for she glanced from the uniform up into his weather-stained face. Then she looked away. She may have remembered just then the home he had left, the friends he had estranged, the hardships and perils he had borne and braved, for this humble place among his country's workers. Miss Bronson had many theories of her own concerning sham patriotism, but she knew the ring of the real coin when she heard it. It was another evidence of the justice of that unfashionable epithet I have alluded to that she had been loyal from the fall of Sumter, and that she had had the courage to say so when occasion offered.

"On the contrary"—with some brightness in her eyes—"you should be proud of it."

She was kind to think so, he said, and said it wondering if there were a servant on her plantation to whom she might not have spoken the same words as graciously.

"It has seen rough work in its day, Miss Bronson, but we are rather still in camp just now. Are you not *very* lonely some of these summer evenings?"

The abruptness of the question, asked with the look and tone with which he asked it, would have embarrassed many women. To Miss Bronson, question, tone, and look alike seemed to be no more than any other idle chat. Except for the chill in her voice, when she said, raising her eyelids in her slow, haughty way:

"Lonely? Why should I be?"

M'Ginley bit his lip.

"Are not my grounds looking well, Mr. M'Ginley?" turning, with a polite, careless smile, which on her face was a mere glitter. "The guerrillas have let me alone so far, except that little patch of cotton down in the south field, which was of small consequence."

"I wish they had not touched the south field, Miss Bronson."

"Why that particularly? it could easily be spared."

"Because I have pleasant associations with it."

She remembered too—he knew she did—the days when they had played there as children, at mimic house-keeping on the mimic plantation—the long, long sunny days bright with pictures of blossoms and birds and cloudless skies, and the little dark-eyed girl who used to go out among them with him, hand in hand. She *must* remember. Yet if she did she gave no sign. The incredulous arch of her eyebrow, which was her only answer, seemed to sting the young man. He turned quickly, some sudden flush mounting to his forehead, stopped in his slow walk down the path and faced her.

"Miss Bronson, look at me, if you please."

She complied, because she chose to; she made it very evident that was her only reason. His face just then had a look Miss Bronson was little used to meeting, much less to enduring quietly.

"You *do* remember."

She smiled.

"Playing with you in the south field? Oh, yes; I have a good memory."

"You do *not* remember it unpleasantly?"

"Mr. M'Ginley, it is somewhat chilly standing still so long." He turned sharply away from her and strode down to the gate. She continued her walk as indifferently as if nothing had happened to interrupt her.

"Are you going? Well, I wish you a pleasant evening and a safe walk."

He smiled bitterly.

"A man's life is the most worthless investment he has, in these times. If the little dividends should stop before I see you again—"

He waited, apparently for some expression of interest from her. But there was not a word or a look. She stood perfectly still, with her eyes on the darkening road.

"In that case I thought I should like to tell you why I left camp to-night. Do you wish to know?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you; if you choose to tell me, you may."

Again that look which Miss Bronson was not used to enduring. His eyes were on fire; the compression of his lips seemed absolute pain—perhaps she did not see it.

"I *do* choose to tell you. I came to see you; if I had seen you for a moment unknown to yourself, my object would have been gained. I had not expected the honor of a conversation with you. I am obliged to you for your condescension."

He waited, before he bade her good-evening, to watch her a moment; with that look which

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on a man's face shows the crisis of some great agony in the soul—a look which the accident of his death might well stamp on Miss Bronson's memory as long as she could remember any thing. But she had not a word for him—not one. She stood there in her elegant calm, so near to him that she could hear his sharp, hard breathing, as far from him as if oceans rolled between them. He remembered afterward that her silence was unusual even for her; also a certain strained repose in the folding of her hands which caught his eye, but which, in the passion of the moment, served only to work into a wandering fancy of his, that he was trying to move a block of beautiful marble.

Miss Bronson stood just where he had left her, long after he had gone. Once she started, with a quick motion, as if she would have called him back; then stopped herself, with a little scorn in her smile.

She knew this man loved her—loved her even to the peril of his life. Well, what then? You would have wondered, if you had seen her break sharply into her quick pacing on the graveled walk again; if you had watched her knotted forehead and cold, set lips, you would have wondered whether Robert M'Ginley, who saw in her a very different woman from that solitary, self-sufficient figure, was dreaming of a shadow, or if he understood Miss Bronson better than she did herself. Back and forth, forth and back she went on her nervous walk, some excitement in her face serving only to give it a deeper chill. Was M'Ginley a fool to want such a woman at his fireside? You, perhaps, would have said so, if you had seen her then, and have turned away as you would turn from an iceberg. Some one very candidly told him the same thing upon one occasion—a man who prided himself on his translation of women's faces.

"Why, M'Ginley, you haven't but one eye open. She's a beautiful woman, but she'd turn a fellow's home into Pandemonium. It would be a violation of nature for her to be a wife. *She* must be the man, and she'd rule every thing with a rod of iron. To yield one inch of her own will would be torture to her."

"I do not think so," replied M'Ginley, with a quiet smile. He might still have retained his opinion, for he was not a man who formed or rejected beliefs lightly; but he would not have smiled if he had seen her once that evening stop there in the darkening shadows and clench her delicate hands upon her breast with a passion that fitted the half-frightened defiance in her eyes. Defiance? Of whom? of what? Perhaps of herself.

You think I am telling you of a woman who belongs only in poetry and romance. I assure you that I am not.

It was about an hour after M'Ginley had left her that one of the servants came hurriedly to the parlor window, near which she was sitting alone in the dark.

"Miss Margaret!"

"Oh, is it you, Dan? You gave Prince the extra quart of meal, as I told you, and sent my message to the gardener?"

"Yes, Miss Margaret, de work's all done gone out ob de way for de night. 'Tain't dat ar I come fur. 'Pears like I knows someting you'd oughter be telled on."

Something in the negro's face arrested her attention.

"You may come in, Dan. What is it?"

"Nobody hedn't oughter to be hearin' ob it, Miss Margaret. Der's no tellin' what might become ob we all ef dey did."

"You may close the window, Dan."

He closed it, and the door. He said then a few words to her scarcely above a whisper.

She changed color—as much as she ever did.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, clar sure, Miss Margaret. I war huntin' fur sassafras fur my ole woman—she's sot her heart on't she's done got de kersumption, an' der warn't nothin' for't but de sassafras—an' dey come 'long atween de trees—two ob 'em—an' I heerd every word, an' I neber breaf till dey get by, an' dey don' see me. Ef dey'd see me—laws! Miss Margaret, I wouldn't a' ben here ter tell."

"What was the time to be, Dan?"

"Jes' ten 'clock, case I heerd 'em name it over affer dey'd got trough."

Miss Bronson looked at her watch.

"You may lock up well, Dan, and the people can come into the kitchen if they are at all frightened. There is, however, nothing, I think, to fear. They will have work enough without coming into the town. And, Dan, I do not care to be disturbed this evening. I wish to be alone. Tell Rose and Eliza, if any thing is wanted, to wait till I call them."

"Yes, Miss Margaret."

She took off her crape mantle and began to fold it up, while she listened to his retreating footsteps; she smoothed every crease and carefully straightened the fringe. There was something curious in the mechanical action; perhaps an intensity of excitement which a word or a cry would have weakened.

Then she went to her own room, divested her dress of some of its feminine encumbrances, threw over her shoulders a dark, hooded cloak, examined her revolver and loaded it. After that she went hurriedly down stairs, out of the door, and into the street.

A great lurid moon glared through the mist that night, and the clouds that the wind tossed by it were stained with sullen red. M'Ginley watched its rise over the hill where they were encamped, with some odd fancy about its color and the last long day when it should set forever. His face had paled within the last hour. A certain hungry longing had crept into it—that longing which can not be mistaken, and which is so pitiful to see, especially in a man, and a man like Robert M'Ginley. I do not mean that he would have sought or deliberately chosen death; he was too thoroughly soldierly in the warp and woof of his nature for that.

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Margaret Bronson could never make a sentimentalist, or that most cowardly of cowards—a suicide—out of him. But simply that, standing there apart from his comrades and their cheerful camp-fire talk that night, with the smothered passion of the reddened moonlight above and around him, and the memory of that one woman's face for his sole companionship, he may have thought— Well, I fancy death seemed a pleasant thing and fair to look upon. It had become so familiar to him in the life he led; it so dogged his steps and hedged him in; it talked with him in his dreams, and woke with him in the cool summer dawns; it basked in the glare of the sunlight and lurked in the evening shadows; it and his troubled life hung forever beside him, balanced in the chance of a single shot. He may have wondered, as he stood there with his face turned toward the sullen moon, and the group of pines below it, beyond which her home was hidden—he may have wondered a little—we all like to speculate at times as to what the world will be when we go out of it—whether the sight of his life-blood would thaw one jot of Miss Bronson's frozen elegance. Probably its contrast to the dazzling white of her own folded hands would not be pleasant. Probably she would beg them to care for him decently, and bury him out of her sight. Possibly she would say the country was making a terrible sacrifice of its young men—then go and dress for dinner.

Looking down through the trees where the shades of the valley hung and deepened, his eye caught at last the outline of a dim form threading its way through them. Its motion was rapid, its path direct to the camp. As it came out into the light in a little opening among the oaks, he saw the flutter of a woman's dress. He watched it curiously as it began the slow ascent over fallen trees and stumps and tangled underbrush. It was a dark, hooded figure, somewhat tall and erect, with a certain fearless disregard of the obstacles in the path, which was more natural to a man than a woman, and gave him for the instant a suspicion of disguise and treachery. Just then, however, the light struck full on a hand raised to push aside a dead bough—a slender, jeweled hand, that had an indescribable air of familiarity to him in the strained repose of its fingers. He saw also with distinctness her black dress whose trailing folds had been shortened out of reach of briers and rocks. She came up the slope under a shadow, through a gleam of lurid mist, then out upon a projecting rock beside him, where she stood quite still. Her hood had fallen off, her face was full in the light of the camp-fire.

"Miss Bronson!"

"I believe so."

"*You* here, and alone!"

"I here and alone, Mr. M'Ginley, owing to the little circumstance that I have discovered a plot to surprise your camp to-night, with a force very conveniently outnumbering yours, every man of them thoroughly educated blood-hounds. Their calculations, if I remember rightly, comprised the butchery of two-thirds of you at the very lowest estimate; they attack you on the east side, at your weak point by the ravine. As to time," she coolly took out her watch, "if they had the virtue of punctuality they would have been here five minutes ago."

"You are sure of this?"

"Perfectly, one of my people heard the whole thing discussed in the woods below you there. You remember Dan, perhaps? he is of a somewhat excitable temperament, but as to creating a story of any magnitude, it would be altogether too much of a tax upon his intellect. I think you may expect your visitors at any moment."

All the soldier flashed into his face; for the moment he forgot her.

"Colonel! boys, where's the Colonel?"

She watched him as he sprang away from her. If he had seen her face he would have known how much he had heightened her respect for him because he *did* forget her on such an errand.

It was only for a moment. He was back beside her then; his face was pale.

"Margaret, it is terrible, you have saved us, but *you*—"

"I shall do very well. Why not?"

"You don't know what a hell you have come into—*you!*" he passed his hand over his forehead; the great drops stood on it. "My God! if I could get you safe at home—only get you home!"

She smiled.

"I am not afraid. I should hardly have undertaken this little expedition if I had been afraid." A sudden confusion prevented his reply—the sound of the Colonel's voice, quick orders, and the men falling into line. Miss Bronson tossed off her cloak and took her pistol from her belt.

"What are you going to do?"

"Fight."

"Miss Bronson!"

She threw off his hand from hers.

"Why not? I will not hide here in the bushes and die like a coward; no, not even for a look like that, Mr. M'Ginley. You know I could not go back if I would. See, they are calling you."

The quick orders grew impatient; the ranks swept by them. M'Ginley fell into his place at the end of the line. Miss Bronson stepped beside him. He said but one word after that,

"Margaret!"

Her fingers stirred a little on the pistol; her glittering smile played all over her face. He knew then that she would have despised him if he had argued the case by so much as another syllable.

"They are coming," she said, with a bit of triumph in her smile.

Her face was worth seeing, when the sergeant discovered her, and quietly ordered her out of the ranks.

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"If you can tell me any reason, Sir, why I should *not* fight, I should like to know it."

"Agin orders, mum."

"But you are short of men."

"Beggin' your pardon, mum, I believe you hain't a man."

"What does that matter? I have no more fancy for looking on idle."

"Can't help it, mum, sorry to disappoint a lady; but there's my orders. Wounded and women-folks and young uns to the rear. So, if you please mum, you'd better fall out."

Miss Bronson obeyed in silent disgust. A woman's will *versus* military discipline. Certainly it was a hard case.

A rustling of dead leaves in the ravine, a tramping of many feet, a flash of bayonets on the brow of the hill; then a vision of dark, exultant faces, a yell, a cheer, a thunder that woke all the echoes sleeping far down the valley; and the quiet camp became a battle-field.

The deserted fires flashing up broadly, darting rifts of light in through the smoke and horror, showed Miss Bronson standing under the trees. She stood there for five minutes. Then the fair-haired boy, fighting beside M'Ginley, fell with a ball through his heart.

When M'Ginley turned his head he saw her in the vacant place—the dead boy's musket in her hand.

"I prefer to be here," she said.

Probably military discipline would have had a word to say to its late defeated antagonist, if it had not been altogether too busy just then in the confusion of a charge. The picture, bright in the fitful glare, was one long to be remembered—the woman with her colorless, calm face and eyes on fire, the shadow of a smile still lingering on her lips, her black hair fallen low on her shoulders, and the fearless aim of the hand so womanly, so dazzling, so foreign to its deathly work.

She fought like a veteran. M'Ginley, so near to her, knew how her teeth were set, and could see her breast heave with her sharp, hard breathing. Once she looked up into his face.

"I don't know much about it; tell me if I am wrong."

The tone was a tone in which Margaret Bronson was unused to speaking; he heard every cadence of it above the roar of the musketry, and in that hour when she seemed to have thrown off her womanhood, he knew that she was nearer to him than ever in all her life before. After that he guided her.

"Aim higher, Margaret."

"You load in too much of a hurry, Margaret; you gain nothing by it."

"Margaret, you are out of the ranks."

So between his own fierce work—and she obeyed him as implicitly as a child. Throughout the whole he used instinctively the name by which he had called her when they played together in the old south field at home. She accepted it as instinctively. I think she liked it. Possibly it helped her; as to that you could not tell: she never quailed for an instant; her face never lost its colorless calm, her eyes their fire, nor her hand its fearless aim.

The camp-fires were dying low into their ashes; the moon's sullen glare from the tree-tops showed through the billows of smoke a breach in the enemy's ranks. The lines staggered and broke on the brow of the hill.

"We have them," said M'Ginley, with a grim smile, and fell with the words on his lips.

The ranks closed again and swept on victorious down the slope far into the valley to finish their work. But the beautiful woman's face was not among them.

She knelt down on the ground where he had fallen; his blood stained her dress in pitiful contrast to its silken richness.

"Can you tell me where it is?"

She spoke quietly; if she had had all the knowledge of the surgeons, and every means of saving his life at her command instead of being ignorant and alone in that desolated place, she could not have spoken more quietly; you could not have seen that a nerve trembled.

"It is nothing—only in my arm, I think," he said, feebly; "you can get home now, Margaret—go; don't stop to think of me."

"I *shall* think of you. I intend to save you."

She looked about her for a moment. At the right a rebel lay dead in the bushes. A few yards beyond another—dead or dying, for he stirred a little. No other human being was in sight. The distant camp-fires were out. The moon hung angrily in the mist; far down the valley the noise of the conflict was growing fainter; M'Ginley's hot blood was still staining her dress. Her sense of utter helplessness was written for an instant on her face; but it was turned away from him and he did not see it.

"You must stay here"—she spoke rapidly and decidedly—"you must stay here a little while. I shall help you into the bushes here out of sight, if there are stragglers round. I will bring some one that can take care of you. I think I can stop the flowing of this blood before I go."

He was too weak to remonstrate. She took out her delicate laced handkerchief and tried to smile.

"If I only had one of Eliza's cotton ones! It is so much cobweb."

"Hold on, missis! You mought as well not spile that ere bit of nonsense, and save yerself the trouble ef bloodyin' yer pretty hands. I've got a little business to do up with that Yankee sweet-heart o' yourn."

She sprang up, with her hand on her revolver.

The dying rebel had risen to his feet; there were no signs of death upon him; he had not so much as a wound. That he was a man of iron muscle, with brawny arms bared, and his bayonet dripping with blood, she saw; that his face was the face of a fiend, she felt.

"What's the matter with yer? Struck dumb? Purty good-looking gal ye are, any ways. Shall

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be sorry to skeer ye, but I'm 'bliged to settle up 'counts with that 'ere chap; and you'd better git out of the way, ef ye ain't partiklar 'bout seein' it did."

She stepped out into the open path. M'Ginley called her back; but she made no answer.

"You shall not touch him: he is a wounded man."

"Hoity toity, pretty mistress! We'll see about that. He killed my boy in th' fight, he did. Little chap was drafted in las' week. He's lyin' back thar 'mong the tents. I'll have my pay fur that. Didn't the little fellow lie an' groan? An' I'll see *him* lie an' groan, an' send him whar he b'longs: yer mought jes' as well make up yer mind to't firs' as las'. An' I wouldn't screech ef I was you, 'cause it won't make no odds ter me."

He laughed, wiping his dripping bayonet on his sleeve. I suppose most women would have fallen on their knees at this crisis, have pleaded and sobbed, wrung their hands, and made allusions to his wife or his mother; also to some faint possibility termed his better nature. Margaret Bronson read the brutish instinct of revenge in the man's face too thoroughly for that; she knew it would be but wasted time, and time was precious.

She stepped up to him, with her fingers clasped on her deathly weapon as steadily as they had clasped it all that horrible night.

"Margaret!"

It was M'Ginley's anguished voice. She heard it. The man, wiping his bayonet, looked into her white still face with dull wonder.

"What ye up to? I'm goin' to work now."

"You are not going to touch him."

"That 'ere's purty talk, mistress, when I dropped dead o' purpose for the chance to run him through—ve-ry purty talk!"

"Step back there! If you come another step you are a dead man."

"Should be sorry to fight a gal; have done it, though, 'fore now; an' gal or no gal, I'll put an eend to the chap. Here, you Yank! it's time to be a sayin' your prayers."

The bayonet gleamed within a yard of Margaret Bronson's heart.

"Either you or I are dead before you stir," she said. The red light struck full on her face.

"Margaret! Margaret!"

She quivered a little; but her eyes did not move from the steel that flashed just then in a moonbeam.

M'Ginley, trying to crawl to his feet, fell, repeating her name over feebly. He could not reach her. She heard him groan. She was very pale, but she stood like a statue.

The man laughed; as men will laugh upon a volcano.

"Come, come, my pretty fire-brand; I reckon we've had enough of this 'ere play."

The bayonet flashed; the face darkened; he threw up his arms, and, with an oath that she heard on still nights for years and years of her life, fell backward down upon the rocks.

The Doctor, coming out of the parlor where they had laid M'Ginley on the couch, found Miss Bronson washing her hands.

"You're not at it again! You were doing that very thing when I came out after the bandages, Miss Bronson."

She laughed—nervously.

"I don't know. Was I? I had forgotten it."

"You are too white; let me feel your pulse. I *should* like to know how you managed to get him down here?"

"I believe I came down after Dan and Cæsar, didn't I? Let me think; yes—that was it. I believe I am a little tired."

"A baby would give up the ghost with such a pulse; you must have stimulant. Do you know that you can not stand?"

"Yes, I can; nothing is the matter. I shall do very well."

But she sat down weakly, and leaned her forehead on her hand.

"You don't ask how my patient is, Miss Bronson?"

"I supposed you would not wish to be annoyed with questions in a dangerous case."

"It is not dangerous: it is a severe flesh wound and slight fracture, but with suitable care there's no danger about it. He is quiet now—comfortable, he says. He wishes to see you."

She rose slowly.

"Are you sure?"

"Is it a very impossible supposition when you have saved his life? My dear Miss Bronson, you are somewhat mazed by your night's work, surely. I shall insist upon a glass of brandy."

"No, you are very good; I would rather not. If you are sure he wishes to see me I will go in."

She went in—not as Miss Bronson had ever entered her own parlor before; her step was faltering, perhaps timid.

"Margaret."

She came across the room at his call, and stood beside him with her head bent, her hands folded tightly into each other. The crimson stains on her rich dress, her falling hair which she had neglected or forgotten to arrange, and the flutter of her drooping eyelids, were in sharp contrast to her usual elegant repose. Yet I think she was not the less beautiful. Perhaps to Robert M'Ginley she was not less imperial.

"Margaret," he said, feebly, "I wanted to see you."

She sank down on the floor so low that she could look up into his face, and he saw in her eyes what he had never seen there before—tears.

"Margaret! Why, Margaret!"

A sudden light shone in his pallid face; perhaps it dazzled her; she bent her head.

"Are you *sure* you wanted to see me?"

"Margaret, look at me."

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She looked at him.

"I thought"—she trembled in every nerve, this woman who had gone into battle with a smile—"I thought you would not want to see me. I was afraid you would always think of me up there in the blood and smoke, it seems so terrible now it is over. I wonder if I shall ever forget it?"

"You seem to forget that you saved my life," huskily.

The words stung her somehow.

"I do not want you to be grateful to me."

She turned away her head—not haughtily, but very humbly; it drooped again so low that her hair fell over her face.

"Margaret."

She stirred a little.

"Margaret, I have loved you a great while, but I never loved you as I did to-night."

She looked up with a quick smile that broke like sunlight all over her face—a tender, happy smile like a child's. She looked up, and simply spoke his name; but Robert M'Ginley knew then, and from that hour he never doubted, that she had no wish on earth so dear as his happiness, no joy so sweet as his love.

HANNAH FANTHORN'S SWEETHEART.

FIFTY years ago, and yet I've but to shut my eyes and there comes Willy over the hill, as I used to see him coming when I sat waiting for him at the farm-house window. Sometimes on horseback, but oftener afoot, for the Hall was not very far away. Nowadays you see the boys and men all alike in black, or with (maybe) a bit of gray or brown. It wasn't so then. Will wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and knee-breeches, and silk stockings, and buckles in his shoes, and a buff vest; and on gala days claret-color and white silk. Handsome in any one's eyes and wonderfully so in mine; for I was half Quakeress half Methodist, and never had worn any thing gay myself.

Tall? Surely he was tall. Never a Haslet under six feet, and broader in the shoulders than any of his age. Straight-featured and rosy, and just twenty-five.

Will's father was rich Squire Haslet, and they lived at the Hall, a grand house, we thought it, for we were plain people. Father a Quaker, mother a Methodist, and he kept to the plain dress and language all his life. In those days there never was a Methodist who wore gay colors or new fashions, and mother took to the poke bonnets and grave dresses naturally.

So we were quiet enough, not a picture nor an ornament in the house. Not a fiddle, though brother Barzillai begged to have one. And at dusk Saturday night work put away, and the house clean and not so much as a mouthful cooked the Sabbath through. Every thing cold; and mother put the key in her pocket and took us girls one way to Methodist meeting, and father took the boys to Quaker meeting—for that was the compact, and they never let religion come between them.

It was all so different at the Squire's. The curtains and carpets and Mrs. Haslet's caps all aglow with color. And Sunday a feast-day, with more work for the servants than any other; and guests down from the city, and the piano—such a wonder to all—and the harp a-playing. They went to church if they chose, and sat in the Squire's high-backed pew with curtains. Mother used to say—she *was* a bit prejudiced—that what with the organ and altar cloths and fonts and carvings and painted windows and gay bonnets, the Episcopal church was for all the world like a play-house. Sister Ellis used to say to me, "For all that I'd like a pink bonnet myself, and to go where there was music in the church."

Ellis hadn't a Quaker bone in her body nor a Methodist drop in her blood. I always wondered Will didn't come a-wooing her instead of me.

I was a bit of a thing with blue eyes and a skin like wax—not a drop of color in it, and didn't there come an artist, who painted miniatures, to our place one summer and tell me my face was "classical," and nearer the "antique" than any thing he ever saw. I was pleased with the first, but the last worried me, for do what I could, though it sounded like a compliment, I could make no meaning of "antique" but old, so I asked Willie, and said he,

"Come to my house and I'll show you."

So mother let me, and I went. There, in the drawing-room, was a stand, and on it a woman in marble—that is, the face and neck of a woman and down to the waist. A "bust," he called it. Says Willie, "That's antique. It is Psyche, and more like you than any picture could be."

"*Never* like *me*," said I; and then I blushed and turned away, for not a tucker nor scarf had she—and I felt ashamed.

It was a splendid house; too grand it seemed to me to live in; and he took me all over it even to the hot-house, where summer flowers grew in the winter time, and he put some in my hair.

"White," said he; "you look best in white."

One night I heard father and mother talking by the kitchen-fire.

Says mother, "It's wrong to stand in the girl's way, though he's Episcopal. And think of her being mistress of the Hall, and riding in her coach."

"Thee thinks too much of the world, Eunice," says father.

"But remember, Elias," says mother, "it's a chance that comes to few. And she'd be good to Ellis if we died; and the fear would be off of our minds for the children. It's hard to be poor—to pinch and save—and know a bad year for crops or a spell of sickness would swallow all. He loves her, and he'll be good to her; and she can go to our meeting and he to his."

"Thee'll have thy way at last," says father.

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"But I'd rather see her marry some young friend with but one cow and two or three acres. I misdoubt the ways of world's folk."

But his voice was mild, and I knew he had yielded. As for the Squire himself—a handsome, burly, red-faced gentleman with a loud voice—he rode over one morning to see father. Mother went in to the sitting-room, and I was to stay in the dairy; but how could I, when I knew my fate was in the balance? I crept into the entry and listened, stopping my mouth with my white apron lest I should cry out. I heard the Squire first.

"My boy has set his heart on your girl," he said. "He might find a richer mate, but he couldn't find a prettier or a better. If you'll say 'Yes,' neighbor Fanthorn, I will and his mother. Sabrina's to be married soon, and we shall want a daughter at the Hall."

Father said not a word for a while. He folded his hands and sat looking at the floor. At last he said, "Have thy own way, Eunice; she's a girl."

Oh, but it's sweet to have the first love crowned by a parent's blessing. Well, well, with joy comes sorrow. A month after that day Willie's mother died. She dropped from her chair at the dinner-table, and when the servant had sped across the country and back with the doctor she was dead. I wept as I stood near the grave and saw Willie so sad, dressed for the first time in his mourning, and I had more reason to weep than I knew; for Sabrina Haslet was mistress at the Hall, and all along in secret she had set her heart against her brother's match with me.

As soon as she could she began to fill the house with company—young ladies nearly all; handsome, fashionable, dressed in finery and jewels; and Will must play the part of host and make them welcome. He told me so. "Though I'd rather be with my Quaker beauty by the river-side," he said. "But Sabrina wants company to keep her spirits up."

I had a guess that she hoped to wean him from me, but I never told him so. True love needs no chain, I thought, and for a while he was my own Willie all the same. But at last there came to the Hall the handsomest lady of all—Miss Dorcas Oakley. She staid a long, long while; and there was dancing in the evenings and riding all day; and she rode beautifully, and always with Willie. I thought to myself, over and over again, "Does she know it is my love she rides away with as though he were hers?"

Then the jealousy began to grow in my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the while he told me that it was fashion and courtesy, and kept me quiet while he was by. He would have had me at the Hall often also, but Sabrina sent no message. She was the mistress of the house, and I would not go there without her invitation. So I pined and grew thin, and mother thought me ill. So I was, but of heart, not of body. And when she talked of my wedding-day my blood would boil, and I'd say, between my clenched teeth,

"No—I'll marry no one who weds me because he's bound to me, and not from love!"

One night I stood by the garden-palings and looked at the stars, and as I stood there a woman in a hood came over the fields and stood beside me. It was Miss Sabrina Haslet. I started as if I had been shot; and she took off her hood, for it was warm, and looked hard at me.

"What kind of a girl are you?" said she.

"What kind of one are you?" said I. "Not a civil one, to speak that way."

Said she: "What I want to know is this—Are you the person to hold my brother to a foolish bond, or to let him free when he begins to struggle. You caught him cleverly; and though his heart has slipped through your fingers you may be mistress of the Hall yet, I suppose. Will you?"

"With his heart gone from me!" I cried. "Has he told you it is gone?"

"He'd die first," said Miss Sabrina. "His honor would not let him break troth with you. But to see how he loves Miss Dorcas Oakley, and *she* is a match for him in rank and wealth and beauty. People are talking of it and pitying him."

"They shall pity him no more," I said. "What is the Hall to me? It was my Willie's love I cared for. Tell him he is free."

"You must tell him yourself," she said. "If you care to see him happy open his cage;" and she tied on her hood and sped away.

That night there went a note to Willie:

"MASTER WILLIAM HASLET,—I've thought a long, long while that the bond between us was best broke. I feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should not meet again; and in this I send you back your ring. May good fortune and happiness attend you! And with this wish I sign myself HANNAH FANTHORN."

This I wrote with a heart torn and rent as never flesh could be; and it was sent; and though he came to the farm I would not see him; and all was over between us.

I waited only to hear that he was betrothed to Miss Dorcas Oakley. Instead of that, I heard, a week after, that he had left the country. Where he had gone and why, no one knew. When I felt sure that Miss Dorcas Oakley could be nothing to him, or that at least they were not to be married, my heart smote me a little, and I wondered whether I should not have put my pride down a bit, and have heard him speak for himself.

Miss Sabrina Haslet did not marry. The wedding was put off first by her mother's death, and then by her father's, six months after; and then folk said there was a quarrel. But be it as it may, he who was to have been her husband married instead that same Miss Dorcas Oakley.

Other suitors came, no doubt, for Miss Sabrina was handsome and rich; but she liked none of them, and lived on in the Hall quite alone but for the servants. By-and-by she saw no

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company, and shut up half the house, and seemed more lonely and wretched than many a poor woman. All her beauty left her too, and she grew to be a sharp, sour spinster, always dressed in black—she who had been both belle and beauty.

I lived on at home. Ellis married, and so did Barzillai. The years did not seem to give a gray hair to my mother, nor a wrinkle to my father. They were too placid to grow old fast. No one wondered I did not marry. They seemed to think that having been so nearly mistress of the Hall, it was not likely I should be willing to wed for less.

The Hall! Bah! It was Willie I loved, and not his house or lands.

One winter night, Christmas time was nearly come, and I sat by the fire dressing dolls and tying up sugar-plums in paper horns with bits of ribbon for my nieces' and nephews' stockings, when there came a loud rapping at the door. I opened it, and there stood an old man-servant from the Hall.

"I'm sent by Miss Sabrina, Miss," said he. "She is very ill, and desires you to come alone. She has something particular to say to you."

"Sabrina Haslet send for me!" I thought, and then my heart beat fast, and I fancied I hardly knew what.

"Ill, did you say?" I asked.

"Very ill," said the man. "The doctors give her over."

I went back to get a shawl and hood, and tell my mother where I was going, and then came out. The night was bleak, and snow was falling and lay deep upon the ground, and there stood a sleigh with buffalo robes in it ready for me. I stepped in, and was whirled away toward the Hall. It was like a dream. I could scarcely believe myself awake. It was still a dream when we stopped at the Hall, and I only realized that all was true when I stood in Miss Sabrina's room, and saw her lying wan and pale upon the pillow. Oh, what a change had come over her!

"You've come, Hannah Fanthorn," she said; "thank you for that. I thought you'd refuse, perhaps. It's a long while since we spoke together."

"A long while," I replied.

"Yet you haven't changed much," said she. "You look as you did when you stood by the hedge in the moonlight, and said, 'What is the Hall to me? 'Twas Willie's love I cared for.' I remember the words, Hannah Fanthorn. They've stung my soul often since. Do you know I lied then?"

"Lied!"

"Yes, lied. Willie's heart never belonged to any one but you. He was true as Heaven. It was I who wanted him to wed Dorcas Oakley. I thought a poor girl like you beneath him. I told him you loved that cousin who came to your home so often; and when your letter came he believed it. I thought he would marry Dorcas then. I never meant to drive him from home and kin; but he went, and the last words he said were, 'Sabrina, my heart is broken.' And all these years he has wandered over the world a lonely, sorrowing man; and I, his sister, the cause. And she—Dorcas—oh, you know my lover jilted me for her; all the place knows that."

I looked at the poor dying woman. I was trying to forgive her, but I could not help speaking harshly.

"I am only a stranger," I said. "What I have suffered is nothing to you. But had you no mercy on your brother? You have had time to repent."

"Time!" she said. "Yes, Hannah Fanthorn, it seems like eternity; but I have sought for him in vain; for years I thought him dead. Yesterday I learned that he is alive, and not many miles distant. Old before his time, they say, but he lives. Look," she continued, drawing a packet from under her pillow, "in this I have written the truth. It shall be sent tomorrow. It is directed plainly. If I die in the night it can go all the same. Will and you may meet again, and be happy when I am under the turf."

Then she began to wail—"Don't leave me; don't leave me to die alone!"

I sat down by her.

"Do not fear," I said, "and try to think of other things. Forget earth—look to heaven."

I never left her. Sitting by her side on the third night I saw a change come over her face, and bent over her.

"Hannah Fanthorn," she whispered, "have you forgiven me?"

"As I pray God to forgive me," I answered.

Then fainter still she spoke:

"Be kind to Will. He loved you. Oh! to think that I should have lost my soul that you might not be my sister—you who seem so like one now!"

And with those words there came a look into her eyes I never shall forget; and in the Christmas dawn she lay on my arm dead.

On Sunday they buried her. The grave-yard was full. Every one came to see Squire Haslet's daughter laid in the great vault. I stood near it; but though the solemn words of the preacher rang in my ear, and the coffin was before my eyes, and I should have thought of nothing else, my mind would wander away to the past—and I saw Will as I used to see him, and myself, as in a mirror, young and blithe, leaning on his arm. Then I found myself praying for the dead woman, and murmuring, "God forgive her, for she knew not what she did!"

I came back to the present with a start and a thrill. They were closing the vault. And beside the clergyman, speaking to him in a whisper, stood a tall man, with a foreign look about him and a heavy hat slouched over his eyes: a man all in black, with hair dark as night, but with here and there a silver thread. Why did my heart beat so as I looked at him? Surely I had never seen *that* man before!

I turned away and went homeward. The

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path lay by the old Hall. I paused a moment to look at it. Every window was shut. From the broad front-door and from the necks of the stone lions on the porch streamers of crape were floating. Oh how often I had seen every window ablaze with lights, and heard music and dancing feet and laughter from within! And now, in the winter twilight—for at five the day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with coming snows—now, how dark and cold it was! And yonder in the grave-yard lay, in their grim vault, master and mistress, and she who had been the pride of their hearts, the toast and beauty of the region—Sabrina Haslet. And Willie—where was *he?*

The gloom, the scene I had just witnessed, the memories, were all too much for me. I bowed my head upon the cold stone of the gateway and wept. "Gone, gone, gone!" I cried, and the sobbing wind among the branches overhead seemed to repeat the words, "Gone, gone, gone!"

I had heard no step on the soft snow; I had seen no shadow. I never guessed any one was near me until a hand came down upon my shoulder—a hand large and strong, but trembling like an aspen leaf.

I looked up. Beside me stood the tall, dark man I had seen in the grave-yard. When I turned he removed his hat, and I saw the face of Willie Haslet. A face altered and aged, bronzed and sad, but his, with love in it.

"Hannah," he said, "Hannah!"

And I, as though I spoke in a dream, murmured,

"He has come back again! He has come back again!"

"Yes, Hannah, back again," said the low, sweet voice that had been in my memory so many years. "Her letter brought me back. She was my sister and is dead. Hannah, you know all?"

"All," I said.

He looked at me, I felt that though I dared not look at him. We were silent for a moment. Then he spoke,

"I have not crossed that threshold. It rests with you whether I ever shall. I will not be master of the Hall unless you will be my wife and its mistress."

"The Hall, the Hall!" I cried. "Did the Hall woo me? Did I love the Hall? You speak of it first as all do. Oh, Will Haslet, if you had been a poor farmer's son all might have been so different! I never thought of any thing but your love."

"I forgot," he said, "'tis not young Will Haslet now. My hair gray, the time for wooing is past."

"And I am old also," I said. "This is not Hannah Fanthorn, I sometimes think, but another woman with her name."

"There is no change in you," he said. "Oh, Hannah, must I go?"

He opened his arms. I took one step forward, and my head was against his breast as it had been ten years before, and I was his again.

Thirty years ago, but I remember. How the bells rang when we were wed, and how the people crowded to the church to see! And who so proud as mother? for her girl was the Squire's lady and mistress of the Hall, where they sat by the fire many a long day, and died in peace and hope almost together at last.

So may we die—Will and I; for we love each other still, though both our heads are white as snow to-day. But amidst the changes that have come in all these years we have never changed to each other.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FOURTH. A TURNING.

CHAPTER I.

SETTING TRAPS.

PLASHWATER Weir-Mill Lock looked tranquil and pretty on an evening in the summer time. A soft air stirred the leaves of the fresh green trees, and passed like a smooth shadow over the river, and like a smoother shadow over the yielding grass. The voice of the falling water, like the voices of the sea and the wind, were as an outer memory to a contemplative listener; but not particularly so to Mr. Riderhood, who sat on one of the blunt wooden levers of his lock-gates, dozing. Wine must be got into a butt by some agency before it can be drawn out; and the wine of sentiment never having been got into Mr. Riderhood by any agency, nothing in nature tapped him.

As the Rogue sat, ever and again nodding himself off his balance, his recovery was always attended by an angry stare and growl, as if, in the absence of any one else, he had aggressive inclinations toward himself. In one of these starts the cry of "Lock ho! Lock!" prevented his relapse into a doze. Shaking himself as he got up, like the surly brute he was, he gave his growl a responsive twist at the end, and turned his face down-stream to see who hailed.

It was an amateur sculler, well up to his work though taking it easily, in so light a boat that the Rogue remarked: "A little less on you, and you'd a'most ha' been a Wagerbut;" then went to work at his windlass handles and sluices, to let the sculler in. As the latter stood in his boat, holding on by the boat-hook to the woodwork at the lock side, waiting for the gates to

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open, Rogue Riderhood recognized his "T'other governor," Mr. Eugene Wrayburn; who was, however, too indifferent or too much engaged to recognize him.

The creaking lock-gates opened slowly, and the light boat passed in as soon as there was room enough, and the creaking lock-gates closed upon it, and it floated low down in the dock between the two sets of gates, until the water should rise and the second gates should open and let it out. When Riderhood had run to his second windlass and turned it, and while he leaned against the lever of that gate to help it to swing open presently, he noticed, lying to rest under the green hedge by the towing path astern of the Lock, a Bargeman.

The water rose and rose as the sluice poured in, dispersing the scum which had formed behind the lumbering gates, and sending the boat up, so that the sculler gradually rose like an apparition against the light from the bargeman's point of view. Riderhood observed that the bargeman rose too, leaning on his arm, and seemed to have his eyes fastened on the rising figure.

But there was the toll to be taken, as the gates were now complaining and opening. The T'other governor tossed it ashore, twisted in a piece of paper, and, as he did so, knew his man.

"Ay, ay? It's you, is it, honest friend?" said Eugene, seating himself preparatory to resuming his sculls. "You got the place, then?"

"I got the place, and no thanks to you for it, nor yet none to Lawyer Lightwood," gruffly answered Riderhood.

"We saved our recommendation, honest fellow," said Eugene, "for the next candidate—the one who will offer himself when you are transported or hanged. Don't be long about it; will you be so good?"

So imperturbable was the air with which he gravely bent to his work that Riderhood remained staring at him, without having found a retort, until he had rowed past a line of wooden objects by the weir, which showed like huge teetotums standing at rest in the water, and was almost hidden by the drooping boughs on the left bank, as he rowed away, keeping out of the opposing current. It being then too late to retort with any effect—if that could ever have been done—the honest man confined himself to cursing and growling in a grim under-tone. Having then got his gates shut, he crossed back by his plank lock-bridge to the towing-path side of the river.

If, in so doing, he took another glance at the bargeman, he did it by stealth. He cast himself on the grass by the Lock side, in an indolent way, with his back in that direction, and, having gathered a few blades, fell to chewing them. The dip of Eugene Wrayburn's sculls had become hardly audible in his ears when the bargeman passed him, putting the utmost width that he could between them, and keeping under the hedge. Then Riderhood sat up and took a long look at his figure, and then cried: "Hi—i—i! Lock ho! Lock! Plashwater Weir-Mill Lock!"

The bargeman stopped, and looked back.

"Plashwater Weir-Mill Lock, T'otherest gov—er—nor—or—or—or!" cried Mr. Riderhood, with his hands to his mouth.

The bargeman turned back. Approaching nearer and nearer, the bargeman became Bradley Headstone, in rough water-side second-hand clothing.

"Wish I may die," said Riderhood, smiting his right leg, and laughing, as he sat on the grass, "if you ain't ha' been a imitating me, T'otherest governor! Never thought myself so good-looking afore!"

Truly, Bradley Headstone had taken careful note of the honest man's dress in the course of that night-walk they had had together. He must have committed it to memory, and slowly got it by heart. It was exactly reproduced in the dress he now wore. And whereas, in his own schoolmaster clothes, he usually looked as if they were the clothes of some other man, he now looked, in the clothes of some other man or men, as if they were his own.

"*This* your Lock?" said Bradley, whose surprise had a genuine air; "they told me, where I last inquired, it was the third I should come to. This is only the second."

"It's my belief, governor," returned Riderhood, with a wink and shake of his head, "that you've dropped one in your counting. It ain't Locks as *you*'ve been giving your mind to. No, no!"

As he expressively jerked his pointing finger in the direction the boat had taken, a flush of impatience mounted into Bradley's face, and he looked anxiously up the river.

"It ain't Locks as *you*'ve been a reckoning up," said Riderhood, when the schoolmaster's eyes came back again. "No, no!"

"What other calculations do you suppose I have been occupied with? Mathematics?"

"I never heerd it called that. It's a long word for it. Hows'ever, p'raps you call it so," said Riderhood, stubbornly chewing his grass.

"It. What?"

"I'll say them, instead of it, if you like," was the coolly growled reply. "It's safer talk too."

"What do you mean that I should understand by them?"

"Spites, affronts, offenses giv' and took, deadly aggrawations, such like," answered Riderhood.

Do what Bradley Headstone would, he could not keep that former flush of impatience out of his face, or so master his eyes as to prevent their again looking anxiously up the river.

"Ha ha! Don't be afeerd, T'otherest," said Riderhood. "The T'other's got to make way agin the stream, and he takes it easy. You can soon come up with him. But wot's the good of saying that to you! *You* know how fur you could have outwalked him betwixt any wheres about where he lost the tide—say Richmond—and this, if you had had a mind to it."

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"You think I have been following him?" said Bradley.

"I KNOW you have," said Riderhood.

"Well! I have, I have," Bradley admitted. "But," with another anxious look up the river, "he may land."

"Easy you! He won't be lost if he does land," said Riderhood. "He must leave his boat behind him. He can't make a bundle or a parcel on it, and carry it ashore with him under his arm."

"He was speaking to you just now," said Bradley, kneeling on one knee on the grass beside the Lock-keeper. "What did he say?"

"Cheek," said Riderhood.

"What?"

"Cheek," repeated Riderhood, with an angry oath; "cheek is what he said. He can't say nothing but cheek. I'd ha' liked to plump down aboard of him, neck and crop, with a heavy jump, and sunk him."

Bradley turned away his haggard face for a few moments, and then said, tearing up a tuft of grass:

"Damn him!"

"Hooroar!" cried Riderhood. "Does you credit! Hooroar! I cry chorus to the T'otherest."

"What turn," said Bradley, with an effort at self-repression that forced him to wipe his face, "did his insolence take to-day?"

"It took the turn," answered Riderhood, with sullen ferocity, "of hoping as I was getting ready to be hanged."

"Let him look to that," cried Bradley. "Let him look to that! It will be bad for him when men he has injured, and at whom he has jeered, are thinking of getting hanged. Let *him* get ready for *his* fate when that comes about. There was more meaning in what he said than he knew of, or he wouldn't have had brains enough to say it. Let him look to it; let him look to it! When men he has wronged, and on whom he has bestowed his insolence, are getting ready to be hanged, there is a death-bell ringing. And not for them."

Riderhood, looking fixedly at him, gradually arose from his recumbent posture while the schoolmaster said these words with the utmost concentration of rage and hatred. So, when the words were all spoken, he too kneeled on one knee on the grass, and the two men looked at one another.

"Oh!" said Riderhood, very deliberately spitting out the grass he had been chewing. "Then, I make out, T'otherest, as he is a-going to her?"

"He left London," answered Bradley, "yesterday. I have hardly a doubt, this time, that at last he is going to her."

"You ain't sure, then?"

"I am as sure here," said Bradley, with a clutch at the breast of his coarse shirt, "as if it was written there;" with a blow or a stab at the sky.

"Ah! But judging from the looks on you," retorted Riderhood, completely ridding himself of his grass, and drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "you've made ekally sure afore, and have got disapinted. It has told upon you."

"Listen," said Bradley, in a low voice, bending forward to lay his hand upon the Lock-keeper's shoulder. "These are my holidays."

"Are they, by George!" muttered Riderhood, with his eyes on the passion-wasted face. "Your working days must be stiff 'uns if these is your holidays."

"And I have never left him," pursued Bradley, waving the interruption aside with an impatient hand, "since they began. And I never will leave him now till I have seen him with her."

"And when you have seen him with her?" said Riderhood.

"—I'll come back to you."

Riderhood stiffened the knee on which he had been resting, got up, and looked gloomily at his new friend. After a few moments they walked side by side in the direction the boat had taken, as if by tacit consent; Bradley pressing forward, and Riderhood holding back; Bradley getting out his neat prim purse into his hand (a present made him by penny subscription among his pupils); and Riderhood, unfolding his arms to smear his coat-cuff across his mouth with a thoughtful air.

"I have a pound for you," said Bradley.

"You've two," said Riderhood.

Bradley held a sovereign between his fingers. Slouching at his side with his eyes upon the towing-path, Riderhood held his left hand open, with a certain slight drawing action toward himself. Bradley dipped in his purse for another sovereign, and two chinked in Riderhood's hand, the drawing action of which, promptly strengthening, drew them home to his pocket.

"Now, I must follow him," said Bradley Headstone. "He takes this river-road — the fool!—to confuse observation, or divert attention, if not solely to baffle me. But he must have the power of making himself invisible before he can shake Me off."

Riderhood stopped. "If you don't get disapinted agin, T'otherest, maybe you'll put up at the Lock-house when you come back?"

"I will."

Riderhood nodded, and the figure of the bargeman went its way along the soft turf by the side of the towing-path, keeping near the hedge and moving quickly. They had turned a point from which a long stretch of river was visible. A stranger to the scene might have been certain that here and there along the line of hedge a figure stood, watching the bargeman, and waiting for him to come up. So he himself had often believed at first, until his eyes became used to the posts, bearing the dagger that slew Wat Tyler, in the City of London shield.

Within Mr. Riderhood's knowledge all daggers were as one. Even to Bradley Headstone,

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who could have told to the letter without book all about Wat Tyler, Lord Mayor Walworth, and the King, that it is dutiful for youth to know, there was but one subject living in the world for every sharp destructive instrument that summer evening. So, Riderhood looking after him as he went, and he with his furtive hand laid upon the dagger as he passed it, and his eyes upon the boat, were much upon a par.

The boat went on, under the arching trees, and over their tranquil shadows in the water. The bargeman skulking on the opposite bank of the stream, went on after it. Sparkles of light showed Riderhood when and where the rower dipped his blades, until, even as he stood idly watching, the sun went down and the landscape was dyed red. And then the red had the appearance of fading out of it and mounting up to Heaven, as we say that blood, guiltily shed, does.

Turning back toward his Lock (he had not gone out of view of it), the Rogue pondered as deeply as it was within the contracted power of such a fellow to do. "Why did he copy my clothes? He could have looked like what he wanted to look like without that." This was the subject-matter in his thoughts; in which, too, there came lumbering up, by times, like any half floating and half sinking rubbish in the river, the question, Was it done by accident? The setting of a trap for finding out whether it was accidentally done, soon superseded, as a practical piece of cunning, the abstruser inquiry why otherwise it was done. And he devised a means.

Rogue Riderhood went into his Lock-house, and brought forth, into the now sober gray light, his chest of clothes. Sitting on the grass beside it, he turned out, one by one, the articles it contained, until he came to a conspicuous bright red neckerchief stained black here and there by wear. It arrested his attention, and he sat pausing over it, until he took off the rusty colorless wisp that he wore round his throat, and substituted the red neckerchief, leaving the long ends flowing. "Now," said the Rogue, "if arter he sees me in this neckhankecher, I see him in a sim'lar neckhankecher, it won't be accident!" Elated by his device, he carried his chest in again and went to supper.

"Lock ho! Lock!" It was a light night, and a barge coming down summoned him out of a long doze. In due course he had let the barge through and was alone again, looking to the closing of his gates, when Bradley Headstone appeared before him, standing on the brink of the Lock.

"Halloa!" said Riderhood. "Back a'ready, T'otherest?"

"He has put up for the night, at an Angler's Inn," was the fatigued and hoarse reply. "He goes on, up the river, at six in the morning. I have come back for a couple of hours' rest."

"You want 'em," said Riderhood, making toward the schoolmaster by his plank bridge.

"I don't want them," returned Bradley, irritably, "because I would rather not have them, but would much prefer to follow him all night. However, if he won't lead I can't follow. I have been waiting about, until I could discover, for a certainty, at what time he starts; if I couldn't have made sure of it, I should have staid there.—This would be a bad pit for a man to be flung into with his hands tied. These slippery smooth walls would give him no chance. And I suppose those gates would suck him down?"

"Suck him down, or swaller him up, he wouldn't get out," said Riderhood. "Not even if his hands warn't tied, he wouldn't. Shut him in at both ends, and I'd give him a pint o' old ale ever to come up to me standing here."

Bradley looked down with a ghastly relish. "You run about the brink, and run across it, in this uncertain light, on a few inches width of rotten wood," said he. "I wonder you have no thought of being drowned."

"I can't be!" said Riderhood.

"You can't be drowned?"

"No!" said Riderhood, shaking his head with an air of thorough conviction, "it's well known. I've been brought out o' drowning, and I can't be drowned. I wouldn't have that there busted B'lowbridger aware on it, or her people might make it tell agin' the damages I mean to get. But it's well known to water-side characters like myself, that him as has been brought out o' drowning, can never be drowned."

Bradley smiled sourly at the ignorance he would have corrected in one of his pupils, and continued to look down into the water, as if the place had a gloomy fascination for him.

"You seem to like it," said Riderhood.

He took no notice, but stood looking down, as if he had not heard the words. There was a very dark expression on his face; an expression that the Rogue found it hard to understand. It was fierce, and full of purpose; but the purpose might have been as much against himself as against another. If he had stepped back for a spring, taken a leap, and thrown himself in, it would have been no surprising sequel to the look. Perhaps his troubled soul, set upon some violence, did hover for the moment between that violence and another.

"Didn't you say," asked Riderhood, after watching him for a while with a sidelong glance, "as you had come back for a couple o' hours' rest?" But even then he had to jog him with his elbow before he answered.

"Eh? Yes."

"Hadn't you better come in and take your couple o' hours' rest?"

"Thank you. Yes."

With the look of one just awakened he followed Riderhood into the Lock-house, where the latter produced from a cupboard some cold salt-beef and half a loaf, some gin in a bottle, and some water in a jug. The last he brought in, cool and dripping, from the river.

"There, T'otherest," said Riderhood, stoop-

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ing over him to put it on the table. "You'd better take a bite and a sup afore you takes your snooze." The draggling ends of the red neckerchief caught the schoolmaster's eyes. Riderhood saw him look at it.

"Oh!" thought that worthy. "You're a-taking notice, are you? Come! You shall have a good squint at it then." With which reflection he sat down on the other side of the table, threw open his vest, and made a pretense of retying the neckerchief with much deliberation.

Bradley ate and drank. As he sat at his platter and mug Riderhood saw him, again and yet again, steal a look at the neckerchief, as if he were correcting his slow observation and prompting his sluggish memory. "When you're ready for your snooze," said that honest creature, "chuck yourself on my bed in the corner, T'otherest. It'll be broad day afore three. I'll call you early."

"I shall require no calling," answered Bradley. And soon afterward, divesting himself only of his shoes and coat, lay down.

Riderhood, leaning back in his wooden arm-chair, with his arms folded on his breast, looked at him as he lay with his right hand clenched in his sleep and his teeth set, until a film came over his own sight and he slept too. He awoke to find that it was daylight, and that his visitor was already astir, and going out to the river-side to cool his head: "Though I'm blest," muttered Riderhood at the Lock-house door, looking after him, "if I think there's water enough in all the Thames to do *that* for you!" Within five minutes he had taken his departure, and was passing on into the calm distance as he had passed yesterday. Riderhood knew when a fish leaped by his starting and glancing round.

"Lock ho! Lock!" at intervals all day, and "Lock ho! Lock!" thrice in the ensuing night, but no return of Bradley. The second day was sultry and oppressive. In the afternoon a thunder-storm came up, and had but newly broken into a furious sweep of rain when he rushed in at the door, like the storm itself.

"You've seen him with her!" exclaimed Riderhood, starting up.

"I have."

"Where?"

"At his journey's end. His boat's hauled up for three days. I heard him give the order. Then I saw him wait for her and meet her. I saw them"—he stopped as though he were suffocating, and began again—"I saw them walking side by side last night."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"What are you going to do?"

He dropped into a chair and laughed. Immediately afterward a great spirt of blood burst from his nose.

"How does that happen?" asked Riderhood.

"I don't know. I can't keep it back. It has happened twice—three times—four times—I don't know how many times—since last night. I taste it, smell it, see it; it chokes me, and then it breaks out like this."

He went into the pelting rain again with his head bare, and, bending low over the river, and scooping up the water with his two hands, washed the blood away. All beyond his figure, as Riderhood looked from the door, was a vast dark curtain in solemn movement toward one quarter of the heavens. He raised his head and came back, wet from head to foot, but with the lower part of his sleeves, where he had dipped into the river, streaming water.

"Your face is like a ghost's," said Riderhood.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" was the sullen retort.

"I mean to say you're quite wore out."

"That may well be. I have had no rest since I left here. I don't remember that I have so much as sat down since I left here."

"Lie down now, then," said Riderhood.

"I will, if you'll give me something to quench my thirst first."

The bottle and jug were again produced, and he mixed a weak draught, and another, and drank both in quick succession. "You asked me something," he said then.

"No, I didn't," replied Riderhood.

"I tell you," retorted Bradley, turning upon him in a wild and desperate manner, "you asked me something before I went out to wash my face in the river."

"Oh! Then?" said Riderhood, backing a little. "I asked you wot you wos a-going to do."

"How can a man in this state know?" he answered, protesting with both his tremulous hands, with an action so vigorously angry that he shook the water from his sleeves upon the floor as if he had wrung them. "How can I plan any thing if I haven't sleep?"

"Why, that's what I as good as said," returned the other. "Didn't I say lie down?"

"Well, perhaps you did."

"Well! Anyways I says it again. Sleep where you slept last; the sounder and longer you can sleep, the better you'll know arterward what you're up to."

His pointing to the truckle-bed in the corner seemed gradually to bring that poor couch to Bradley's wandering remembrance. He slipped off his worn, down-trodden shoes, and cast himself heavily, all wet as he was, upon the bed.

Riderhood sat down in his wooden arm-chair, and looked through the window at the lightning and listened to the thunder. But his thoughts were far from being absorbed by the thunder and the lightning, for again and again and again he looked very curiously at the exhausted man upon the bed. The man had turned up the collar of the rough coat he wore to shelter himself from the storm, and had buttoned it about his neck. Unconscious of that, and of most things, he had left the coat so, both when he had laved his face in the river and when he had cast himself upon

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IN THE LOCK-KEEPER'S HOUSE.

the bed; though it would have been much easier to him if he had unloosened it.

The thunder rolled heavily, and the forked lightning seemed to make jagged rents in every part of the vast curtain without, as Riderhood sat by the window glancing at the bed. Sometimes he saw the man upon the bed by a red light; sometimes by a blue; sometimes he scarcely saw him in the darkness of the storm; sometimes he saw nothing of him in the blinding glare of palpitating white fire. Anon, the rain would come again with a tremendous rush, and the river would seem to rise to meet it, and a blast of wind, bursting upon the door, would flutter the hair and dress of the man, as if invisible messengers were come around the bed to carry him away. From all these phases of the storm Riderhood would turn, as if they were interruptions—rather striking interruptions, possibly, but interruptions still—of his scrutiny of the sleeper.

"He sleeps sound," he said within himself; "yet he's that up to me and that noticing of me that my getting out of my chair may wake him, when a rattling peal won't, let alone my touching of him."

He very cautiously rose to his feet. "T'otherest," he said, in a low, calm voice, "are you a lying easy? There's a chill in the air, governor. Shall I put a coat over you?"

No answer.

"That's about what it is a'ready, you see," muttered Riderhood, in a lower and a different voice; "a coat over you, a coat over you!"

The sleeper moving an arm, he sat down again in his chair, and feigned to watch the storm from the window. It was a grand spectacle, but not so grand as to keep his eyes, for half a minute together, from stealing a look at the man upon the bed.

It was at the concealed throat of the sleeper that Riderhood so often looked so curiously,

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until the sleep seemed to deepen into the stupor of the dead-tired in mind and body. Then Riderhood came from the window cautiously, and stood by the bed.

"Poor man!" he murmured in a low tone, with a crafty face, and a very watchful eye and ready foot, lest he should start up; "this here coat of his must make him uneasy in his sleep. Shall I loosen it for him, and make him more comfortable? Ah! I think I ought to it, poor man. I think I will."

He touched the first button with a very cautious hand and a step backward. But the sleeper remaining in profound unconsciousness, he touched the other buttons with a more assured hand, and perhaps the more lightly on that account. Softly and slowly he opened the coat and drew it back.

The draggling ends of a bright-red neckerchief were then disclosed, and he had even been at the pains of dipping parts of it in some liquid, to give it the appearance of having become stained by wear. With a much-perplexed face Riderhood looked from it to the sleeper, and from the sleeper to it, and finally crept back to his chair, and there, with his hand to his chin, sat long in a brown study, looking at both.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN RISES A LITTLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle had come to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. They were not absolutely uninvited, but had pressed themselves with so much urgency on the golden couple, that evasion of the honor and pleasure of their company would have been difficult, if desired. They were in a charming state of mind, were Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, and almost as fond of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin as of one another.

"My dear Mrs. Boffin," said Mrs. Lammle, "it imparts new life to me to see my Alfred in confidential communication with Mr. Boffin. The two were formed to become intimate. So much simplicity combined with so much force of character, such natural sagacity united to such amiability and gentleness—these are the distinguishing characteristics of both."

This being said aloud gave Mr. Lammle an opportunity, as he came with Mr. Boffin from the window to the breakfast-table, of taking up his dear and honored wife.

"My Sophronia," said that gentleman, "your too partial estimate of your poor husband's character—"

"No! Not too partial, Alfred," urged the lady, tenderly moved; "never say that."

"My child, your favorable opinion, then, of your husband—you don't object to that phrase, darling?"

"How can I, Alfred?"

"Your favorable opinion then, my Precious, does less than justice to Mr. Boffin, and more than justice to me."

"To the first charge, Alfred, I plead guilty. But to the second, oh no, no!"

"Less than justice to Mr. Boffin, Sophronia," said Mr. Lammle, soaring into a tone of moral grandeur, "because it represents Mr. Boffin as on a lower level; more than justice to me, Sophronia, because it represents me as on Mr. Boffin's higher level. Mr. Boffin bears and forbears far more than I could."

"Far more than you could for yourself, Alfred?"

"My love, that is not the question."

"Not the question, Lawyer?" said Mrs. Lammle, archly.

"No, dear Sophronia. From my lower level I regard Mr. Boffin as too generous, as possessed of too much clemency, as being too good to persons who are unworthy of him and ungrateful to him. To those noble qualities I can lay no claim. On the contrary, they rouse my indignation when I see them in action."

"Alfred!"

"They rouse my indignation, my dear, against the unworthy persons, and give me a combative desire to stand between Mr. Boffin and all such persons. Why? Because in my lower nature I am more worldly and less delicate. Not being so magnanimous as Mr. Boffin, I feel his injuries more than he does himself, and feel more capable of opposing his injurers."

It struck Mrs. Lammle that it appeared rather difficult this morning to bring Mr. and Mrs. Boffin into agreeable conversation. Here had been several lures thrown out, and neither of them had uttered a word. Here were she, Mrs. Lammle, and her husband discoursing at once affectingly and effectively, but discoursing alone. Assuming that the dear old creatures were impressed by what they heard, still one would like to be sure of it, the more so, as at least one of the dear old creatures was somewhat pointedly referred to. If the dear old creatures were too bashful or too dull to assume their required places in the discussion, why then it would seem desirable that the dear old creatures should be taken by their heads and shoulders and brought into it.

"But is not my husband saying in effect," asked Mrs. Lammle, therefore, with an innocent air, of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, "that he becomes unmindful of his own temporary misfortunes in his admiration of another whom he is burning to serve? And is not that making an admission that his nature is a generous one? I am wretched in argument, but surely this is so, dear Mr. and Mrs. Boffin?"

Still, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Boffin said a word. He sat with his eyes on his plate, eating his muffins and ham, and she sat shyly looking at the tea-pot. Mrs. Lammle's innocent appeal was merely thrown into the air, to mingle with the steam of the urn. Glancing toward Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, she very slightly raised her eyebrows, as though inquiring of her husband: "Do I notice any thing wrong here?"

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Mr. Lammle, who had found his chest effective on a variety of occasions, manœuvred his capacious shirt-front into the largest demonstration possible, and then smiling retorted on his wife, thus:

"Sophronia, darling, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin will remind you of the old adage, that self-praise is no recommendation."

"Self-praise, Alfred? Do you mean because we are one and the same?"

"No, my dear child. I mean that you can not fail to remember, if you reflect for a single moment, that what you are pleased to compliment me upon feeling in the case of Mr. Boffin you have yourself confided to me as your own feeling in the case of Mrs. Boffin."

("I shall be beaten by this Lawyer," Mrs. Lammle gayly whispered to Mrs. Boffin. "I am afraid I must admit it, if he presses me, for it's damagingly true.")

Several white dints began to come and go about Mr. Lammle's nose, as he observed that Mrs. Boffin merely looked up from the tea-pot for a moment with an embarrassed smile, which was no smile, and then looked down again.

"Do you admit the charge, Sophronia?" inquired Alfred, in a rallying tone.

"Really, I think," said Mrs. Lammle, still gayly, "I must throw myself on the protection of the Court. Am I bound to answer that question, my Lord?" To Mr. Boffin.

"You needn't, if you don't like, ma'am," was his answer. "It's not of the least consequence."

Both husband and wife glanced at him, very doubtfully. His manner was grave, but not coarse, and derived some dignity from a certain repressed dislike of the tone of the conversation.

Again Mrs. Lammle raised her eyebrows for instruction from her husband. He replied in a slight nod. "Try 'em again."

"To protect myself against the suspicion of covert self-laudation, my dear Mrs. Boffin," said the airy Mrs. Lammle therefore, "I must tell you how it was."

"No. Pray don't," Mr. Boffin interposed.

Mrs. Lammle turned to him laughingly. "The Court objects?"

"Ma'am," said Mr. Boffin, "the Court (if I am the Court) does object. The Court objects for two reasons. First, because the Court don't think it fair. Secondly, because the dear old lady, Mrs. Court (if I am Mr.) gets distressed by it."

A very remarkable wavering between two bearings — between her propitiatory bearing there, and her defiant bearing at Mr. Twemlow's—was observable on the part of Mrs. Lammle as she said: "What does the Court not consider fair?"

"Letting you go on," replied Mr. Boffin, nodding his head soothingly, as who should say, We won't be harder on you than we can help; we'll make the best of it. "It's not aboveboard and it's not fair. When the old lady is uncomfortable, there's sure to be good reason for it. I see she is uncomfortable, and I plainly see this is the good reason wherefore. *Have* you breakfasted, ma'am."

Mrs. Lammle, settling into her defiant manner, pushed her plate away, looked at her husband, and laughed; but by no means gayly.

"Have *you* breakfasted, Sir?" inquired Mr. Boffin.

"Thank you," replied Alfred, showing all his teeth. "If Mrs. Boffin will oblige me, I'll take another cup of tea."

He spilled a little of it over the chest which ought to have been so effective, and which had done so little; but on the whole drank it with something of an air, though the coming and going dints got almost as large, the while, as if they had been made by pressure of the tea-spoon. "A thousand thanks," he then observed. "I have breakfasted."

"Now, which," said Mr. Boffin softly, taking out a pocket-book, "which of you two is Cashier?"

"Sophronia, my dear," remarked her husband, as he leaned back in his chair, waving his right hand toward her, while he hung his left hand by the thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat: "it shall be your department."

"I would rather," said Mr. Boffin, "that it was your husband's, ma'am, because—but never mind, because. I would rather have to do with him. However, what I have to say, I will say with as little offense as possible; if I can say it without any, I shall be heartily glad. You two have done me a service, a very great service, in doing what you did (my old lady knows what it was), and I have put into this envelope a bank-note for a hundred pound. I consider the service well worth a hundred pound, and I am well pleased to pay the money. Would you do me the favor to take it, and likewise to accept my thanks?"

With a haughty action, and without looking toward him, Mrs. Lammle held out her left hand, and into it Mr. Boffin put the little packet. When she had conveyed it to her bosom, Mr. Lammle had the appearance of feeling relieved, and breathing more freely, as not having been quite certain that the hundred pounds were his until the note had been safely transferred out of Mr. Boffin's keeping into his own Sophronia's.

"It is not impossible," said Mr. Boffin, addressing Alfred, "that you have had some general idea, Sir, of replacing Rokesmith, in course of time?"

"It is not," assented Alfred, with a glittering smile and a great deal of nose, "not impossible."

"And perhaps, ma'am," pursued Mr. Boffin, addressing Sophronia, "you have been so kind as to take up my old lady in your own mind, and to do her the honor of turning the question over whether you mightn't one of these days have her in charge, like? Whether you mightn't be a sort of Miss Bella Wilfer to her, and something more?"

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"I should hope," returned Mrs. Lammle, with a scornful look and in a loud voice, "that if I were any thing to your wife, Sir, I could hardly fail to be something more than Miss Bella Wilfer, as you call her."

"What do *you* call her, ma'am?" asked Mr. Boffin.

Mrs. Lammle disdained to reply, and sat defiantly beating one foot on the ground.

"Again I think I may say, that's not impossible. Is it, Sir?" asked Mr. Boffin, turning to Alfred.

"It is not," said Alfred, smiling assent as before, "not impossible."

"Now," said Mr. Boffin, gently, "it won't do. I don't wish to say a single word that might be afterward remembered as unpleasant; but it won't do."

"Sophronia, my love," her husband repeated, in a bantering manner, "you hear? It won't do."

"No," said Mr. Boffin, with his voice still dropped, "it really won't. You positively must excuse us. If you'll go your way, we'll go ours, and so I hope this affair ends to the satisfaction of all parties."

Mrs. Lammle gave him the look of a decidedly dissatisfied party demanding exemption from the category; but said nothing.

"The best thing we can make of the affair," said Mr. Boffin, "is a matter of business, and as a matter of business it's brought to a conclusion. You have done me a great service, a very great service, and I have paid for it. Is there any objection to the price?"

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle looked at one another across the table, but neither could say that there was. Mr. Lammle shrugged his shoulders, and Mrs. Lammle sat rigid.

"Very good," said Mr. Boffin. "We hope (my old lady and me) that you'll give us credit for taking the plainest and honestest short-cut that could be taken under the circumstances. We have talked it over with a deal of care (my old lady and me), and we have felt that at all to lead you on, or even at all to let you go on of your own selves, wouldn't be the right thing. So I have openly given you to understand that—" Mr. Boffin sought for a new turn of speech, but could find none so expressive as his former one, repeated in a confidential tone, "—that it won't do. If I could have put the case more pleasantly I would; but I hope I haven't put it very unpleasantly; at all events I haven't meant to. So," said Mr. Boffin, by way of peroration, "wishing you well in the way you go, we now conclude with the observation that perhaps you'll go it."

Mr. Lammle rose with an impudent laugh on his side of the table, and Mrs. Lammle rose with a disdainful frown on hers. At this moment a hasty foot was heard on the staircase, and Georgiana Podsnap broke into the room, unannounced and in tears.

"Oh, my dear Sophronia!" cried Georgiana, wringing her hands as she ran up to embrace her, "to think that you and Alfred should be ruined! Oh, my poor dear Sophronia, to think that you should have had a Sale at your house after all your kindness to me! Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, pray forgive me for this intrusion, but you don't know how fond I was of Sophronia when Pa wouldn't let me go there any more, or what I have felt for Sophronia since I heard from Ma of her having been brought low in the world! You don't, you can't, you never can, think how I have lain awake at night and cried for my good Sophronia, my first and only friend!"

Mrs. Lammle's manner changed under the poor silly girl's embraces, and she turned extremely pale: directing one appealing look, first to Mrs. Boffin, and then to Mr. Boffin. Both understood her instantly, with a more delicate subtlety than much better educated people, whose perception came less directly from the heart, could have brought to bear upon the case.

"I haven't a minute," said poor little Georgiana, "to stay. I am out shopping early with Ma, and I said I had a headache and got Ma to leave me outside in the phaeton, in Piccadilly, and ran round to Sackville Street, and heard that Sophronia was here, and then Ma came to see, oh such a dreadful old stony woman from the country in a turban in Portland Place, and I said I wouldn't go up with Ma, but would drive round and leave cards for the Boffins, which is taking a liberty with the name; but oh my goodness I am distracted, and the phaeton's at the door, and what would Pa say if he knew it!"

"Don't ye be timid, my dear," said Mrs. Boffin. "You came in to see us."

"Oh no, I didn't," cried Georgiana. "It's very impolite, I know, but I came to see my poor Sophronia, my only friend. Oh! how I felt the separation, my dear Sophronia, before I knew you were brought low in the world, and how much more I feel it now!"

There were actually tears in the bold woman's eyes, as the soft-headed and soft-hearted girl twined her arms about her neck.

"But I've come on business," said Georgiana, sobbing and drying her face, and then searching in a little reticule, "and if I don't dispatch it I shall have come for nothing, and oh good gracious! what would Pa say if he knew of Sackville Street, and what would Ma say if she was kept waiting on the door-steps of that dreadful turban, and there never were such pawing horses as ours unsettling my mind every moment more and more when I want more mind than I have got, by pawing up Mr. Boffin's street where they have no business to be. Oh! where is, where is it? Oh! I can't find it!" All this time sobbing and searching in the little reticule.

"What do you miss, my dear?" asked Mr. Boffin, stepping forward.

"Oh! it's little enough," replied Georgiana, "because Ma always treats me as if I was in the nursery (I am sure I wish I was!), but I hardly

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ever spend it and it has mounted up to fifteen pounds, Sophronia, and I hope three five-pound notes are better than nothing, though so little, so little! And now I have found that—oh, my goodness! there's the other gone next! Oh no, it isn't, here it is!"

With that, always sobbing and searching in the reticule, Georgiana produced a necklace.

"Ma says chits and jewels have no business together," pursued Georgiana, "and that's the reason why I have no trinkets except this, but I suppose my aunt Hawkinson was of a different opinion, because she left me this, though I used to think she might just as well have buried it, for it's always kept in jewelers' cotton. However, here it is, I am thankful to say, and of use at last, and you'll sell it, dear Sophronia, and buy things with it."

"Give it to me," said Mr. Boffin, gently taking it. "I'll see that it's properly disposed of."

"Oh! are you such a friend of Sophronia's, Mr. Boffin?" cried Georgiana. "Oh, how good of you! Oh, my gracious! there was something else, and it's gone out of my head! Oh no, it isn't, I remember what it was. My grandmamma's property, that'll come to me when I am of age, Mr. Boffin, will be all my own, and neither Pa nor Ma nor any body else will have any control over it, and what I wish to do is to make some of it over somehow to Sophronia and Alfred, by signing something somewhere that'll prevail on somebody to advance them something. I want them to have something handsome to bring them up in the world again. Oh, my goodness me! Being such a friend of my dear Sophronia's, you won't refuse me, will you?"

"No, no," said Mr. Boffin, "it shall be seen to."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Georgiana. "If my maid had a little note and half a crown, I could run round to the pastrycook's to sign something, or I could sign something in the Square if somebody would come and cough for me to let 'em in with the key, and would bring a pen and ink with 'em and a bit of blotting-paper. Oh, my gracious! I must tear myself away, or Pa and Ma will both find out! Dear, dear Sophronia, good, good-by!"

The credulous little creature again embraced Mrs. Lammle most affectionately, and then held out her hand to Mr. Lammle.

"Good-by, dear Mr. Lammle — I mean Alfred. You won't think after to-day that I have deserted you and Sophronia because you have been brought low in the world, will you? Oh me! oh me! I have been crying my eyes out of my head, and Ma will be sure to ask me what's the matter. Oh, take me down, somebody, please, please, please!"

Mr. Boffin took her down, and saw her driven away, with her poor little red eyes and weak chin peering over the great apron of the custard-colored phaeton, as if she had been ordered to expiate some childish misdemeanor by going to bed in the daylight, and were peeping over the counterpane in a miserable flutter of repentance and low spirits. Returning to the breakfast-room, he found Mrs. Lammle still standing on her side of the table, and Mr. Lammle on his.

"I'll take care," said Mr. Boffin, showing the money and the necklace, "that these are soon given back."

Mrs. Lammle had taken up her parasol from a side-table, and stood sketching with it on the pattern of the damask cloth, as she had sketched on the pattern of Mr. Twemlow's papered wall.

"You will not undeceive her I hope, Mr. Boffin?" she said, turning her head toward him, but not her eyes.

"No," said Mr. Boffin.

"I mean, as to the worth and value of her friend," Mrs. Lammle explained, in a measured voice, and with an emphasis on her last word.

"No," he returned. "I may try to give a hint at her home that she is in want of kind and careful protection, but I shall say no more than that to her parents, and I shall say nothing to the young lady herself."

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin," said Mrs. Lammle, still sketching, and seeming to bestow great pains upon it, "there are not many people, I think, who, under the circumstances, would have been so considerate and sparing as you have been to me just now. Do you care to be thanked?"

"Thanks are always worth having," said Mrs. Boffin, in her ready good-nature.

"Then thank you both."

"Sophronia," asked her husband, mockingly, "are you sentimental?"

"Well, well, my good Sir," Mr. Boffin interposed, "it's a very good thing to think well of another person, and it's a very good thing to be thought well of *by* another person. Mrs. Lammle will be none the worse for it, if she is."

"Much obliged. But I asked Mrs. Lammle if she was."

She stood sketching on the table-cloth, with her face clouded and set, and was silent.

"Because," said Alfred, "I am disposed to be sentimental myself, on your appropriation of the jewels and the money, Mr. Boffin. As our little Georgiana said, three five-pound notes are better than nothing, and if you sell a necklace you can buy things with the produce."

"*If* you sell it," was Mr. Boffin's comment, as he put it in his pocket.

Alfred followed it with his looks, and also greedily pursued the notes until they vanished into Mr. Boffin's waistcoat pocket. Then he directed a look, half exasperated and half jeering, at his wife. She still stood sketching; but, as she sketched, there was a struggle within her, which found expression in the depth of the few last lines the parasol point indented into the table-cloth, and then some tears fell from her eyes.

"Why, confound the woman," exclaimed Lammle, "she *is* sentimental!"

She walked to the window, flinching under

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his angry stare, looked out for a moment, and turned round quite coldly.

"You have had no former cause of complaint on the sentimental score, Alfred, and you will have none in future. It is not worth your noticing. We go abroad soon, with the money we have earned here?"

"You know we do; you know we must."

"There is no fear of my taking any sentiment with me. I should soon be eased of it if I did. But it will be all left behind. It *is* all left behind. Are you ready, Alfred?"

"What the deuce have I been waiting for but you, Sophronia?"

"Let us go then. I am sorry I have delayed our dignified departure."

She passed out and he followed her. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin had the curiosity softly to raise a window and look after them as they went down the long street. They walked arm in arm, showily enough, but without appearing to interchange a syllable. It might have been fanciful to suppose that under their outer bearing there was something of the shamed air of two cheats who were linked together by concealed handcuffs; but, not so, to suppose that they were haggardly weary of one another, of themselves, and of all this world. In turning the street corner they might have turned out of this world, for any thing Mr. and Mrs. Boffin ever saw of them to the contrary; for they set eyes on the Lammles never more.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN SINKS AGAIN.

THE evening of that day being one of the reading evenings at the Bower, Mr. Boffin kissed Mrs. Boffin after a five o'clock dinner, and trotted out, nursing his big stick in both arms, so that, as of old, it seemed to be whispering in his ear. He carried so very attentive an expression on his countenance that it appeared as if the confidential discourse of the big stick required to be followed closely. Mr. Boffin's face was like the face of a thoughtful listener to an intricate communication, and, in trotting along, he occasionally glanced at that companion with the look of a man who was interposing the remark: "You don't mean it!"

Mr. Boffin and his stick went on alone together until they arrived at certain cross-ways where they would be likely to fall in with any one coming, at about the same time, from Clerkenwell to the Bower. Here they stopped, and Mr. Boffin consulted his watch.

"It wants five minutes, good, to Venus's appointment," said he. "I'm rather early."

But Venus was a punctual man, and, even as Mr. Boffin replaced his watch in its pocket, was to be descried coming toward him. He quickened his pace on seeing Mr. Boffin already at the place of meeting, and was soon at his side.

"Thank'ee, Venus," said Mr. Boffin. "Thank'ee, thank'ee, thank'ee!"

It would not have been very evident why he thanked the anatomist, but for his furnishing the explanation in what he went on to say.

"All right, Venus, all right. Now that you've been to see me, and have consented to keep up the appearance before Wegg of remaining in it for a time, I have got a sort of a backer. All right, Venus. Thank'ee, Venus. Thank'ee, thank'ee, thank'ee!"

Mr. Venus shook the proffered hand with a modest air, and they pursued the direction of the Bower.

"Do you think Wegg is likely to drop down upon me to-night, Venus?" inquired Mr. Boffin, wistfully, as they went along.

"I think he is, Sir."

"Have you any particular reason for thinking so, Venus?"

"Well, Sir," returned that personage, "the fact is, he has given me another look-in to make sure of what he calls our stock-in-trade being correct, and he has mentioned his intention that he was not to be put off beginning with you the very next time you should come. And this," hinted Mr. Venus, delicately, "being the very next time, you know, Sir—"

—"Why, therefore you suppose he'll turn to at the grindstone, eh, Wegg?" said Mr. Boffin.

"Just so, Sir."

Mr. Boffin took his nose in his hand, as if it were already excoriated, and the sparks were beginning to fly out of that feature. "He's a terrible fellow, Venus; he's an awful fellow. I don't know how ever I shall go through with it. You must stand by me, Venus, like a good man and true. You'll do all you can to stand by me, Venus; won't you?"

Mr. Venus replied with the assurance that he would; and Mr. Boffin, looking anxious and dispirited, pursued the way in silence until they rang at the Bower gate. The stumping approach of Wegg was soon heard behind it, and as it turned upon its hinges he became visible with his hand on the lock.

"Mr. Boffin, Sir?" he remarked. "You're quite a stranger!"

"Yes. I've been otherwise occupied, Wegg."

"Have you indeed, Sir?" returned the literary gentleman, with a threatening sneer. "Hah! I've been looking for you, Sir, rather what I may call specially."

"You don't say so, Wegg?"

"Yes, I do say so, Sir. And if you hadn't come round to me to-night, dash my wig if I wouldn't have come round to you to-morrow. Now! I tell you!"

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Wegg?"

"Oh no, Mr. Boffin," was the ironical answer. "Nothing wrong! What should be wrong in Boffinses Bower! Step in, Sir.

"'If you'll come to the Bower I've shaded for you,
Your bed sha'n't be roses all spangled with doo:
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the Bower?
Oh, won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you come to the Bower?'"

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An unholy glare of contradiction and offense shone in the eyes of Mr. Wegg as he turned the key on his patron, after ushering him into the yard with this vocal quotation. Mr. Boffin's air was crest-fallen and submissive. Whispered Wegg to Venus, as they crossed the yard behind him: "Look at the worm and minion; he's down in the mouth already." Whispered Venus to Wegg: "That's because I've told him. I've prepared the way for you."

Mr. Boffin, entering the usual chamber, laid his stick upon the settle usually reserved for him, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, with his shoulders raised and his hat drooping back upon them, looked disconsolately at Wegg. "My friend and partner Mr. Venus gives me to understand," remarked that man of might, addressing him, "that you are aware of our power over you Now, when you have took your hat off, we'll go into that pint."

Mr. Boffin shook it off with one shake, so that it dropped on the floor behind him, and remained in his former attitude with his former rueful look upon him.

"First of all, I'm a-going to call you Boffin, for short," said Wegg. "If you don't like it, it's open to you to lump it."

"I don't mind it, Wegg," Mr. Boffin replied.

"That's lucky for you, Boffin. Now, do you want to be read to?"

"I don't particularly care about it to-night, Wegg."

"Because if you did want to," pursued Mr. Wegg, the brilliancy of whose point was dimmed by his having been unexpectedly answered, "you wouldn't be. I've been your slave long enough. I'm not to be trampled underfoot by a dustman any more. With the single exception of the salary, I renounce the whole and total sitiwation."

"Since you say it is to be so, Wegg," returned Mr. Boffin, with folded hands, "I suppose it must be."

"*I* suppose it must be," Wegg retorted. "Next (to clear the ground before coming to business), you've placed in this yard a skulking, a sneaking, and a sniffing menial."

"He hadn't a cold in his head when I sent him here," said Mr. Boffin.

"Boffin!" retorted Wegg, "I warn you not to attempt a joke with me!"

Here Mr. Venus interposed, and remarked that he conceived Mr. Boffin to have taken the description literally; the rather, forasmuch as he, Mr. Venus, had himself supposed the menial to have contracted an affliction or a habit of the nose, involving a serious drawback on the pleasures of social intercourse, until he had discovered that Mr. Wegg's description of him was to be accepted as merely figurative.

"Any how, and every how," said Wegg, "he has been planted here, and he is here. Now, I won't have him here. So I call upon Boffin, before I say another word, to fetch him in and send him packing to the right-about."

The unsuspecting Sloppy was at that moment airing his many buttons within view of the window. Mr. Boffin, after a short interval of impassive discomfiture, opened the window and beckoned him to come in.

"I call upon Boffin," said Wegg, with one arm a-kimbo and his head on one side, like a bullying counsel pausing for an answer from a witness, "to inform that menial that I am Master here!"

In humble obedience, when the button-gleaming Sloppy entered Mr. Boffin said to him: "Sloppy, my fine fellow, Mr. Wegg is Master here. He doesn't want you, and you are to go from here."

"For good!" Mr. Wegg severely stipulated.

"For good," said Mr. Boffin.

Sloppy stared, with both his eyes and all his buttons, and his mouth wide open; but was without loss of time escorted forth by Silas Wegg, pushed out at the yard gate by the shoulders, and locked out.

"The atomspear," said Wegg, stumping back into the room again, a little reddened by his late exertion, "is now freer for the purposes of respiration. Mr. Venus, Sir, take a chair. Boffin, you may sit down."

Mr. Boffin, still with his hands ruefully stuck in his pockets, sat on the edge of the settle, shrunk into a small compass, and eyed the potent Silas with conciliatory looks.

"This gentleman," said Silas Wegg, pointing out Venus, "this gentleman, Boffin, is more milk and watery with you than I'll be. But he hasn't borne the Roman yoke as I have, nor yet he hasn't been required to pander to your depraved appetite for miserly characters."

"I never meant, my dear Wegg—" Mr. Boffin was beginning, when Silas stopped him.

"Hold your tongue, Boffin! Answer when you're called upon to answer. You'll find you've got quite enough to do. Now, you're aware—are you—that you're in possession of property to which you've no right at all? Are you aware of that?"

"Venus tells me so," said Mr. Boffin, glancing toward him for any support he could give.

"*I* tell you so," returned Silas. "Now, here's my hat, Boffin, and here's my walking-stick. Trifle with me, and instead of making a bargain with you, I'll put on my hat and take up my walking-stick, and go out and make a bargain with the rightful owner. Now, what do you say?"

"I say," returned Mr. Boffin, leaning forward in alarmed appeal, with his hands on his knees, "that I am sure I don't want to trifle, Wegg. I have said so to Venus."

"You certainly have, Sir," said Venus.

"You're too milk and watery with our friend, you are indeed," remonstrated Silas, with a disapproving shake of his wooden head. "Then at once you confess yourself desirous to come to terms, do you, Boffin? Before you answer, keep this hat well in your mind, and also this walking-stick."

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"I am willing, Wegg, to come to terms."

"Willing won't do, Boffin. I won't take willing. Are you desirous to come to terms? Do you ask to be allowed as a favor to come to terms?" Mr. Wegg again planted his arm, and put his head on one side.

"Yes."

"Yes what?" said the inexorable Wegg: "I won't take yes. I'll have it out of you in full, Boffin."

"Dear me!" cried that unfortunate gentleman. "I am so worrited! I ask to be allowed to come to terms, supposing your document is all correct."

"Don't you be afraid of that," said Silas, poking his head at him. "You shall be satisfied by seeing it. Mr. Venus will show it you, and I'll hold you the while. Then you want to know what the terms are. Is that about the sum and substance of it? Will you or won't you answer, Boffin?" For he had paused a moment.

"Dear me!" cried that unfortunate gentleman again, "I am worrited to that degree that I'm almost off my head. You hurry me so. Be so good as name the terms, Wegg."

"Now, mark, Boffin," returned Silas: "Mark 'em well, because they're the lowest terms and the only terms. You'll throw your Mound (the little Mound as comes to you any way) into the general estate, and then you'll divide the whole property into three parts, and you'll keep one and hand over the others."

Mr. Venus's mouth screwed itself up as Mr. Boffin's face lengthened itself; Mr. Venus not having been prepared for such a rapacious demand.

"Now, wait a bit, Boffin," Wegg proceeded, "there's something more. You've been a squandering this property—laying some of it out on yourself. *That* won't do. You've bought a house. You'll be charged for it."

"I shall be ruined, Wegg!" Mr. Boffin faintly protested.

"Now, wait a bit, Boffin; there's something more. You'll leave me in sole custody of these Mounds till they're all laid low. If any waluables should be found in 'em, I'll take care of such waluables. You'll produce your contract for the sale of the Mounds, that we may know to a penny what they're worth, and you'll make out likewise an exact list of all the other property. When the Mounds is cleared away to the last shovelful, the final diwision will come off."

"Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful! I shall die in a work-house!" cried the Golden Dustman, with his hands to his head.

"Now, wait a bit, Boffin; there's something more. You've been unlawfully ferreting about this yard. You've been seen in the act of ferreting about this yard Two pair of eyes at the present moment brought to bear upon you, have seen you dig up a Dutch bottle."

"It was mine, Wegg," protested Mr. Boffin. "I put it there myself."

"What was in it, Boffin?" inquired Silas.

"Not gold, not silver, not bank-notes, not jewels, nothing that you could turn into money, Wegg; upon my soul!"

"Prepared, Mr. Venus," said Wegg, turning to his partner with a knowing and superior air, "for an ewasive answer on the part of our dusty friend here, I have hit out a little idea which I think will meet your views. We charge that bottle against our dusty friend at a thousand pound."

Mr. Boffin drew a deep groan.

"Now, wait a bit, Boffin; there's something more. In your employment is an underhanded sneak, named Rokesmith. It won't answer to have *him* about while this business of ours is about. He must be discharged."

"Rokesmith is already discharged," said Mr. Boffin, speaking in a muffled voice, with his hands before his face, as he rocked himself on the settle.

"Already discharged, is he?" returned Wegg, surprised. "Oh! Then, Boffin, I believe there's nothing more at present."

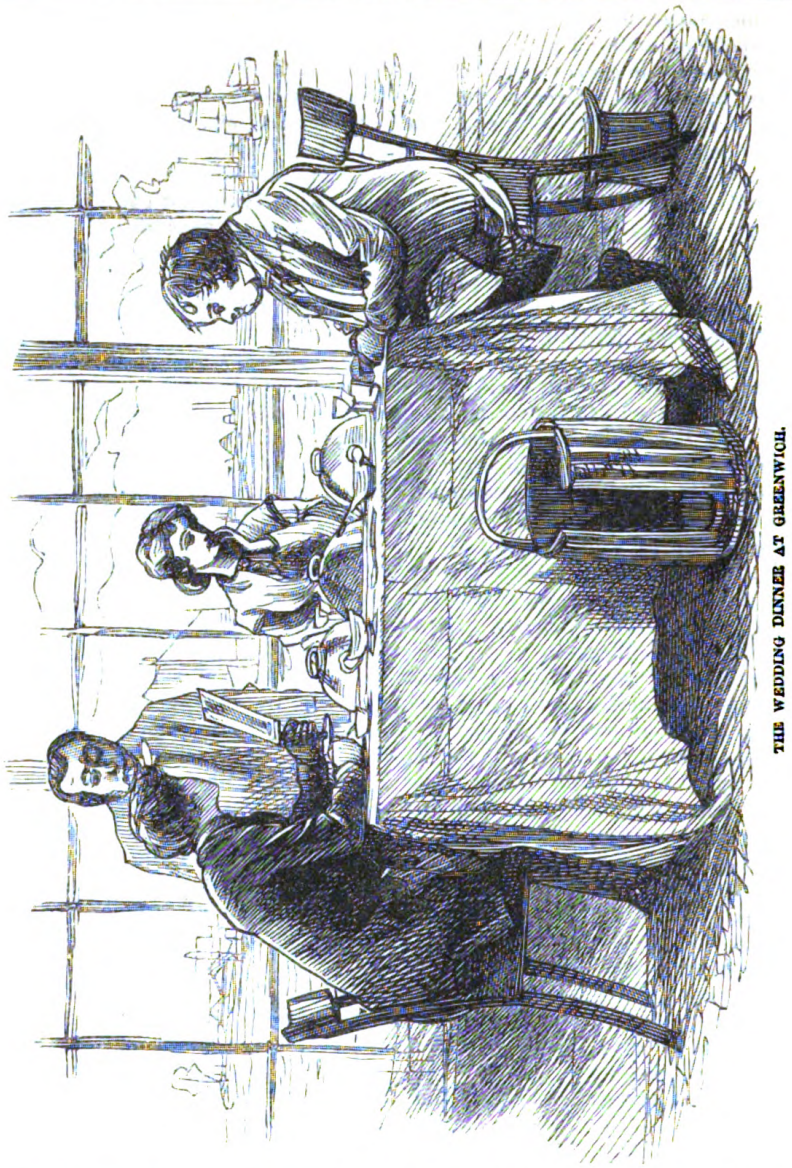
The unlucky gentleman continuing to rock himself to and fro, and to utter an occasional moan, Mr. Venus besought him to bear up against his reverses, and to take time to accustom himself to the thought of his new position. But his taking time was exactly the thing of all others that Silas Wegg could not be induced to hear of. "Yes or no, and no half measures!" was the motto which that obdurate person many times repeated; shaking his fist at Mr. Boffin, and pegging his motto into the floor with his wooden leg, in a threatening and alarming manner.

At length Mr. Boffin entreated to be allowed a quarter of an hour's grace, and a cooling walk of that duration in the yard. With some difficulty Mr. Wegg granted this great favor, but only on condition that he accompanied Mr. Boffin in his walk, as not knowing what he might fraudulently unearth if he were left to himself. A more absurd sight than Mr. Boffin in his mental irritation trotting very nimbly, and Mr. Wegg hopping after him with great exertion, eager to watch the slightest turn of an eyelash, lest it should indicate a spot rich with some secret, assuredly had never been seen in the shadow of the Mounds. Mr. Wegg was much distressed when the quarter of an hour expired, and came hopping in, a very bad second.

"I can't help myself!" cried Mr. Boffin, flouncing on the settle in a forlorn manner, with his hands deep in his pockets, as if his pockets had sunk. "What's the good of my pretending to stand out, when I can't help myself? I must give in to the terms. But I should like to see the document."

Wegg, who was all for clenching the nail he had so strongly driven home, announced that Boffin should see it without an hour's delay. Taking him into custody for that purpose, or overshadowing him as if he really were his Evil

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THE WEDDING DINNER AT GREENWICH.

Genius in visible form, Mr. Wegg clapped Mr. Boffin's hat upon the back of his head, and walked him out by the arm, asserting a proprietorship over his soul and body that was at once more grim and more ridiculous than any thing in Mr. Venus's rare collection. That light-haired gentleman followed close upon their heels, at least backing up Mr. Boffin in a literal sense, if he had not had recent opportunities of doing so spiritually; while Mr. Boffin, trotting on as hard as he could trot, involved Silas Wegg in frequent collisions with the public, much as a preoccupied blind man's dog may be seen to involve his master.

Thus they reached Mr. Venus's establishment, somewhat heated by the nature of their progress thither. Mr. Wegg, especially, was in a flaming glow, and stood in the little shop, panting and mopping his head with his pocket-handkerchief, speechless for several minutes.

Meanwhile Mr. Venus, who had left the dueling frogs to fight it out in his absence by candle-light for the public delectation, put the shutters up. When all was snug, and the shop-door fastened, he said to the perspiring Silas: "I suppose, Mr. Wegg, we may now produce the paper?"

"Hold on a minute, Sir," replied that discreet character; "hold on a minute. Will you obligingly shove that box—which you mentioned on a former occasion as containing miscellanies—toward me in the midst of the shop here?"

Mr. Venus did as he was asked.

"Very good," said Silas, looking about; "ve—ry good. Will you hand me that chair, Sir, to put a-top of it?"

Venus handed him the chair.

"Now, Boffin," said Wegg, "mount up here and take your seat, will you?"

Mr. Boffin, as if he were about to have his

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portrait painted, or to be electrified, or to be made a Freemason, or to be placed at any other solitary disadvantage, ascended the rostrum prepared for him.

"Now, Mr. Venus," said Silas, taking off his coat, "when I catches our friend here round the arms and body, and pins him tight to the back of the chair, you may show him what he wants to see. If you'll open it and hold it well up in one hand, Sir, and a candle in the other, he can read it charming."

Mr. Boffin seemed rather inclined to object to these precautionary arrangements, but, being immediately embraced by Wegg, resigned himself. Venus then produced the document, and Mr. Boffin slowly spelt it out aloud: so very slowly that Wegg, who was holding him in the chair with the grip of a wrestler, became again exceedingly the worse for his exertions. "Say when you've put it safe back, Mr. Venus," he uttered with difficulty, "for the strain of this is terrimenjious."

At length the document was restored to its place; and Wegg, whose uncomfortable attitude had been that of a very persevering man unsuccessfully attempting to stand upon his head, took a seat to recover himself. Mr. Boffin, for his part, made no attempt to come down, but remained aloft disconsolate.

"Well, Boffin," said Wegg, as soon as he was in a condition to speak. "Now, you know."

"Yes, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, meekly. "Now, I know."

"You have no doubts about it, Boffin."

"No, Wegg. No, Wegg. None," was the slow and sad reply.

"Then, take care, you," said Wegg, "that you stick to your conditions. Mr. Venus, if on this auspicious occasion you should happen to have a drop of any thing not quite so mild as tea in the 'ouse, I think I'd take the friendly liberty of asking you for a specimen of it."

Mr. Venus, reminded of the duties of hospitality, produced some rum. In answer to the inquiry, "Will you mix it, Mr. Wegg?" that gentleman pleasantly rejoined, "I think not, Sir. On so auspicious an occasion I prefer to take it in the form of a Gum-Tickler."

Mr. Boffin, declining rum, being still elevated on his pedestal, was in a convenient position to be addressed. Wegg having eyed him with an impudent air at leisure, addressed him, therefore, while refreshing himself with his dram.

"Bof—fin!"

"Yes, Wegg," he answered, coming out of a fit of abstraction, with a sigh.

"I haven't mentioned one thing, because it's a detail that comes of course. You must be followed up, you know. You must be kept under inspection."

"I don't quite understand," said Mr. Boffin.

"Don't you?" sneered Wegg. "Where's your wits, Boffin? Till the Mounds is down and this business completed, you're accountable for all the property, recollect. Consider yourself accountable to me. Mr. Venus here being too milk and watery with you, I am the boy for you."

"I've been a-thinking," said Mr. Boffin, in a tone of despondency, "that I must keep the knowledge from my old lady."

"The knowledge of the diwision, d'ye mean?" inquired Wegg, helping himself to a third Gum-Tickler—for he had already taken a second.

"Yes. If she was to die first of us two she might then think all her life, poor thing, that I had got the rest of the fortune still, and was saving it."

"I suspect, Boffin," returned Wegg, shaking his head sagaciously, and bestowing a wooden wink upon him, "that you've found out some account of some old chap, supposed to be a Miser, who got himself the credit of having much more money than he had. However, *I* don't mind."

"Don't you see, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin feelingly represented to him: "don't you see? My old lady has got so used to the property. It would be such a hard surprise."

"I don't see it at all," blustered Wegg. "You'll have as much as I shall. And who are you?"

"But then, again," Mr. Boffin gently represented; "my old lady has very upright principles."

"Who's your old lady," returned Wegg, "to set herself up for having uprighter principles than mine?"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little less patient at this point than at any other of the negotiations. But he commanded himself, and said tamely enough: "I think it must be kept from my old lady, Wegg."

"Well," said Wegg, contemptuously, though, perhaps, perceiving some hint of danger otherwise, "keep it from your old lady. *I* ain't going to tell her. I can have you under close inspection without that. I'm as good a man as you, and better. Ask me to dinner. Give me the rum of your 'ouse. I was good enough for you and your old lady once, when I helped you out with your weal and hammers. Was there no Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker, before *you* two?"

"Gently, Mr. Wegg, gently," Venus urged.

"Milk and water-erily, you mean, Sir," he returned, with some little thickness of speech, in consequence of the Gum-Ticklers having tickled it. "I've got him under inspection, and I'll inspect him.

"'Along the line the signal ran
England expects as this present man
Will keep Boffin to his duty.'

—Boffin, I'll see you home."

Mr. Boffin descended with an air of resignation, and gave himself up, after taking friendly leave of Mr. Venus. Once more Inspector and Inspected went through the streets together, and so arrived at Mr. Boffin's door.

But even there, when Mr. Boffin had given

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his keeper good-night, and had let himself in with his key, and had softly closed the door, even there and then, the all-powerful Silas must needs claim another assertion of his newly-asserted power.

"Bof—fin!" he called through the keyhole.

"Yes, Wegg," was the reply through the same channel.

"Come out. Show yourself again. Let's have another look at you!"

Mr. Boffin—ah, how fallen from the high estate of his honest simplicity!—opened the door and obeyed.

"Go in. You may get to bed now," said Wegg, with a grin.

The door was hardly closed when he again called through the keyhole:

"Bof—fin!"

"Yes, Wegg."

This time Silas made no reply, but labored with a will at turning an imaginary grindstone outside the keyhole, while Mr. Boffin stooped at it within; he then laughed silently, and stumped home.

CHAPTER IV.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

CHERUBIC Pa arose with as little noise as possible from beside majestic Ma, one morning early, having a holiday before him. Pa and the lovely woman had a rather particular appointment to keep.

Yet Pa and the lovely woman were not going out together. Bella was up before four, but had no bonnet on. She was waiting at the foot of the stairs—was sitting on the bottom stair, in fact—to receive Pa when he came down, but her only object seemed to be to get Pa well out of the house.

"Your breakfast is ready, Sir," whispered Bella, after greeting him with a hug, "and all you have to do is to eat it up and drink it up, and escape. How do you feel, Pa?"

"To the best of my judgment, like a housebreaker new to the business, my dear, who can't make himself quite comfortable till he is off the premises."

Bella tucked her arm in his with a merry, noiseless laugh, and they went down to the kitchen on tip-toe; she stopping on every separate stair to put the tip of her forefinger on her rosy lips, and then lay it on his lips, according to her favorite petting way of kissing Pa.

"How do *you* feel, my love?" asked R. W., as she gave him his breakfast.

"I feel as if the Fortune-teller was coming true, dear Pa, and the fair little man was turning out as was predicted."

"Ho! Only the fair little man?" said her father.

Bella put another of those finger-seals upon his lips, and then said, kneeling down by him as he sat at table: "Now, look here, Sir. If you keep well up to the mark this day, what do you think you deserve? What did I promise you should have, if you were good, upon a certain occasion?"

"Upon my word I don't remember, Precious. Yes, I do, though. Wasn't it one of those beau—tiful tresses?" with his caressing hand upon her hair.

"Wasn't it, too!" returned Bella, pretending to pout. "Upon my word! Do you know, Sir, that the Fortune-teller would give five thousand guineas (if it was quite convenient to him, which it isn't) for the lovely piece I have cut off for you? You can form no idea, Sir, of the number of times he kissed quite a scrubby little piece—in comparison—that I cut off for *him*. And he wears it, too, round his neck, I can tell you! Near his heart!" said Bella, nodding. "Ah! very near his heart! However, you have been a good, good boy, and you are the best of all the dearest boys that ever were this morning, and here's the chain I have made of it, Pa, and you must let me put it round your neck with my own loving hands."

As Pa bent his head she cried over him a little, and then said (after having stopped to dry her eyes on his white waistcoat, the discovery of which incongruous circumstance made her laugh): "Now, darling Pa, give me your hands that I may fold them together, and do you say after me:—My little Bella."

"My little Bella," repeated Pa.

"I am very fond of you."

"I am very fond of you, my darling," said Pa.

"You mustn't say any thing not dictated to you, Sir. You daren't do it in your responses at Church, and you mustn't do it in your responses out of Church."

"I withdraw the darling," said Pa.

"That's a pious boy! Now again:—You were always—"

"You were always," repeated Pa.

"A vexatious—"

"No you weren't," said Pa.

"A vexatious (do you hear, Sir?), a vexatious, capricious, thankless, troublesome Animal; but I hope you'll do better in the time to come, and I bless you and forgive you!" Here she quite forgot that it was Pa's turn to make the responses, and clung to his neck. "Dear Pa, if you knew how much I think this morning of what you told me once, about the first time of our seeing old Mr. Harmon, when I stamped and screamed and beat you with my detestable little bonnet! I feel as if I had been stamping and screaming and beating you with my hateful little bonnet ever since I was born, darling!"

"Nonsense, my love. And as to your bonnets, they have always been nice bonnets, for they have always become you—or you have become them; perhaps it was that—at every age."

"Did I hurt you much, poor little Pa?" asked Bella, laughing (notwithstanding her repentance), with fantastic pleasure in the picture, "when I beat you with my bonnet?"

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"No, my child. Wouldn't have hurt a fly!"

"Ay, but I am afraid I shouldn't have beat you at all unless I had meant to hurt you," said Bella. "Did I pinch your legs, Pa?"

"Not much, my dear; but I think it's almost time I—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Bella. "If I go on chattering, you'll be taken alive. Fly, Pa, fly!"

So they went softly up the kitchen stairs on tip-toe, and Bella with her light hand softly removed the fastenings of the house-door, and Pa, having received a parting hug, made off. When he had gone a little way he looked back. Upon which Bella set another of those finger-seals upon the air, and thrust out her little foot expressive of the mark. Pa, in appropriate action, expressed fidelity to the mark, and made off as fast as he could go.

Bella walked thoughtfully in the garden for an hour and more, and then, returning to the bedroom where Lavvy the Irrepressible still slumbered, put on a little bonnet of quiet, but on the whole of sly appearance, which she had yesterday made. "I am going for a walk, Lavvy," she said, as she stooped down and kissed her. The Irrepressible, with a bounce in the bed, and a remark that it wasn't time to get up yet, relapsed into unconsciousness, if she had come out of it.

Behold Bella tripping along the streets, the dearest girl afoot under the summer sun! Behold Pa waiting for Bella behind a pump, at least three miles from the parental roof-tree. Behold Bella and Pa aboard an early steamboat bound for Greenwich.

Were they expected at Greenwich? Probably. At least, Mr. John Rokesmith was on the pier looking out, about a couple of hours before the coaly (but to him gold-dusty) little steamboat got her steam up in London. Probably. At least, Mr. John Rokesmith seemed perfectly satisfied when he descried them on board. Probably. At least, Bella no sooner stepped ashore than she took Mr. John Rokesmith's arm, without evincing surprise, and the two walked away together with an ethereal air of happiness which, as it were, wafted up from the earth and drew after them a gruff and glum old pensioner to see it out. Two wooden legs had this gruff and glum old pensioner, and, a minute before Bella stepped out of the boat, and drew that confiding little arm of hers through Rokesmith's, he had had no object in life but tobacco, and not enough of that. Stranded was Gruff and Glum in a harbor of everlasting mud, when all in an instant Bella floated him, and away he went.

Say, cherubic parent taking the lead, in what direction do we steer first? With some such inquiry in his thoughts, Gruff and Glum, stricken by so sudden an interest that he perked his neck and looked over the intervening people, as if he were trying to stand on tip-toe with his two wooden legs, took an observation of R. W. There was no "first" in the case, Gruff and Glum made out; the cherubic parent was bearing down and crowding on direct for Greenwich church, to see his relations.

For Gruff and Glum, though most events acted on him simply as tobacco-stoppers, pressing down and condensing the quids within him, might be imagined to trace a family resemblance between the cherubs in the church architecture and the cherub in the white waistcoat. Some remembrance of old Valentines, wherein a cherub, less appropriately attired for a proverbially uncertain climate, had been seen conducting lovers to the altar, might have been fancied to inflame the ardor of his timber toes. Be it as it might, he gave his moorings the slip, and followed in chase.

The cherub went before, all beaming smiles. Bella and John Rokesmith followed; Gruff and Glum stuck to them like wax. For years the wings of his mind had gone to look after the legs of his body; but Bella had brought them back for him per steamer, and they were spread again.

He was a slow sailer on a wind of happiness, but he took a cross-cut for the rendezvous, and pegged away as if he were scoring furiously at cribbage. When the shadow of the church-porch swallowed them up, victorious Gruff and Glum likewise presented himself to be swallowed up. And by this time the cherubic parent was so fearful of surprise that, but for the two wooden legs on which Gruff and Glum was reassuringly mounted, his conscience might have introduced, in the person of that pensioner, his own stately lady disguised, arrived at Greenwich in a car and griffins, like the spiteful Fairy at the christenings of the Princesses, to do something dreadful to the marriage service. And truly he had a momentary reason to be pale of face, and to whisper to Bella, "You don't think that can be your Ma; do you, my dear?" on account of a mysterious rustling and a stealthy movement somewhere in the remote neighborhood of the organ, though it was gone directly, and was heard no more. Albeit it was heard of afterward, as will afterward be read in this veracious register of marriage.

Who taketh? I, John, and so do I, Bella. Who giveth? I, R. W. Forasmuch, Gruff and Glum, as John and Bella have consented together in holy wedlock, you may (in short) consider it done, and withdraw your two wooden legs from this temple. To the foregoing purport, the Minister speaking, as directed by the Rubric, to the People, selectly represented in the present instance by G. and G. above mentioned.

And now, the church-porch having swallowed up Bella Wilfer for ever and ever, had it not in its power to relinquish that young woman, but slid into the happy sunlight, Mrs. John Rokesmith instead. And long on the bright steps stood Gruff and Glum, looking after the pretty bride, with a narcotic consciousness of having dreamed a dream.

After which, Bella took out from her pocket a

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little letter, and read it aloud to Pa and John; this being a true copy of the same:

"DEAREST MA,—I hope you won't be angry, but I am most happily married to Mr. John Rokesmith, who loves me better than I can ever deserve, except by loving him with all my heart. I thought it best not to mention it beforehand, in case it should cause any little difference at home. Please tell darling Pa. With love to Lavvy,

"Ever dearest Ma,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"BELLA

"(P.S.—Rokesmith)."

Then John Rokesmith put the queen's countenance on the letter—when had Her Gracious Majesty looked so benign as on that blessed morning!—and then Bella popped it into the post-office, and said, merrily, "Now, dearest Pa, you are safe, and will never be taken alive!"

Pa was, at first, in the stirred depths of his conscience, so far from sure of being safe yet, that he made out majestic matrons lurking in ambush among the harmless trees of Greenwich Park, and seemed to see a stately countenance tied up in a well-known pocket-handkerchief glooming down at him from a window of the Observatory, where the Familiars of the Astronomer Royal nightly outwatch the winking stars. But the minutes passing on and no Mrs. Wilfer in the flesh appearing, he became more confident, and so repaired with good heart and appetite to Mr. and Mrs. John Rokesmith's cottage on Blackheath, where breakfast was ready.

A modest little cottage but a bright and a fresh, and on the snowy table-cloth the prettiest of little breakfasts. In waiting, too, like an attendant summer breeze, a fluttering young damsel, all pink and ribbons, blushing as if she had been married instead of Bella, and yet asserting the triumph of her sex over both John and Pa in an exulting and exalted flurry: as who should say, "This is what you must all come to, gentlemen, when we choose to bring you to book." This same young damsel was Bella's serving-maid, and unto her did deliver a bunch of keys, commanding treasures in the way of dry-saltery, groceries, jams and pickles, the investigation of which made pastime after breakfast, when Bella declared that "Pa must taste every thing, John dear, or it will never be lucky," and when Pa had all sorts of things poked into his mouth, and didn't quite know what to do with them when they were put there.

Then they, all three, out for a charming ride, and for a charming stroll among heath in bloom, and there behold the identical Gruff and Glum with his wooden legs horizontally disposed before him, apparently sitting meditating on the vicissitudes of life! To whom said Bella, in her light-hearted surprise: "Oh! How do you do again? What a dear old pensioner you are!" To which Gruff and Glum responded that he see her married this morning, my Beauty, and that if it warn't a liberty he wished her ji and the fairest of fair wind and weather; further, in a general way requesting to know what cheer? and scrambling up on his two wooden legs to salute, hat in hand, ship-shape, with the gallantry of a man-of-warsman and a heart of oak.

It was a pleasant sight, in the midst of the golden bloom, to see this salt old Gruff and Glum waving his shovel hat at Bella, while his thin white hair flowed free, as if she had once more launched him into blue water again. "You are a charming old pensioner," said Bella, "and I am so happy that I wish I could make you happy too." Answered Gruff and Glum, "Give me leave to kiss your hand, my Lovely, and it's done!" So it was done to the general contentment; and if Gruff and Glum didn't in the course of the afternoon splice the main brace, it was not for want of the means of inflicting that outrage on the feelings of the Infant Bands of Hope.

But the marriage dinner was the crowning success, for what had bride and bridegroom plotted to do but to have and to hold that dinner in the very room of the very hotel where Pa and the lovely woman had once dined together! Bella sat between Pa and John, and divided her attentions pretty equally, but felt it necessary (in the waiter's absence before dinner) to remind Pa that she was *his* lovely woman no longer.

"I am well aware of it, my dear," returned the cherub, "and I resign you willingly."

"Willingly, Sir? You ought to be broken-hearted."

"So I should be, my dear, if I thought that I was going to lose you."

"But you know you are not; don't you, poor dear Pa? You know that you have only made a new relation who will be as fond of you and as thankful to you—for my sake and your own sake both—as I am; don't you, dear little Pa? Look here, Pa!" Bella put her finger on her own lip, and then on Pa's, and then on her own lip again, and then on her husband's. "Now, we are a partnership of three, dear Pa."

The appearance of dinner here cut Bella short in one of her disappearances: the more effectually, because it was put on under the auspices of a solemn gentleman in black clothes and a white cravat, who looked much more like a clergyman than *the* clergyman, and seemed to have mounted a great deal higher in the church: not to say, scaled the steeple. This dignitary, conferring in secrecy with John Rokesmith on the subject of punch and wines, bent his head as though stooping to the Papistical practice of receiving auricular confession. Likewise, on John's offering a suggestion which didn't meet his views, his face became overcast and reproachful, as enjoining penance.

What a dinner! Specimens of all the fishes that swim in the sea surely had swum their way to it, and if samples of the fishes of divers colors that made a speech in the Arabian Nights (quite a ministerial explanation in respect of cloudiness), and then jumped out of the frying-pan, were not to be recognized, it was only because they had all become of one hue by being cooked in batter among the white-bait. And

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the dishes being seasoned with Bliss—an article which they are sometimes out of, at Greenwich—were of perfect flavor, and the golden drinks had been bottled in the golden age and hoarding up their sparkles ever since.

The best of it was, that Bella and John and the cherub had made a covenant that they would not reveal to mortal eyes any appearance whatever of being a wedding-party. Now, the supervising dignitary, the Archbishop of Greenwich, knew this as well as if he had performed the nuptial ceremony. And the loftiness with which his Grace entered into their confidence without being invited, and insisted on a show of keeping the waiters out of it, was the crowning glory of the entertainment.

There was an innocent young waiter of a slender form and with weakish legs, as yet unversed in the wiles of waiterhood, and but too evidently of a romantic temperament, and deeply (it were not too much to add hopelessly) in love with some young female not aware of his merit. This guileless youth, descrying the position of affairs, which even his innocence could not mistake, limited his waiting to languishing admiringly against the side-board when Bella didn't want any thing, and swooping at her when she did. Him, his Grace the Archbishop perpetually obstructed, cutting him out with his elbow in the moment of success, dispatching him in degrading quest of melted butter, and, when by any chance he got hold of any dish worth having, bereaving him of it, and ordering him to stand back.

"Pray excuse him, madam," said the Archbishop, in a low stately voice; "he is a very young man on liking, and we *don't* like him."

This induced John Rokesmith to observe—by way of making the thing more natural—"Bella, my love, this is so much more successful than any of our past anniversaries, that I think we must keep our future anniversaries here."

Whereunto Bella replied, with probably the least successful attempt at looking matronly that ever was seen: "Indeed, I think so, John, dear."

Here the Archbishop of Greenwich coughed a stately cough to attract the attention of three of his ministers present, and staring at them, seemed to say: "I call upon you by your fealty to believe this!"

With his own hands he afterward put on the dessert, as remarking to the three guests, "The period has now arrived at which we can dispense with the assistance of those fellows who are not in our confidence," and would have retired with complete dignity but for a daring action issuing from the misguided brain of the young man on liking. He finding, by ill-fortune, a piece of orange flower somewhere in the lobbies, now approached undetected with the same in a finger-glass, and placed it on Bella's right hand. The Archbishop instantly ejected and excommunicated him; but the thing was done.

"I trust, madam," said his Grace, returning alone, "that you will have the kindness to overlook it, in consideration of its being the act of a very young man who is merely here on liking, and who will never answer."

With that, he solemnly bowed and retired, and they all burst into laughter, long and merry. "Disguise is of no use," said Bella; "they all find me out; I think it must be, Pa and John dear, because I look so happy!"

Her husband feeling it necessary at this point to demand one of those mysterious disappearances on Bella's part, she dutifully obeyed; saying in a softened voice from her place of concealment:

"You remember how we talked about the ships that day, Pa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Isn't it strange, now, to think that there was no John in all the ships, Pa?"

"Not at all, my dear."

"Oh, Pa! Not at all?"

"No, my dear. How can we tell what coming people are aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now from the unknown seas!"

Bella remaining invisible and silent, her father remained at his dessert and wine, until he remembered it was time for him to get home to Holloway. "Though I positively can not tear myself away," he cherubically added, "—it would be a sin—without drinking to many, many happy returns of this most happy day."

"Hear! ten thousand times!" cried John. "I fill my glass and my precious wife's."

"Gentlemen," said the cherub, inaudibly addressing, in his Anglo-Saxon tendency to throw his feelings into the form of a speech, the boys down below, who were bidding against each other to put their heads in the mud for sixpence: "Gentlemen—and Bella and John—you will readily suppose that it is not my intention to trouble you with many observations on the present occasion. You will also at once infer the nature and even the terms of the toast I am about to propose on the present occasion. Gentlemen—and Bella and John—the present occasion is an occasion fraught with feelings that I can not trust myself to express. But gentlemen—and Bella and John—for the part I have had in it, for the confidence you have placed in me, and for the affectionate good-nature and kindness with which you have determined not to find me in the way, when I am well aware that I can not be otherwise than in it more or less, I do most heartily thank you. Gentlemen—and Bella and John—my love to you, and may we meet, as on the present occasion, on many future occasions; that is to say, gentlemen—and Bella and John—on many happy returns of the present happy occasion."

Having thus concluded his address, the amiable cherub embraced his daughter, and took his flight to the steamboat which was to convey him to London, and was then lying at the floating pier, doing its best to bump the same to bits. But the happy couple were not going to part with him in that way, and before he had been

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on board two minutes there they were, looking down at him from the wharf above.

"Pa, dear!" cried Bella, beckoning him with her parasol to approach the side, and bending gracefully to whisper.

"Yes, my darling."

"Did I beat you much with that horrid little bonnet, Pa?"

"Nothing to speak of, my dear."

"Did I pinch your legs, Pa?"

"Only nicely, my pet."

"You are sure you quite forgive me, Pa? Please, Pa, please, forgive me quite!" Half laughing at him and half crying to him, Bella besought him in the prettiest manner; in a manner so engaging and so playful and so natural, that her cherubic parent made a coaxing face as if she had never grown up, and said, "What a silly little Mouse it is!"

"But you do forgive me that, and every thing else; don't you, Pa?"

"Yes, my dearest."

"And you don't feel solitary or neglected, going away by yourself; do you, Pa?"

"Lord bless you! No, my Life!"

"Good-by, dearest Pa! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my darling! Take her away, my dear John. Take her home!"

So, she leaning on her husband's arm, they turned homeward by a rosy path which the gracious sun struck out for them in its setting. And O there are days in this life worth life and worth death. And O what a bright old song it is, that O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

IF any one moving among public men during the last four years has kept a private journal, and recorded in it the gossip and anecdote of the day, he has prepared a very delightful book for the readers of the year 1900. If he publishes it much earlier than that he will commit a sad indiscretion; but if he waits until then, and if he has been a faithful journalizer and a good listener, he will be gratefully remembered by all lovers of gossip.

Such a person was Captain Gronow, the first of whose volumes was described in this Magazine some time ago. The garrulous old fellow has since then followed with a second volume—on the principle, as he says, that one story suggests another; and his first volume put him in mind of enough to fill a second very pleasantly.

Captain Gronow tells an odd story of Lord Wellington, which shows that the English "Guards" liked to take good care of themselves: During the action of the 10th of December, 1813, commonly known as that of the Mayor's House, in the neighborhood of Bayonne, the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Tynling, occupied an unfinished redoubt on the right of the high-road. The Duke of Wellington happened to pass with Colonel Freemantle and Lord A. Hill, on his return to headquarters, having satisfied himself that the fighting was merely a feint on the part of Soult. His Grace on looking around saw, to his surprise, a great many umbrellas, with which the officers protected themselves from the rain that was then falling. Arthur Hill came galloping up, saying, "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas during the enemy's firing, and will not allow 'the gentlemen's sons' to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army." Colonel Tynling, a few days afterward, received a rebuke from Lord Wellington for suffering his officers to carry umbrellas in the face of the enemy; his Lordship observing, "The Guards may in uniform, when on duty at St. James's, carry them if they please; but in the field it is not only ridiculous but unmilitary."

While the Allies occupied Paris many disputes and duels occurred between English and French officers, both very ready to take fire at any thing which looked like an insult. In one case a well-known bully entered the Café Français, and began insulting all the persons who were seated at dinner; he boasted of his courage, and declared his determination to kill a certain M. de F——. A gentleman present, disgusted at such braggart insolence, quietly walked up to this fire-eater and addressed him thus: "As you are such a dangerous customer, perhaps you will accommodate me by being punctual at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot, at mid-day to-morrow: earlier I can not get there, but depend upon my arriving in due time with swords and pistols." The duelist began to demur, saying he did not know what right a stranger had to take up the quarrels of M. de F——; to which the gentleman replied, "I have done so because I am anxious to rid society of a dangerous fellow like yourself, and would recommend you before you go to bed to make your will. I will undertake to order your coffin and pay your funeral expenses." He then gave the waiter a note of 1000 francs, with the injunction that his orders should be executed before eleven the following day. This had the desired effect of intimidating the bully, who left Paris the following day, and never more was heard of or seen in public.

Of one Fayot the Captain relates that he fought more duels than any man in France. His aim with a pistol was certain; but he was not cruel, and he usually wounded his adversary either in the leg or arm. He was likewise a good swordsman. General Fournier, another noted duelist, was afraid of Fayot, and only once measured swords with him; but the latter had a hatred of Fournier for having killed so many young men belonging to good families. In his rencontre with Fayot the General was severely wounded in the hand, and ever after Fayot hunted his antagonist from one end of France to the other, determined to put an end to the "assassin," as he was called; but the revolution of 1830 came, and all was chaos. Fayot's father was guillotined in the south of France

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in 1793. His mother, after the severe loss she had sustained in the death of her husband, whom she adored, brought up her son at Avignon, telling him, as he grew up to be a man, to take every opportunity of avenging the death of his father.

Upon the restoration of the Bourbons Fayot came to Paris, where, by his singular manner and dress, he laid himself open to remark and ridicule. In the daytime he was usually dressed in a green coat, white waistcoat and neckcloth, leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots, with his hat on one side. His evenings were generally passed either at Tortoni's or Silve's, the respective rendezvous of the Bonapartists and Bourbons. In one or other of these cafés Fayot was sure to be found. He publicly gave out that he was ready to measure swords with any one who dared to insinuate any thing against the royal family—a threat sure to bring upon him serious rencontres; but nothing intimidated him. It was reported at the time, and generally believed, that he had in the short period of two years fought thirty duels, without having been seriously wounded. Upon one occasion he repaired to the Théâtre Français to see "Germanicus;" party-spirit then ran high, and any allusion complimentary to the fallen Emperor was received by the Bonapartists with applause. Fayot loudly hissed, and a great uproar arose, whereupon he entered the breach by proclaiming himself the champion of Legitimacy. The consequence was that cards flew about the pit. Fayot carefully picked them up and placed them in his hat. After the play had terminated he repaired to Tortoni's, where he wrote his address upon several pieces of paper, which he distributed all over the Boulevards, stating that he was to be found every morning, between the hours of eleven and twelve, at the well in the Bois de Boulogne, near Auteuil. Strange to say, after all this row at the theatre, only one antagonist was forthcoming. On the second day, at the hour appointed, a gentleman arrived with his seconds, who found Fayot in his tilbury, ready for the fight. The name of his antagonist was a Monsieur Harispe, the son of the distinguished Basque General. Pistols were chosen, and at the first discharge Fayot shot his adversary in the knee; then, taking off his hat, he left the ground and proceeded to Paris in his tilbury to breakfast at Tortoni's, where a great many persons had congregated to know the result of this terrible duel.

Those were singular times, and Captain Gronow owns that he does not look back upon them without a shudder. "If you looked at a man it was enough; for, without having given the slightest offense, cards were exchanged, and the odds were that you stood a good chance of being shot, or run through the body, or maimed for life." It is a curious sign of the great change which has come about in manners and morals that the occupation of Richmond has not caused, so far as is known, a single duel.

Sometimes the hero of one of these too-frequent single combats proved to be no hero at all, but a miserable coward. Admiral de la Susse, at a ball given by a lady in the Faubourg St. Honoré, in a turn of the waltz, accidentally, and without the slightest intention of insulting any one, came into violent contact with a looker-on, who, in a German accent, exclaimed aloud, "*Quand on est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valzer.*" Cards were exchanged, and on the following morning the parties met in the Bois de Boulogne. La Susse's adversary won the toss, and took his aim with great coolness, but luckily without effect. La Susse then fired, when the German fell. The seconds hastened to render every assistance in their power; but instead of finding the German mortally wounded, as they expected, they only found a bullet indented against a well-padded cuirass. La Susse, after looking attentively with his glass in his eye at what was passing, desired his antagonist to rise, as he would have another shot at him; upon which the cuirassed hero rose, and received a well-merited and well-applied kick, without making the slightest resistance, and then walked off the ground as if he had accomplished some wonderful achievement. This extraordinary duel took place in 1816.

There is a story related of Thackeray, that in Paris once, being caught in the act of doing up a guinea to be sent to a poor person, he declared it to be medicine for a "disease of the chest." It seems that a certain Parson Ambrose had some time before discovered this disease, and pointed out a similar remedy. Meeting Sir Charles Stewart, he said,

"Well, Sir Charles, I am in a bad state."

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have a complaint in the chest, your Excellency."

"What Doctor have you consulted?"

"Lafitte," replied the parson.

"I never heard of him except as a banker Well, what has he done for you?"

"Nothing."

Sir Charles, now discovering the meaning of the "*chest* complaint," said, in his good-natured way, "Come to the embassy to-morrow morning, and I will see what can be done to cure your complaint." The parson accordingly went, and found the embassador at breakfast with the Duke of Wellington. After talking over olden times, when the Duke was merely Captain Wellesley, and lived on intimate terms with the parson in Dublin, his Grace kindly presented Ambrose with a hundred guineas, to take him back to England for change of air; which, he trusted, would contribute to the restoration of his health.

There is a story of Voltaire which might have some application in these days, when government contractors display their ill-gotten wealth. Before the French Revolution the largest fortunes in France were possessed by the farmers of the revenue, or *fermiers-généraux*. Their profits were enormous, and their probity was very doubtful. It is related that one evening

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at Ferney, when the company were telling stories of robbers, they asked their host, Voltaire, for one on the same subject. The great man, taking up his flat candlestick, when about to retire, began, "There was once upon a time a *fermier-général*—I have forgotten the rest."

Here is a comical picture of a great London dandy, Lord C——, who excited the astonishment of the Parisians half a century ago. He came, after the manner of dandies to this day, last and late to dinner; which he could do, because he was just then all the fashion in London and Paris. He was short of stature, and rather inclined to be obese, even at five-and-twenty; he wore a coat very much thrown open, a variety of splendid jewels adorning a transparent cambric shirt elaborately embroidered, and an exceedingly short, rose-colored waistcoat, just covering his ample chest, and cutting his somewhat square-built torso exactly in two. Add to this, very long, straight, straw-colored hair, which he had the habit of throwing continually back, or, by a rapid gesture, bringing forward to fall over his wild but very expressive eyes.

How the street-boys of New York would stare at such a figure now! Captain Gronow, by-the-way, remarks somewhat mischievously upon the marvelous adaptability of women, apropos of the present rage for golden colored—or red—hair. "In former days," he says, "we old fellows may remember that the French type of womankind was *une petite femme mignonne et brune*. In the whole of society, thirty or forty years ago, one could scarcely have numbered more than half a dozen tall women. They were looked upon as anomalies, and saluted not unfrequently with such very uncomplimentary appellations as '*chameaux gens d'armes*,' '*asperges*,' etc., etc. Now that it is the fashion to be tall and commanding, one sees dozens of gigantic women every day that one goes out, with heels inside as well as outside their boots; perhaps even stilts under those long, sweeping petticoats. I know not how the change has been effected, but there it is. Frenchwomen used to have dark hair; blondes were not generally admired, and tried by every possible means to darken their hair, but now, since the Empress has made fair hair *à la mode*, all the women must be blondes, and what with gold powder and light wigs they *do* succeed. As to complexions, a dark one is now unknown; roses and lilies abound on every cheek: even some young men of fashion have not disdained the use of cosmetics, but have come out from the hands of the *coiffeur* romantically pale or delicately tinted."

He asserts that it is not because the Empress Eugénia is the wife of Napoleon III. that she sets the fashion, even to those who do not go to court, and who turn up their noses at her *entourage*. She is considerably older, and certainly not handsomer, than was the Duchesse de Nemours when she left France to die in exile; but "she has the *chic* that the Orleans princesses did not possess; and the quietest dowager, before she ventures to adopt a *coiffure*, as well as the gayest lady of the *demi-monde*, will cast a look to see what the Empress wears." Strange to say, the supreme good taste and elegance which reign in her Majesty's *toilettes* were by no means conspicuous in her younger days; for, as Mademoiselle Montijo, she was voted beautiful and charming, but very ill-dressed.

Here is another dandy, Captain T——, who, coming to Paris after the great war, lived in two hotels, on the same principle, perhaps, on which English sailors, just paid off, used to strut about with two watches. His carriages and horses were English, and considered the most perfect things of the day. But the most remarkable feature of his eccentricities was the captain's dress: he wore trowsers capacious enough for a Turk; his coat, which he always designed himself, was remarkable for its wide, bagged sleeves, and an ingenious mode of making the collar a sort of receptacle for a voluminous quantity of shirt-frill; indeed, the shirt-collar appeared to descend from his ears all the way down his back, so that you might suppose he was looking out of a black chimney-pot. Nature had bestowed upon him handsome features, and a profusion of hair, which he had curled and arranged in such an eccentric style that the snaky locks appeared to be always desiring to escape from his head, and were only detained on his cranium by a tight-fitting little hat, suitable for a boy about fourteen. He wore a pair of golden spurs, with rowels of the circumference of a small dessert-plate. Thus he strutted about the streets of Paris, inviting the smiles of those who knew him, and the positive laughter of strangers to whom he was unknown. When Mike Fitzgerald met him for the first time, after the end of the war, he said, "Well, T——, I am happy to find you have won your spurs: made of doubloons, I suppose."

In those days beards were completely unknown, and the rare mustaches were only worn by officers of the Household Brigade or Hussar regiments. Stiff white neckcloths, blue coats and brass buttons, rather short-waisted white waistcoats, and tremendously embroidered shirt-fronts with gorgeous studs of great value, were considered the right thing. A late popular Colonel in the Guards used to give Storr and Mortimer, the great London jewelers, $125 a year to furnish him with a new set of studs every Saturday night during the London season.

These dandies did not care much for "the dear people," and made no pretenses. When some of Sheridan's constituents demanded that he should vote in their interest, and not in his own, he declined, saying, "Gentlemen, I bought you, and I assure you that I shall sell you whenever it suits my convenience." Lord Allen, another of that set, was driving out with Sir Robert Peel when the latter was Chief Secretary for Ireland. They had the misfortune to drive over an old woman, who was generally stationed on the bridge. A large mob gathered round the carriage, and, as Peel

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and the Tory Government were very unpopular, the mob began to grow abusive, and cast very threatening and ominous looks at the occupants of the barouche; when Allen, with a coolness and self-possession worthy of Brummel, rose up, displaying an acre of white waistcoat, and called out, "Now, postboy, go on, and don't drive over any more old women." The mob, awe-struck by "King" Allen's majestic deportment, retired.

Many of these young bloods delighted in taking the coachman's place on the public stages. Some heirs of large landed proprietors mounted the box, handled the ribbons, and bowled along the high-road; they touched their hats to their passengers, and some among them did not disdain even the tip of a shilling or half-crown, with which it was the custom to remunerate the coachman. Prominent members of the celebrated Four-in-hand Club were seen, either driving the coach or sitting cheek by jowl with the coachman, talking about horses and matters relating to "life upon the road." One of these, Mr. Akers, was so determined to be looked upon as a regular coachman, that he had his front teeth filed, that a division between them might enable him to expel his spittle in the true fashion of some of the most knowing stage-coach drivers.

We close our article with the following story of the celebrated Madame Catalani. Her house in London was the rendezvous of many of the French *émigrés;* and as she was very rich and very generous, she frequently assisted those who were in the greatest distress. At the head of her profession, with the finest voice in the world, and the admired of all admirers, no whisper had ever been heard against her fair fame, and she lived in the utmost harmony with her husband, M. de Valabréque. She was an admirable woman in every relation of life, and as truly pious as she was kind and charitable. "An excellent friend of mine, Mr. Fitzwilliam, well known in Paris, informed me that as he was seated in the stage-box at the opera one night, when Madame Catalani was about to appear in one of her greatest parts, he observed her in the *coulisse*, before she had to come on, in an attitude of devotion, and evidently in earnest prayer, for the space of two or three minutes. When she had finished, she made the sign of the cross, and went on the stage, where, it is needless to say, she was received with unbounded applause. My friend, on calling upon the great singer next day, told her what he had observed; when she informed him, with a charming simplicity, that she never went upon the stage without first praying to God that He would grant her the favor to be enabled to sing well, and to meet with success; nor did she ever fail, on retiring to rest, to return thanks to Him for that and all the other mercies vouchsafed to her."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 7th of August. The topics of general interest during the month are the various steps toward reconstruction of the Governments of the seceding States; the attitude of prominent men in the South; the condition of the freedmen; the rapid diminution of the military and naval forces of the United States; and the financial position of the country.

Judge William Marvin was appointed July 16, as Provisional Governor of Florida, with the same duties and powers as the other Provisional Governors appointed by the President, as noted in our Record for July. There are now Governors, regular or provisional, for all the seceding States.

Mr. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Georgia, has ordered an election to be held on the 4th of October for delegates to a State convention to assemble on the 25th of that month. In an address delivered at Savannah on the 1st of July, Governor Johnson set forth the condition of the State, and in effect that of the other seceding States. The people of the Confederate States, he said, find themselves overpowered by superior numbers and resources; they are now without a Government, Legislature, or Judges, deprived of civil government, yet held by the military authority of the United States, not as Territories or Provinces, but as revolted States. The President of the United States was doing all in his power to restore civil government to the Southern States, but his efforts would be futile without the aid of the Southern people. The oath of amnesty was so framed as to distinguish between the friends and foes of the United States. Every one, in order to be a voter, must take the oath. We are to consider whether we will continue in our present condition or return to the Union. If we return, we must take the oath, which was prescribed not for the purpose of annoyance or humiliation, but as a means of distinguishing between the friends and the foes of the Union. When a person, not excepted by the President's proclamation, took the oath he became again a citizen, and acquired all the benefits of loyalty; his property was free from confiscation, his person exempt from arrest, and he could go to the polls and cast his ballot. The exceptions made in the proclamation were not intended for the purpose of inflicting penalties upon all the individuals of the excepted classes. "Nine-tenths of these," the Governor was confident, "would be pardoned; the clemency of the Government is wide-sweeping, and awaits the return of nearly all with open arms." Mr. Johnson then proceeded to explain the duties which devolved upon him as Provisional Governor. It was not his province to make laws or to administer them, but simply to convene a convention of the people; when that should have been done, and the machinery of government put in motion, the functions of his office would have been discharged. He was clear in the expression of his views on the subject of slavery. The prescribed oath included the support of the proclamations declaring freedom to the slaves in the revolted States. Probably

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100,000 slaves had been enlisted in the armies of the United States; many others had abandoned their former owners, and were now within the control of the United States. It was idle to suppose that these people would ever be returned to their former condition of servitude. Moreover a resolution, proposed as an amendment to the Constitution, had passed Congress, declaring that slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, should not exist in the United States; this needed only to be ratified by three-fourths of the States in Legislature or Convention to become part and parcel of the Constitution. It had been adopted by twenty-five States, and the votes of only two more were required, which would doubtless be secured. It therefore made no difference how Georgia should act, for without her ratification the provision would become the fundamental law of the land. Again, under the war power, the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the armies, had the right to capture and hold the slaves, either as persons or as property; and now, in virtue of the emancipation proclamation, they were emancipated. The Provisional Governor could have wished that the change had not been thus violently and suddenly made; but, he adds, "Slavery, in any event, is gone, and gone forever, and I have no tears to shed or lamentations to make over its departure." Mr. Johnson passed on to urge the possibility of South and North coming together again in friendship within the Union. "I have lately been," he said, "among the people of the North, and saw no manifestation of unkind sentiments. The only adverse feeling I saw manifested was in regard to the treatment of the Federal prisoners at Andersonville; and mankind will join, and we will join them in denouncing that as the most atrocious of cruelties; but no such stigma should rest on the Southern people, for though they were on the outside, they were yet prisoners as much as those who were within." The summation of Mr. Johnson's speech was: "All your leaders are willing to give up their passions and prejudices, and go back to the Union under which we prospered, and in which we had no serious calamity, until we were tempted to forsake it. That same Government which gave us security, comfort at home, and respect abroad, will still continue to afford us protection and prosperity."—Of similar general purport is the farewell address of Mr. Brown, the rebel Ex-Governor of Georgia. He advises the people of the State to submit gracefully to the emancipation of their slaves, to take the oath of allegiance and qualify themselves for voters, to cheerfully join in the maintenance of the National Government, to acquiesce in the measures taken for the restoration of civil government in their Commonwealth, and to give the administration of President Johnson a cordial support.

Mr. Sharkey, Provisional Governor of Mississippi, has appointed the 7th of August as the day for the election of delegates, and the 17th as the time for the meeting of the State Convention. In his proclamation he says, "The negroes are now free—free by the fortunes of war, free by proclamation, free by common consent, free practically as well as theoretically; and it is too late to raise questions as to the means by which they became so." Governor Sharkey has reappointed many of the local officers who held their posts during the rebellion—requiring, however, all of them to take the oath of allegiance as prescribed by the President.

Mr. Parsons, Provisional Governor of Alabama, appoints August 31 as the day for the election of delegates to the Convention, which is to meet on the 10th of September. He has reappointed nearly all of the former incumbents of local offices who were willing to take the oath of allegiance and to give bonds for the performance of their duties. He comments in his address upon the ruin and suffering which the war has occasioned, but tells the people of Alabama that they still possess all their former political and civil rights, with the exception of that of holding slaves. Slavery, he says, is irrecoverably gone, and it is the part of wisdom to make the best of the new order of things. He estimates that Alabama sent to the field 122,000 men, of whom 70,000 are dead or disabled. The estimate of the number of men put into the field is probably exaggerated, as by the census of 1860 there were in the State a little less than 130,000 white males between the ages of fifteen and fifty, the only ages from whom soldiers could by any possibility have been drawn; and it can hardly be supposed that more than nine out of ten were actually in the field. The estimate of the dead and disabled is probably an approximation to the truth. According to it more than half of the population who were of military age in 1860, or who have since become so, are either dead or disabled. This estimate represents inadequately the absolute loss of the South in men, for very few under eighteen or over forty entered the ranks. The number between these ages was probably about 100,000; so that seven-tenths of those who in 1860 were the living able white population of Alabama are now either dead or disabled. That State is a fair representative of the entire South. And as Alabama contained almost one-tenth of the white population of the eleven seceding States, their entire loss in white males, dead or disabled, is fully 700,000. Adding to these the deaths and disabling of females, old men, and children, which may be traced directly to the rebellion, the loss of the South can not be less than a million—almost one-fifth of the entire white population.

Mr. W. W. Boyce, formerly Member of Congress from South Carolina, made a speech at Winnsboro, in which he said that he was confident the great majority of the people of that State desired the establishment of State authority in entire harmony with the Government of the United States. Slavery, he considered, was gone, and the best thing to be done was to recognize that fact, and to accept it in perfect good faith, with all its logical consequences.

Mr. Perry, Provisional Governor of South Carolina, made a speech at Greenville, on the 3d of July, two days after his appointment, but before he had been informed of that fact. A hundred and fifty thousand of the best and bravest men of the South, he said, have fallen on the field of battle. But the Confederacy has fallen. "We have neither law nor order. There is no protection of life, liberty, or property. Every where there is demoralization, rapine, and murder. Hunger and starvation are upon us. Such are the bitter fruits of secession." After stating that he had from the first foreboded such a result, he proceeded to show that the South had no real ground for secession. Mr. Lincoln was elected in conformity with the Constitution, and had he been so disposed he could not have violated the rights of the South. For eight years there was not an act of the Federal Government of which the South could complain. To leave the Union for the

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sake of preserving slavery was a fatal mistake. The Union was the sole safety and protection of the institution. The South had indeed been outnumbered, but, he added, "The great cause of our failure was that the heart of the Southern people never was in this revolution. There was not a State except South Carolina in which there was a majority in favor of secession. And even in South Carolina there were many districts in which one half of the voters did not go to the polls." The people, he said, not the President, were responsible for the failure of the Confederacy. "They were unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary for its success. Many who were most prominent in the movement never did any thing for it after the war commenced. Instead of seeking their proper position in front of the battle, they sought 'bomb-proofs' for themselves and their sons. There were others who got into 'soft places' and 'official positions,' where they could speculate and make fortunes on Government funds. Toward the latter part of the war it seemed that every one was trying to keep out of the army, and was willing to pay any thing and make any sacrifice to do so. At no time during the last three years of the war was there more than one-third of the army ready to march into battle." In the course of his speech Mr. Perry made the singular avowal that "while there was no one in the United States who more deeply regretted the secession of the Southern States than I did at the beginning of the revolution, there is not one now in the Southern States who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do. Still I know that we shall be more prosperous and happy in the Union than out of it." The prospects of the South were, he thought, not so gloomy as many believed. "I have," he said, "no doubt that in ten years the South will be happy and prosperous again, and we shall find that the loss of slavery will be no loss at all to our real comfort and satisfaction. The planter and farmer will find that his net profits are greater with hired labor than with slave labor. Every landholder can rent his farm or plantation for one-third of the gross products; this is more than he now makes net after subsisting his slaves." He gives the following picture of the economical working of the system of slavery in his own State: "Very few farmers in this section of country make any thing except by the increase of his slaves. These are divided out among his children at his death, and they pursue the same course of toiling and struggling through life to raise negroes for their children. The lands are worn out, and the country remains unimproved. If a planter or farmer is enabled to save any thing after supporting his establishment, it is invested in the purchase of more slaves. Hence increased wealth adds nothing to the enjoyment of life or to the improvement of the country." In conclusion he exhorted his hearers to "become loyal citizens and respect the national authorities of the Republic. Abandon once and forever all notions of secession, nullification, and disunion. Determine to live, and teach your children to live, as true American citizens. The Republic is destined to go on increasing in national power and greatness for centuries to come. As soon as the ferment of the revolution subsides we shall be restored to all our civil rights, and be as free and republican as we ever were. There is no reason why there should be any sectional jealousy or ill-feeling between the North and the South. Their interests are dependent, and not rival interests; and now that slavery is abolished, there will be no bone of contention between the two sections." The meeting at which this not altogether consistent speech was made was held for the purpose of petitioning the President to appoint a Provisional Governor and to restore the civil authorities. Having received the appointment of Provisional Governor, Mr. Perry on the 20th of July issued a proclamation directing all former civil officers, excepting those under prosecution for treason, to resume their functions upon taking the oath of allegiance. An election for delegates to a State Convention is to be held on the first Monday in September, according to the laws of the State in force before the secession; the Convention to meet on the 13th of September. All the laws of the State which were in force previous to the secession, which are not inconsistent with the proclamation, to be in force. The former owners of freedmen must not turn off the children and aged to perish, and the freed men and women are exhorted to make just and fair contracts for remaining with their former owners.

It can not be denied that the political situation presents many grave difficulties. From various parts of the South there are reports that, on the one hand, the former masters are unwilling to make equitable engagements with the freedmen; and, on the other, that these are abandoning their former homes, and flocking to the towns and cities, expecting to live without work. These reports bear evident marks of exaggeration; but still there is abundant evidence that there will be no little difficulty in the practical working of the new order of things.

The first election in the States now under Provisional Governors took place in Richmond, on the 25th of July, by order of Governor Pierpont. The election was for municipal officers. The election was set aside by General Turner, the military commander of the district, on the ground that voters were excluded by reason of having lost their residence by their absence as soldiers of the United States, while no such exception was taken against soldiers absent in the rebel army; that the candidates elected had been, with a single exception, conspicuous in inaugurating and sustaining the rebellion; and the issue had been distinctly made at the election between men who had aided the war against the Union, and those who had defended the flag of the country.

Major-General O. O. Howard, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, on the 12th of July issued a circular of general instruction to his subordinate officers throughout the South. The State Commissioners are to appoint district agents to assist them in the protection of the freedmen, the adjustment of rates of wages to be paid them by the planters, the establishment and management of schools for the education of the colored people, and to make arrangements for supplying their medical needs.

The army of the United States which, five months ago, numbered a million strong has already been reduced to about 100,000, of whom more than half are in Sheridan's Division, near the Mexican frontier. The whole army is divided into five divisions: 1. *The Atlantic*, General Meade, head-quarters Philadelphia. 2. *The Mississippi*, General Sherman, St. Louis. 3. *The Gulf*, General Sheridan, New Orleans. 4. *The Tennessee*, General Thomas, Nashville. 5. *The Pacific*, General Halleck, San Francisco. The Divisions are subdivided into eighteen

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Departments, each under a Major-General. Their order, names, commanders, and head-quarters are as follows:

1. Department of the East, *Hooker*, New York.
2. Middle Department, *Hancock*, Baltimore.
3. Department of Washington, *Augur*, Washington.
4. Department of the Ohio, *Ord*, Detroit.
5. Department of the Tennessee, *Stoneman*, Knoxville.
6. Department of Kentucky, *Palmer*, Louisville.
7. Department of the Missouri, *Pope*, Fort Leavenworth.
8. Department of Virginia, *Terry*, Richmond.
9. Department of North Carolina, *Schofield*, Raleigh.
10. Department of South Carolina, *Gillmore*, Hilton Head.
11. Department of Georgia, *Stedman*, Augusta.
12. Department of Florida, *Foster*, Tallahassee.
13. Department of Mississippi, *Slocum*, Vicksburg.
14. Department of Alabama, *Wood*, Mobile.
15. Department of Louisiana and Texas, *Canby*, New Orleans.
16. Department of Arkansas, *Reynolds*, Little Rock.
17. Department of Columbia, *Wright*, Fort Vancouver.
18. Department of California, *M'Dowell*, San Francisco.

No financial statement was put forth by the Secretary of the Treasury on the last of June. This omission was supposed by many to indicate a large increase of the public debt. These apprehensions are mainly dissipated by the official statement on the 31st of July. According to this the total debt on that day was $2,757,253,275—an increase in two months of $122,000,000; and this increase is apparent rather than real, for a large amount due in May was not audited. The details of this debt are as follows.

	Amount.	*Interest.*
Debt bearing interest in coin	$1,108,662,641 80	$64,521,837 50
Debt bearing interest in lawful money...	1,289,156,515 05	74,740,630 78
Debt on which interest has ceased.....	1,527,120 09	
Debt bearing no interest	357,906,968 92	
Total.....	$2,757,253,275 86	$139,262,468 28

The general result of the trial of the Washington conspirators was announced in our last Record. The details are as follows. We now give the names as they appear in the sentence of the court; most of them have been written in different ways: David E. Herrold, George A. Atzeroth, Lewis Payne, Mary E. Suratt, were all found guilty of the charges against them noted in our Record for July, and of the main specifications under those charges. These persons were all hung on the 7th of July.—Michael O'Laughlin was found guilty of being engaged in the conspiracy, but not guilty of the design to murder General Grant. Samuel A. Mudd, guilty of complicity in the conspiracy, and of harboring Booth and Herrold after the assassination. Samuel Arnold, guilty of complicity in the assassination. These three were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Edward Spangler of having aided Booth in making his escape, sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for six years. The Penitentiary at Albany, New York, was originally designated as the place of confinement, but this was subsequently changed for Fort Jefferson, on the Tortugas. Mrs. Suratt protested her innocence of the crime of which she was convicted. Payne, Herrold, and Atzeroth acknowledged themselves guilty, in whole or in part. Mudd acknowledged that he knew Booth when he came to his house after the murder, having previously been acquainted with him. O'Laughlin and Arnold confessed that they had been engaged with Booth in a plot to capture, but not to murder the President. Spangler declared that he knew nothing of Booth's intention before it was executed, but owned that he had aided his escape.—During the trial of the conspirators 364 witnesses were examined—201 for the prosecution, 163 for the defense. The testimony filled 4300 pages, the arguments 700 pages of manuscript, "legal cap" size. The depositions and reports taken before the trial employed five short-hand writers a fortnight, and required two clerks six weeks to brief and file away.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the intelligence is so contradictory as to be wholly unworthy of credit. One report was that the authorities of Matamoras had been ordered to provide for 35,000 French troops, looking toward hostilities with the United States. Other rumors say that the Emperor Maximilian is preparing to return to Europe. Others still, which seem to be far more reliable, indicate that the Imperial Government is steadily securing the ascendency in almost every part of the country.

From *Hayti* later and more reliable accounts indicate that the revolt against President Geffrard is by no means suppressed, and that the probabilities are in favor of its success. It now appears to be a contest between the blacks, under François Jean Joseph, and the mulattoes, represented by Geffrard. But all representations from this country must for the present be regarded with suspicion.

The Confederate ram *Stonewall* has been formally given up to the United States by the Spanish authorities of Cuba. A sum of $16,000, which had been advanced to the commander for the purpose of paying his crew, has been refunded by the United States to the Cuban Government.

EUROPE.

The British Parliament was dissolved on the 6th of July, and a new election ordered to take place about a fortnight later. The result has been decidedly favorable to the present "Whig" or "Liberal" ministry, led by Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, against the "Tory" or "Conservative" party, of which the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli are leaders. Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was defeated of re-election for Oxford, but was elected from South Lancashire. The "Liberals" have gained 57 seats and lost 33—a net gain of 24. Of the 658 members chosen 367 are claimed as Liberals, and 291 as Conservatives.—The work of laying the new Atlantic Telegraphic Cable has been fairly commenced. The laying of the heavy shore end of 25 miles at Valentia Bay, in Ireland, was completed on the 22d of July, and this having been spliced to the deep-sea cable on the 23d, the *Great Eastern* commenced the work of "paying out" on the 24th. On the 27th she had payed out 300 miles. At this rate it would take about twenty days to reach the American terminus at Heart's Content Bay; but it was supposed that as she lightened by parting with the cable and the consumption of coal her rate would increase. Before this Magazine reaches the reader the success or failure of the enterprise will have been established.

The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* has been at work among our whalers in the Western Arctic Ocean. We have tidings of the destruction of eight whalers, and fears are entertained for our whole whaling fleet in those waters, numbering about 60 vessels. The *Shenandoah* appears to have coaled last at Melbourne in Australia, and was manned mainly by British sailors.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AN example of hearty, unaffected enjoyment is a great public benefit to us Americans. If the English take their pleasure sadly, we take ours fiercely. We have a genius for display and expense, but none for amusement. The young American despises pleasure at two cents an hour. He measures it, as he measures every thing else, by its cost. Consequently he gets the cost and little else. Our religious teaching, too, is a little responsible. Pleasure was not a pleasant nor a profitable thing to the Puritan. It was the mask of Satan. It was a gloze and a snare. A smiling saint was as inconceivable to the Reverend Doctor Mather as an innocent witch. The Puritan theory of life being that of a vale of tears, the "professors" were resolved that the fact should justify the theory; and they practically sneered at the idea of happiness our being's end and aim as energetically as the modern illustration of inflexible Puritanism, Thomas Carlyle.

Certainly the church against which the human mind was finally forced to protest was as catholic in its idea of a truly devout spirit as that of Geneva or Scotland. In its view a smile was not a sin, nor gayety necessarily godless. Its holy days were holidays. Its feasts were truly named. And as the traveler of to-day loiters along the roads of Southern Europe upon a pleasant Sunday and watches the enjoyment of the population, which unites religious service with innocent amusement, he can fully relish the point of the sarcasm which represents a Frenchman entering London on a gray day when all the houses and shops are closed and the smug people in sombre clothes walk solemnly by and stare at him as a reprobate, and there is no café, no garden, no promenade to cheer him, until apprehending the melancholy truth, he gasps in consternation, "*C'est Soonday!*"—It is Sunday!

The Germans are the most enjoying people in the world, and they teach the rest of mankind by example. If we do not learn, it is not from want of teaching. You may descend into any lager-beer cellar in the city, or take the car to some country garden, and you are sure to find these professors engaged in full practice. A bench, a bare table, a piece of bread, a lump of cheese (smelling to heaven), and a glass of lager—these are all the materials, and the pleasure really seems to be out of all proportion. The roisterers dwell upon it, prolong it, gloat over it. They laugh, they chat—how volubly!—they sing, they sigh with satisfaction. The lesson is richly worth a dollar to any American spectator. For, ascend from the cheese and beer-reeking cellar and go into Delmonico's at noon. What a crowd! what a rush! what wonderful cakes and mysterious comfits! and what pale, thin, fierce, anxious people bolting the pastry and washing it down with whisky, with claret, with fine Rhenish! There is plenty of German spoken, but the speakers are Americanized. This is not a scene characteristic of the slow-going, steadily plodding, much-enjoying father-land. At best it is mongrel.

We must not generalize too severely. But Germany remains in the traveler's memory as the land of universal enjoyment upon the smallest capital. Speaking nationally, there seems to be more honest pleasure in a generous glass of sound lager than in a dozen bottles of old London Particular or a hillside of California hock. The cheapness of pleasure, also, is a lesson worth learning. An excellent author and sagacious man, Mr. Burton, has published a little book called "How to Observe." He will be an excellent man, also, and worthy of honorable remembrance, who shall publish an equally valuable book called "How to Enjoy."

But, meanwhile, before it appears, the lesson has been practically offered to the city of New York by the Congress of German glee clubs and musical societies which assembled here at the close of July. It remained in session for a week, marching in sonorous processions through the streets, uniting in magnificent vocal concerts at the Academy and in various halls, which were truly musical tournaments, in which various clubs contended for prizes, the chief of which were won by two Philadelphia societies and a Buffalo club. The Congress also repaired to Jones's Wood for a monster musical picnic, where the prizes were awarded, games were played, dances were danced, lager-beer was drunk, and the horn was sounded. Yet although some thirty thousand people were present, there was no disturbance. The nimble pickpockets were of course there, but they were quietly removed by the lynx-eyed police, and a storm descended and put out the fire-works, but could not extinguish the geniality of the musical crew.

The singers came from New England, and Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and Virginia, and New York, and their harmony prefigures that which will presently prevail among the lately discordant people of those States. This harmony culminated in the great concert at the Academy, which overflowed with sincere lovers and listeners. The orchestra was a hundred, and the chorus a thousand strong. The two covered the stage. And the audience was worthy the performers and the performance. The music was of the more modern masters, including Mendelssohn, whose Walpurgis-night was nobly rendered and nobly heard. The late musical week in Boston was devoted to the greater instrumental works of the chief German masters. That in New York was filled with the music of the less famous but not less popular song-writers and minor composers. Both were most memorable and unique festivals. Both will be of the greatest benefit to musical education in this country. Both are due to the generous German genius, to which we are already so much indebted for our musical cultivation, and whose representatives are to be found every where in the country, missionaries of national refinement.

IN this beautiful summer the College festivals have been more interesting than usual. The reaction from the peculiar tension of the war has infused special vigor into every other pursuit, and a more earnest satisfaction into every assembly and association. The Commencement season happily coincides with that of the general vacation, so that the alumni may return and sit at the feet of their alma mater, and count the thickening laurels upon her brow, and clasp the hands of brethren, without the remorseful feeling that it is a pleasure bought by truancy.

College brotherhood is a unique tie, and the class, like the whole body of alumni, is a family. It has its united interests, joys, and sorrows. It gives a silver cup to the first-born child. It watches with pride the careers of its distinguished members; and classes, like families, acquire a certain traditional

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reputation in the college, eminent, sometimes—sometimes unfortunate. In the memory of many practical men college life is the sentimental vein. They are romantic when they recall it. "College days" are still a spell to conjure with among those who seem to have been long disenchanted. Nor is there any pleasanter sight than, sitting in some wall-pew during the exercises of the Commencement season, to watch the rows of black-coated men, from the eager graduate of last year up to the gray and bald and frosty children of tens and scores of years before. They are parents, most of them, and it can not fail to make them gentler, more considerate, more sympathetic, to bathe annually in the full current of young emotion; to renew their youth in the spectacle of what they were, and the feeling of what they felt, when the Commencement was their Commencement, and they ascended the carpeted steps and received the sacred roll from the President, capped and gowned.

See him there, placidly sitting in a corner and leaning his tranquil face upon the ivory head of his cane. The few white hairs glisten as they are lifted by the summer wind that breathes cool through the shaded church from blinded window across to window. It is the venerable pastor of some remote parish among the hills, to whom this day is the chief festival of the year. Among those hills his calm life glides away. His virtues decorate his daily walk as the violets and anemones, the rhodora and the sweet-brier blossom in the pastures and on the edges of woods about the village, sweetening the air, brightening the fields, but unnoticed and unknown. True to his college traditions, he is still a man of books. No society is so fine and dear as that of his library; and the good man sighs to see his stripling son bent upon another course, and planning to escape the path that leads to college. How placidly the old man sits there, watching with musing heart and moistened eye the youths who graduate to-day! How little they, how little most of those who sit around him, remember what he will never forget, that one day of his life he was a hero, renowned, admired—and that day his Commencement. Was it of him whose performance has fulfilled no promise, whose life trickles away in a country meadow, reflecting the sky and clouds, instead of flowing a mighty river bearing ships and traffic to the sea—was it of him the poet sang:

"Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow.
O'er thy slight figure, lightly floating down
In graceful folds, the Academic gown;
On thy curved lip the classic lines that taught
How pure the mind that sculptured them with thought?"

Why not of him as of a thousand others who thought to guide the horses of the sun through the empyrean, and are forever plowing in a potato-field? It is only the sharpness of the contrast that makes the picture sad. It is only the blunt confronting of youth poised on its freshest pinions and launching into flight, with age whose wings are folded and who will fly no more. Patient, contented, helping man and beloved of God, the old man lives his life. It was not what he dreamed it would be when he stood upon that platform—but it may be nobler. He thought then of what he would do; he sees now what God has done. There is no doubt longer. It is of him the same poet wrote:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

There has not been a Commencement this year at which you might not have seen the old pastor. There will never be one at which you may not see him in the pew.

At Harvard there was a special Commemorative Service for the children of the University who have served in the war, and a permanent memorial will be erected, probably in the form of a college hall for the anniversary exercises, to be adorned with statues, busts, tablets, and other commemorative sculptures of her illustrious sons. At Yale and Williams there were similar services. Amherst, also, and Dartmouth are taking steps to secure the same result. Let us hope also that in all colleges a professorship of political history and philosophy may be established, that the true principles of the Government, for which so many college-bred heroes have fought and fallen, may be clearly understood. If it be worth while to teach American youth the structure of the Greek and Roman governments, it can not be superfluous to instruct them in the system of which they are parts, and for which they will presently be responsible.

It was not upon Rochefoucault's general principle that the misfortunes of our friends are always a little pleasing to us that the Easy Chair beheld with satisfaction the burning of Barnum's Museum, but because it has long had the most disagreeable reputation as a dangerous building, likely at any moment to tumble down and bury every visitor in its ruins; or, indeed, to do exactly what it has done, burn like tinder, although happily without consuming hundreds of human beings.

The rapidity with which the fierce flames enveloped the whole building was startling to any one who remembered the narrow staircases and passages by which alone a crowd, had it been there, could have been saved. Indeed it is plain that if Kennedy had succeeded in his plan of setting fire to the Museum at night, when it was full of women and children, the catastrophe would have been frightful. Fortunately at noon there was no performance, and the visitors were few, and the few persons in the building escaped.

Our rural friends especially will mourn with us the destruction of the Museum. It was their most familiar and popular resort in the city. Mr. Barnum had such a happy knack of unctuous description that his hand-bills scattered in the cars that thundered into town from the east and north and south had all the temptation of special invitations; and it was not easy to believe that the chief opportunities of the city had been improved if Barnum's had not been visited.

De mortuis nil nisi—verum. Let us confess, as we stand at the corner of Ann Street and moralize over the blackened beams and the piles of ashes and bricks, that it was always a disappointment. That, indeed, is not necessarily a discredit. Niagara and St. Peter's are both disappointing. It is the imagination that dupes us. Niagara must be an ocean pouring out of the sky. We hurry breathless to the brink and behold—a river pouring over a rocky ledge. St. Peter's must be so vast that the high altar shall be lost in the blue mists of distance, like a mountain-peak seen from long leagues away. We approach the door; we raise, with beating hearts, the leathern curtain; and lo!—a large

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church. Was it otherwise with the Museum? The city child or the country cousin had heard of it, had read of it, had conned the glowing bills, had paid the fee that seemed so ridiculously small upon entering, so considerable upon coming out, and ascending with eager feet the slightly winding stairs, beheld—a cookey stand and some glass cases.

This was always depressing. The practical consequence of the first impression was that if there were a tank with a living alligator, the reactionary imagination was sure to consider him either a stuffed specimen or a knotty log of wood. Then the wax-work—the "figgers"—let us speak of them dispassionately, but was the room not very dark? and were not the "figgers" very dim? Could we reasonably suppose—allowing us to be ten years old—that the image called General Grant resembled the doughty Lieutenant-General? And surely the group of Calabrian brigands was sadly confused. The stuffed animal department—was that quite satisfactory? Did it not seem merely the passage to the moral theatre—a kind of "entry," as we say in the country? The Easy Chair knows that he and the great multitude of boys always congregated at the end of the room where cakes and soda-water were sold. On the next floor the Happy Family was more encouraging; and when a kangaroo was placed in the corner there was really some justification of the eager expectation with which we all came.

But, to tell the truth, these were not the special charms of Barnum's. These were things that any Museum might have had. Wax "figgers" and two-headed calves are the mere commonplaces of such institutions. The aquaria and the whales and seals and living animals, these were real delights; and the monsters, the Albinos, the fat women, the giants, the dwarfs, these all gave interest a dash of awe which was quite curdling and agreeable. The gravity and half fear with which we children watched Commodore Nutt as he swaggered over the floor like an imp out of the fairy tales, was impressive and amusing. And if we were elderly ladies from the country, how we did adjust our spectacles and bless our souls as we surveyed the little Miss Warren, whom Tom Thumb married!

As for the "moral" drama, we could never understand how huckleberry-pie became sponge-cake because you called it so. Still it was interesting to know that what was improper a few blocks farther along in Chatham Row was very proper at the corner of Ann Street; and it was peculiarly agreeable to those of us who came from the country to be sure of our company, and to know that all sorts of naughty people were not admitted. However, he is a poor traveler who can come to the city without learning any thing; and if we learned that some people who were not naughty people had extraordinary manners, it was an increase of useful knowledge which we could not regret.

What a shabby old hole it was, to be sure? It seems almost cruel to say so when so many of the worthy and industrious persons employed in it may be sorely pinched by the sudden calamity of its destruction. But they are already getting hold elsewhere. The dramatic company is acting, and Mr. Barnum will presently open a show at the Chinese Building in Broadway. He says that after the fire he consulted his friends as to his wisest course. He told them he had a competent fortune and could easily retire from active business.

Among his friends was Horace Greeley.

"What shall I do?" asked Barnum.

"If I were you," replied Greeley, "I would go fishing. I've been trying for thirty years to go fishing, and have never been able to do it." Barnum will follow that advice. He will go fishing. But he will take in men and women instead of scup and flounders.

The great public schools of England are romantic objects to our imaginations. We are in the habit of viewing them through the tender light of Gray's ode upon a distant prospect of Eton. We think of them as ancestral halls of learning, venerable in themselves and hallowed by tradition. The ancient vines that tapestry their gray walls, the spacious quadrangles, the studious silence of the buildings broken by the merry shouts of the playground, the indefinable charm of literary association, of which Gray's ode and Thackeray's description of the Charter House, in the "Newcomes," are such exquisite illustrations—all these things actual and imaginative combine to invest the great schools of England with a profound interest, and to recall, when we think of them, the poet's words:

> "I like a monk, I like a cowl,
> I like a prophet of the soul:
> And on my heart monastic aisles
> Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles."

And all this interest is confirmed and justified by the impression, which is quite universal among Americans, that the youth who study at those schools emerge from their reverend shades amply accomplished scholars.

It is a disagreeable awaking from an agreeable dream to learn that we are mistaken. There are hints in Tom Brown's school-days, and in Thackeray also, which suggest a suspicion that all at those schools is not quite as the imagination paints, and the common opinion accepts. But how little they really achieve, how barren of adequate results, how amusingly antiquated in theory and practice they are, few Americans can understand until they read either the original report of the Parliamentary Commission upon Eton and eight of the great schools of England, or the digest of that report contained in a lively pamphlet by Mr. W. P. Atkinson,* whose profession as a teacher, and whose wide and various acquaintance with all the literature of his profession, peculiarly fit him for the task of commenting upon the Report, which he does with great point and felicity.

This commission was appointed in 1861. It consisted of six competent gentlemen, who held a hundred and twenty-seven meetings, examined very fully a hundred and thirty witnesses, personally visited all the schools, instituted the most searching inquiries in every department of the scholastic management, the history, revenues, and details of management, and reported in 1864, in four folio volumes, containing two thousand pages in double columns of fine print. Here certainly is copious material for an inquiry into the actual value of these schools.

Mr. Atkinson begins by asking what ought to be the education of three thousand of the sons of the higher classes of England in her old and richly-endowed institutions, and in reply supposes what it is. The youth will find in them, of course, noble libraries and the most admirable apparatus; he will be taught to understand the physical phenomena and the natural history of his country: the future citi-

* Sever and Francis, Cambridge, Mass.

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zen of a great industrial nation, possibly heir to a vast landed estate, and probably a legislator for all these interests, he will be instructed in all departments of science which bear upon these subjects, and will help him to govern and guide them. As one of the governing class of a commercial island, he will be well grounded in history and politics, in political economy, and in physical and political geography. As an Englishman he will be taught to speak and write his noble native tongue with accuracy and ease, and to become familiar with the great authors who have illustrated and enriched it. Living near the Continent, he will acquire some of the neighboring languages, and will naturally be accomplished in music or drawing, or at least have some acquaintance with their history and achievements.

This is not an unfair statement of what may justly be expected in a liberal course of education for a young English gentleman at an enormously endowed English school. After a careful study of the long report of the Commission Mr. Atkinson gives us the astounding conclusion, which he justifies by details of testimony from the various teachers in the schools, that "in the great schools of England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the whole of modern physical science....the whole study of the outward world is, I do not say, pursued imperfectly: it is not pursued at all: it is absolutely ignored as an essential part of education; and a head master of twenty-seven years' standing can be found who says he thinks as a training of the mind it is worthless—it gives no power!"

"What *do* the schools teach?" the reader asks in amazement. Latin, Greek, and, subordinate to these, mathematics. Of the thirty-five masters at Eton twenty-four are classical, and eight are mathematical; while *three* teach all the modern languages, physical science, natural history, English language and literature, and drawing and music: and this is the proportion in all except Rugby, which is more civilized. Mr. Atkinson does not quarrel with classical study. He is a scholar, and he knows its value. But for that reason he values it justly. It is "the preposterous abuse of classical study and the absurd neglect of science" which seems to him so appalling. The end of education, as he says, being a true and symmetrical mental development, the means must be more various and powerful than the grammar of two dead languages.

But at least, it will be urged, what they do teach they teach thoroughly. Let the Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, which receives, with University College, the majority of Eton boys, answer. "Some fifty or sixty young men matriculate at Christ Church in the course of each year. Of these perhaps ten will read for honors in classics. Such men would be able to construe with tolerable correctness a new passage from any Greek and Latin author, translate a piece of easy English prose into tolerable Latin, and answer correctly simple grammatical and etymological questions in Latin and Greek. *The other forty or fifty would not.*" These last can scarcely construe properly the authors they profess to have read. They are examined in the first four books of the Æneid, and the same of the Iliad. They are not examined at matriculation in ancient or modern history or geography. They are tested in arithmetic, but not in algebra.

There is probably hardly a boy who has been examined this summer for admission to any of our colleges who is not better fitted than the great majority of those who come up every year from the great English schools to enter the Universities. Of study at the University Mr. Atkinson does not treat at length. But it is interesting to compare Gibbon's account of Oxford a century ago with the two papers upon the same University by Professor Goldwin Smith lately published in this Magazine. Mr. Atkinson says, trenchantly: "Oxford and Cambridge are little more than cockpits on a larger scale and for older combatants to engage in contests of the same kind as those at the schools." And he then naturally asks, "Whence come the real scholars" of England?

This question he answers by saying that the really fine scholars in England are fewer than we suppose; and that the English aristocracy, as a body, are not well educated. The best scholars in that country he believes to be self-educated or privately trained. The ignorance of many of those supposed to be of the scholarly class and the narrowness of University training he illustrates by the gross ignorance of statesmen like Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone in regard to our war.

Meanwhile England herself is moving toward reform. The old institutions are so intensely aristocratic that new schools for the "middle class" are already established, where the experiment of a modern education is tried, and with success. Such are Marlborough, Wellington, and Cheltenham colleges, and the City of London school. Mr. Atkinson's idea of a true reform is that it must found a course of liberal education represented by a more thorough study than at present of the *Latin* language and literature as the foundation of a study of language and general grammar, and of a knowledge of the kindred modern tongues, but in which the study of Greek shall be *wholly* superseded by a real study of the mother tongue and their languages; and in which the study of physical science shall be begun with the earliest development of the observing faculties. Not the least interesting part of his pamphlet is the testimony of eminent scientific men in England, such as Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Faraday, Professor Owen, Dr. Hooker, and Sir J. F. W. Herschel to the insufficiency of the present system.

From these fragmentary hints the great interest and value of Mr. Atkinson's little work may be conjectured. It is notable, also, as an illustration of the present tendency of the American mind to emancipate itself wholly from its old superstitions in regard to England; an emancipation which will inevitably result in a more intelligent and cordial friendship.

In one of his caustic tirades against snobbery Thackeray stops and says: "Well, I have no doubt I should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm." He confesses that it is almost impossible for an Englishman to rid himself of this mean subservience to rank, titles, accident. Whoever goes to England is confounded by it. Men of the best sense yield to it. The spirit of caste is hardly less marked in India than in England. A nobleman, by reason of his title merely, and without the least regard to his intrinsic nobility, carries a charm which stupefies common sense. A toad with a jewel in his head would be a very valuable and interesting phenomenon; but to treat all toads as if they had jewels would be the practice of dull barbarians only.

It is astonishing that a people which, like the

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English, takes peculiar pride in its manliness and common sense should be the victims of so crude a superstition as nobleman-worship, and should tolerate from any of their fellow-subjects such insolence as the conduct of Lords constantly discloses. We Americans, in common with Englishmen, have a profound reverence for money, and an undue deference for rich men. But there is this to be said in justification of our weakness, that with us great fortunes are usually the sign of special ability, of extraordinary shrewdness, or of some positive talent; while hereditary titles and wealth refer to graves and dead men and extinct sagacity only. Nor do we permit rich men to encroach upon common rights. Wealth is jealously watched by us. It secures no special privilege as rank does in England. Its inability to intrench itself in long descents tends constantly to its humiliation. There is no man in this country, not the President of the United States, who would write, or wish to write, to a railroad company such a letter as an Englishman, known as the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, lately wrote to the Chairman or President of the Southwestern Railway.

The Earl had been smoking in a railroad-car, and was properly complained of by the station-master and duly summoned before a magistrate. He did not appear, but wrote this ludicrous letter to the President:

"SIR,—I demand the instant dismissal of the station-master, named Atter, at your Vauxhall Station, who has had the effrontery to apply for a summons (involving a breach of privilege) against me at the Wandsworth Bench, for what he has the impudence to term smoking contrary to your by-law. I beg you to observe that the piece of impudence involves a breach of the privileges of the House of Lords, and that you, the Chairman of the Company, shall be held responsible for it.

"WINCHELSEA AND NOTTINGHAM."

This is exquisite. It transcends *Punch*. The railway company makes regulations for the comfort and safety of passengers. It is made the duty of its officers to complain in case of a breach of the regulation. One of these rules forbids smoking. A passenger smokes in defiance of the order and the officer complains. The ridiculous passenger flies into a passion, calls the lawful and necessary conduct of the officer "effrontery;" and being caught, *flagrante delictu*, in the very act of smoking, against the rule, denounces the "impudence" of the officer for calling smoking "smoking," and a breach of the rule, "contrary to your by-law." The redoubtable gentleman adds that calling smoking smoking, and a by-law a by-law, involves a breach of the privileges of the House of Lords, and serves notice upon the President that he shall be held responsible for a breach of privilege committed by somebody else.

If it be one of the privileges of the House of Lords that a peer may smoke in railroad-cars, it must be equally his privilege to smoke in a church or wherever else he pleases, and to make himself generally a nuisance. John Bull finds many things in our society at which he feels called upon to sneer or shout. Does it ever occur to him that he is often the most ridiculous object in Christendom?

IT is pleasant to observe that the Fourth of July was very generally observed by Americans in Europe. The day has acquired a new significance, and it was especially proper that its meaning should be refreshed in the memory both of our foreign friends and foes. In London the dinner was attended by some of our best English friends, and Professors Cairnes and Goldwin Smith made excellent speeches. A letter was read from John Bright, and one from Mr. Minister Adams, whom a family affliction detained at home. In Berlin there was an agreeable assembly, and in Paris a beautiful fête was given by Mr. Minister Bigelow at the *Pré-Catalan*, a garden in the *Bois de Boulogne*.

The gate was adorned with the American and French flags blended, and the Stars and Stripes floated from a flag-staff in the centre of the lawn. There was a tent for dancing and dinner; a band of music, and a pretty café. There was also a little theatre where a conjuror delighted the children while the older guests danced in the tent or promenaded. At two o'clock the distinguished company arrived—among them were the three chief ministers of the Emperor and the diplomatic corps. At three, as the clergymen who were to perform some religious exercises had not arrived—and indeed, as the letter from which we derive our information slyly says, they did not appear until dinner-time—Mr. Bigelow welcomed the guests in a pleasant little speech. At six he handed in to a cold dinner the wife of the Minister of the Colonies and Marine; and after dinner, although speeches had not been designed, the true Fourth of July afflatus filled some patriotic souls, and they gave voice to the generous enthusiasm of the day.

It does not appear that the slightest allusion was made to Mexico or the Monroe doctrine. Indeed, it is not improbable that upon those heads the Emperor is of opinion that the least said the better. The prospects of the Latin race upon the American continent are at present rather cloudy. M. Velasquez, the Minister of Maximilian, gave a banquet at Rome and invited the Pope's Ministers. Thereupon Cardinal Antonelli improvised an entertainment for the same day, and all the official personages attended. The Minister was naturally offended by so gross an insult, and will doubtless be withdrawn. Meanwhile the Pope's Minister, or Nuncio, in Mexico has been instructed to leave, on the ground that he can not remain and see the Church insulted. Having thus forfeited the countenance of the Church party, and being opposed by the Juarez or Liberal party, the representative of the Latin race has little left to depend upon but the bayonets of France.

This was naturally not a subject for American Fourth of July speeches in a pretty Paris garden, with the Emperor's Minister of Foreign Affairs drinking your good health in the most sparkling Champagne, and the United States Minister handing out the wife of the Emperor's Minister for the Colonies—which do not quite yet include Mexico. But we may all be glad that the host of the United States in the pleasant *Pré-Catalan* was a gentleman so sagacious and accomplished, and so truly an American by the profoundest conviction, as John Bigelow. In his hands the honor of the country will neither be imperiled by foolish bravado nor by undignified servility. He will not interpret the Monroe doctrine as a declaration of our right to do just what we choose, while if danger menaces this country from any quarter whatever we need have no fear that he will not promptly and manfully demand the utmost respect for our rights.

It is not the least of our good fortunes that upon this memorable Fourth of July the United States were represented in Europe by Mr. Adams in En-

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gland, Mr. Bigelow in France, Mr. Marsh in Italy, and Mr. Motley in Austria, besides their honorable and honest associates in the other countries. A nation will inevitably be judged by foreigners by the character of its official representatives. Fifteen years ago His Excellency Mr. Hannegan, Minister of the United States to Prussia, harangued the populace of Berlin in his shirt, mad-drunk. His Excellency Mr. Wright, present Minister of the United States at the same court, drinks no wine. There is just that difference between the hectoring insolence of the spirit that directed the United States Government then and its lofty moderation and fidelity to republican principle now.

Editor's Drawer.

"OLD CAT" ADAMS lives in Texas. He is so called from a circumstance which occurred once when he was out fishing for "cat-fish," or, as you call them, "bull-heads." He caught a beautiful black bass—they call them trout—and being very angry, he threw it back into the water, saying, "When I fish for trout I fish for trout, and when I fish for cat I fish for cat!" But this is not my story. Old Cat had a neighbor who was very deaf, and who always sat in the long hot days on the porch of his house, which was some little distance from the street. One morning old Cat came along on horseback—every body rides on horseback there—and halting in front of his neighbor's house he commenced moving his lips as if he were telling something to his deaf neighbor, who was sitting as usual on the porch. "What is it?" says his neighbor. Cat again began working his lips rapidly, as if he were telling an important piece of news, but not a sound did he utter. "I can't hear!" said his neighbor, curling up his hand back of his ear, as deaf people do. "Louder!" Old Cat took both his hands and doubled them up in front of his mouth, in the shape of a speaking-trumpet, and again commenced working his lips and getting red in the face with the exertion. "I can't hear!" says his neighbor, and getting up from his seat, commenced making his way toward the gate, where he could hear better; but Cat, pretending to be very indignant, put spurs to his horse and rode away, leaving his poor neighbor bewailing his fate at being deaf, and at having lost so much news.

GOOD old Mrs. Call was quite hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter Lydia was a bonnie lass, who loved a good time and knew well how to get it up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand. In the midst of the fun in popped old Deacon L——, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket upon the merriment: and the Deacon he hung on, till Lydia was out of all patience. She kept wishing and wishing he would go, but still he sat chatting with the widow on things above and things below; but by-and-by he gets up to depart.

"Oh, Deacon, Deacon!" said Mother Call; "don't think of going before tea. Oh, *do* stop to tea, won't you?"

The Deacon, so strangely urged, replied: "Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home before dark."

"What did he say, Liddy?" said the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer: "He says he will not to-day, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why how deaf you do grow, mother!"

"Oh, well, come some other day, Deacon. Now do, won't you?" said Mother Call, as she bowed the Deacon out.

"Smart gal that," said the Deacon, as he trudged along home. "She'll find her way through the world, I'll warrant."

IN your July issue I see an anecdote in reference to the conversation held between the marine and the English officer. The incident referred to was of actual occurrence, as was also the following, in which the same irrepressible Martin also figured, while on a short leave of absence from the *Niagara*, while she was waiting for the cable.

Martin, having got tired of London, bethought himself of taking an airing into the country; and being, as usual, quite Democratic in his views, took a seat in a first-class carriage. Subsequently, before the train started, other parties entered, some of whom were the cream of Snobocracy, and seeing a common soldier in their presence, and at his ease, became quite indignant. After a time they concluded to inform the conductor and have him ejected. Accordingly the aforesaid personage came pompously in, and, addressing Martin, said,

"My man, do you know you are in the wrong car?"

"Is not that a first-class ticket?" said M., producing the article.

"Yes, but this car is for gentlemen."

"Well, don't you call me a gentleman?"

"Pooh! who made you a gentleman?"

"General Washington!" was the cool reply; and Martin laid himself back preparatory to a comfortable ride.

It was reported on board the ship that some of the *attachés* of the American embassy were in the same car, and were so well pleased with the *dénouement* that Martin was feasted and fêted to his heart's content for a week.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar at Akron, on being requested, with other members of his class, to repeat from the Bible a verse of his own selection, promptly gave the following: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

DURING the early part of 1863, while the Union forces were before Charleston, South Carolina, a Union officer had a domestic parrot. The bird was kept near the trenches, and had learned from the negroes on the island to say, "O Lord! O Lord!" One day a stray shot wounded the poor bird, and it fluttered over to the enemy's works, crying, "O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!" and breathed out its life with these earnest words.

WE have a friend who is a somewhat noted practical joker, residing in a country residence near the ocean. Some time since he had a visit from Professor ——, of poetic memory. The Professor is a keen trout fisherman, and seeing a large pond at some distance from R——'s residence, inquired:

"Can you fish for trout in that pond?"

"Oh yes," said R——, "as well as not."

"Possible!—where's your rod?"

"I have none. I'm no fisherman. But if you want to try, we'll go over to S—— and get tackle, and you may try your hand at it to-morrow."

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It was thereupon agreed to do so, and the day was passed by the worthy Professor in preparations for angling.

The next morning early R—— drove him over to the pond, and he whipped it all around, to windward and leeward, and finally waded it up to his waist, and threw his flies most skillfully, but never raised a fin. At length, as the sun grew intolerably hot, he turned to R——, who lay under a tree solacing himself with a book and cigar, and exclaimed,

"I don't believe there is a trout in your pond!"

"I don't know that there is," replied R——, imperturbably.

"Why, you told me there was."

"Oh no," said R——, very leisurely turning and lighting another cigar; "you asked me if you could fish for trout here, and I said you could as well as not. I've seen folks do it often, but I never knew of one being caught here."

The result might be anticipated. R—— walked home, and the Professor drove the horses; nor did R—— venture within reach of the Professor's rod until after dinner.

"AH! here you are, my good fellow; how d'ye do? Upon my honor it does my heart good to see you once more! How's your family and the old woman? we haven't seen her for a long time—when is she coming down to see my wife?"

"I am quite well, I thank you; but indeed, Sir, you have the advantage."

"Advantage! my good fellow—what advantage?"

"Why really, Sir, I do not know you?"

"Know me! well, I don't know you: where in the deuce is the advantage?"

RIDING in a street car in New Orleans soon after the surrender of Lee's army, but before that important intelligence had been made public here, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a newsboy with an armful of the evening edition of the *Times*. While evolving the picayune necessary for a purchase, I asked, with that impatience of delay peculiar to the time, "What's the news?"

A vacant expression swept over his face, and after a vain effort at recollection, he called to a confrère who maintained a precarious foothold in the doorway—a prominent feature in all car locomotion in the Crescent City—"Bill, what was it that man down at the newspaper-office told us to call?"

"Surrender of Lee's army—the war inadvertently closed!" was the reply; and turning, with an air of relief, he announced, with all the animation of revivified memory, "The war is virtuously closed!"

Of course, upon referring to the column for further information, I read the news heading—"The war *virtually* closed."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing reminiscences of Sherman's campaign in North Carolina, is responsible for the following:

General Sherman complained that the Government had never distinctly explained to him what policy it desired to have pursued. "I asked Mr. Lincoln explicitly, when I went to City Point, whether he wanted me to capture Jeff Davis or let him escape, and in reply he told me a story.

That "story" may now have a historical value, and I give it therefore as General Sherman said Mr. Lincoln told it—only premising that it was a favorite story with Mr. Lincoln, which he told many times, and in illustration of many points of public policy:

"I'll tell you, General," Mr. Lincoln was said to have begun, "I'll tell you what I think about taking Jeff Davis. Out in Sangamon County there was an old temperance lecturer who was very strict in the doctrine and practice of total abstinence. One day, after a long ride in the hot sun, he stopped at the house of a friend, who proposed making him a lemonade. As the mild beverage was being mixed, the friend insinuatingly asked if he wouldn't like the least drop of something stronger, to brace up his nerves after the exhausting heat and exercise. 'No,' replied the lecturer, 'I couldn't think of it; I'm opposed to it on principle; but,' he added, with a longing glance at the black bottle that stood conveniently at hand, 'if you could manage to put in a drop *unbeknownst* to me, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much!' Now, General," Mr. Lincoln is said to have concluded, "I'm bound to oppose the escape of Jeff Davis; but if you could manage to let him slip out unbeknownst like, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much!"

"And that," exclaimed General Sherman, "is all I could get out of the Government as to what its policy was concerning the rebel leaders till Stanton assailed me for Davis's escape!"

I SEND you a petition that was recently presented to the "Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of Lockport." I might remark that this city has only been incorporated about four months, and that our estimable citizens have not learned the ways of cities:

"*To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of Lockport:*

"The petition of sundry inhabitants of that part of the City of Lockport lying west of Transit Street in said City, humbly showeth: That the attention of your petitioners has been called to an ordinance lately passed by your Honorable body, dividing the territory of said city, and setting apart that portion of the city lying west of Transit Street as a public pasture for milch cows within the streets thereof. Your petitioners, in view of the fact that no member of your Honorable body resides within the boundary of said city, so set apart, west of Transit Street, have been led to think that all the bearings of said ordinance upon the subject of the pasturage of milch cows upon the public streets have not been fully considered by your Honorable body. The number of milch cows belonging to members of your Honorable body and others, living east of said Transit Street is believed to be very large, and we regard the pasturage afforded by the streets lying west of Transit Street to be entirely inadequate to the support of the entire cow population, and that Cave Street, Vine Street, and other streets east of Transit, furnish as good pasturage as Niagara, Ontario, and other streets west thereof. We therefore humbly ask that the said ordinance be so amended that milch cows belonging west of Transit Street may have the same privilege to graze upon the streets east thereof that those belonging within the territory where your Honorable body all reside have upon the streets where your petitioners reside. Or in case this can not be done, then that all milch cows belonging east of Transit Street be prohibited from grazing upon the streets west thereof.

"Wm. Keep, E. Shepard, S. Caverno, D. E. Dole, G. W. Gould, Chas. Strong, John Lee, G. W. Boughton, M. Gardner, Wm. P. Warren, B. H. Fletcher, I. B. Luce, Jas. Wallace.

"DATED LOCKPORT, *June*, 1865."

A RATHER amusing and unusual clerical mistake occurred in Aberdeen one Sunday forenoon. It so happened that the ministers of the Established and

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Free St. Clement's churches, Footdee, were both enjoying holiday out of town. Arrangements had consequently been made with two young preachers to supply the respective pulpits; and accordingly, in fulfillment of promise, Substitute No. 1 arrived at the *Free* Church vestry in good time to dispatch the preliminary adornments, get the manuscript into exact position, etc. By the time these little needfuls were accomplished, Substitute No. 2 came on the ground, when, of course, some conversation took place as to the minister of the church having bespoken two aids. However, guileless of wrong and in the best humor, taking it for granted that the double supply was a bit of forgetfulness or malarrangement on the part of their friend, the parson proper, Substitute No. 1 ascended the pulpit, while No. 2 went and took his seat among the worshipers. The psalm being duly given out, the singing commenced—every thing proceeding decently and in order. Meantime the thought flashed across the mind of a shrewd elder, who had seen the two comers arrive, that possibly one of them might be intended for the old Zion, whose clergyman, he happened to know, was from home. Forthwith the Free beadle was dispatched to make inquiry as to how the land lay over the way, and happening to meet his Established brother of the pass, he learned in hot haste that with him all was barrenness—no help or aid having at ten minutes past eleven, the hour of beginning the service, put in an appearance. The mischance was clear as light. Back hurried the Free Church beadle, who hastily informed the occupant of the pulpit that he was in the wrong box, who thereupon, with all necessary speed, quitted the place while the singing was still going on. While all this was transacting, the congregation of the Established Church were, it may be imagined, in a somewhat anxious condition as to what had become of the gentleman who was to conduct their services, it being now about twenty minutes past eleven. At the close of the two kirks, however, all was made clear, but whether the excellence of the respective sermons (both, doubtless, good), or the perplexing incidents of the day, formed the chief topic of commentary, may be left to be inferred.

THERE lives at Macksburgh, on Duck Creek, twenty miles northwest of Marietta, Ohio, a man named Thomas Murphy, who made an "oil lease" to some New York parties, which was also executed by his wife. It was sent back to him with directions to go before a justice of the peace with his wife and acknowledge it. Now Murphy is a justice himself. In a few days the lease came back with the following acknowledgment:

State of Ohio, } ss. On this 26th day of July,
Washington County, } 1865, *before me* came Thomas Murphy and Emma *his* wife, to me known, and acknowledged that they did execute the above lease. And the said Emma, on a private examination by me made, *separate and apart from her husband*, further acknowledged that she executed the same freely and without any fear of her husband. THOMAS MURPHY,
Justice of the Peace.

LORD ERSKINE, when somewhat young at the bar, was engaged in the following case: An old gentleman had died at a village inn, and a will was produced, by which all his property was left to an attorney not in the most distant way related to the testator. The widow of the gentleman in question was left in a state of destitution with a large family. In vain did she solicit the attorney to assist her in providing for herself and family. The matter soon became the subject of general conversation, and means were provided to enable the widow to contest the validity of the will, on the ground of the testator's incapacity to make a bequest at the time. Erskine was retained for the widow, and successfully advocated his client's cause. In the course of the trial the defendant brought forward, as evidence to show that the testator was in a fit state of mind to make and execute the will in question, witnesses who swore they had seen the testator playing at cards. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Erskine, "it certainly appears that the old gentleman had been *played* with; how far this is a test of his sanity will be for you to determine. Yes, he played at cards—probably he might play a king, or a queen, or an ace: but, gentlemen of the jury, before you leave the box, I think that I shall be able to point out the party who played the KNAVE in this business."

THE following letter was received by the teacher of one of the public schools in Philadelphia from an aggrieved parent:

Phil[a] June 8[th] 1865

Sir, Madam or Miss—I beg leave of the permission to express that the several seditions probably unknown to your opposition should now Pend at a barr of your Forensic adjudication, as by a certain misdemeanor yesterday my son Jacob was beaten in the side—greatly Infuriating his internal organs. If therefore if he be wrong Spare not correction to whom it should be applied (Via) of preventing such future Seditious scintilations to Evaporate, while taciturnity may with greater ease preside You would also oblige me at the leisure periods of play to keep the said Jacob within your school to the strict attention to the end that his mind might with greater ease be apprehensive to his book And oblige

Yours truly
JONSON P. WILLIS.

ONE of the daily papers says that Joseph Aspinall, for the last eleven years "starter" for the Brooklyn City Railroad, died lately of dysentery. As an instance of his attention to business, and to show that his mind was ever occupied by thoughts of his duty, the following incident is related: He visited a church, not long since, in the neighborhood of Myrtle Avenue, and during the preaching fell asleep. When the sermon was about concluded he awoke, and imagining himself on duty at the Fulton Ferry, he exclaimed aloud, "What's the matter with that Myrtle Avenue car? are you going to stay there all day?" The effect on the audience can be better imagined than described.

LAMB once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the road-side, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in

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his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterward, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

From Elmira a correspondent sends a few incidents characteristic of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, or Irish Rifles:

Upon first taking the field the regiment was armed with smooth-bore muskets. One of the men, while cleaning his gun, remarked:

"An' is it Irish Rifles we are? Sure there is no rifle to this at all: a smooth-bore it is."

To which a comrade replied:

"Kape still, ye gossoon; an' isn't a smooth-bore an Irish rifle?"

During the march from Fortress Monroe to Yorktown the baggage-trains were delayed, and in consequence the regiment was short of rations for a couple of days. At that period of the war the theory that the rebels could be starved out was in vogue. One of the men commented on it by shouting, at the top of his voice, "Back-bone of the rebillion broken—the ribils nearly starved out! Be gorra, it's meself that's had but one cracker in forty-eight hours—thraa cheers for the Union!"

At the battle of Williamsburg one of the men received a scalp-wound directly on top of the head, which would have been instantly fatal had it passed a quarter of an inch lower. The blow knocked down and partially stunned him. Upon recovering he cried out, "Who is it that is thirstin' for military glory? Not I, be gorra! Here's fur the raar!" and, suiting the action to the word, started for the hospital.

Another wounded man saw in hospital a rebel soldier of his own race with whom he had once been acquainted in New York. "Ye bloody villain," said he to him, "it's meself that will bate ye fur jinin' the ribils!" and thereupon commenced to belabor him, and a fight ensued which was quelled by the surgeon.

At the battle of Fair Oaks the regiment, led in person by the lamented Kearney, made a gallant and successful charge against a vastly superior force of rebels. In relating the affair to a comrade who was not present at the fight, one of the soldiers remarked, "Ye ought to have seen the divel Kearney wid his sword in his one hand and the reins stuffed into his mouth, swearin' and chaarin' ivery sicond." The question was asked how he could cheer with reins in his mouth. "Ye spalpeen, ye! what do ye know about war? Didn't he spit 'em out ivery time he swore at the ribils, and lapped 'em in again ivery time he tould us to give it to the bloody saysich."

One or two of the soldiers having been punished by the colonel for laxity of vigilance when on guard led to an amusing occurrence shortly afterward. The colonel was returning to camp one cold, stormy night. The sentinel promptly challenged him, and demanded the countersign. It happened that the colonel had forgotten the countersign. He was ordered to halt; whereupon he commenced to expostulate with the sentry, telling him that he was the colonel, etc. The sentinel replied, "I don't know ye at all at all: halt where ye are;" meanwhile presenting bayonet at his breast. After remaining out in the cold for about half an hour the officer of the guard directed the sentry to allow the colonel to pass in. No further complaint of neglect of duty while on guard was again presented.

During the winter of '61 and '62, when all was "quiet on the Potomac," good fare, comfortable quarters, and little to do, made the men quite cheerful and contented. After pay-day one of them gave the toast, "If this be war, may there niver be pace!" Another toast given was: "Here's to the hope that the Thirty-siventh may become the tirror of the world and the admeration of the faymale six!"

During one of the first performances of the "Trovatore" in Prague a funny event occurred. Leonora had poisoned herself, and Manrico had been condemned by his unnatural brother the Count, who had given the customary order to his satellites, "Conduct him to death." The order, however, was misunderstood by the faithful but unreasoning supers, who, allowing the Troubadour to go off unaccompanied to execution, turned and began dragging at the prostrate Leonora. That embarrassed prima donna, dreadfully confounded, at length burst out, in pure Viennese, with "*Aber lasst's mi doch liegen, und ziegt's mi nit!*" (*Anglice*, "Do leave me alone, and don't haul at *me!*") To which request an irrepressible super loudly replied, "No, miss, we've got to arrest you." The audience burst into laughter, and the curtain fell.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon;" and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter. "What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," is the reply.

The president reflects an instant, and then says, "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

A friend in Memphis writes: It is very gratifying to observe how entirely the "war spirit," that animated and controlled the minds of all classes of men two or three years since in this region, has died out, and given place to more of fraternal feeling among those so recently enemies than the most sanguine could have anticipated. This is no less true among soldiers than citizens; and before the late "order" was issued prohibiting returned "Confeds" from wearing their uniforms it was no uncommon thing to see groups of men clad in the gray and blue jackets sociably mingling together and enjoying themselves.

A few days since two soldiers, one a "Fed" and the other a "Confed," evidently bent on having a "gay and festive" time, entered one of the principal saloons in this place and called for drinks; but

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the keeper reminded the "boy in blue" that a military order prohibited him from selling liquor to Federal soldiers. After a little consultation, however, the pair again approached the counter, and the "Confed" took a drink, while the "Fed" consoled himself with a cigar. They then retired from the room, and availed themselves of the first convenient place to exchange jackets, when they returned to the saloon, and the "Fed" (now having a gray jacket on) called for a drink, which was not denied him; and the "Confed" took a cigar, after which little "strategy" they went on their way as cozily as if they had not been trying to cut each other's throats these four years.

An Irishman with his family, landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro, who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter, taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked him how long he had been in America. "About four months," was the reply. The chop-fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed, "But four months in the country and almost as black as jet!"

At a crowded lecture the other evening a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an honest Irishman: "Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

The singular things told in your July number of the Rev. Dr. West, regarding his absence of mind, remind me of a near relative of mine; and as, according to the popular proverb, we should "never spoil a joke for relationship," I will relate an anecdote of him.

My grandfather was returning home one evening from the hay-field, driving his oxen before a load of hay. He had tied an old mare, which he had been using, to the cart behind; but, happening to think of one of her favorite tricks of pulling, he untied her again, and mounting, rode alongside, still driving the oxen. He fell into a deep reverie, as was his wont, in which balky mares and all other vexatious sublunary matters were banished from his mind. But this serene state was suddenly broken up by his happening to think, when near home, that he had, when starting from the hay-field, tied that unruly beast to the cart behind. Entirely forgetting the precaution he had afterward taken, he whirled about only to discover that she was missing from the place; and, supposing that she had pulled loose, he rode back at full gallop in search of the stray vixen. In the course of half a mile he met one of his neighbors, a stuttering fellow, to whom he called out to know if he had seen any thing of her. Before the man had half surmounted his t-t-t's (perhaps from a comical expression in his face) the whole truth flashed into my grandfather's mind, and he turned back at full speed, without waiting for a reply to his inquiry, only exclaiming, "Let her go: I'll not look her up." But it was too late for him to save himself, and his neighbors in the old Connecticut village never suffered the story to be forgotten as long as he lived there.

Mason and Clark occupied the same office, and neither ever let slip an opportunity for getting a practical joke upon the other. Mason was a most worthy citizen, all but a fearful habit of procrastination. He was elected school-committeeman of the district, and employed one of those smart, voluble schoolmams, who can talk a man blind, and have energy enough to command an army, if need be, to teach the summer school. She taught to the satisfaction of every body, and at the close of the term came to Mason for payment. He "was very sorry; he intended to have the money ready for her, but it had slipped his mind; he would see the treasurer at once, and if she would call the next Thursday she could have it." Thursday came, and with it the schoolmam. Mason started: "I declare—you'll have to pardon me, but I have been so busy that I haven't thought of that money since you were here before. Can you call next Monday?" She could, and would. Monday came, and it was the same scene, with an invitation to come again on Wednesday, and there should be no further need of coming. The lady assented, but took occasion to say, in very decided tones, that she had already called three times, and should come but once more. It was just enough to show that there was fire in her, and to give Mason a warning. Mason—who loved a quiet life—saw this, and no doubt really meant to have the money ready, for her decided manner startled him a little, and he was fidgety all the afternoon. But alas! Wednesday came, and the money was yet unprocured. Mason was sitting at his desk, when, looking up, he saw Miss Jones coming toward the office. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, jumping up, "there's that schoolmam again! Here, Clark, tell her I've gone out, you don't know where!" and Mason sprang into a shallow closet that was used as a wood-box, and closed the door. Miss Jones came in and inquired for Mason. "You'll find him in the next room," said Clark, pointing to the closet-door. To *it* she went, and opened wide—when there, raised some three feet by the wood upon which he stood, and bracing with his hands upon the wall above the door he stood staring her full in the face, looking as if pilloried for sheep-stealing. The scene that followed may be imagined. Mason listened in silence, and when the lady had finished her remarks, meekly said that he would *bring* her the money. After she went out he sat for a long time, his head bowed upon his hands, as if in the deepest thought. Finally, he rose, drew a long breath, and slowly shaking his head, solemnly said, "Clark, I think I'll have to kill you; it will never do to have this get out, and I see no way but to kill you." Clark made him an offer: Mason was every day to bring him a large, nice apple, and he would say nothing about it. Mason assented, and for many weeks a large apple was every morning laid upon Clark's desk; but one morning it was forgotten, and the story came out.

Doctor Dyer, of Chicago, having all his life been a thorough-going abolitionist, was appointed by President Lincoln one of the Commissioners to adjudicate upon the cases of vessels captured upon the African coast while engaged in the slave-trade. In the summer of 1863 the Doctor took passage from Liverpool to Liberia. Upon the ship were passengers from almost every country in Europe; one of these, an Englishman, was boastful, as Englishmen are sometimes. After expatiating at some length to our Commissioner and his fellow-voyagers upon the glories of the insular kingdom, he wound up by saying, with a grand flourish, that "the English were the only people upon whose dominions the sun never set." "That," said the Doctor, like old Rodger, closing one eye so as to

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take sure aim, "is, I suppose, because they are the only people that can't be trusted in the dark!"

A BOYNTON correspondent writes:

Rev. Colonel Granville Moody, of Ohio, better known as the "Fighting Parson," preached a sermon on a Quarterly Meeting occasion, in July, 1865, in the New Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, District of Columbia. At these meetings it is the custom to take up a collection for the support of the presiding elder and for other purposes. On this occasion, after Colonel Moody had closed an earnest, eloquent discourse, he said:

"The stewards will now please pass around the baskets, and *collect two hundred dollars!*"

This novel appeal for money put the audience in the best of humor, and they paid the amount.

A FRIEND of ours has a little son, three years of age, very brave, and remarkably considerate for one of his years, as will be proved by the following circumstance: One day a cow ran at him unceremoniously; the child naturally betook himself to his heels. His elder brother meeting him as he was rushing into the house inquired the cause of his somewhat hasty movements. The heroic child replied "that he wasn't afraid at all, but he thought he might scare the cow if he staid!"

EVERY place has its eccentric characters. When these remarkable personages were distributed S—— was not forgotten. Uncle Edward "still lives," and as he is continually "putting his foot into it," we are continually having something new to laugh at. If his blunders upon the third rehearsal prove more blundering, like the "Washoe Papers" they are *all founded on fact.*

In this section wood-surveyors are appointed, whose business it is to measure the wood which is brought to market for sale. One day it happened they were all out of town; Ned at this time was anxious to have the load which was on his wagon measured; he ran from one place to another vainly endeavoring to find the right man. At last, becoming perfectly disgusted with the whole race, he declared he was going to the Selectmen to have more surveyors appointed, so as to have "some of them at home when they are all gone away!"

Again, speaking of the worthlessness of boys when together, says he, "You take one boy alone, and another boy with him, and he'll do more work than two boys together!"

A "COAL-MINE" writer says:

In the show window of one of our book stores, on the Fourth, was displayed a very pretty device, consisting of a wax figure representing the Goddess of Liberty, draped with the American flag, etc. Over the head of the figure was the inscription, "Victory!" A group of Emerald islanders (in which, by-the-way, our town, like all mining towns, abounds) stood looking in the window, when suddenly one of them, perhaps more of a "scholar" than the rest, commenced spelling out the inscription. Said he: "V-i-c, vic, t-o, to, ry, Victory; what do they want wid the Quane av Ingland in there, along wid the Shtars an' Shtripes, I wonther?"

UPON the second call of the President for 300,000 more, several regiments from different States were raised for the cavalry arm of the service, and, before taking the field, were rendezvoused at Camp Stoneman, District of Columbia, for the purpose of getting mounted. But at the time Grant pushed Lee out of Mine Run the exigency of the service required several of these regiments to take the field as infantry. Among them was the Second New York Mounted Rifles. Among the lucky ones to get mounted was the Third New Jersey Cavalry, who wore very gay uniform cloaks lined with yellow, and the Hussar cap, and were called in the division butterflies by the boys; and expressions like this might often be heard on the march: "There goes a butterfly; ketch him and put him in a canteen!"

One day the Second New York Mounted Rifles were halted and at rest to allow a battery to pass. The boys were very tired, and nothing was said until one of the Third New Jersey (an orderly) came riding through alone, when Johnny H——, of Company C, a boy that never *could* keep still, looked up, and in a quiet way saluted the Third New Jersey with, "How *are* you, butterfly?" Third New Jersey turned partly around in his saddle, with a smile, and saluted with, "How are *you*, caterpillar?" Johnny H—— never said butterfly again until his own regiment was mounted.

I HAD not been long in New Orleans when I was one evening invited by a mutual friend to call on a young lady belonging to one of the best families. On my way to her residence I was prepared by my friend to meet a paragon of female loveliness and culture. I was pleased with the visit, and her real loveliness of manner and sparkling vivacity enabled me to submit patiently and pleasantly to a homily on the resources of the South, not only as regards the products of her soil but of her intellect, and her independence of the North in that respect. Of course the little beauty was fashionably "secesh," and spoke of the greatness of the South with all of a woman's ardor. After a time the young lady changed her conversation to the subject of music, and, seating herself at the piano, played and sung exquisitely some snatches from Italian opera. Then she sung a ballad or two. Finally, turning to me, she said:

"Have you any favorite song you would like me to sing?"

"Yes," I replied, and named a song.

She replied that she had never heard of it, and wished to know who wrote it.

"William Cullen Bryant, of New York, the great American poet—of course you have heard of him?"

"Oh yes," she replied; "*I have heard his minstrels sing!*"

How would the venerable, gray-bearded Thanatopsis smile to be taken for the manager of Dan Bryant's minstrels!

COLONEL PANGELOSS (a foreigner), who occupies a desk in one of the departments of the metropolis, lately returned from a visit to Maryland, where he had been stationed while in the army. His friend, Miss Florence, asking for the last items of news from that region, was answered by the following odoriferous compound: "The peoples down there don't like Mistere Lincoln; Mistere Lincoln is in very *bad smell* in Maryland!"

THE Colonel—like all amiable people, when roused—is rather dangerous to those who encounter him; and makes threats of "trashing and smashing" in a manner to alarm quiet, unoffending mor-

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tals. One day, at his office, desiring to pass into a brother-clerk's room, he found the entrance obstructed by a gentleman sitting in the doorway, whom he politely requested to move. The gentleman neither looked at him nor replied. The Colonel made his request again, in a more decided manner, with the same result. Our Colonel's patience being exhausted, he made a more touching appeal by upsetting the contumacious offender upon the floor. The occupants of the room rushing to the scene of action explained to him that his victim was a deaf mute, upon which the enraged Colonel exclaimed, in an injured tone, "*Vell then, vy didn't he tell me so?*"

A LETTER came a short time since to the Drawer, indorsed on the outside as follows:

"SOLDIER'S LETTER—shove it ahead,
Plenty of hard tack, but no soft bread,
Six months' pay due, and nary a red."

A FEW years since the Legislature of Michigan passed what was termed the "Four-Gallon Act," which prohibited the sale of ale or malt liquors in less quantities than four gallons. Governor Wisner—who, in the late rebellion, as Colonel of the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry, gave up his life for his country—signed the bill, and it became law. The day after it took effect the Governor, being in a saloon—a place he very seldom visited—called upon some friends to take a glass of ale with him. The ale was drank, and the Governor threw down on the counter a quarter eagle gold-piece in payment. The bar-tender put the money in the drawer, and went directly about other matters. The Governor called his attention to the fact that he had not given him back his change, when the bar-tender remarked, "Governor, the piece you gave me just paid for four gallons of ale, and you can have the rest of the four gallons when you choose to call for it. You, Governor, signed the law that compels us to sell the liquid so, and should not complain if its practical workings do not suit you."

Governor Wisner's friends here brought in the laugh, and he good-humoredly joined with them. Whether on account of this experience, or for other reasons, the "Four-Gallon Law" was afterward repealed.

ONE of our lovers in Vermont writes:

Many years ago, when Dover, New Hampshire, and the adjacent county were first settled, there lived in the town of Somersworth, in that State, one Colonel Higgins, a notorious old toper, who was in the habit of visiting a tavern near where the village of Great Falls now stands, and partaking rather freely of toddy, and returning by way of Dover, where he always wound up with getting jolly drunk, and going home in that plight, much to the annoyance of his good wife. One fine morning he started on his usual rounds, and his wife entreated him rather harder than usual to see if his *resolution* would not let him get by that tavern once. So the old Colonel made his usual visit to Great Falls, and did not visit the tavern; then went to Dover, as usual, and when he approached the tavern he put spurs to his horse and dashed by, much to the astonishment of the landlord and the by-standers. He did not go but a few rods, however, before he wheeled short around and exclaimed, "Well done, Resolution! You have done nobly to let me get by that tavern once, and now I will go back and treat you." He went back to the tavern and treated his "Resolution" till he was drunk as usual, and went home to boast of the strength of his resolution to his good wife.

THE old Colonel owned a flock of hens, which he was very careful to keep shut up during planting season, and his wife would let them out occasionally to enjoy themselves in the garden. The Colonel seeing them in the garden one day, supposed of course they belonged to his neighbor, and, greatly enraged at the destruction of his property, he seized his old musket and blazed away at them, and sent a lad with the dead chickens to his neighbor's house, with a message couched in language rather more forcible than polite. The next day the operation was repeated, and so on for several days; and the Colonel was greatly astonished at his neighbor's silence and good-nature, as he never sent back any more than very polite thanks for the "gift," as he expressed it. Well, it so happened that the Colonel went to look after his hens one day, and found but very few in the pen. After looking and wondering for a while the reason for his neighbor's good-nature dawned upon him, and he was heard to exclaim, "I have been killing my own hens, and that old rascal has eaten them all!" The old fellow never heard the last of *those hens*, and was never known to shoot another.

HERE is a marriage certificate just given in Missouri:

"States of mo an Countey of Clinton I the on of the J P of laferat tonship I did mare jorg w Sales an Suzen grizle on the 28 day of june R. BASS. J P
"A D 1865."

A WESTERN pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain: "Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimated nor tyrannized over; mark that. And, Sir, just so sure as this Court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, Sir, and we—" Here he was interrupted by the opposition counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander. "Mean? why, Sir, a writ of progander is a—a—a—it's a—wa'al, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's just what'll knock thunder out of your one-horse court, any how."

A LONDON letter-writer says that a cheap bookseller in London has put out the following sign:

FOR SALE HERE:
Mill on Political Economy.
Ditto on the Floss.

PROFESSOR W——, of —— University, is something of a wag, and the boys seldom get the start of him in the way of practical jokes. One day, going into recitation-room, Freshman class present, he found a sheep sitting tied in a chair. His sole remark, addressed politely to the sheep, "How are you, Freshman?" rather turned the joke on the boys. Similarly, when, at another time, opening his desk, a goose flew out, "Aha, gentlemen! another class-mate, I see!"

SAID a very high functionary to his scape-grace son: "Look at me! Here am I, at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son is the greatest rascal in England!" To this made answer young hopeful: "Yes, dad, *when* you die; but not till then, you see!"

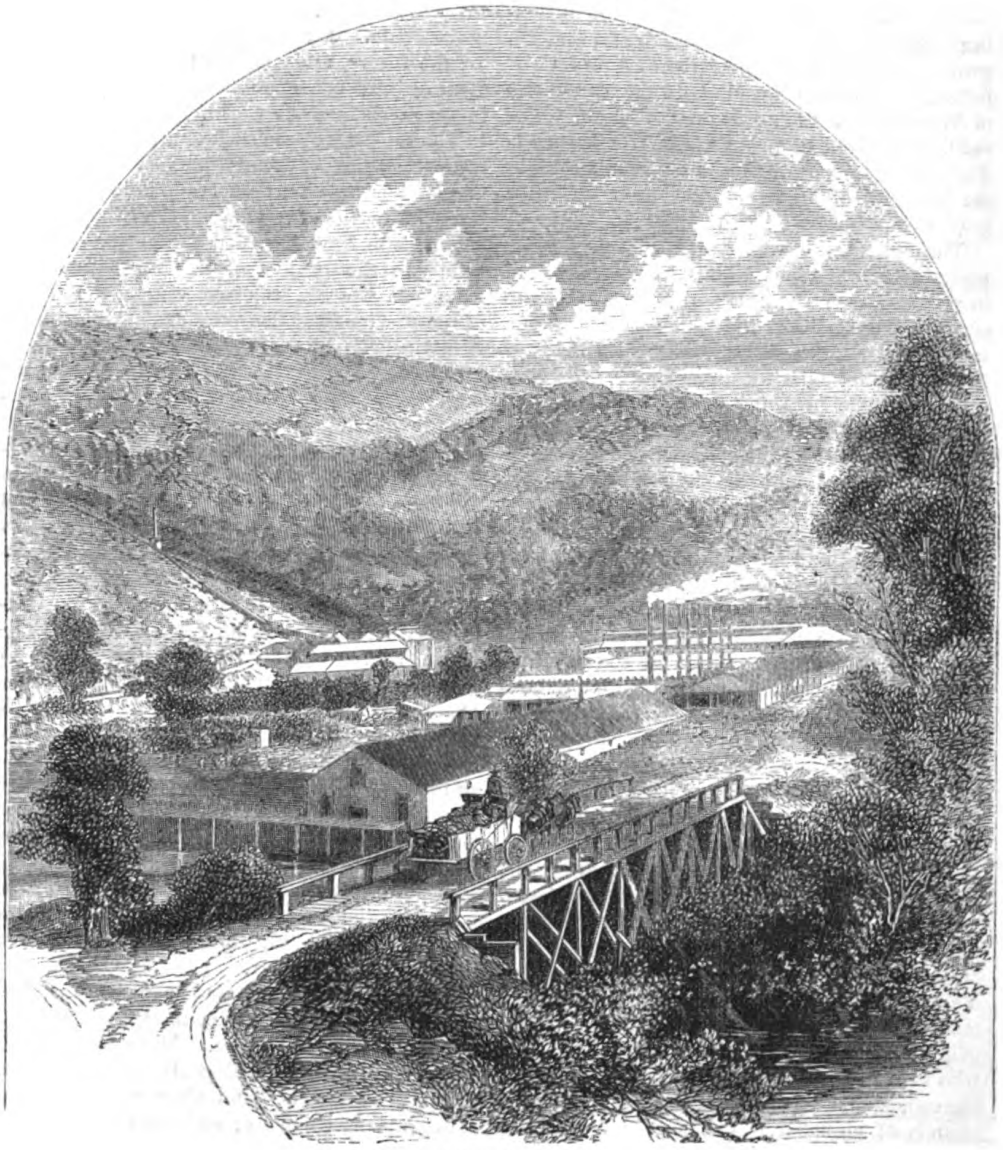
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXV.—OCTOBER, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.

DOWN IN THE CINNABAR MINES.

A VISIT TO NEW ALMADEN IN 1865.



THE REDUCTION WORKS.

NO event in the history of American enterprise has promoted in a greater degree the extension of civilization than the discovery of the gold placers of California in 1848. Since that period a series of territories equal in the aggregate to a third of the continent has been brought within the humanizing influences of labor and commerce. The discovery of the

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precious metals in the barren recesses of the mountains has led to the building of cities, the opening of new and important branches of trade, and the settlement and cultivation of rich arable valleys, hitherto occupied by roving bands of Indians. In regular progression one beneficial result has followed another, till nearly the whole of that vast region divided in part by the Rocky Mountains and stretching west to the Pacific Ocean, bordered on the north by the British Possessions and on the south by Mexico, has been redeemed from the sway of the nomadic tribes and rendered available to the uses of civilized man. Already a population approaching a million of hardy, enterprising, and intelligent freemen is spread over the States of California, Oregon, and Nevada, and the Territories of Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. All the industrial pursuits are represented, from the highest branches of science to the most primitive grades of muscular labor.

Throughout this vast range of country deposits of the precious metals have been found in veins of such richness and magnitude as to challenge credulity; and there is scarcely a mineral adapted to purposes of human industry which does not exist within its limits. In contemplating the present condition and probable destiny of this great interoceanic world one is apt to be dazzled by the splendor of the considerations involved, and lose sight of the wonderful system of coincidences by which the designs of Providence are carried into effect. The discovery of gold and silver in California and the adjacent Territories would have been of little avail but for another discovery within our territorial limits of a mineral indispensable in the operations of mining. None of the precious metals can be separated from the baser products of the earth in which they are found imbedded without the use of quicksilver—an article approximating in value more nearly to bullion than any other mineral, and possessing peculiar affinities for which there is no substitute. It is the only known substance which unites readily with gold, silver, tin, lead, zinc, bismuth, and other metals, and gathers them into the form of an amalgam.

Prior to the discovery of the New Almaden mines the principal cinnabar lodes of which we have any knowledge were those of "Guanca Velica" in Peru, "Idria" in Austria, and "Almaden" in Spain. The earliest mention made of quicksilver was by Aristotle and Theophrastus, who called it *fluid silver*. In the time of Pliny the mines of Almaden yielded annually 700,000 pounds of cinnabar. The supply from these sources is limited, and would be wholly inadequate to the demands of our new mineral regions, even if other considerations were not involved. But the use of a product derived from sources over which we have no control, and so essential to our mining interests, would be liable to serious difficulty in cases of national misunderstanding. It is a well-known fact in the history of financial affairs, that, before the opening of the California quicksilver mines, the proprietors and lessees of the old Almaden mine controlled the bullion of the world. The monopoly of quicksilver confers extraordinary powers. In foreign hands it would be a serious drawback, if not an insuperable barrier, to the development of our mineral regions, and might, in the event of war, prove disastrous beyond all other causes to the finances of our country. The discovery of vast and inexhaustible deposits of cinnabar within our own borders almost simultaneously with the rush of emigration to our gold placers and subsequent discoveries of silver, must be regarded as peculiarly fortunate. It relieves us of all apprehensions for the future, and enables us to wield a controlling influence upon the price of quicksilver in the markets of the world.

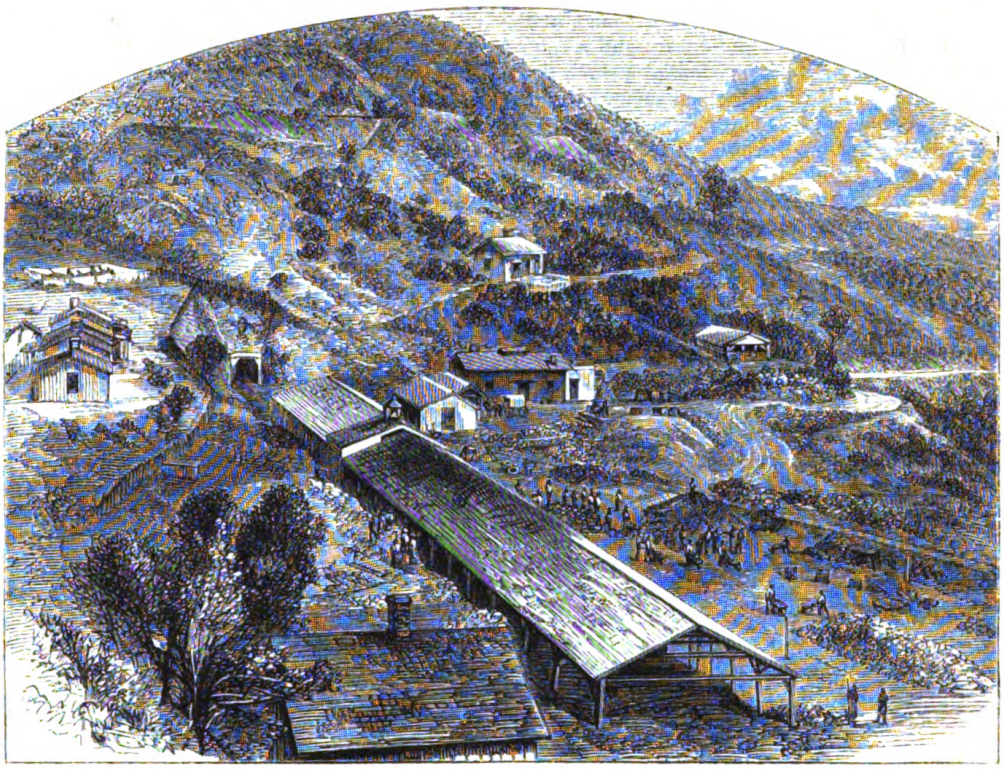
The subject is one of such unusual importance, comprehending as it does the very basis of our financial prosperity, that I am induced to believe the results of my observations during a recent visit to New Almaden will not be uninteresting to the readers of this Magazine. Information bearing so directly upon the supply of the precious metals from our new Territories seems peculiarly appropriate at this time. I examined our great quicksilver mines very thoroughly, and obtained some reliable data in reference to their history and present condition. It is no reflection upon the author of the interesting article on New Almaden which appeared in the June number of *Harper* for 1863, to say that great changes have taken place both there and throughout our mineral possessions on the Pacific coast since 1857, the date of his visit.

The famous quicksilver mines of New Almaden are situated in Santa Clara County, California, twelve miles from the Pueblo of San Jose and about sixty miles south from San Francisco. The rancho upon which the principal mine was discovered comprehends the valley of Capitancillos. This valley runs nearly north and south, and lies among the mountains of the Coast Range. According to tradition the tribes who resided in it in early days were governed by two chiefs of diminutive stature but great muscular strength, upon whom the Spaniards conferred the affectionate sobriquet of "Capitancillos," or the "Little Captains," and hence the name of the valley.

The revolution of Mexico opened to the restless spirits of the mother country a new field for enterprise and adventure. Many persons of distinguished intellectual attainments and great force of character found their way to Upper California as colonists; and their descendants are now prominent among the proudest families of the native population. By the ruder inhabitants they were called the *gente de razon*—people of reason or intelligence—which is still the distinctive appellation of the superior orders.

These early colonists found in the valley of Capitancillos a cave to which the Indians were in the habit of resorting for a vermilion-colored earth with which to adorn their bodies. This

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ENTRANCE TO PRINCIPAL MINE.

mercurial pigment produced an irritation of the skin. The simple minded aborigines supposed it must be an invention of *El Pulli*, the Evil Spirit, to punish them for some offense, and they made annual offerings to him in the hope of procuring his forgiveness. Finding him inexorable after the lapse of sufficient time for any ordinary spirit to relent, they washed the paint from their bodies and trusted to other means for salvation.

These tribes have passed away. The Capitancillos and their followers are no longer known save in the traditions of the country. The progress of civilization has nearly swept them from the memory of man.

Up to the year 1824 the vermilion cave was not known as a mine. In that year a French gentleman named Antoine Surrol, who resided in the vicinity, conceived the idea of working the ore. Supposing it to contain gold or silver, he sent to the town of San Luis Obispo, some three hundred miles down the coast, for a flask of quicksilver with which to prosecute the work. His experiment, of course, was a failure, and nothing more was heard or thought of the cave until 1845.

Early in that year the Mexican nation, under the Presidency of Paredes, found itself in imminent danger of a war with the United States. A native of Switzerland, John A. Sutter, who had served in the armies of Napoleon, had emigrated to California, and established near the banks of the Sacramento a rancho, or farm. In order to ward off the attacks of hostile Indians he had erected a strong defensive work, then and now known as "Sutter's Fort."

Sutter having hospitably received many of the adventurous Americans who crossed the plains at that period, became enamored of their discourse, which breathed the spirit of liberty; and, possibly fired by the story of Tell and Gessler, inclined to make the fort a rendezvous for such of his new friends as chose to surround him. The Mexican Government was prompt in adopting measures to resist the threatened incursions of the Americans. Don Andres Castillero, a cavalry officer of the Mexican army, was dispatched to California with instructions to negotiate with Sutter for the purchase of his fort. It was deemed of great importance to possess this strong-hold; and Castillero was empowered to pay for it, if necessary, as much as a hundred thousand dollars. Sutter, with an unselfish devotion to our interests which has never been properly appreciated, rejected the offer.

Castillero, during his sojourn, visited the valley of the "Capitancillos," where he was received with the hospitality due to his official position. The vermilion cave was shown to him as one of the curiosities of the country. Being a person of some culture he discovered, as he thought, something more interesting than demons in this mysterious place, and consulted on the subject with a priest named Real, a man of great shrewdness and learning, who resided at the Mission of Santa Clara. They together resolved

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to make certain experiments in order to test the nature and character of the rock found in the cave. By means of a gun-barrel and a tub of water they smelted and condensed a small quantity, from which they obtained several globules of quicksilver. Castillero made an informal denouncement of his discovery before the Alcalde of San Jose, and soon after returned to Mexico to give an account of his mission, taking with him specimens of the ore. The land upon which the discovery was made was claimed by an old ranchero named Berryessa, under a grant for military services. Castillero having exhibited his specimens in the City of Mexico, and made such representations as to induce the Government to grant him facilities for the development of the mine, was about to return to California, when certain of the Anglo-Mexican capitalists procured from him a cession of his claim, and in 1848 proceeded to work the mine, and take such steps as they deemed necessary to perfect their title. A strict compliance with the Ordinances of 1783, established by the King of Spain and still in force, was required under the Mexican law. It was necessary to the validity of a denouncement that a careful survey should be made, the course and inclination of the vein accurately defined, and a detailed registration made before the proper authorities. That these requirements were not complied with by Castillero appears from the decision of the case by the Supreme Court.

Upper California was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, on the 2d of February, 1848. Our Government bound itself to protect the private property of all Mexicans in the territory acquired. The Mexican Government had made many grants of land for the purpose of colonization, and it became necessary to provide for the separation of the public from the private lands. Congress, in 1851, created a Board of Land Commissioners to pass upon the claims presented under the terms of the treaty. The title-papers to the New Almaden mine, derived from Andres Castillero, were recognized as genuine by two members of the Commission, and the title pronounced valid; the third Commissioner, assuming the genuineness of the papers, pronounced them invalid as a title. The case was carried to the United States District Court, where it was found in 1858 by Mr. Stanton, the present Secretary of War, who, under instructions from the Attorney-General, took proceedings to prevent the further working of the mine by the parties in possession. It was charged by the Government that the papers upon which the Castillero title was based had been fabricated after the cession of California, and consequently that the title was void. A writ of injunction was granted by the Court, restraining the parties in possession from the further working of the mine. The claimants then secured the professional aid of Reverdy Johnson and J. P. Benjamin, and the testimony and papers in the cause became expanded into several volumes. The arguments occupied weeks, and comprehended every reference, illustration, and authority that bore the remotest relation to the subject. Perhaps since the beginning of the Government no cause has been presented for adjudication in the courts involving greater interests, or graver or more complicated questions, embracing as they did the learning of the French jurisconsults, the principles of the laws of nations, the history of all mining countries, ancient and modern; the doctrines of the Common Law of England as to the rights of miners and the tenure of the soil, and the language, literature, and laws of Spain and Mexico. The list of witnesses included the names of nearly all the prominent men who held office in Mexico at and about the dates of the title-papers in question; and it is said a steamship was chartered to convey them from Mexico to San Francisco. Day after day the court-room was thronged with the beauty, wealth, and fashion of San Francisco. For the first time in the history of its judicial proceedings places were assigned to the gentler sex. The forensic discussion was worthy the cause and the scene. The fame of the speakers, the novelty of the questions, the magnitude of the prize at stake, rendered the occasion one of surpassing interest.

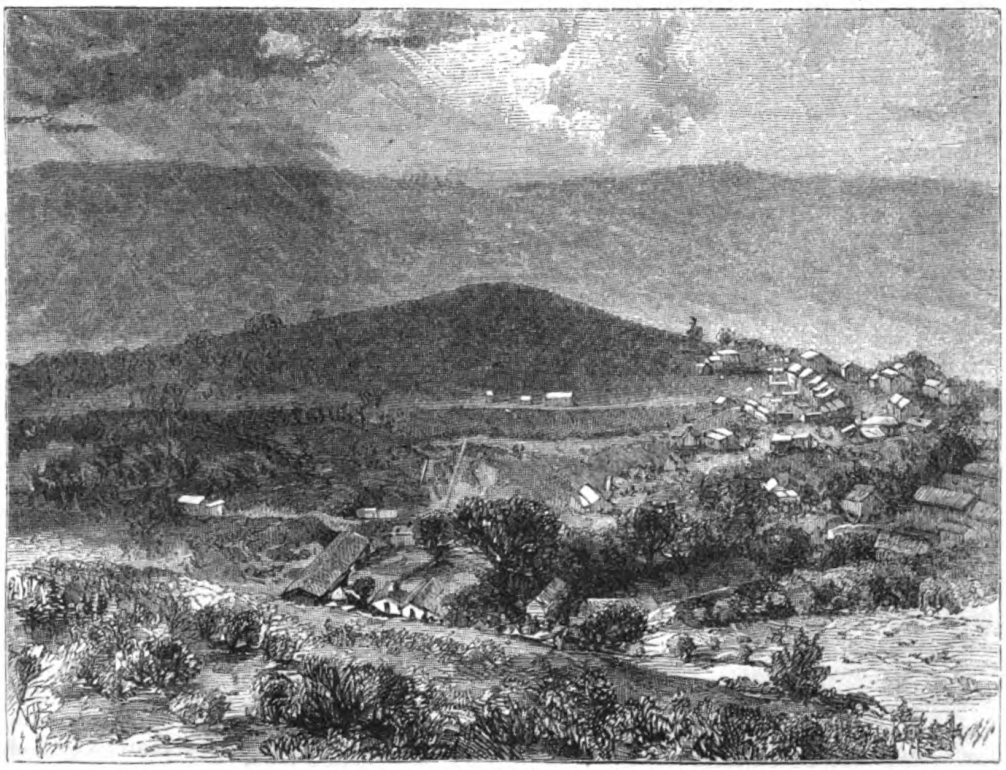
The Castillero title was based upon a claim to three thousand varas of ground in every direction from the centre of the mine, in virtue of his denouncement; also to a two-league grant of land from the Mexican Government. Two grants of land had been made in 1842 by Governor Alvarado, of California—one to a person named Justillarios, and the other to José Reyes Berryessa; and the mines were claimed by adverse parties under these grants, both of which had been confirmed by the Land Commission. Their boundaries, however, were in dispute, and this was the gist of nearly all the litigation. The Justillarios title was acquired by a man named Fossat, and that part of the "Capitancillos" became known as the Fossat Ranch. The Berryessa grant was acquired by the holders of the Castillero title, and was known as the San Vincente Ranch. There were various intermediate conveyances and complications, of no interest to the general reader.

After much deliberation the United States District Court decided in favor of Castillero's three-thousand-vara grant, but rejected his two-league grant. From this decision the Government took an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, before which tribunal it was argued in 1863. The Fossat and Berryessa grants had been confirmed, but their boundaries were still in controversy. Government claimed as public domain the range of hills in which the quicksilver mines are located. The Supreme Court decided against the validity of the Castillero title. The efforts of the Government counsel were then principally directed to a determination of the boundaries which would exclude the mines from the Fossat and Berryessa grants, and place them upon public land. An exciting contest ensued; and it was not until April,

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1864, that the case was brought to a close by a decision in favor of the claimants under the Fossat grant, allowing them three thousand three hundred and sixty acres of land, inclusive of the mines. By compromise and purchase the present Quicksilver Mining Company, which holds its title under the Fossat grant, has acquired the title to the Berryessa grant, embracing 4438 acres; so that its possessions now cover some twelve square miles of land, including all the mines and mining property heretofore in litigation. It has been estimated that more than a third of this extensive domain is traversed by rich veins of cinnabar. The New Almaden mine, which yielded under its former ownership 24,000,000 pounds of quicksilver, is but a single development of this vast mineral deposit. Exclusive of the time it was closed by injunction, the total value of the products derived from this mine, and from the Enriqueta and other branches of the same great cinnabar deposit, during the past twelve years, amounts to about fifteen millions of dollars in gold. The permanent improvements on the property of the Company consist of 405 buildings, comprising dwelling-houses, workshops, and stores, erected at a cost of $160,000; six furnaces at the hacienda, costing about $100,000; and a railway from the mines to the furnaces, which, when in complete working order, will probably cost about $20,000. In the employ of the Company, and directly or indirectly dependent upon it, there is at this time a total population of 1943, about five-eighths of whom are Mexicans or native Californians. The remainder consist of. Americans, Cornish miners, Italians, Chilenos, French, Germans, Irish, and various other races, representing altogether twenty-eight nationalities. To preserve harmony amidst so many incongruous elements requires no ordinary tact, firmness, and soundness of judgment. With occasional exceptions, however, when aroused by some injurious or exciting influence, they form as peaceable, orderly, and harmless a community as any existing within the limits of California.

In the spring of 1863 Mr. Sam. F. Butterworth, then President of the Company, was commissioned by the Directors to visit California and take charge of the mines. Various difficulties and vexed questions still existed as to boundaries; and the long course of litigation, and repeated changes of administration in the working of the mines, had resulted in a loose system of operations which required the judicious exercise of a controlling power. Mr. Butterworth had taken a prominent part in the proceedings which had resulted in favor of the Company, and was not only thoroughly familiar with the details of the controversy, but possessed peculiar qualifications for the discharge of the duties with which he was intrusted. It needed a man of great firmness of character, clear and comprehensive intellect, and long experience in financial matters, combined with agreeable manners and a popular reputation, to bring order out of the chaos which existed at New Almaden. Such a selection was that made by the Company, and the result has proved highly satisfactory to all parties interested. Mr. Butterworth, having made all the preliminary arrange-



THE CROSS HILL.

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S. F. BUTTERWORTH.

ments for the permanent working of the mines, visited Arizona during the winter of 1863–'4,* and returned to New York in February. So well pleased were the Directors with the result of his labors that they offered him the most liberal inducements to return to California. He had held the Presidency since the organization of the Company, but resigned it on grounds of local expediency, accepted the more responsible and onerous position of general agent and factor, and returned to California in July, 1864, under an engagement for five years. As such agent and factor he was empowered to make all purchases for the operation of the mines, to receive and dispose of their products, to have full control over all the employés, and to make all necessary provision for the development and extension of the business. Since he assumed entire control a marked and beneficial change has taken place at the mines. Industry, order, and respect for the constituted authorities prevail. Every man knows his place and performs his duty. The most complicated branches of the business have been systematized; and the whole of this vast concern, in all its ramifications, works with the regularity of a machine. As a consequence, the products of the mine have enhanced to a degree unparalleled in the history of quicksilver mining. No such results have ever before been produced either here or in any other country. The average annual product for eleven years, from July, 1850, to August, 1863—deducting a period of two years between November, 1858, and January, 1861, during which the mines were closed by injunction—was about 28,000 flasks,† or a little over 2333 flasks per month. The average monthly product for ten months, from September, 1863, to June, 1864, was 2774 flasks; and for six months, from July to December, 1864, 4118 flasks, showing an increase of nearly double under the present management. In a corresponding ratio the foreign and domestic trade in quicksilver has augmented. The exports to foreign countries now average over 3000 flasks per month, viz., to China, 4250; Mexico, 1000; Callao, 500; and Valparaiso, 300. In California and Nevada about 1000 flasks a month are consumed, of which this Company furnishes 600; the Guadaloupe and New Idria companies furnish about 250 flasks, and 150 flasks are derived from miscellaneous sources. For a few months past the New Almaden mines have averaged 4500 flasks, of which the surplus—over the foreign shipments and domestic consumption, as above stated—is exported to London and the continent of Europe. It may seem strange that the export of this article to China should be so large, compared with the consumption in California and Nevada; but the explanation is simple enough. Quicksilver is extensively used in China for mechanical purposes, and also for the preparation of the vermilion coloring which contributes so much to the bloom of ladies' cheeks all over the world, especially in the highly-civilized parts of it. In California and Nevada the modern improvements in the art of mining result in a great saving of material. Much of the quicksilver used performs its functions many times over. The demand, nevertheless, is rapidly increasing, with the development of our new mineral districts.

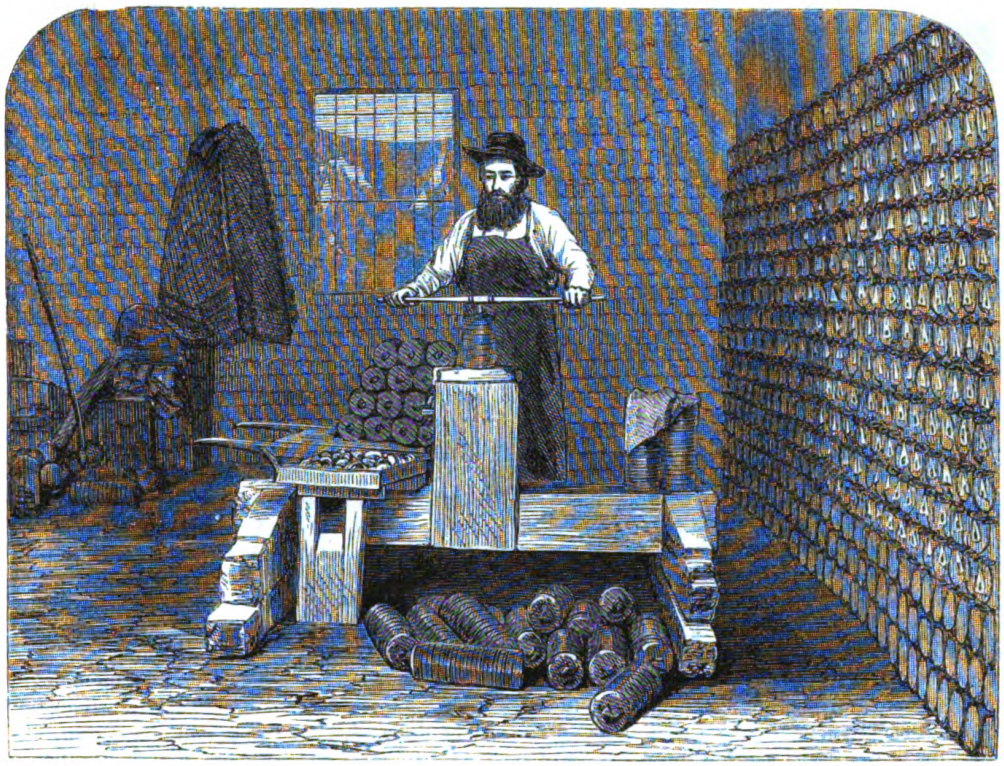
From San Jose to the Hacienda, a distance of twelve miles, the country is nearly level, and the road is fringed with luxuriant groves of oak, cotton-wood, sycamore, and willow. A more delightful drive is not to be found in California. Two lines of stages make a daily trip each way; so that passengers from San Francisco are enabled to reach the mines within four or five hours. Private conveyances are always to be had, especially if the visitor be so fortunate as to enjoy the acquaintance of the general agent and factor, whose kindness and hospitality are proverbial.

Entering the shady groves of the Arroya de los Alamilos, the road winds along the declivities of the cañon for a distance of a mile and a half, when a little to the left is seen the capacious mansion now known as the Hacienda, or head-quarters, its massive walls and broad verandas embosomed in shrubbery. The eye delights to rest upon such a scene of rural comfort, which presents not only the rarest natural beauties but the highest evidences of cultivated taste. Flowers of rich and variegated hues bloom in the gardens, graveled walks traverse the orchards and graperies, and wind through the umbrageous groves that fringe the Alamilos. The music of rippling waters chimes pleasantly with the singing of birds and the happy voices of children. An air of luxury and refinement pervades the premises. All the offices and appointments are in excellent taste, combining simplicity and rural effect with convenience and elegance. One is reminded of the sumptuous

* See *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1865.

† A flask contains about 75 pounds, value 65 cents a pound.

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PREPARING THE FLASKS.

and old-fashioned homes in the South—now, alas! desolated by civil war. Here all is peace and prosperity. Carriages are drawn up before the door; spirited horses, saddled for the ladies and their attendants, prance impatiently at their posts; easy-chairs scattered along the veranda



RESIDENCE OF THE GENERAL AGENT.

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STOREHOUSE ON THE HILL.

are occupied by such of the guests as prefer the fragrant Havana and the last newspaper to the excitement of an excursion up the mountains. Happy is he who can spare a few days from his business in the city and partake of the social amenities that prevail at the Hacienda; for here is luxury without pretense, elegance without restraint, and hospitality without affectation, where all may enjoy that rarest privilege—perfect liberty to be happy in their own way.

Some of the most delightful days I have ever spent in California have been in this charming retreat, where, for the time, the busy cares of the world were forgotten and the day-dreams of youth revived. A stroll through the gardens in the early morning, when the sun's rays glittered through the foliage, and the flowers gave forth their most delicate odors; a bath in the sparkling waters of the Alamilos; a view from the grass-covered slopes of the east hill, and a pleasant saunter back by the island and the Chinese Pagoda, were among the enjoyments that ushered in the day. Then came breakfast and cigars and the last evening's paper from San Francisco; and then, by special appointment, the ambulance, with its spirited horses; and the glorious drive up the mountains, over a road scarcely surpassed for scenic effects by the winding turnpikes of Switzerland. On every side are the most cheering evidences of progress and prosperity. Neat cottages, occupied by the workmen and their families, adorn the coziest nooks by the road-side as the visitor approaches the mines; wagons, heavily laden with ores, pass down to the Reduction Works; and the sounds of hammer and anvil and whistling steam-engines, and the dull reverberation of the subterranean blasts, give evidence of the prevailing interests that bind the community together.

Standing in bold relief near the entrance of the first plateau is the Company's storehouse, recently erected by order of the General Agent for the accommodation and protection of the miners. The privileges heretofore granted to independent traders had resulted in such gross abuses that a withdrawal of their licenses became absolutely essential to the welfare of the community. It was impossible to hold them to such a rigid accountability as would prevent extortion and fraud. The miners were constantly cheated of their earnings; and still more injurious consequences followed from the demoralizing habits that prevailed at these places of resort. Mr. Butterworth calmly "considered the position;" made up his mind that something must be done; and at one fell swoop exterminated the enemy. It was a bold stroke, calculated to arouse the most violent hostility even on the part of the miners themselves, who are extremely sensitive on the subject of independence; but it was good for them, and it was effectual.

Their right to be swindled and made drunk on the Company's possessions has been curtailed, but their independence has not been in any degree sacrificed. At the public storehouse they can purchase at the San Francisco market prices, with the addition of freight, the best quality of goods; or they can purchase wherever else they please beyond the Company's lines, and have their goods transported to their cottages free of charge. Since the establishment of the system the utmost satisfaction prevails.

Passing on for a distance of half a mile we come to the Town on the Hill, containing a mixed population of seventeen or eighteen hundred. Here is a little world in itself, presenting interesting material for the student of human nature—nearly two thousand souls, living within a circuit of a few miles, representing twenty-eight nationalities, yet orderly and industrious and with as few bickerings or jealousies as commonly exist in a community of the same number bound together by all the ties of consanguinity. Each preserves its national characteristics. The Americans are bold and enterprising, wasteful and prodigal, restless and somewhat disposed to quarrel; but fortunately there

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are not many of them. The Cornish miners are a steady, industrious race; illiterate, though naturally intelligent; frugal in their habits, and reliable when their avarice is not too strongly tempted. Physically they are strong and heavy —good for endurance. They work hard and save their money. Many of them are well off. The Italians, Chilenos, French, and Irish develop respectively their characteristic traits of passion and impulse, recklessness and lack of common sense. The Germans have common sense enough, and are industrious, but are deficient in boldness and enterprise. They make good machinists, surveyors, draftsmen, etc., but are not the best practical miners. The Sonoranians and native Californians are generally expert miners. As prospectors they are unsurpassed. They possess great natural sagacity; know every indication by instinct; are willing to run any amount of risk, and seem imbued by an adventurous spirit which fits them peculiarly for the business of mining. Irregularity is their besetting fault. They can do any kind of work which affords variety and requires little method. Under a rigid supervision they are accounted among the most useful men in the employ of the Company.

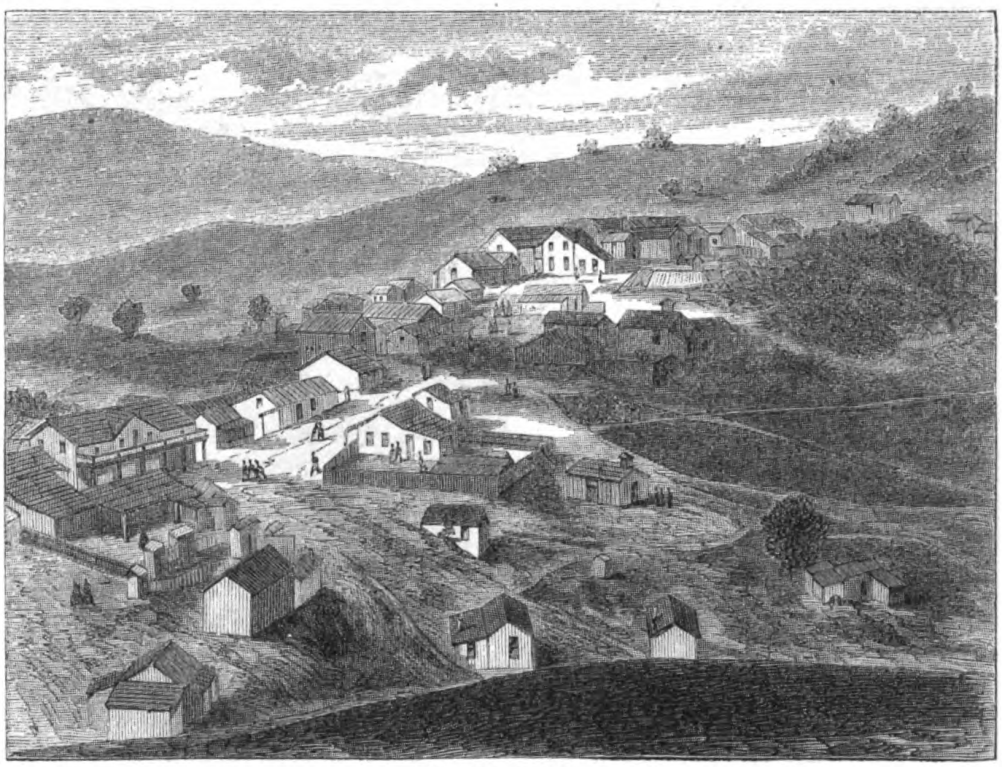
Most of the labor is paid for by contract. The ores are excavated and assorted by contract; and it is only in exceptional cases that regular wages are paid. Steady, industrious men usually average from two to three dollars a day.

On pay-day the Town on the Hill presents a lively and picturesque scene. The Spaniards are flush, and, like sailors, spend their money on the fair sex with a prodigal hand. Señoritas from San Jose know where their charms can be appreciated, and stage-loads of them arrive in season to partake of the festivities. The late Superintendent undertook to place an embargo upon this branch of commerce, but did not succeed. Enterprising females would come in spite of rules and regulations. Drinking and gambling might to some extent be arrested, but there was no stopping the love of man for woman. The Superintendent was Quixotic; the Señoritas laughed in their sleeves at him; and the grand institution of bailé and fandango flourished as usual.

All the miners meet harmoniously on this joyous day. The storehouses are crowded. Women and children fill the highways and byways. New dresses, tinware, crockery, and tinsel of all kinds flash in the sunbeams, and the petty cares of life are forgotten in the general rejoicing.

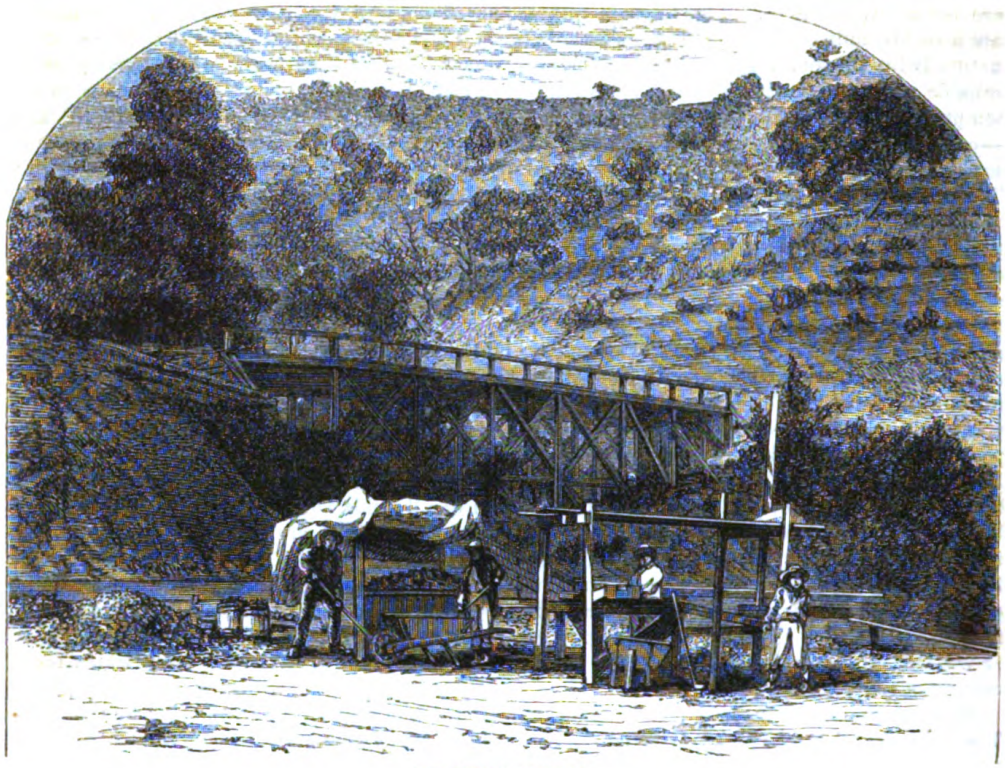
This is the grand harvest-time for sharpers and speculators. Few of the native population have a dollar left by night; but they have a good time while their money lasts, which is all they require to make them work for more. Under the restrictions introduced by the present Chief Manager the morals of this interesting community have of late undergone a most beneficent change.

Few places on the Pacific Coast possess greater attractions of scenery and climate than the neighborhood of New Almaden. Protected by an elevated range of mountains from the chill-



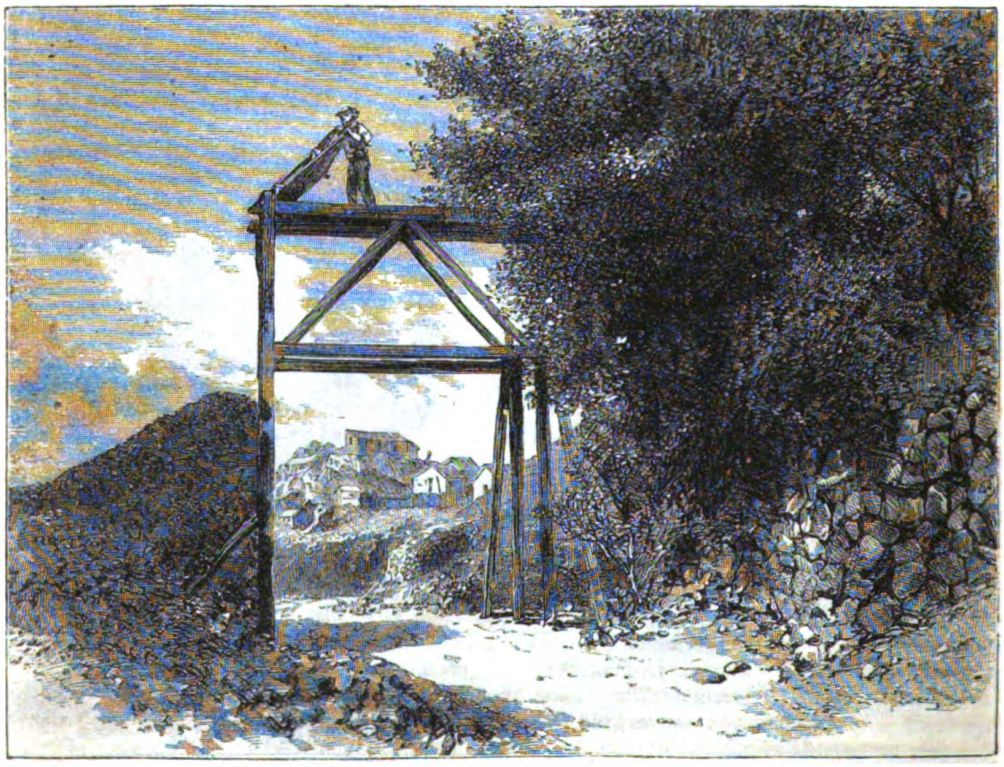
TOWN ON THE HILL.

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THE METAL PICKERS.

ing winds of the ocean, it lies embosomed among the rolling hills that slope into the broad and beautiful valley of Santa Clara. Glimpses through the rugged gorges, and vistas opening out from every prominent point, reveal in endless variety the wonders and beauties of the outer world. Standing on an eminence near the principal mines, seventeen hundred feet above



SIDE OF THE MINE PEAK.

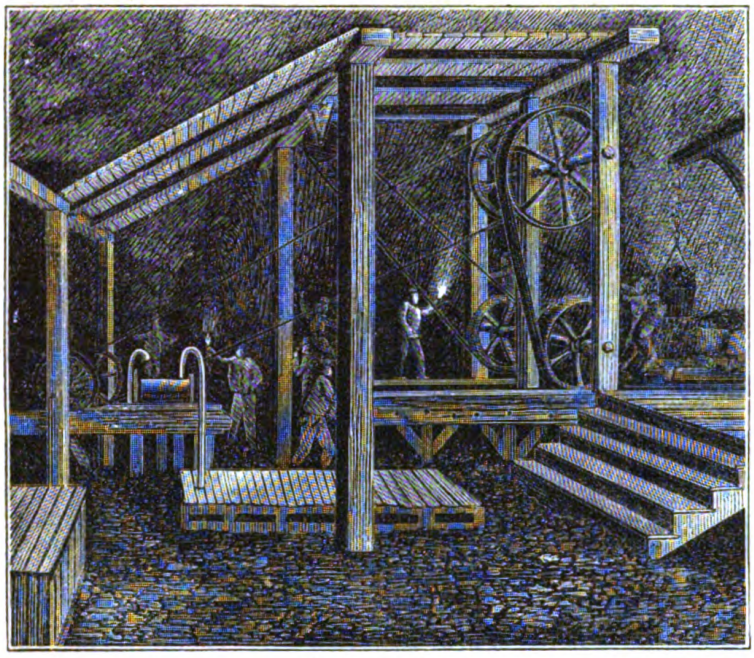
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RANCH OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

the level of the sea and twelve hundred above the Reduction Works, the enraptured visitor beholds, lying outspread beyond the foot-hills, the magnificent valleys that encircle the bay of San Francisco. Bright flashing waters, through which busy commerce plows her way, shimmer in the distance; and the eye never tires of the rich carpeting of green and yellow, variegated with dark strips of woodland, blooming orchards, and masses of wild-flowers, by which the valleys are covered. Fifteen years ago scarcely a habitation was to be seen within this vast range of arable land. It slumbered in its primitive beauty, undisturbed by the early settlers, who were content to enjoy, without labor, the good things that Providence gave them. Innumerable herds of cattle roamed in their native freedom over its teeming pastures. The deer and the antelope found little cause to fear the presence of man; and every thicket and ravine formed a secure hiding-place for wild animals of a more formidable kind, whose instincts led them to prey upon the fattened herds of the ranchero. The change since 1849, when I first visited this region, is almost incredible. Farms and orchards and vineyards, with their fences and palings and gleaming white cottages, now give the interest of human life and progress to the scene; and the mind is filled with visions of happy homes, graced by all the refinements of civilization; peace and plenty in the present, and no limit to the prosperity that may be enjoyed by generations to come. Out in the broad stretch of valley that sweeps around the head of the bay lies the Pueblo of San Jose, its colleges and churches and numerous public edifices glimmering through the foliage of surrounding groves; and still farther on, bounded in the rear by a range of rugged mountains, may be seen the Mission of San Jose, with its flourishing orchards; and dotting the valley of the same name, at intervals along the bay, the pleasant villages of Centreville, Alvarado, San Landro, and most of that splendid tract of country stretching to the north far beyond the Encenal of Alameda, but gradually vanishing in the dim haze of the distance. On the western side of the bay, which is scarcely inferior in picturesque beauty, the mountains slope into the valley of Santa Clara; and the grand old mission of that name, with its extensive college and gardens, its surrounding villas and groves of native oak, looms up over the general mass of bloom and verdure like some fine old patriarch of civilization, preaching peace and happiness to the world around him. Through this verdant region runs the iron artery that connects San Francisco with San Jose; and four times a day may be seen, flying on its way after the steaming locomotive, the long train of cars that bears to and fro its burden of human freight. The shady groves of Meulo Park, the villages of Redwood City, San Matteo, and other places of popular resort, are passed in its course. On a clear day the prominent points of San Francisco are visible, with a portion of the shipping that lies at anchor in the harbor. To the right lies Goat Island, and beyond, toward the Golden Gate, the fortifications and island of Alcatraz. Mountain after mountain rolls off in the warm haze that covers the valleys of Napa and Sonoma. Surely the indulgent reader will pardon one who loves California, not wisely, perhaps, but too well, for boldly asserting that the world can not afford many other scenes of such surpassing beauty. Whether in Continental Europe, Iceland, Palestine, or South America, I have rarely, in all my travels, enjoyed so fine a view; and never any thing to surpass this in variety of outline, richness of coloring, and exquisite softness of the atmospheric tints. No wonder we who dwell in such a favored land are proud of our country. Yet there are people, of vitiated taste, who land upon our shores, direct from New York, and dare to violate the general sentiment by expressing disappointment! They see nothing but grim deserts in our mountains, no beauty in our valleys, no merit in our bay. Such men would complain of the bracing zeph-

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HOISTING-CHAMBER.

yrs of San Francisco, and speak disparagingly of the sanded pavements of Oakland!

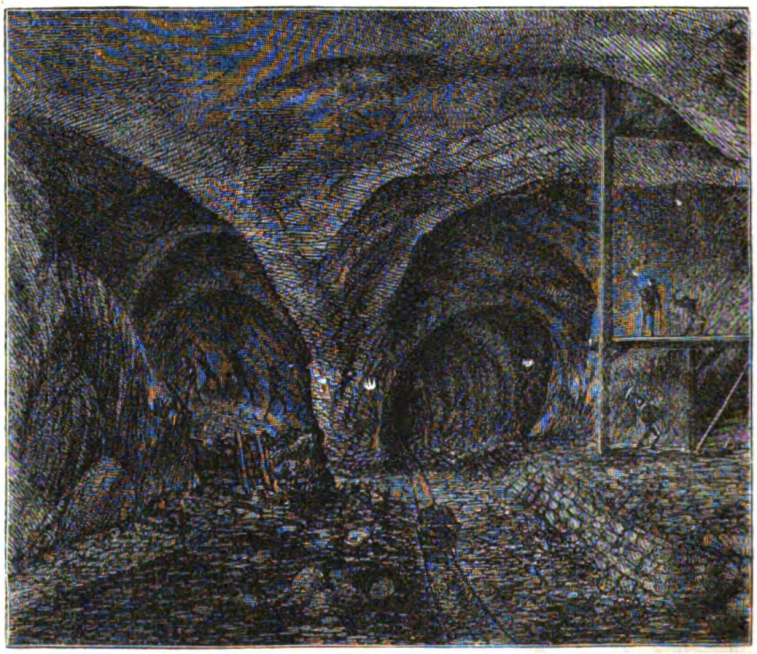
The people of California, as they settle down into permanent homes and accumulate the means of enjoyment, begin to devote more attention to recreation than they did in former years. A visit to the mines of New Almaden is now one of the most popular excursions of the day. The facilities for making the trip, the beauty of the scenery, salubrity of the climate, and interest attached to the mines, render it an agreeable and beneficial way of passing a few days. Wedding parties find it peculiarly attractive—for the reason, I suppose, that the bridal couple are disposed to enjoy what romance there may be in the last stages of love's fitful fever. I have seen young people in this condition stand upon the mountain-tops of Almaden and discourse Byron, Moore, and Mr. M. F. Tupper to each other till I knew the disease had overturned the throne of reason, and that the next thing would be a series of labial caresses which no man ought to witness with open eyes.

Among the various mines and tunnels situated within the limits of the mineral range now owned by the Quicksilver Company are the following:

The Almaden mine, from which the largest amount of ore has been obtained, is situated near the summit of a hill, and is distant about a mile and a half from the Reduction Works. In this occurs the great Ardilla "labor" — the largest deposit of cinnabar ore ever found in California, and probably the largest in the world. Owing to the difficulty of blasting the hard rock at a great depth from the surface, explorations have been recently made which have resulted in the discovery of large bodies of ore in the soft ground on the slopes of the hill. A new and extensive tunnel now taps some of the richest veins ever found in this mine, and its products have largely increased.

The Cora-Blanca, a thousand yards easterly from the Almaden, has recently been discovered and prospected, and the results are highly encouraging.

The Road Tunnel and the San Juan are

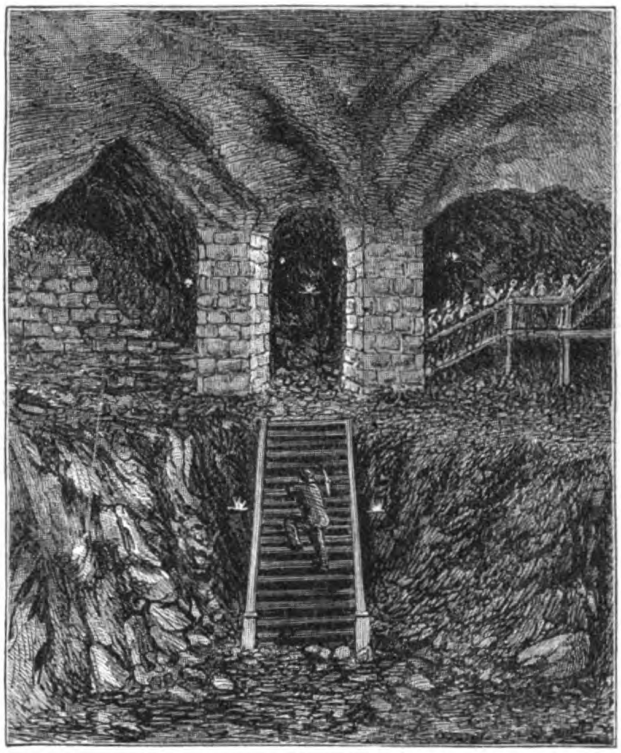


FRANCISCO VELASQUEZ CHAMBER.

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producing extremely rich ores; and the Buena Vista, which is 2820 feet in length, has been extensively worked with very fine results. The San Francisco, another tunnel, has developed immense quantities of ore; and the Velasquez is regarded as one of the most promising in the Company's possessions. I saw myself, in a single "labor" of the Velasquez, masses of pure cinnabar that would weigh several tons each. One of them was valued at not less than eight thousand dollars. The tunnel so named opens by side-drifts into various adjacent chambers, and is 2890 feet in length.

The America, or Bull Run, commenced in 1863, has developed immense cinnabar deposits, which alone would constitute a vast and inexhaustible mine. In this the vein is regular and well-defined, the ores rich, and the general indications most promising; but the great abundance of rich metal in other mines easier of access has caused the America to be but little worked.



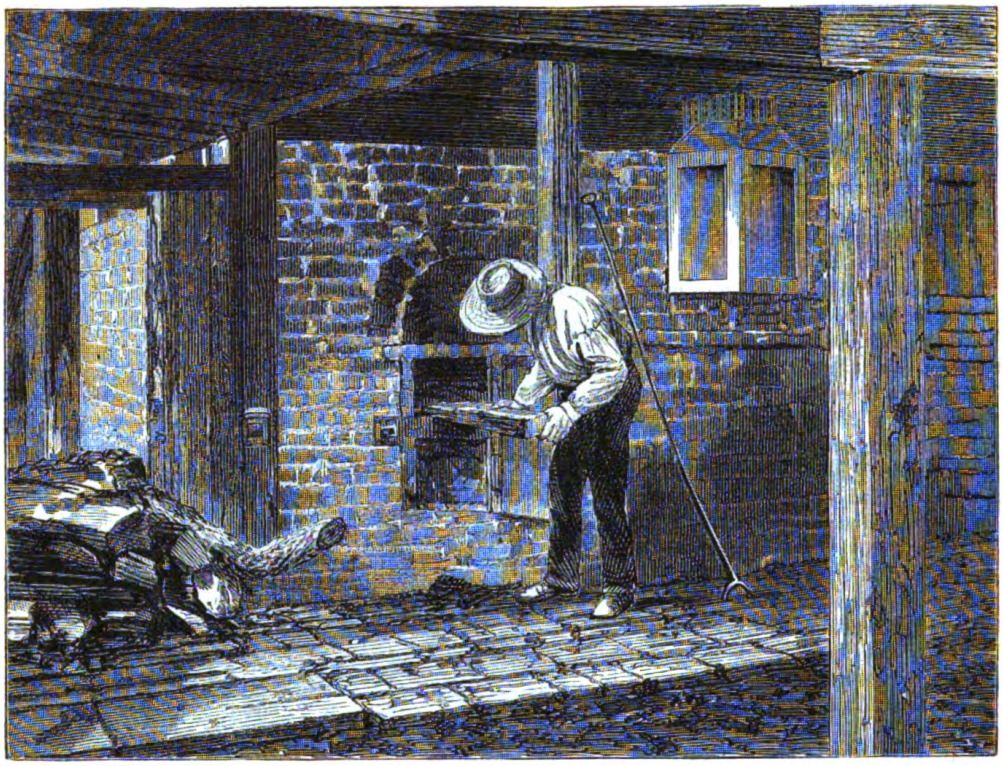
PILLARS OF HERCULES.

In addition to these there are in the Arroya de los Capitancillos, which runs northwesterly from the elevated point upon which the America is situated, a series of valuable mines worked by the old company, comprising many rich veins, among which may be named the Providencia, the Enriqueta, the San Antonio, and La Purissima. Furnaces and reduction works were established many years ago near the centre of these mines; but owing to the development of new leads in closer proximity to the principal hacienda, they have not been used to any extent during the past few years; and the mines are now only partially worked with a view of keeping them in good condition. The Enriqueta alone has produced about a million three hundred thousand pounds of quicksilver, and is considered one of the most valuable mines on the great cinnabar range.

It will thus be seen that there is no probability, and scarcely a possibility of any deficiency of ores. The policy seems to be, as in other kinds of mining, to work only where the ores can be most conveniently and abundantly obtained, proximity to the reduction works being an important consideration.

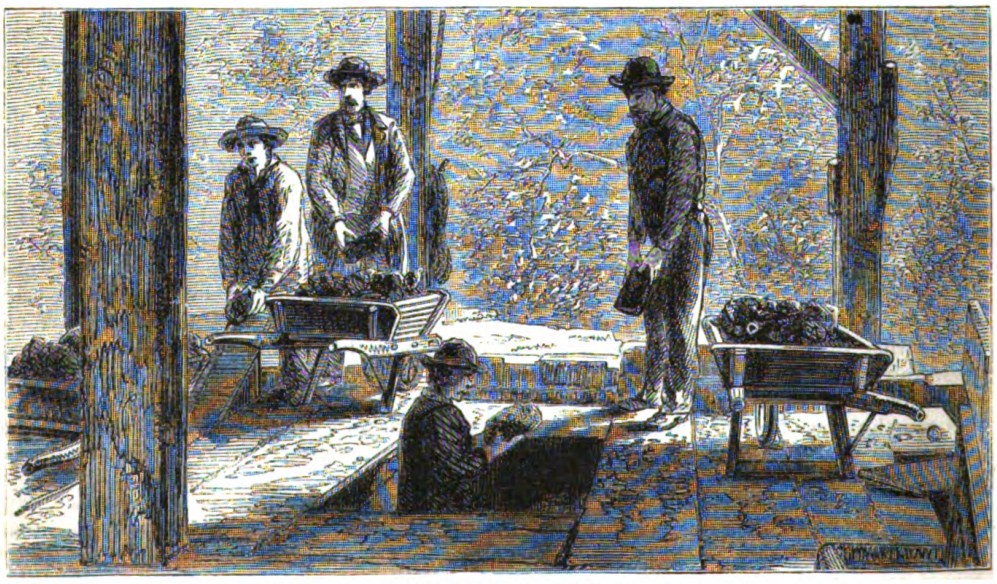
To the unlearned visitor nothing can be more bewildering than the apparent irregularity of these vast cinnabar deposits. Far down in the bowels of the earth he sees around him an endless complication of shafts, tunnels, drifts, and gloomy caverns, ramifying through the depths of the subterranean world without any appearance of system or method. His intelligent cicerone may tell him that here the vein appears; there it is worked out; in this "hilo" an immense amount of rich ore was found; in that "labor" the vein was unusually productive. Now he is on the "fourth level," and presently on the "sixth;" now he travels north, and soon, without any apparent change, finds himself going east, west, or south—all of which he professes to understand with great clearness, but which must sooner or later deprive him of all confidence in his own powers of perception. Careful observation, however, will show him in due time that there is a wonderful system in this apparent irregularity. The principal vein runs in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction, and has a length, already tested, of about five miles. It varies from fifteen to two hundred yards in width, and is subdivided into innumerable smaller veins, embracing within its outer boundaries trap, serpentine, lime, quartz, and other rocks. The deposits of cinnabar are found in these veins and chambers, running parallel with or across the principal vein; their direction being generally north and south, but varying under surrounding circumstances. By carefully observing the character and pitch of the walls, the dips, spurs, and angles of the smaller veins which ramify from the larger, and following out the minute indications furnished by each individual "hilo" or metal-bearing deposit, the intelligent miner is enabled to continue his explorations with an almost absolute certainty of success. Professor Don Antonio del Castillo, of the Mexican College of Mines, in a learned essay which was submitted to the courts, says that in following a vein, if it varies more than 45° from the general direction, there is reason to believe it is an offshoot, which will probably

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FIRING UP.

lose itself. It also happens, according to the same authority, that a vein is separated into two or more parts by intervening rock (horse), and that the branches, although they take a different course, will unite again at a distance from the point of separation, or may so ramify or change as to disappear altogether. In narrow veins these divergencies occur more frequently than in wide. Those which correspond to like formations run generally in parallels, and where there are groups of parallels they are denominated "systems." The richest chambers are found at the points of intersection. According to the accepted theory the general direction of veins is caused by magnetic currents in the interior of the globe, which form a grain or system of layers running from south to north. Oblique and diagonal splits and fissures result from elongation; that is to say, from the elasticity of some of the earth's strata and rigidity of others. Dislocation occurs at frequent intervals, where veins are wrenched apart, and sink



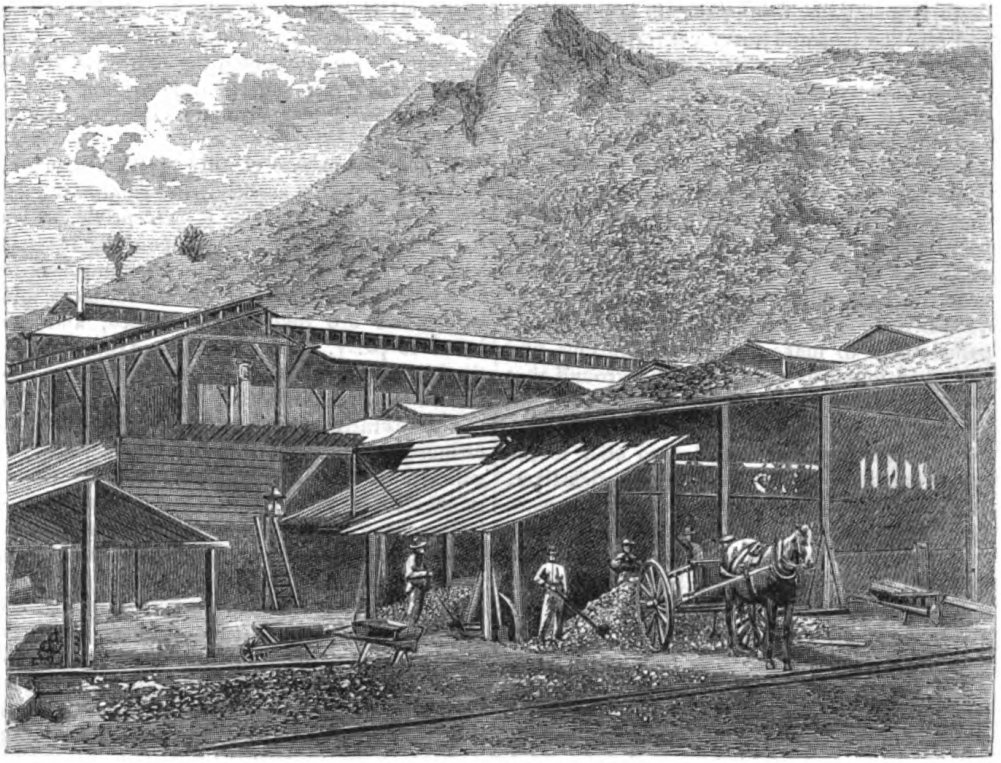
CHARGING THE FURNACES.

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or become distorted from their original direction; and hence the sudden disappearance of mineral-bearing lodes where continuity might be expected. Experienced practical miners are too apt to rely upon their own sagacity and discard altogether the teachings of science, when a more thorough and comprehensive understanding of the earth's formation would save them a large amount of labor. Within certain limits their practical experience is of the utmost value, but it is short-sighted and often at fault.

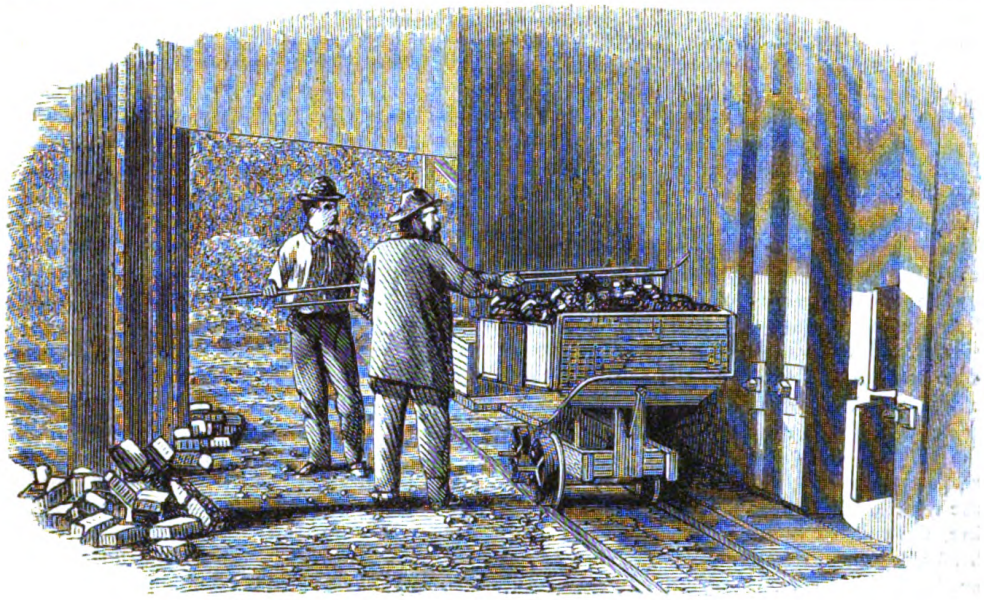
The process of reduction is extremely simple. In assorting the ore it is divided into three classes, called Gruesso, Granza, and Tierras. The first consists of the purest quality of cinnabar, carefully selected; the second is intermixed with foreign substances, and the third is the inferior class usually found in the refuse earth and loose stratum of rock abounding in the vein. After undergoing a process of washing, the residue is made into adobes or large bricks, which are dried in the sun; and these are built up in the furnaces, with spaces between them to permit the passage of a draught. Within the adobe stack, thus constructed, the better qualities of ore are carefully arranged so as to receive the greatest possible amount of heat from the fires. When the whole charge is fully prepared the fires are lighted, and in due time the whole mass becomes heated to a white heat. The quicksilver is evaporated from the ore in the form of a mercurial vapor, which is conducted directly into a series of large condensers built of brick and thoroughly cemented. Partition walls divide the interior of the principal structure into numerous chambers, through which the vapor passes, leaving upon the surface of the walls the quicksilver with which it is charged. Recent experiments made under the direction of Mr. Butterworth show that a considerable loss results from the escape of the more volatile particles of mercury. The walls, in the course of a few hours, become so heated as to affect in a degree the condensing power of the air; and the draught necessary for the furnaces is so strong as to carry the highly-volatilized metal entirely through the condensers and out of the escape-pipe. To remedy this, a series of shelves in each chamber, covered on the upper surface with charcoal, is now in process of construction. This, without materially affecting the draught, will greatly increase the superficial area, over which the fumes must pass before their final exit from the condensers. It is estimated that there has been a loss of two or three per cent. from this cause alone upon every charge which has hitherto passed through the furnaces. A glance at the statistics of production will show that this would amount to a very large sum in the course of a year. The probability is a great saving will be effected in the future.

As the quicksilver is deposited or precipitated from the vapors it finds its way into a series of small grooves in the bottom of the condensers. These grooves are slightly inclined, and conduct it into pipes, through which it makes its exit into the large iron pots placed outside for the purpose of receiving it. When the furnaces are in full operation a continuous stream about the thickness of an ordinary quill may be seen pouring



SLUICING OLD FURNACE BEDS.

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DISCHARGING FURNACES.

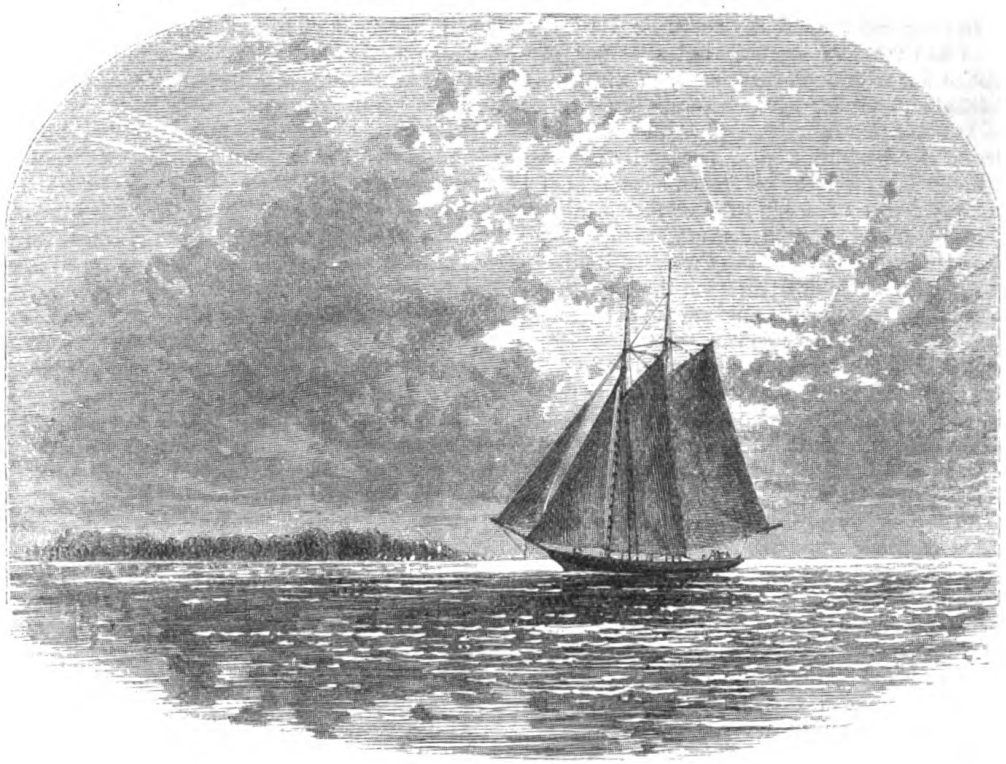
into the receiving pots, affording a practical illustration of the mineral wealth of this region. As a rule the quicksilver is deposited in the receiver in a pure state, and is ready to be transferred to the flasks. Sometimes, however, it is covered by a film which requires to be removed. An interesting experiment, showing its buoyant properties, may be made by dipping the hand in the liquid mass. The sensation is peculiar and difficult to explain. Some force is required to sink the hand to the depth of the wrist; and there is a singular feeling that it is pushed up and repelled by some heavy yet impalpable element; for though one is conscious of a surrounding pressure, nothing can be held in the grasp. By gathering up in a handkerchief a few ounces, and squeezing it through the web, a slight idea may be formed of its penetrative qualities. But the most striking illustration on that point has been derived from the practical working of the condensers. A few years ago some boys belonging to the employés discovered near the base of the walls some globules of quicksilver. The young American spirit impelled them to make further explorations, and they soon found by rooting up the ground that the deposit increased in richness as they got under the foundation of the condenser. It was not long before they were enabled to offer to the Superintendent several pounds of quicksilver, for which he paid them a fair price as a reward for their enterprise. Pleased with their success, they continued to work their newly-discovered mine till they began to bring in the quicksilver in such quantities as to open the eyes of the Superintendent. He made an examination of the mine and found that the entire stratum of earth for several feet in thickness, under the condensers, was permeated with the pure metal. Further investigation led to the discovery that this deposit, which yielded many thousand dollars, had permeated through four feet of solid brick-work, plastered and cemented! Of course immediate means were taken to prevent further wastage. A layer of sheet-iron was placed between the bricks so as to arrest the errant quicksilver and drain it into the regular channels.

The present Reduction Works consist of six furnaces; five of them possessing a capacity to receive from 70,000 to 80,000 pounds of metal each at a charge. The sixth is a new furnace erected in 1864 on the most approved principles, and is capable of reducing from 150,000 to 200,000 pounds of ore at a charge. The number of charges worked through the furnaces per month varies somewhat according to the weather, but under ordinary circumstances is from four to six.

In the immediate vicinity of the Reduction Works, during the smelting and sublimation of the ores, a noxious odor is perceptible, which has a very pernicious effect upon the nervous system. The workmen who are compelled to stand in close proximity to the furnaces and condensers are frequently salivated, and are liable to palsy, vertigo, and other disorders of the brain; though, of late years, under the improved method of reducing the ores, the health of the operatives is much better than it was in former times. Persons of delicate, nervous organization are peculiarly subject to be injuriously affected by the fumes of the mercury. Instances have occurred of ladies, who, in casually passing, became salivated; but the main exit for the vapors having been removed far up the hill, there is now but little danger of bad effects under ordinary circumstances. It is a mistaken idea that the herbage in the vicinity of the Reduction Works is destroyed. Nothing of the kind is perceptible. The vapors soon become dissipated and lose their noxious qualities in the open air.

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VISIT TO THE ISLE OF THE PURITANS.



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ISLAND.

YEARS ago I wrote an account of the Isle of the Puritans, which was published in this Magazine for March, 1857. In this paper I collected some local traditions, and copied certain letters of Summerfield, all referring to that mysterious domain. Little did I then suppose that I should ever visit the island in my own proper person; but it was ordained that this should be done, and that it should happen in the following manner:

After manifold experiences in the war, some of which have been told, and others of which remain to be narrated, I met on a June day, in this year of grace 1865, at the club on the Fifth Avenue, my old friends Augustus De Cockayne and Punch Punner, both showing few traces of wear, and still among the brightest ornaments of New York society. They had got at the old Number of the Magazine containing my account of the Island of the Puritans, and were reading it with the romantic enthusiasm characteristic of young gentlemen who belong to clubs.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed De Cockayne several times, with great enthusiasm, "what a place for a picnic! How I would like to flirt a little with those demure Puritanesses!"

De Cockayne, I am sorry to observe, does not believe in female modesty, even in the other world.

Punch had burst into repeated paroxysms of laughter during the reading of the narrative.

"On my conscience," said he, laying two fingers theatrically on a rather doubtful diamond breastpin, "wouldn't I like to get a word in with one of those solemn elders! I'd see if he couldn't understand a joke."

"Why, Punch, the old chap would convert you," said I. "He'd have you up on some ghostly anxious seat before you could remember the last conundrum in the *Yankee Notions*."

"I dare say," replied Punch. "I'm of a serious tendency at bottom. I was brought up on the milk of the Assembly's Catechism, you know."

"Not really?" asked De Cockayne.

"Fact," persisted Punch. "I always go to the Episcopal Church in New York, because it's more select than the dissenting Ebenezers. But pa and ma, in the country, are Old School Presbyterians; and I was educated in a tearful respect for those venerable old cocks of Puritans."

"Let's take my yacht," said De Cockayne, "and go around there, and run the island down if they won't let us ashore."

Punch coincided with the happy proposition, averring that a second baptism would do the devout islanders no sort of harm. Various other plans were discussed for reaching the mysterious *Isola Felice;* but from all of them my friends returned with increasing confidence and

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clamor to the idea of the yacht. After finishing a couple of bottles of Champagne we finally decided, with three cheers, that we would make our expedition in the *Fairy*.

In forty-eight hours the energetic De Cockayne had manned his beautiful schooner, furnished her with a copious supply of meats and drinks, and set her flying before a southwester up the East River. We ran down a sailboat; drowned a couple of boys, as I verily believe; took the bowsprit clean off from a blockhead of a lumber sloop; fired our two-pounder at a party of ladies and gentlemen who were pic-nic-ing near Hellgate; but got away without inflicting any other damage or fright upon the great commercial metropolis. We averaged twelve knots an hour during the whole run, and reached Nahant in fine spirits for the first grand ball of the season. I need not say that De Cockayne made his usual half dozen conquests, and that Punch got on board at three o'clock next morning in clothes drenched with "rum-sours" and sea-water.

At five precisely, amidst the hazy aureole of a June sunrise at sea, we were speeding with a gentle rush and ripple right out over the slowly-pulsating ocean. As we approached the imagined place of the Isle of Mystery, I began to feel a tremulous awe stealing over me, as if already within the spell of some spectral circle—a startled awe, as if I heard the hail of the solemn dead ringing from a near invisible shore, as if even they had climbed the bulwarks and stood upon the deck, a ghostly band, such as once toiled by the side of the Ancient Mariner. I experienced a sudden compunction, almost a terror, at having dared to enter this supernatural domain with men so worldly and carnal as my two companions.

As a consequence of these feelings, I was really annoyed by the appearance of De Cockayne on deck, and felt like flying from him as a fastidious saint would from Mephistopheles. He had on his blue jacket, blue trowsers, blue-and-white linen shirt—wonderful fits, all of them—making him look as oceanic as a Shanghae rooster.

"Look out for land there on the weather bow!" he roared to one of the men forward. I saw the steersman—an old, dried, and salted Cape Codder—stick his yellow face into his neckerchief, and chuckle as if he would split his leathery sides.

"Where away?" shouted Punch, running up the companion, and staring all round the horizon with very dim eyes. "Oh! is that it?" he added, pointing astern.

"No; that's Nahant," replied De Cockayne. "Don't see the island yet. Hang it! look about, won't ye, and make yourself useful?"

"Get me the speaking-trumpet, Captain, and I'll take a squint through it," said Punch, yawning.

We watched for an hour uselessly, and then went below to breakfast. When we came on deck again the *Fairy* was twenty miles out at sea, making a bee line for the north of Norway. We tacked, and stood in shore for an hour and a half over waters as bare of any island as a pan of skimmed milk. De Cockayne and I kept our glasses in motion, and Punch emitted occasional howls through the speaking-trumpet, inviting all the Puritans in Davy Jones's locker to step up to the bar and liquor.

"I mean the bar off the Merrimac," said this second-hand punster. "All the rivers keep up bars, you know."

When the *Fairy* had almost driven her nose into the Ipswich beaches, we tacked anew and shot once more into the wide solitude of ocean. The schooner flew like a hawk, running away from fishing smacks, and causing lumbermen to hoot with envy. But still no island; we plowed the sea for thirty miles around Nahant, but no island; we ate dinner and went ardently on deck again, but no island; tea-time came and a sunset of wizard pomp, but no island; we wore out the ghostly hours of an early moonlight, but alas! no island.

"Captain," said Punch, coming up with a carpet-bag under his arm, "if you think we've got there, I'll go ashore."

"Hang it!" replied De Cockayne; "why don't you keep a look-out, and try to see the place?"

"Don't feel any responsibility, Captain," declared Punch. "I'm only a passenger!"

"Blast it! let's go in," said De Cockayne, turning to me.

I agreed; and the sharp beak of the *Fairy* presently pointed once more toward Nahant. It was eleven o'clock when we found ourselves, with a select New York party, in the great parlor of the Nahant House. Vast was the excitement, and many were the ironical jokes while we related our expedition and our ill success. Some, however, treated the subject with proper seriousness; for there were refined men and women there, capable of feeling the beautiful solemnity of such a mystery; there were the intellectual eyes of Peppergrass, Counter Jumper, Major Slick, the Reverend Whist Pussyite, and Miss Schottische, author of the "Narrow House." This circle of mystics was presently enlarged by the entrance of Professor Glace and Mrs. Glace, of Boston. I need hardly say that the Professor is a Unitarian, very near to transcendentalism, and that he is attached to one of our most distinguished universities. Mrs. Glace, as Gauche whispered to me, is a very poetical lady, and a leader of fashion in the more religious circles of the modern Athens. It was at the mansion of the Glaces, most people must recollect, that those mysterious mutterings occurred which perplexed all our scholars and physicists eight years ago.

"My dear Professor," said Punch, in his usual familiar way, "couldn't you give us a little spirituous aid in this affair? What do you say to a supernatural steam ferry-boat plying to the island?"

The Professor, who is a calm, pale, absent-

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minded gentleman, seemed little pleased with my friend's witticisms, and favored him with a look of well-bred reproof.

"You have been engaged in a most fascinating labor," said he, turning to me and speaking in a slow, sweet, measured tone, that seemed like the utterance of a spirit.

There was an awed, an utter silence; so long a vibration had his voice and look wrought in every heart.

"I think a sitting might aid us to our object," he resumed in the same solemn music of intonation.

Really the man's low voice had the power of a requiem; we were as hushed as those who stand by the open mouth of a grave.

"My dear, can you commune with our lost darling?" he said, after a minute's pause.

Without answering Mrs. Glace placed her hands on the table, and raised her delicate head in a posture of passionate longing. Even Punch was subdued; and no one spoke or moved for some moments. At last she started up suddenly, exclaiming: "I am on the deck of the *Fairy*. The island! the island! I see it through the mists of sunrise."

She reeled, and would have fallen had not the Professor caught her and laid her on a sofa. "We may venture upon going," he said; "but we must go in the earliest morning."

We dispersed. Our story ran before us. Every one was anxious to see the famous island; and by early four o'clock at least thirty people stood on the hospitable deck of the *Fairy*. All our company of the parlor scene was there. Mrs. Glace stood by the helmsman, in an attitude of inspiration, extending her hands toward the ocean as if impressing the winds and waves into our service. The enthusiastic Peppergrass had brought along his wife and four sleepy little Peppergrasses. Mr. and Mrs. Milyun came with a basket of old white port, thereby securing the affectionate attentions of Punch Punner. I beheld the Tanners, the Schumakers, the Tophets, old Hinnom and his sons, that severely orthodox preacher Doctor Armageddon, and finally a modest young minister from the country named Henry Howard.

Mainsail, foresail, jibs, and gaff-topsails, ascended spectrally through the grayness of dawn; and with a motion as slow, calm, and spiritual as the tones of Professor Glace, the *Fairy* drew away from its anchorage. Mighty indeed was the potency of the spirits which now befriended us at the command of that pale, delicate woman who stood by the helm. The water lay still, unrippled, reflecting the faint sky and the withdrawing stars like a mirror. A feather would not have shivered on deck, so deprived was the air around us of all motion. The wind filled the upper sails only, drawing far above our heads with a steady, silent power, seeming to us as if spirits held the points of the masts and fanned the highest canvas with soundless pinions. An hour we glided slowly thus; and then the sun orbed himself gloriously on the seaward horizon. At that instant Mrs. Glace pointed with her slender finger to an island of preternatural beauty which rose on our southern bow. It seemed to have sprung suddenly out of the bosom of the sea, as a bubble struggles up to sit on the surface of a fountain.

"Land, ho!" shouted Punch, in a state of violent excitement. "A pilot for the flying Dutchman! Three cheers for the Puritans! Hurrah, Mrs. Milyun! If there isn't any port here, we'll go in to that old white port."

Professor Glace quelled him with a look, and no one cheered. As the schooner came to, down went her boats, and we commenced disembarking in an uproar of hurry. Punch took Mrs. Milyun on one arm, and the precious basket of old white port on the other. I charged myself with the welfare and the slender wrist of the spiritual Miss Schottische. The moment Punch set foot on shore he commenced polking with his two burdens, in spite of the crimson indignation of old Milyun, and the calm, stern eyes of Professor Glace.

No inhabitants appeared on the island; its verdure undulated before us in deserted serenity; but in the limpid distance we saw gabled dwellings and slender spires. We moved on in a sort of procession, over rolling meadows and through lanes fringed with roses, toward the unearthly village. Miss Schottische made a garland of some of the choicest flowers, declaring, with a look of sweet devotion, that now, if never after, she would deck her brow with the blooms of Paradise. We halted at the entrance of a neatly kept square, faced by gabled and pinnacled houses of the old Tudor style, so fantastic, and yet so dignified with antiquity, that Punch broke the holy silence with a roar of laughter, and De Cockayne swore in his elegant astonishment.

"Lord, what a queer old place!" said Punch. "Nobody up. Come along Mrs. Milyun. I'm going to have a peep through those funny old windows."

He dragged the giggling lady through a gate, and, making his way over some flower-beds to a window, looked in through the small lozenge-shaped panes.

"Family prayers!" he presently called to us in a stentorian whisper; "I'll be hanged if they ain't reading a Bible!"

"Not really!" exclaimed the wonder-struck De Cockayne.

"Fact," said Punch. "There they go, on their knees."

We all paused, dubious, but inclined on the whole to await the close of the devotions within. I saw Henry Howard with his arms folded and his head bowed, as if he were joining in the very soul of those unheard supplications. Miss Schottische whispered to me that she had never been more moved at Grace Church. Mrs. Glace rolled her fine eyes, and murmered some very sweet original poetry about her sainted darling.

"Holy men!" said Doctor Armageddon, spreading out his great hands, broad enough to cover Canaan. "Very eminent Christians.

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ON THE ISLAND.

High standard of piety, I have no doubt. I shall ask them to give me some hints on the Prophecies."

After we had stood whispering, watching, and wondering for ten or fifteen minutes, Punch and Mrs. Milyun made a precipitate rush into the street, declaring that the old fellows had finished their prayers. On every side now came forth staid men, mostly with bearded faces, dressed in broad-brimmed hats, doublets of grave-colored silk or cloth, breeches fastened at the knees by knots of ribbon, blue or scarlet hose, ponderous shoes, or boots spreading at the top into mighty circumference. There were quiet little children too, and women with placid visages and serious habiliments. Two or three elderly men, one of them vestured in black, presently approached and saluted us with solemn courtesy. I noticed, however, in some alarm, that their clear, steady eyes glanced along our faces with an expression which seemed to say that they read each of our characters by the power of a sure supernatural instinct. On the countenance of Henry Howard they dwelt with an unutterable gentleness; but from each other of our company they turned away in grave and sad condemnation.

"My dear Sir, good-morning!" said Doctor Armageddon, stepping briskly forward and shaking both hands of the personage in black. "If I mistake not I have the pleasure of addressing a brother in the ministry. I am Doctor Armageddon, pastor of the church of the Pilgrim Mothers in Boston. I suppose you have hardly heard of my commentary on the lost book of Gad the Seer?"

"You must almost be a pastor of the dead, then," said the venerable islander, without noticing the Doctor's pretensions as a commentator. "I fear that true Pilgrim Mothers have now all but perished out of our once saintly New England."

"By no means. Let me reassure you. I think the standard of maternal piety was never higher than in my flock at present," said the mortified Armageddon.

The elder made no reply, but the two ghostly gentlemen behind him whispered audibly:

"Liar! hypocrite!"

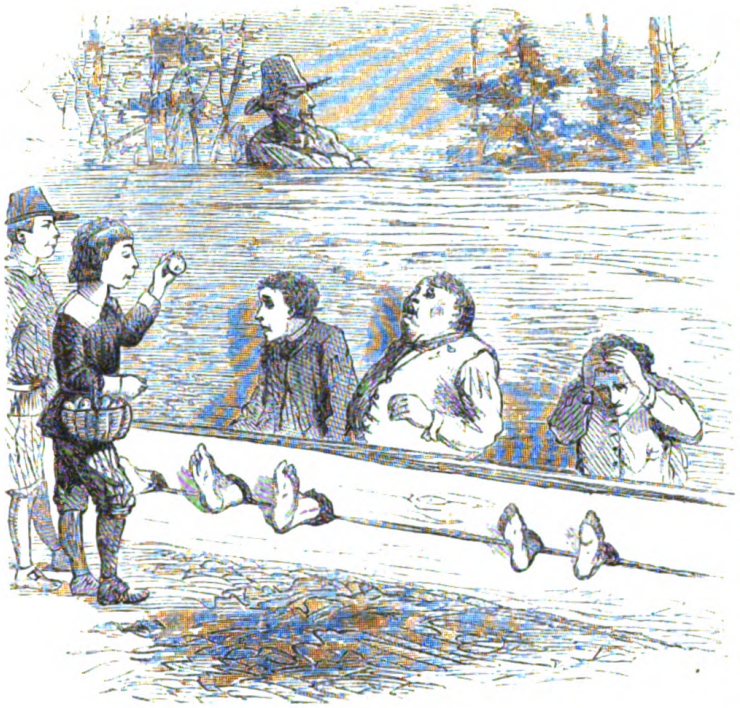
The Doctor must have overheard them, for he slunk away to one side in an extremely rosy confusion.

"Come, dear friend, come with us, and we will show thee something of thy future glory," said the elder, advancing and taking the arm of our friend Howard. The young minister walked away with him, instantly, calmly, with a joyful earnestness of aspect, as if he were entering the gates of the Holy City. They disappeared down a breezy avenue of elms, and seemed to enter the splendor of the sun, which at that moment rose like a mighty archway of fire opposite the farthest opening of the verdant nave.

"Upon my honor, I wish I had brought letters of introduction from my dead grandmother," said Punch, as the two other Puritans turned gravely away from us.

"D—n it, old fellows! is that what you call hospitality?" called old Hinnom, in sudden rage. "Can't you invite us at least to sit down on your grass?"

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IN THE STOCKS.

The two Puritans turned back, and, taking the fiery old broker one by each arm, began to walk him up the avenue. His sons interfered. Punch threw off his coat, much to the confusion of Miss Schottische. Counter Jumper shouted, "Number six to the rescue!" and we were apparently on the verge of a tremendous riot, when every lady seized her man and burst into tears on his shoulder. A score of Puritans also came running toward us, armed with ponderous swords or canes; and there was evidently nothing left us but to submit and let old Hinnom take his luck. In much astonishment, mortification, and alarm, therefore, at the unexpectedly bad look of affairs, we followed on until we had reached the upper end of the square. Behind the elms there a stone prison faced us with its sullen impenetrability; while in front of it stood a robust whipping-post, and a pillory of more than comfortable dimensions.

Two or three richly-dressed men of singularly noble mien presently arrived, and an extempore court was held at once on the case of our respectable fellow-adventurer; a person, by-the-way, who has more than once done the aldermanic duties and honors of his native city. As the instinct of blasphemy is strong in the Hinnom blood, the old broker swore repeatedly during the proceedings, and convicted himself with the greatest facility imaginable. In less time than it would take with us to read an indictment, he was tried, found guilty, sentenced, stripped of his boots and stockings, and padlocked by the feet between those ignominious bars. Hinnom's sons proving naturally rather boisterous during this ceremony, they were clapperclawed off hand, condemned for contempt of court, and installed hard and fast on either side of their father.—Finally, all their faces were plastered with rotten eggs by five or six serious boys, who let those disagreeable missiles fly with a provoking gravity and decorum, as if they were performing the most Christian duty possible.

The principal judge then stepped in front of the dolorous triumvirate, and addressed us. I could not help being struck by his magnificent carriage, his stern courtesy of gaze, and the compressed power visible in his countenance, as contrasted with the elegant feebleness of our sprigs from Fifth Avenue. Even Professor Glace wilted, and the icy calmness melted in frightened perspiration from his brow, when those solemn eyes paused for a moment upon him. I knew by instinct that it was Sir Harry Vane, as I stood before him in the humility of conscious unworthiness.

"Men of earth," he said, "remain here if ye will, and as long as ye will; but be careful how ye offend the Majesty of Heaven or the decorum of humanity. Every door is open to your feet; all our love is open to your hearts; only behave like men in the presence of their Maker; otherwise a light punishment shall befall ye, significant of the one that lasteth eternally."

He bowed with kingly politeness, and pointing us to his own dwelling, retired.

A small, withered Puritan, who looked as if he might be a sexton, now stepped up and informed us that it was Thursday, their lecture-day, and that the meeting-house would crave our presence in the afternoon.

"Oh, we'll go!" cried Punch. "Never you fear, old cock. We'll be on hand as devout as lamplighters!"

"No, no! let's go out of this dreadful place directly," whispered Mrs. Milyun, who for the last half hour had been in an interesting agony of terror, clinging with all her might to Punch Punner.

"Oh do, dear Mr. Cockayne," urged Miss Schottische. "Take us on board the yacht as quick as possible."

"No, no!" I interfered. "We can't leave the Hinnoms."

"Fact really," repeated De Cockayne in perplexity. "We can't leave the Hinnoms among

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these blood-thirsty old Christians. They're in till sundown. Nothing to be done but get some things up and have a picnic here on the green. Catch me inside of their houses! Just like 'em to saw a fellow's ears off with the bread-knife!"

In great distress of mind we bivouacked down in a huddle, on our plaids and blanket shawls, beneath the shadow of the prison elms; for we wished to be as near as possible to those desolate Hinnoms, so as to afford them all permissible aid and comfort in their conspicuous humiliation. De Cockayne and half a dozen others of our youngest people hurried down to the schooner, reappearing in half an hour with baskets enough to feed the famished five thousand. One of these baskets I knew to be of *Sillery Mousseux;* and I was curious to see whether the by-passing Puritans would recognize the article. They did not apparently, but walked right by it with an ignorant inattention which drew a contemptuous whistle from Punch Punner. We had scarcely seated ourselves around our provender, when the three Hinnoms burst out in a doleful roar for Champagne. That kind-hearted Milyun grasped a bottle, and was about to rush toward them, when Doctor Armageddon seized his arm.

"My dear Sir, you had better let me carry it," said he. "I am in the gospel ministry, and I trust that these people will respect my sacred office."

Away he went, holding the bottle in both hands, and actually succeeded in getting the nose of it within an inch of the puckered mouth of old Hinnom. At that tantalizing instant a stout squat fellow, in scarlet doublet and breeches, leaped out from behind the pillory, and completely smashed the precious vessel with his cane. The Doctor dropped the empty butt of



AN APPLICATION.

it, and rushed shrieking toward us, dreadfully punished in the rear by the hobnailed shoes of the party in red breeches. The latter then proceeded to inform us, in horrible obsolete English, that he was constable, and would permit no interference with the rascally varlets in the pillory.

Accordingly, we went to breakfast without attempting any farther charity to the Hinnoms, who looked on from their slight elevation with occasional moans of hungry and thirsty distress. The little Peppergrasses, quite unconscious of the fearful novelty of their situation, pecked heartily at the cold chicken. Mr. Milyun, almost equally innocent and inappreciative, also made a very good meal. De Cockayne was in a state of silent astonishment, and seemed to have no clear idea upon any thing, except that Champagne was a refuge from sorrow. Miss Schottische drank considerably, to say the least, without any of her usual remarks about the calm repose of the grave. Major Slick and Counter Jumper had a private quarrel over their sandwiches, each accusing the other of having brought him into the scrape. Professor Glace called on Mrs. Glace to commune with their lost darling; but neither Mrs. Glace nor the lost darling made any response that was intelligible. Punch imbibed furiously, and was evidently determined on getting drunk, notwithstanding the near terrors of the whipping-post. He became elevated; he laughed exultingly; he drank the healths of the captive Hinnoms.

"Doctor," he giggled, "that fellow in red breeches took you to be a very common tater."

"Oh," moaned Armageddon, rubbing his sore back, "this is not at all what I was led to expect. I confess that I have been miserably undeceived. I once had the greatest respect for these famous historical personages."

"I say, Doctor," continued the scandalous Punch, "what you got behind there was what you ministers call an application, eh? Red Breeches went as far as tenthly, if I counted right. You looked as doleful as the old martyrs in church window-panes. You *were* in pains, though, I say, old (hic) Armageddon. Hallo, old Hinnom! what's your opinion on stocks this morning? You are a *broker;* why don't you *broke* out of that? I say, Jumper, what's become of all the Champagne? Armageddon here has had all the real pain."

"Gone to its own place—all empty," replied Jumper, holding up a bottle and shaking his head with dry humor.

"Pass the brandy, then," replied Punch, undismayed. "Don't give it up so, my Christian friends. We are in the Land of Spirits, you know. Where's the *aqua vitæ*, De Cockayne?"

"Brandy?—there isn't any—didn't bring any," responded Augustus, dolorously.

"The devil!" exclaimed Punch. "Well, never mind. I'm bound to have some. So, here goes for the St. Nicholas over there."

And he set off, rather unsteadily, across the square, in the direction of a building, which, from its enormous sign-board, with the figure of a fiery chariot upon it, appeared to be an inn. He was gone nearly an hour, I should think; and when he returned, his head was as clean of hair as a water-melon.

"Good Heavens, Punch!" exclaimed De Cockayne, "I didn't know you wore a wig."

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PUNCH PUNNER'S RETURN.



A PEPPERGRASS PUNISHED.

"I don't, it appears; nor any thing else," replied our unfortunate wit, passing his hand over his polished caput.

"Mercy on us, Mr. Punner! what has become of your hair?" shrieked Mrs. Milyun.

"Why, you see, my dear," said Punch, who was still a good deal intoxicated, "I undertook to kick up a little row because they kept no brandy; and the barber-us old dumfudgeons had me up instanter before Sir Harry Weathercock, there, and shaved me. Told me they'd put me in the pillory, too, if I tried it on again."

"What an ungentlemanly outrage!" sobbed Mrs. Milyun.

"Served him right!" muttered old Milyun, recollecting, doubtless, how impertinently drunk Punch had often been in his palatial saloons.

"Dear Professor Glace, can't you save us?" implored Mrs. Milyun, embracing her own lovely ringlets, with an adoring despair. "You brought us here. I demand your protection."

"My dear," said that perplexed gentleman, to his wife, "can you not commune with our lost darling?"

Mrs. Glace only gurgled in her throat, and pointed frantically in the direction of the pillory. I looked that way, and saw the red-breeched constable seize the eldest of those unlucky little Peppergrasses, in the act of offering a bite of bread-and-butter to one of the Hinnoms, Junior. The next instant the child was reversed on the constabulary knee, and his piercing screams told the whole village of his agonies. Mrs. Peppergrass made an immediate effort—and fainted on the spot, with her characteristic energy. Mr. Peppergrass shook his paternal fist madly at the sky, while the other little Peppergrasses joined shrilly in the wailing chorus of their afflicted brother.

As soon as the spanked innocent had returned to us, with his tearful cheeks and touching sob, the Reverend Whist Pussyite arose, his usually pale forehead flushed with old port and youthful heroism.

"Brethren," said he, in a voice which was both thick and sweet, as if stirred in with an unusual quantity of sugar, "ought not the utterance of the Church to be heard here?"

"Oh, do, Mr. Pussyite! Repeat some of the Collects. Let us have that sweet Burial Service," exclaimed several ladies at once.

"I humbly object to the Burial Service," said I. "It would be cold comfort to the Hinnoms."

"Give 'em something stronger, Whist," put in Punner. "Go at 'em with the Commination Service. Curse their old razors and pillories!"

"I think, my friends," said Mr. Pussyite, with a reproving wink at Punch, "that I had best repeat the Prayer for Peace and Deliverance from our Enemies."

Amidst the hopeful and admiring murmurs of our ladies, he advanced to the pillory and took a stand, facing us, between the impounded feet of the Hinnoms. Red Breeches came up to him threateningly; but, at the first words of that beautiful petition, he halted, then took off his hat, and finally bowed his head, in the profoundest reverence. Mr. Pussyite recited, in his usual fluent and graceful manner, until he reached the passage, "We yield thee praise and thanksgiving for our deliverance;" when he came to a sudden stop, as if aware of its inappropriateness to us, who as yet were far from being delivered. Feeling hastily in his pockets to see if he had a Prayer Book about him, he drew out something, which, to our utter dismay, proved to be a pack of cards. He tried to conceal them by folding his hands devoutly; but the lynx-eyed official was too wary for him, and made a spring at the worldly playthings.

"Cut, Whist! Don't stop to shuffle," roared Punch; and Whist tried to cut, but was tripped up and collared before he could run a yard. The constable carried off both cards and clergyman to the prison, doubtless to await the convenience of that terrible Sir Harry Vane.

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We now resolved to get away from this abominable pillory, which exposed us to so many mishaps. Apologizing as well as we could to the Hinnoms, some of us shouldered Mrs. Peppergrass, and we all set off down the avenue.

"I say, let's try on the religious tack," observed Major Slick, pointing to the antique visaged meeting-house. "That's the soft spot of these old fellers. I go for squattin' right at the door of the tabernacle and talkin' religion full chissel. Nothin' like it for butterin' the right side of your bread with church-members."

The plan seemed such a cunning one, that, in spite of its contemptible hypocrisy, we all fell into it, and seated ourselves with solemn faces on the broad steps of the Puritanic sanctuary.

"There," snuffled the Major, turning up his eyes. "I reckon I look kinder hopefully pious. See if the rest on ye can't come it somehow."

Doctor Armageddon and Miss Schottische certainly did "come it." In the whole course of my life I never saw two more miserably sanctimonious visages. None of the inhabitants noticed us, however; and it was evidently necessary to do something more than keep up a devotional countenance. At the suggestion of the Major we ventured a hymn, but broke down in "Greenland's Icy Mountains," in consequence of Punch and De Cockayne trying to sing it to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel." De Cockayne, in fact, had drunk a great deal, and began to get noisy as the wine gradually mounted into his slow but capacious brain. After a while I missed him. Then I heard a feminine squall floating out of a neighboring garden, followed by the well known cackling laughter of our Fifth Avenue Don Juan. Looking round, I saw De Cockayne taking some very unpardonable liberties with the lips and cheeks of a saintly-faced damsel of the island.

At the girl's repeated calls for help, three sturdy fellows in great boots bounced out of a house and thundered down the garden upon the offender. De Cockayne leaped the fence like a deer, got into the grave-yard with the Puritans close at his heels, dodged from headstone to headstone, led them three turns around the tabernacle, and, finally, put out at an astonishing pace into the square. Here we had the chase in full view, and watched all its turnings and windings with the most tremulous interest. From every house issued stern men in doublets, breeches, and ponderous shoe-leather, following hard on the haunches of the fugitive, heading him off at every double, and making terrific snatches at his person and raiment. First his dandy cane went, then his hat, then one skirt of his Shanghae frock, then the other, then various rags and tatters, until Broadway would not have recognized the wonder of her tailorhood.

"Go it, Augustus!" shouted Punch, with heart-felt sympathy. "Red Breeches is gaining on ye!"

Alas! in another instant the red-legged constable was victorious, leaping upon the delicate dandy and dragging him down with as furious a strength as if he were throttling one of Rupert's brawny cavaliers. They trotted him off by the collar to the whipping-post; and Miss Schottische turned away her face as she saw that they were stripping him. Presently we heard his feeble roars for mercy, and beheld him writhing under the heavy whip of that indefatigable monster in scarlet indispensables. In fifteen minutes more he was sitting in state on the right hand of the Hinnoms, his face shining with the filthy splendor of rotten eggs.

"Oh dear! oh dear! What an outrage upon a gentleman!" sobbed Mrs. Milyun.

"Served him right!" growled her husband. "He's got his deserts at last for his shabby conduct to some of our New York girls."

"What a place for eggs!" observed Punch, piteously. "Why don't they save 'em for eggnog?"

We remained for perhaps half an hour longer in a silence of wretched expectation. Then the shriveled sexton made his appearance, saluted us by a grave bow without speaking, and flung open the meeting-house doors. Before the antique functionary could fairly get hold of the bell-rope, Major Slick made a rush on tip-toe for one of the front pews, closely followed by that terrified old fox, Armageddon, who absolutely seemed to sneak in with his tail between his legs. One after another we imitated their example, thinking, for once at least, that piety was the best policy. Never were long faces bent lower, and never did people stare more vehemently into Hymn Books and Bibles. At the clamor of the terrible bell a stern crowd poured into the edifice, filling its square pews and long wall-slips with an imposing array of grave, restrained, unearthly faces. I will not attempt to give a sketch of those awful services; those solemn yet passionate prayers; those hymns rising in grand supernatural harmony; that discourse bright with holy love, yet keen with fierce denunciation of sin. In the deepest humility, in the extremest self-condemnation, I bent before those venerable beings, the saints of history, the heroes of temporal and spiritual conflict, the statesmen who on earth sought to administer the laws of Heaven.

I was partially startled out of these sublime impressions by the odor of a cigar floating in through the open window. Glancing out without turning my head, I perceived that that incautious Jumper had slipped out of church to draw the breath of a regalia, under cover of some currant bushes. Red Breeches was stealing upon him; in an instant he had him by the throat, choking the cigar out of his mouth; there was a short scuffle, and then I saw them disappear in the direction of the pillory.

The sermon had lasted a couple of hours or so, and seemed to be reaching its most interesting point, when I was again alarmed by observing that Punch and Doctor Armageddon had fallen asleep. The Doctor's capacious head had sunk upon his breast, and he was mutter-

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ing in his nap, as if pronouncing that closing benediction which we had all so long desired. Punch sat directly in front of me, his shaved cranium fallen back, and his small mustaches just visible above the rim of its polished circumference. If he had had any hair, I could have pulled it, and so saved him from the castigation which was approaching. A man came forward from the door, bearing in his hand a stout, short stick, with a knob at one end, and a fox-tail fastened to the other. From my knowledge of Puritan antiquities, I knew that he was the tithing-man; and I leaned back in breathless expectation of witnessing summary and fearful justice. One knock dispersed the dense slumbers of the Doctor; and then the club descended with thrilling effect on the unfortunate sconce of Mr. Punner. Gliding on, the official swept the fox-tail over the face of Mrs. Milyun, who was also gently snoring. The hairy extremity descended into her open mouth; and with a gasp and a gurgle, Mrs. Milyun awoke to burst into tears. The little Peppergrasses were then knocked on the head successively, to bring them to a sense of their situation; and as the two youngest ones broke into an angry squall, they were taken out of doors, and polished off with sprouts of currant bushes.

Major Slick was the next victim of the terrible tithing man, who caught him slyly squirting tobacco-juice into his own hat, in the vain hope of escaping detection. Out went the Major, notwithstanding his woefully solemn phiz; and I saw him presently, through the window, in the grasp of that remorseless Red Breeches; his lamentable voice, as I thought, reaching me, a few minutes later, from the locality of the whipping-post.



MAJOR SLICK DETECTED.

After three hours and a half, as near as might be, the sermon ended, and the final hymn was given out. The heat in the building was by this time so oppressive that Mrs. Milyun and Miss Schottische took the liberty of loosening their scarfs from their necks. By some unlucky oversight both of these ladies had omitted to change their evening dresses before starting, so that they now exposed no small portion of their shoulders, and so forth, to the view of the congregation. The result was dreadful. The eyes of the Puritans flashed with anger and contempt; and I saw instantly that they had conceived the worst idea of these most respectable ladies. The tithing man advanced to seize Mrs. Milyun, while a particularly grim brother in the church laid hands on Miss Schottische. Mr. Milyun would not let go of his wife, and I felt bound to defend the authoress of the "Narrow, Narrow House." The result was, that we were all four bundled out, and led off to prison together. A mighty door of oak and iron closed upon us, and we were left to our woeful anticipations.

"This is a pretty place to bring your wife to!" shrieked Mrs. Milyun at her husband.

"I didn't bring you here," he replied, impertinently; "it was that fellow with the fox-tail."

"Well, what did you come to this hateful island for?" insisted the outraged woman. "You ought to have known it wasn't a fit place for a lady."

"All your own doings, my dear; especially this last scrape," returned old Milyun, coolly; "I have often requested you not to wear low-neck dresses."

Mrs. Milyun finished the conversation by a scream, and Mr. Milyun by a growl. Then we became silent, for there was a sound of feet in the passage, and of a key in the lock. The door opened, and Doctor Armageddon was thrust in by the nape of the neck; having, it seems, been imprudent enough to commence a doctrinal disquisition, in which he immediately convicted himself of some rascally modern heterodoxy. Sir Harry Vane followed him, then two other grand fellows, then the jailer, and then our enemy in the red breeches. I looked at the stern tranquillity of the Governor's visage, so like a remorseless destiny, and cried out, in the famous words of Cromwell, "Oh, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

"Friend," he replied, "the Lord deliver thee from thyself and the vile company thou keepest."

I endeavored to plead the cause of the ladies, and affirm their unblemished character. But it was useless. They were tried and found guilty of shameful indecorum, with a facile rapidity that Judge Jeffries would have had difficulty in imagining. Doctor Armageddon was convicted, to his speechless mortification, of foul heresy; and Mr. Milyun and I were adjudged culpable of indecent disturbances during divine service. Out we went to the pillory, and there we found the rest of our company, alongside of whom we were immediately made fast, with our feet nearly as high as our heads, somewhat after a modern fashion of American after-dinner repose. In the crowd before us, I observed the

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little Peppergrasses sniveling again, and rubbing the seats of their tight trowsers; from which I inferred that they had just received some further miserable castigation.

While the Puritan younkers were egging us with their usual accuracy of aim, the sun descended through magnificent cloudy glories to the horizon. Glancing down the avenue at this spectacle, I was surprised to see our friend Howard and the venerable elder once more, emerging, to all appearance, from the very centre of the excellent brightness. As they came slowly up the street toward us the extreme verge of the grand orb vanished from earth, and I heard the Governor ordain our release. But before the first of our ignominious ankles was withdrawn from its confinement, and while the stainless stockings and Parisian bootees of our ladies were still sticking through the bars, Henry Howard halted before us with an expression in his mild, gentlemanly face so singular that I shall never forget it. Though purified, sublimed, almost unearthly, it still recognized us and our condition; not with any pitiful shock, however, nor with any indignation at our remorseless oppressors, but with a tranquil coincidence in our sentence, and a complete acknowledgment of our guilt.

When we were freed, Sir Harry Vane addressed us with one brief sentence: "Go, and let this day be a warning unto ye for all the days of your life, lest a worse thing come upon ye."

"I kinder reckon it will be, and no mistake," muttered Major Slick, as we hurried away toward our landing-place. "Catch me on this cussed island agin!"

"Well, Peppergrass, this is worse than living in the country," observed Punch.

"Fact, really—confounded sight worse," responded De Cockayne, who has a horrid idea of the country.

Old Hinnom and his sons limped along without a word, being completely worn-out by their long fasting and other hardships.

"Oh, Mrs. Milyun! we have but just escaped with our lives," sobbed Miss Schottische, now quite overcome, and unable to recollect any of her soothing passages on death in the "Narrow, Narrow House."

"Wretches!" sniffled Mrs. Milyun, through her brief nose. "Mr. Punner, I hope you won't catch cold. Do wrap my scarf around your head."

"Well, it's my opinion they served us all about half right," said that honest, magnanimous old Milyun.

"My dear," sighed Professor Glace, "that was a narrow escape we had of being hanged as witches to-day. Our lost darling had liked to have ruined us."

"Oh dear! yes; what a pity you ever lost him!" groaned Doctor Armageddon.

"I wish I could git a hold of one of them little blue-skins," snarled Major Slick, ferociously, as we came out upon the sea-shore. "I'd rotten egg him!"

But the Major saw those detestable scarlet inexpressibles dogging us at a little distance, and thought it prudent to skip into a boat among the foremost.

"My dear friends," said Henry Howard at last, "I can not help being surprised at you. How is it possible that you have all fallen under the condemnation of these pure and right-judging beings! I have beheld this day things that make time seem but an eddy of eternity, with no shadow of separation between. I have been admitted to-day into the mysteries of sainted souls; of men who once showed how it was possible to be in this world and yet not of it; men of whom the world was not worthy. Our language has no other term which could so justly name them as the word Puritans."

"Puritans be darned!" thundered the Major. "I'm glad the confounded hard-headed old critters have died out. This generation an' that couldn't git along together nohow. I don't like to take my religion so stiff as they mixed it."

"I consider Puritanism a regular shave," observed the hairless Punch.

"Fact is," continued the Major, philosophically, "men of one century hain't no kind of business in another century. I see some good in death that I never saw before."

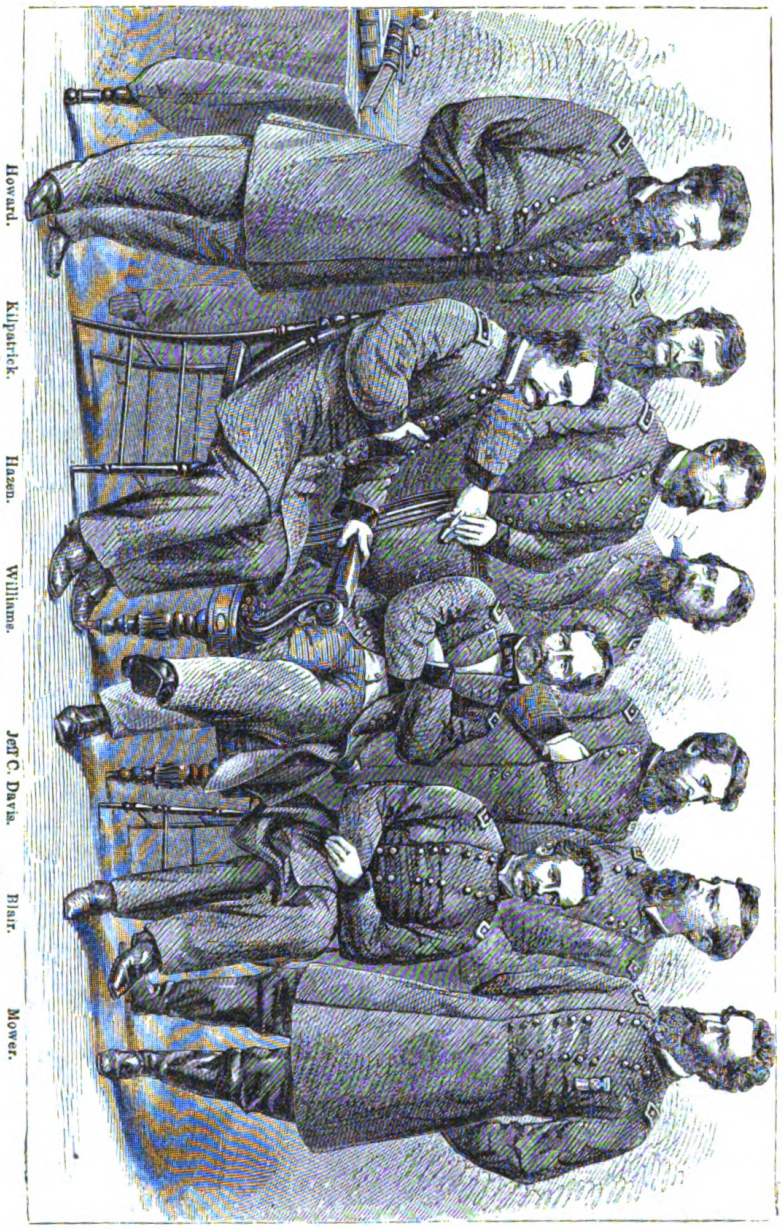
Agreeing unanimously in this conclusion, we returned with great satisfaction to the comfortable temporalities of Nahant, thanking Heaven that we were well rid of the forefathers of whom we were not worthy!

WHITE WINGS.

At my feet the ocean surges,
With its never-ceasing roar;
Singing war-songs, chanting dirges,
Evermore—ah, evermore!
All the sea is wild commotion—
All its breakers white as shrouds:
While afar across the ocean
Spreads the shadow of the clouds.
But I know the sun is beaming,
Far beyond that shadow dark—
I can see his radiance gleaming
In some distant white-wing'd bark.

Thus the ocean of to-morrow
Breaks upon life's rocky shore
With its turmoil—with its sorrow—
Evermore—ah, evermore!
But beyond in farthest distance,
Far beyond all earthly things,
We can see the new existence
In the gleam of angel wings.
Angel wings of the departed,
Bright with rays of fairer skies,
Are reveal'd to the true-hearted,
Through the spirit's purer eyes.

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SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.

SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH.*

"IF Sherman had been cut off in Georgia or Carolina," said an ex-Confederate officer the other day, "he would have been set down as the greatest military charlatan on record."

"Quite possibly," was our reply; "and so if the doctrine of the wise pundits of Salamanca had turned out to be true, that 'should a ship from Europe succeed in reaching India, she could never get back again, because the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain up which it would be impossible for her to sail with the most favorable wind,' then Columbus would have been justly set down as the most foolish visionary on record. Somehow it happened that Columbus did not slip irrecoverably down the round side of the globe, but got safely back to Spain, and '*a Castilla y a Leon Nuevo Mundo dio Colon.*' So, too, Sherman was not lost in the Georgia woods or Carolina swamps. Columbus was not a visionary or Sherman a charlatan simply because each proposed a feasible object, and employed the best means to accomplish it."

We do not propose in this paper to describe the Great March in its military aspects. Sherman himself has done this in his reports. They are as clear as those in which Cæsar tells how

* *The Story of the Great March.* From the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet Major GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman. With Map and Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

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ALLATOONA PASS.

he waged his Gallic wars, and almost as picturesque as the immortal pages in which Xenophon describes the march of the famous Ten Thousand. We propose to present—mainly in the words of Major Nichols—some scenes and incidents in the march of Sherman. Passing over the marches and battles which won Atlanta, in September, 1864, and the subsequent operations which sent Hood on his wild expedition toward Nashville, whence he was hurled back so disastrously by Thomas; passing over the heroic defense of Allatoona Pass, where Corse, with only fifteen hundred men, fought from early dawn until noon a force of no less than six thousand of the enemy, and drove them from the field, leaving their dead and wounded behind; we look, with Major Nichols, at the commanding general: "What prophetic intuitions filled the mind of General Sherman as he paced the piazza of that house in Atlanta, utterly abstracted in thought, his head cast a little to one side, one hand buried in his side pocket, the other fitfully snapping the ashes from his cigar, are known only to himself; but certain it is that one bright morning we were awakened with orders to move. Hood had already crossed the Chattahoochee, and was forty-eight hours in advance. His objective point was then a mooted question, nor has the military problem yet been fully answered: perhaps he did not know it himself. There can be little doubt, however, that the leading purpose of Hood's march was to draw Sherman

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away from Atlanta by a bold movement in our rear, threatening not only our line of communications but our base of supplies. He thought that he could retort upon Sherman his own tactics, and force him, for want of supplies, to give up the bravely-won victories of the summer's campaign, and force us back upon Chattanooga.

"The battle at Allatoona was the decisive point of the campaign in pursuit of Hood. The same night, Corse, though severely wounded and suffering, went to Rome with his remaining troops. After the failure of the rash assault the rebel general passed by Rome, and threatened, but did not attack, Resaca—for Sherman was now close in his track. Hood effected a temporary lodgment at Dalton. Then, collecting his hungry, barefooted men, and gathering what little plunder he could find, he fled over the mountains and down the valley at the rate of twenty-five miles a day to Gaylesville, and thence to Gadsden, where he rejoined his trains, to make his fatal march toward Nashville.

"Sherman waited some time at Gaylesville, until fully assured of the direction taken by his late antagonist. He then detached the Fourth Corps, and subsequently the Twenty-third, with orders to join General Thomas, who received full instructions as to the course he was to adopt. Sherman at once made preparations to abandon all the posts south of Dalton. From Gaylesville and Rome he issued his orders concerning the new movement. The sick and wounded, non-combatants, the machinery, extra baggage, tents, wagons, artillery, ammunition stores, every person and every thing not needed in the future campaigns, were sent back to Chattanooga. The army was stripped for fighting and marching.

"Let us for a moment look at General Sherman as he appeared at Gaylesville, seated upon a camp-stool in front of his tent, with a map of the United States spread upon his knees. General Easton and Colonel Beckwith, his chief quarter-master and commissary, are standing near. By his side are Generals Howard and Slocum, the future commanders of the right and left wings. General Sherman's finger runs swiftly down the map until it reaches Atlanta; then, with unerring accuracy, it follows the general direction to be taken by the right and left wings, until a halt is made at Milledgeville. 'From here,' the general says, 'we have several alternatives; I am sure we can go to Savannah, or open communication with the sea somewhere in that direction.' After studying the map a while, tracing upon the tangled maze of streams and towns a line from Savannah north and east, at Columbia, South Carolina, General Sherman looks up at General Howard with the remark, 'Howard, I believe we can go there without any serious difficulty. If we can cross the Salkahatchie we can capture Columbia. From Columbia'—passing his finger quickly over rivers, swamps, and cities to Goldsborough, North Carolina—'that point is a few days' march through a rich country. When we reach that important railroad junction—when I once plant this army at Goldsborough—Lee must leave Virginia, or he will be defeated beyond hope of recovery. We can make this march, for General Grant assures me that Lee can not get away from Richmond without his knowledge, nor without serious loss to his army.'

"To those who gazed upon the map, and measured the great distance to be traversed, from this quiet village away up in the mountains of Northern Alabama down to the sea, and thence hundreds of miles through a strange and impassable country away to the north again, and over wide rivers and treacherous bogs, the whole scheme, in the hands of any man but he who conceived it, seems weird, fatal, impossible. But it was at that moment in process of execution. The army was at once set in motion; the numerous threads spreading over a wide field of operations were gathered up. Out of confusion came exquisite order. Detachments guarding various dépôts were sent to their commands, outposts were withdrawn, the cavalry were concentrated in one division under the lead of a gallant soldier. Compact, confident, and cheerful, this well-appointed host, guided by that master mind, moved grandly on to the fulfillment of its high mission. Those who have written of this campaign always date its commencement from Atlanta. Inasmuch as we trod upon hitherto unconquered soil when we went out from Atlanta, this statement is true; but the march really began at Rome and Kingston."

It is from this point that Major Nichols begins his diary. He writes:

"*November* 13.—Yesterday the last train of cars whirled rapidly past the troops moving south, speeding over bridges and into the woods as if they feared they might be left helpless in the deserted land. At Cartersville the last communications with the North were severed with the telegraph wire. It bore the message to General Thomas, 'All is well.' And so we have cut adrift from our base of operations, from our line of communications, launching out into uncertainty at the best, on a journey whose projected end only the general in command knows. Its real fate and destination he does not know, since that rests with the goodness of God and the brave hearts and strong limbs of our soldiers. The history of war bears no similar example, except that of Cortéz burning his ships. It is a bold, hazardous undertaking. There is no backward step possible here. Thirty days' rations and a new base: that time and those supplies will be exhausted in the most rapid march ere we can arrive at the nearest sea-coast; arrived there, what then? I never heard that manna grew on the sand-beaches or in the marshes, though we are sure that we can obtain forage on our way; and I have reason to know that General Sherman is in the highest degree sanguine and cheerful—sure even of success. As for the soldiers, they do not stop to ask questions. Sherman says "Come," and

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ATLANTA IN RUINS.

that is the entire vocabulary to them. A most cheerful feature of the situation is the fact that the men are healthful and jolly as men can be; hoping for the best, willing to dare the worst.

"Behind us we leave a track of smoke and flame. Half of Marietta was burned up—not by orders, however; for the command is that proper details shall be made to destroy all property which can ever be of use to the rebel armies. Stragglers will get into these places, and dwelling-houses are leveled to the ground. In nearly all cases these are the deserted habitations formerly owned by rebels who are now refugees."

Atlanta was a doomed city. It was a great military strong-hold. As such it was held by the enemy; as such it was captured and treated by Sherman. Transportation was given to all who wished to go North; those who wished to go South were sent to the Confederate lines. It was a hard necessity. Sherman was far from his base of supplies, and his lines of communication were liable to constant interruption. He could not, if he would, undertake to feed the families of those who were in arms against his Government, and unless he fed them they must starve. So he must send them away.

When the army commenced its southward march Atlanta was given to the flames. Under date of November 15, Major Nichols writes:

"A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholder in this beautiful city, now in flames. By order, the chief engineer has destroyed by powder and fire all the store-houses,

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dépôt buildings, and machine-shops. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire; the air is filled with flying, burning cinders; buildings covering two hundred acres are in ruins or in flames; every instant there is the sharp detonation or the smothered booming sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the buildings, and then the sparks and flame shoot away up into the black and red roof, scattering cinders far and wide. These are the machine-shops where have been forged and cast the rebel cannon, shot and shell that have carried death to many a brave defender of our nation's honor. These warehouses have been the receptacle of munitions of war, stored to be used for our destruction. The city, which, next to Richmond, has furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the South, exists no more as a means for injury to be used by the enemies of the Union."

The command of a great army is the highest achievement of the human mind. It is made up of a hundred thousand men, each feeble in himself as a slender fibre of cotton which a breath will waft away; these countless fibres twisted and combined into companies, regiments, and brigades, are like the strong cable by which the mightiest vessel outrides the storm. Yet an army is not, like a cable, a dead thing. It is instinct with life as a whole and in each individual member. For one thing every man of the hundred thousand must be fed. This is no trifling matter even when in camp; on the march it is something wonderful. Twenty-four hours without supplies would reduce the best army to a helpless mass of disorganized humanity. Food for the men, forage for the animals must not only be provided, but must be at the precise spot where wanted. A great battle is a great thing; but a great march is a greater. Napoleon, the great master of war, had a score of Marshals any one of whom could fight and win a pitched battle where he had one who could lead an army on the march. An army on the march is something like a great serpent, whose slow and resistless progress is the most striking exemplar of absolute force. When unopposed it stretches its vast length for mile upon mile, yet always alert and watchful. When danger threatens, it recoils upon itself. The trains, its vital point, are enveloped, fold upon fold, in its gigantic coils. Out of these are darted its head, with the cavalry its keen eyes, and the artillery its fearful fangs, ready for offense and defense. The great beast, shrunk to a quarter of its former dimensions, is ready for attack or defense. The danger past or overcome, the great python unfolds its massy coils, and again stretches out its huge length for progress. All of these mighty operations must be under the control of one supreme mind—the brain which governs every movement.

Sherman's force, when it had fairly cut loose from Atlanta, was "divided into two armies, called the Right and Left Wings, each of which had a separate army commander—General Howard, of the right wing, and General Slocum, of the left. Each of these armies is composed of two corps, which are subdivided into divisions and brigades, with their proper commanding officers. In addition to these, there is a cavalry corps, under the command of General Kilpatrick, who takes his orders directly from General Sherman. This corps is the curtain behind whose gleaming folds our chief, marching with one or another column as circumstances dictate, gives his orders.

"In the long marches, when the army has covered a vast extent of country, this organization proves to be of the highest practical use. Each column marches within supporting distance of the others. Yet exceptional instances have occurred where one wing may be forced to act in a measure independent of the others, as when the communication is cut off by a stream difficult to cross, or by a mountainous district which can be but slowly traversed. At such times there is a complete organization united in one command, ready to act as the emergency may require. But, as before said, these instances are exceptional. The conditions of our success are attended with such weighty responsibilities and dangerous risks, that this great moving mass of men and material is never fairly out of hand. The General commanding issues his orders, directed toward or including certain objective points, to reach which requires several days' marching. It is the office of the subordinate commanders to put in motion that apparently unwieldy, but really manageable, orderly mass of humanity, wherein every man has his place, and duties which must be performed; and by this beautiful and practical system an army of sixty or seventy thousand men is shifted from place to place with a safety and celerity almost magical."

The excellently designed map of Major Nichols shows by distinct colors the line of march of every corps of this army. Let us glance at its main features: From Rome, in the extreme northwestern corner of Georgia, close by the border of Alabama, draw a straight line southeastward. After three hundred miles it will touch Savannah. Then draw another line north one hundred and fifty miles, and it will strike Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. Thence draw another line northeastward two hundred miles, and it will touch Goldsborough, in North Carolina; from thence another line, drawn northwestward a hundred miles, will touch Raleigh and Chapel Hill, where the march really closed. In all there was a march of seven hundred and fifty miles in a straight line—but something more than a thousand measured along the roads actually traveled. A straight line drawn from Rome, the beginning of the march, a little north of east to Raleigh, its close, would measure about four hundred miles. For the thousand miles of the march the columns swept an average breadth of fifty miles. It is curious to trace upon the map the complex lines which denote the routes of the different corps, and to dis-

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cover the order that overrules the apparent disorder. Thus, the black, blue, yellow, and red lines, which denote the various infantry corps, keep almost the same relative positions. But the green line, which indicates the cavalry, shifts from side to side, and from sides to centre. From Atlanta to Macon it is on the extreme right. Then, by a sharp turn, it crosses the other lines and takes place on the left to Millen, whence to Savannah it appears in the centre. From Savannah, half-way through South Carolina, it is in the centre; thence to Fayetteville it is on the left; then to Goldsborough, in the centre, but with a sharp dash to the right; thence again on the left to Raleigh, until at Chapel Hill it forms the front. The explanation of these complicated movements is really simple. The cavalry is the eye of the army, always open to the side where the enemy is supposed to be. If he is on the left, it is on the left; if he is on the right, it is there; if he is on both sides, it is in the centre, ready to meet him on either hand.

Let us now catch some glimpses of a single army corps on the march:

"The order of march is issued by the army commanders the preceding night, from them to the corps commanders, and then passed along until every soldier, teamster, and camp-follower knows that an early start is to be made. At three o'clock the watch-fires are burning dimly, and, but for the occasional neighing of horses, all is so silent that it is difficult to imagine that twenty thousand men are within a radius of a few miles. The ripple of the brook can be distinctly heard as it breaks over the pebbles, or winds petulantly about the gnarled roots. The wind sweeping gently through the tall pines overhead only serves to lull to deeper repose the slumbering soldier, who in his tent is dreaming of his far-off Northern home.

"But in an instant all is changed. From some commanding elevation the clear-toned bugle sounds out the *reveillé*, and another and another responds, until the startled echoes double and treble the clarion calls. Intermingled with this comes the beating of drums, often rattling and jarring on unwilling ears. In a few moments the peaceful quiet is replaced by noise and tumult, arising from hill and dale, from field and forest. Camp-fires, hitherto extinct or smouldering in dull gray ashes, awaken to new life and brilliancy, and send forth their sparks high into the morning air. Although no gleam of sunrise blushes in the east, the harmless flames on every side light up the scene, so that there is no disorder or confusion.

"The æsthetic aspects of this sudden change do not, however, occupy much of the soldier's time. He is more practically engaged in getting his breakfast ready. The potatoes are frying nicely in the well-larded pan; the chicken is roasting delicately on the red-hot coals, and grateful fumes from steaming coffee-pots delight the nostrils. The animals are not less busy. An ample supply of corn and huge piles of fodder are greedily devoured by these faithful friends of the boys in blue, and any neglect is quickly made known by the pawing of neighing horses and the fearful braying of the mules. Amidst all is the busy clatter of tongues and tools—a Babel of sound, forming a contrast to the quiet of the previous hour as marked as that between peace and war. Then the animals are hitched into the traces, and the droves of cattle relieved from the night's confinement in the corral. Knapsacks are strapped, men seize their trusty weapons, and as again the bugles sound the note of command, the soldiers fall into line and file out upon the road.

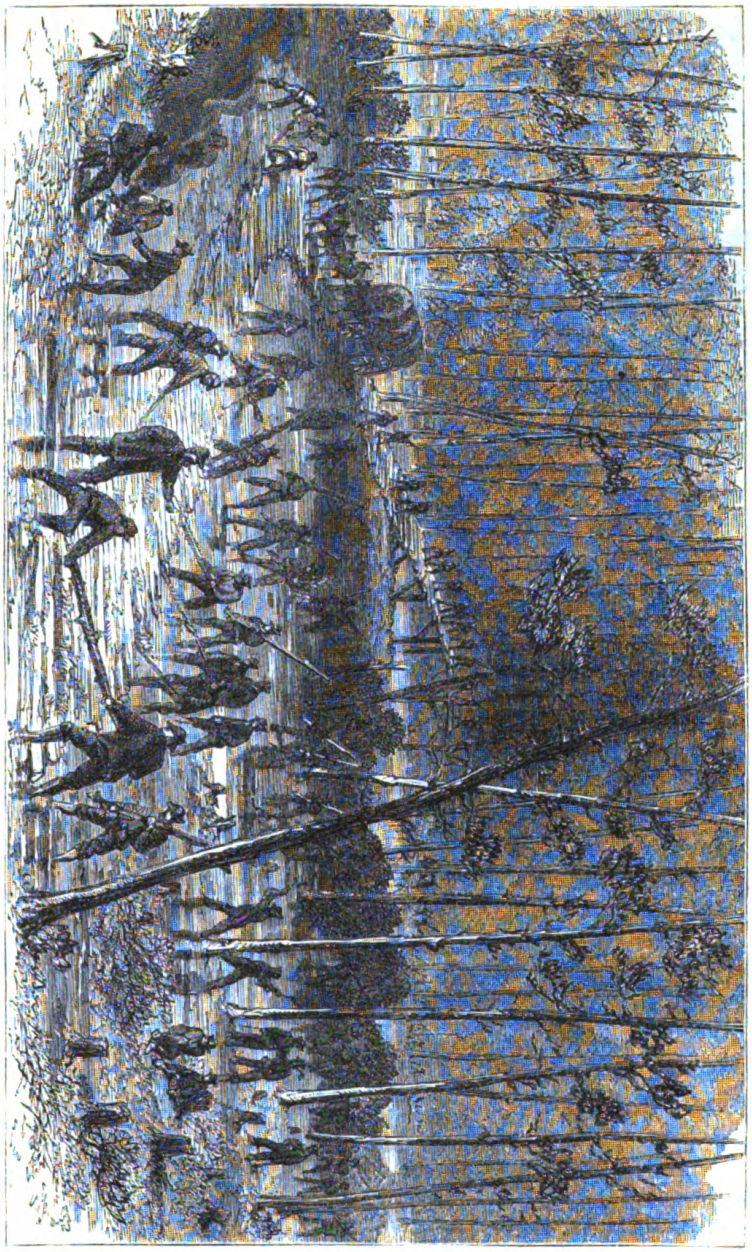
"There is a halt in the column. The officer in charge of the pioneer corps, which follows the advance-guard, has discovered an ugly place in the road, which must be 'corduroyed' at once, before the wagons can pass. The pioneers quickly tear down the fence near by and bridge over the treacherous place, perhaps at the rate of a quarter of a mile in fifteen minutes. If rails are not near, pine saplings and split logs supply their place. Meanwhile the bugles have sounded, and the column has halted. The soldiers, during the temporary halt, drop out of line on the road-side, lying upon their backs, supported by their still unstrapped knapsacks. If the halt is a long one, the different regiments march by file right, one behind the other, into the fields, stacking their muskets, and taking their rest at ease, released from their knapsack.

"A great many of the mounted officers ride through the fields, on either side of the line of march, so as not to interfere with the troops. General Sherman always takes to the fields, dashing through thickets or plunging into the swamps, and, when forced to take the road, never breaks into a regiment or brigade, but waits until it passes, and then falls in. He says that they, and not he, have the right to the road.

"But the sun has long since passed the zenith, the droves of cattle which have been driven through the swamps and fields are lowing and wandering in search of a corral, the soldiers are beginning to lag a little, the teamsters are obliged to apply the whip oftener, ten or fifteen miles have been traversed, and the designated halting-place for the night is near. The column must now be got into camp. Officers ride on in advance to select the ground for each brigade, giving the preference to slopes in the vicinity of wood and water. Soon the troops file out into the woods and fields, the leading division pitching tents first, those in the rear marching on yet farther, ready to take their turn in the advance the next day.

"As soon as the arms are stacked, the boys attack the fences and rail-piles, and with incredible swiftness their little shelter-tents spring up all over the ground. The fires are kindled with equal celerity, and the luxurious repast prepared, while 'good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both.' After this is heard the music of dancing or singing, the pleasant

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COOKING.

buzz of conversation, and the measured sound of reading. The wagons are meanwhile parked and the animals fed. By-and-by the tattoo rings out on the night air. Its familiar sound is understood. 'Go to rest, go to rest,' it says, as plainly as organs of human speech.

"Shortly after follows the peremptory command of 'Taps.' 'Out lights, out lights, out lights!' The soldier gradually disappears from the camp-fire. Rolled snugly in his blanket, the soldier dreams again of home, or revisits in imagination the battle-fields he has trod. The animals, with dull instinct, lie down to rest. The fires go out. The army is asleep. But around the slumbering host the picket-guards keep quiet watch."

It is curious to note the dumb pets which the soldiers gather and keep around them. One company will have a cat, another a donkey, another a kid, another a dog. But a fighting-cock is the pet and pride. They ride upon cannon or mules, or are affectionately borne in the arms of their protectors. Breed is of little account, so that the animal is game. If he will not fight he is sure to be eaten. A victor gets a pet-name. He is "Bill Sherman" or "Johnny Logan," while his worsted opponent is dubbed "Jeff Davis" or "Pete Beauregard."

Among the duties of the army was that of destroying the railroads. "The method of destruction is simple, but very effective. Two ingenious instruments have been made for this purpose. One of them is a clasp, which locks under the rail. It has a ring in the top, into

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"BILL SHERMAN" AND "PETE BEAUREGARD."

which is inserted a long lever, and the rail is thus ripped from the sleepers. The sleepers are then piled in a heap and set on fire, the rails roasting in the flames until they bend by their own weight. When sufficiently heated, each rail is taken off by wrenches fitting closely over the ends, and by turning in opposite directions, it is so twisted that even a rolling-machine could not bring it back into shape."

As the army pressed on in its march through Georgia not a few odd characters were encountered. As a representative let us introduce one whom Major Nichols designates simply as W.—a fat fellow, who tried hard to be jolly under difficult circumstances:

"'They say you are retreating,' he said, 'but it is the strangest sort of retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite them, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the Federal armies, and they allers fall back after the battle is over. It was that ar' idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was always whipping the Feds, and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a d—d humbug, and now by —— I know it, for here you are right on old W.'s place; hogs, potatoes, corn, and fences all gone. I don't find any fault. I expected it all. Jeff Davis and the rest,' he continued, 'talk about splitting the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splitting the Union! Why, the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end. It is these rich fellows who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails. There's my poor brother sick with small-pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d—d stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and eleven thousand bullets a minute. I don't believe in it, Sir!'"

"As rumors of the approach of the army reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their valuable personal effects, plate, jewelry, and other rich goods, but also articles of food, such as hams, sugar, flour, etc. A large part of these supplies were carried to the neighboring swamps; but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasures in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling-houses. Sometimes, also, the grave-yards were selected as the best place of security from the 'Vandal hands of the invaders.' Unfortunately for these people, the negroes betrayed them, and in the early part of the march the soldiers learned the secret. With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures. Wherever the army halted, almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabres, or upturned with spades. The universal digging was good for the garden land, but its results were distressing to the rebel owners of exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably 'confiscated.' If they 'struck a vein' a spade was instantly put in requisition, and the coveted wealth was speedily unearthed. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp-witted soldiers. A woman standing upon the porch of a house, apparently watching their proceedings, instantly became an object of suspicion, and she was watched until some movement betrayed a place of concealment. The fresh earth recently thrown up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest indication of a change in appearance or position, all attracted the gaze of these military agriculturists. It was all fair spoil of war, and the search made one of the excitements of the march."

In a little more than three weeks the army had accomplished the three hundred miles from Rome, and were close upon Savannah. It had taken M'Clellan as long to traverse the thirty miles between Williamsburg and the Chickahominy, without having seen the face of an enemy. Fort M'Allister, the key to Savannah, was captured by Hazen, how gallantly we must leave Nichols to tell, on the 13th of December, just a month lacking two days after the Great March began.

For a full month after the capture of Savannah there was no apparent movement of the Union force. But Richmond was all the while in Sherman's eye as the real point to which his march was to tend. To reach this he must traverse a part of Georgia, the whole of South and North Carolina, and a part of Virginia. On the 15th of January the troops were in motion for the new field of operations. The enterprise looked hazardous enough. "The march through Georgia," said the fearful Unionists and the confident Confederates, "was safe enough; but this is a march into the jaws of destruction. Sherman is going straight to Lee, who can throw his columns right across the track; Hardee has 30,000 men in front, and the approaches to Charleston are impracticable." But the army pressed on, straight northward, in separate columns as before—the Fourteenth Corps, under

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TREASURE SEEKERS.

Slocum, on the left; the Seventeenth, under Howard, on the right; the Fifteenth and the Twentieth being in the centre, where also was Kilpatrick's cavalry, ready to dash to either flank. By the 30th Georgia had been left behind, and the invasion of South Carolina was fairly begun. It can not be denied that the army looked with special aversion upon this State. Major Nichols writes:

"Houses are burning, and South Carolina has commenced to pay an installment, long overdue, on her debt to justice and humanity. With the help of God, we will have principal and interest before we leave her borders. There is a terrible gladness in the realization of so many hopes and wishes. This cowardly traitor State, secure from harm, as she thought, in her central position, with hellish haste dragged her Southern sisters into the caldron of secession. Little did she dream that the hated flag would again wave over her soil; but this bright morning a thousand Union banners are floating in the breeze, and the ground trembles beneath the tramp of thousands of brave Northmen, who know their mission, and will perform it to the end."

And again, after passing the low swampy region:

"The land improves as we advance into the interior. The region through which we are now traveling is rich in forage and supplies, and the army is once more reveling in the luxurious experiences of the Georgia campaign—turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, nicely-cured hams, potatoes, honey, and abundance of other luxuries

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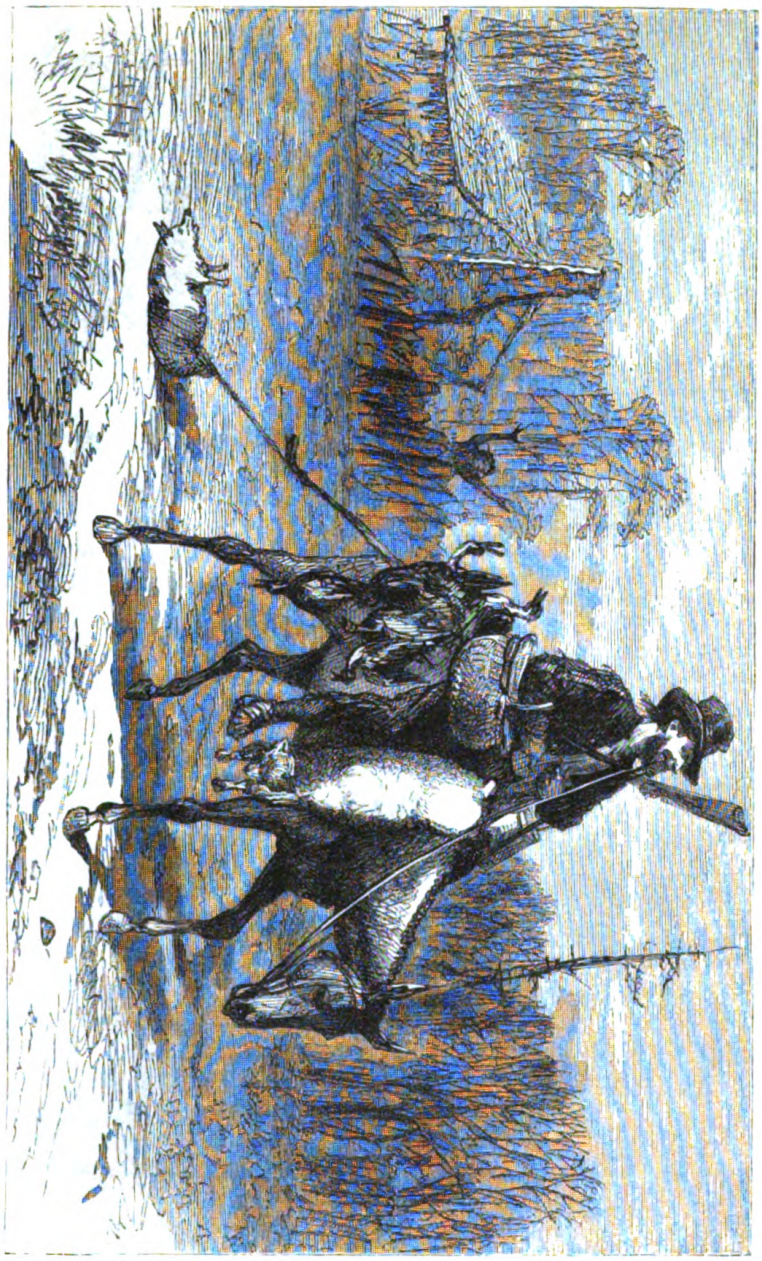
FORT M'ALLISTER.

for the soldiers, and plenty of corn and fodder for the animals. The soil does not seem to be very prolific in Barnwell County, as it has a large proportion of sand, yet the planters, judging from their houses and the outbuildings, seem to have been wealthy. Nearly all these places are deserted, although here and there we find women and children, whom it is difficult to persuade they are not at once to be murdered. Wide-spreading columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. Building material is likely to be in great demand in this State for some time to come.

"It is grievous to see a beautiful woman, highly cultured and refined, standing in the gateway of her dismantled home, perhaps with an infant in her arms, while she calls upon some passing officers to protect her home from farther pillage; for the advance-guard, who have just been skirmishing with the enemy or some stragglers, have entered and helped themselves to what they needed or desired. No violence is done to the inmates, but household furniture is pushed about somewhat. The men of the house have all run away, as did Cain after killing his brother. Perhaps it is the best protection for their property to leave women at home, for the soldiers always respect a woman, even if they do sometimes enter a house. These people have one cry in common, now that they feel the bitterness of war. They pray God that it may cease upon any terms."

Here is a sketch of veteran soldiers on the march:

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THE "BUMMER."

"Our command is in splendid health. Marching and the open air have brought out all the invalids. Day before yesterday we sent back a train with all the wounded, so they will be well cared for, and will not encumber us in our onward march. This is more than well. To be effective for marching or fighting an army must be stripped of superfluities and encumbrances, and thus the old soldier reduces himself to a few simple necessities. He travels light. You may distinguish him from his fellows in the column by his small, well-packed knapsack and blanket tightly rolled; his well-ordered musket and accoutrements; his fine springy step, his determined *nonchalance*. This man has learned the best philosophy of soldiering by practical experience. This daily experience of marching, scouting, foraging, skirmishing, drilling, manœuvring, and fighting, joined to other natural qualifications, makes the American the best soldier in the world. I affirm this with some knowledge, for I have seen the English, French, Austrian, and Italian soldiers. I do not believe there is an army in the world, outside the United States, that could make such a march as we are making now. Road and bridge building, which we have learned to perfection, would stop them the first day out.

"It is impossible to pass the columns of the army without observing the excellent condition of the animals. The abundant forage found upon the plantations, and the short marches which

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THE ARMY MULE.

we make, have put the horses, mules, and beef cattle in the best possible condition. Each day, as the army moves forward, large additions are made to the droves of cattle. Our conscription is remorseless. Every species of four-footed beast that South Carolina planters cherished among their live-stock is swept in by our flanking foragers, and the music of the animal creation mingles with the sound of the footfall of the army."

But all soldiers are not veterans. In, or rather about, Sherman's army were a class of men known as "Bummers." How the term originated nobody seems to know. We hope the editor of the next edition of the Slang Dictionary will investigate the matter. A Bummer, according to Major Nichols, is a raider on his own account—a man who has left his place in the ranks, and has set out on a foraging expedition without special orders. Sometimes he is absent for only a few days, at other times he disappears for weeks together. An officer who had to pass from column to column would not unfrequently light upon a camp of Bummers, bearing all the appearance of a regular foraging party, and almost always having proof of abundant success. If asked to what command they belong, one will reply, with an impudent laugh, "We don't answer for any body in particular—'bout every corps in the army." There is one distinguishing mark of a Bummer: he is never on foot. Now and then he is mounted on a

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splendid horse, which he has somehow "raised;" more frequently he bestrides a broken-down nag; oftener still a mule. "Sometimes," writes Nichols, "we see the 'Bummer' approaching the camp from a piece of woods with a wagon which he has overloaded with good things. The scene is frequently exhilarating. The 'Bummer,' coming in on horseback, holding the bridle in his teeth, clasps under one arm a basket of fresh eggs, and under the other a pailful of delicious honey, while a brace of fat sheep, hams, chickens, or geese lie across the saddle in front and rear, and the carcass of a hog, firmly tied to the mule's tail, is dragged along the road. The 'Bummer' himself is probably clothed in an irregular sack-coat of linen, with a ridiculously unmilitary hat perched on one side of his head, and, as he approaches, his face beams with smiles of recognition, tempered by a half-suppressed apprehension lest his bounteous supplies should not be accepted as a peace-offering for his delinquencies."

"Aside from the freedom from control which gives bad men opportunities to commit wanton deeds of violence, these wanderers from the ranks are often of great benefit to the army. Better flankers can not be found. Spreading out from the marching column, they are the first to scent danger, and the last to leave the field, unless actually forced back. They understand the art of squad-fighting to perfection. Parties of them, without officers, will join together to resist an onset of rebel cavalry, or to make an attack upon the enemy, and they are almost always the victors in a skirmish."

A Bummer, sharply reprimanded by an officer, made this reply: "See hyar, cap'n; we ain't so bad after all. We keep ahead of the skirmish line allers. We let's 'em know when an enemy's a-comin'; and then we ain't allers away from the regiment. We turns over all we don't want ourselves, and we can lick five times as many rebs as we are, any day." The Bummers are the nearest modern representatives of the motley crowd whom Walter the Penniless, in the first Crusade, led from Burgundy through Hungary and Bulgaria to the Holy Land.

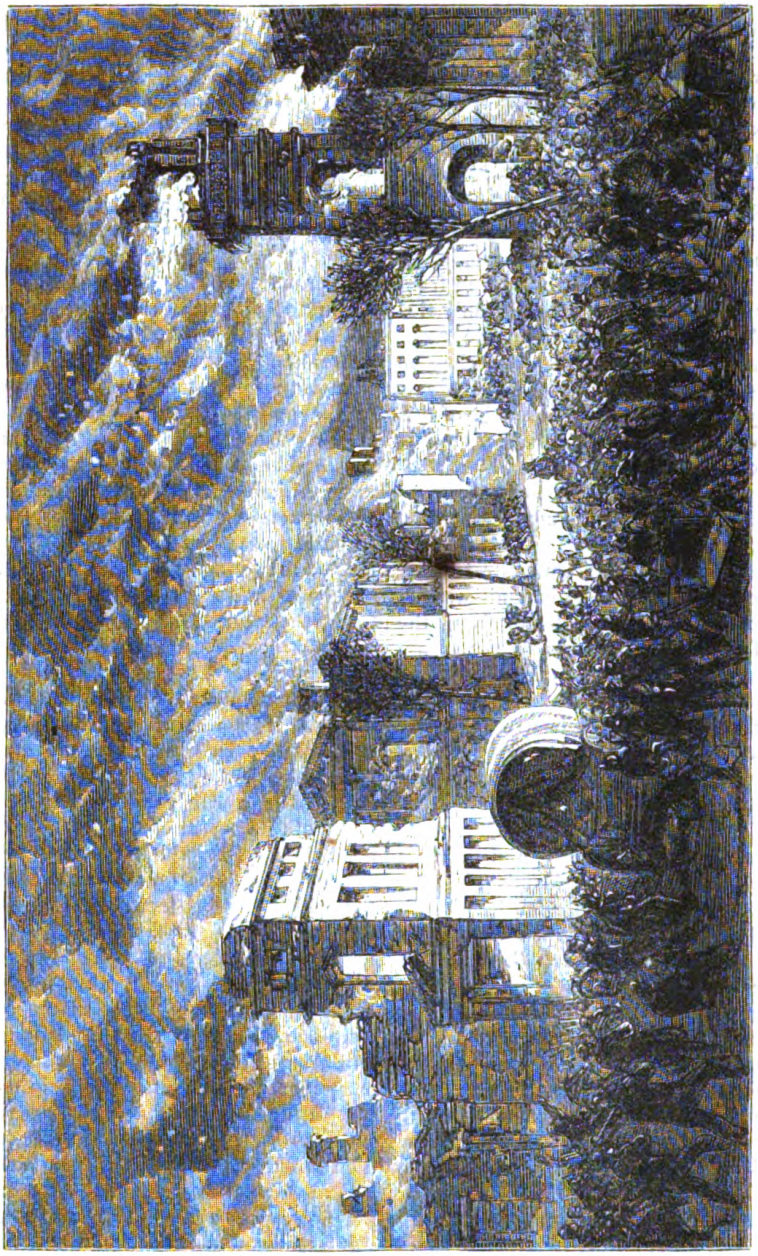
On the 17th of February, Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was occupied, not without some fighting. Major Nichols, under that date writes:

"It is with a feeling of proud exultation that I write the date of Columbia. We have conquered and occupy the capital of the haughty State that instigated and forced forward the treason which has brought on this desolating war. The city which was to have been the capital of the Confederacy if Lee and the rebel hosts had been driven from Richmond is now overrun by Northern soldiers. The beautiful capitol building bears the marks of Yankee shot and shell, and the old flag which the rebels insulted at Sumter now floats freely in the air from the house-tops of the central city of South Carolina. On our march hither we had the choice of Augusta or Columbia; and while many a brave man turned his indignant eyes toward Sumter and the sea, yet our General knew that this Holy of Holies to the Southern mind was of infinitely more importance than either of the other two cities, and he feels certain that Charleston is ours in any event. General Sherman also knew that, while he might capture Augusta, he could not be certain of reaching Columbia afterward, while with Columbia gained, Augusta was almost as easily won as in the commencement of the campaign."

Sherman and Howard, with their staffs, were the first to enter the city. On every side were evidences of disorder. Bales of cotton were scattered here and there; furniture and merchandise were cast pell-mell in every direction. In the main street Sherman was met by some of our prisoners who had escaped in the confusion, and had been secreted by the negroes. The material belonging to the Confederate Treasury Department had been brought here, as to a place of perfect security. Much of this had been removed, but much remained behind. The arsenal was found stocked with arms and munitions, the work-shops full of machinery for the manufacture of arms, the storehouses crowded with supplies. The capitol when finished would have been the finest public building in the United States. This was ordered to be spared; but other public buildings and property were destroyed. In the evening the disastrous conflagration began which laid the city in ruins. The cause of this is still enveloped in doubt. Nichols believes that the main fire originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the Confederates had placed along the streets, and fired when they left. Other fires, he thinks, are to be ascribed to the desire for revenge from some two hundred of our prisoners who had escaped from the cars as they were being conveyed from this city to Charlotte, who sought this means of retaliation for their sufferings in the miserable prison-pen close by. But, he adds: "Whatever may have been the cause of the disaster, the direful result is deprecated by General Sherman most emphatically; for however heinous the crimes of this people against our common country, we do not war against women and children and helpless persons." In the morning the fires were all subdued, and the houseless people were provided with shelter in the residences deserted by their former refugee owners. "So far as it went, the fire made clean work; but there were fewer dwelling-houses destroyed than was at first supposed; as the devastation was confined chiefly to the business parts of the city."

On the 21st the army was again fairly on its march toward Goldsborough. Among the significant features of the journey were the bands of refugees seeking to make their escape northward under protection of the army. For a while it was impossible to comply with their requests on account of the lack of transportation. But in time many of the wagons of the train were empty; vehicles and animals were captured

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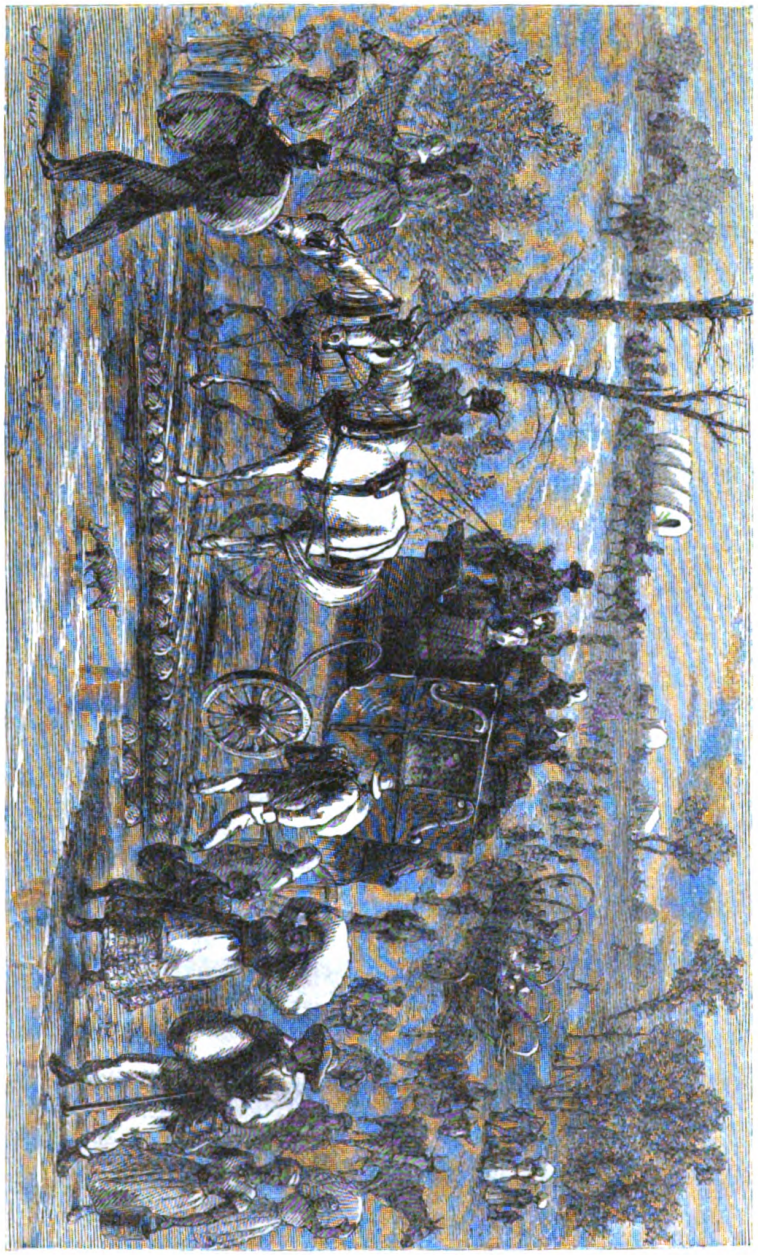
COLUMBIA ON FIRE.

from the enemy; and besides, many of the refugees were able to furnish their own transportation. A refugee train was organized and placed under guard of escaped prisoners. Of this train Major Nichols writes:

"The refugees are getting along famously. Ladies who have been always accustomed to the refinements of life seem to enjoy the journey as much as if it were a picnic. In truth, it is better than that; for, while they are not exposed to the dangers of war, they participate in its excitements. The column has a singularly *outrè* appearance. First there will be a huge family coach containing ladies, with their personal baggage crowded about them; then an army wagon loaded with men, women, and children, comfortably seated upon such articles of household furniture as they are allowed to carry. Following this, will be a country cart filled with negro women—for the negroes come along also—and hosts of the little curly, bullet-headed youngsters gaze curiously upon the strange sights which meet their eyes."

The weather was for a while delightful; the roads dry; the wind from the east came laden with the perfumes of pine and cedar; and the army pressed on as happy and contented as men had a right to be who had plodded on so many dreary days through heavy mud and pitiless rain. On the 8th of March the boundary between South and North Carolina was crossed. On the previous evening Major Nichols wrote in his diary:

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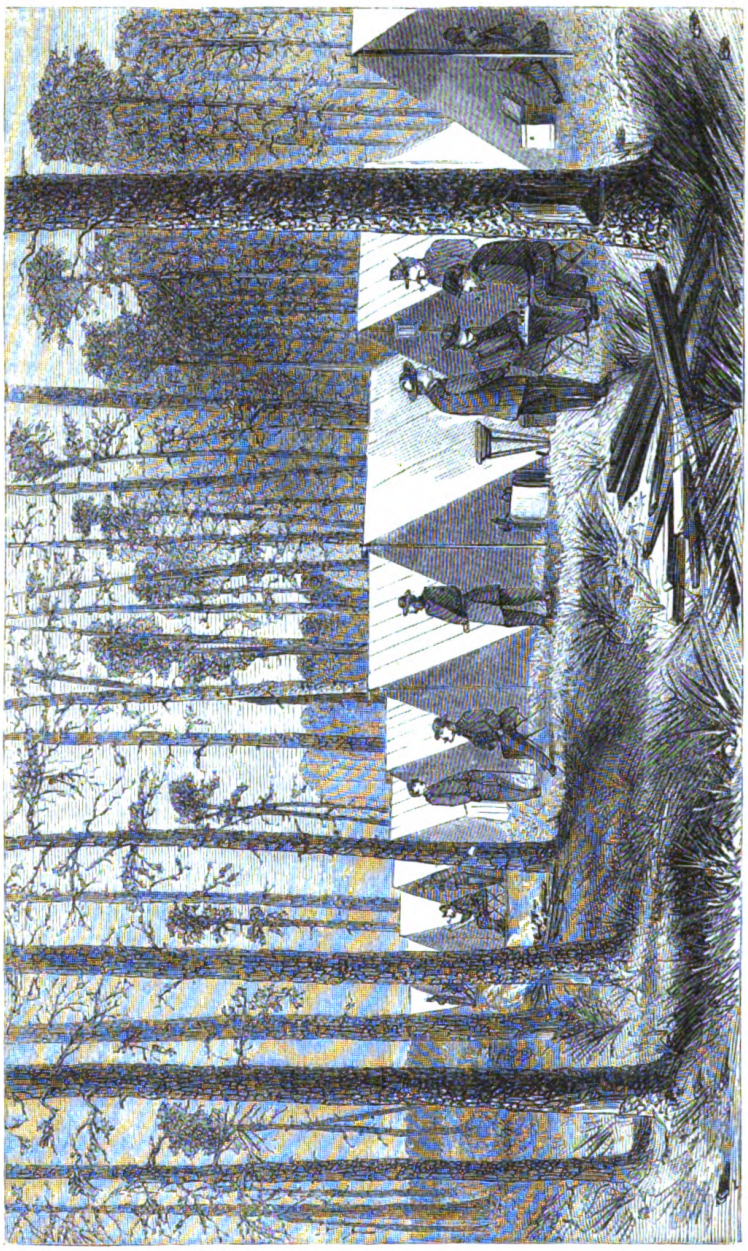
REFUGEE TRAIN.

"To-night we went into camp in a magnificent grove of pines. The roots of the trees are buried in the spindles and burs which have fallen undisturbed for centuries. The wind sings, or rather murmurs—for that is the sound—through the lofty tree-tops, while the air is filled with delicious fragrance. This evening the sun went down behind glowing bars of silver and purple, although now and then its bright rays would stream out, throwing long shadows across this great cathedral floor, transforming tree and bough into columns and arches of glittering gold. As I write the camp-fires dance and flare upward; away out in the dark forest strange, uncouth forms peer out from the shadows; while a distant band of music, mellowed by the distance, rounds in soothing cadences the restful tattoo. Ah! this is not the blood, the carnage, or the suffering of war; it is its delightful romance."

Three days after he has occasion to paint a different picture:

"About five o'clock in the afternoon there descended from the heavens a deluge of rain. 'Deluge' is the only expressive word to use; for so large a quantity of rain fell in so short a space of time that by nightfall the surface of the country was one entire sheet of water. It was my fortune to be separated from my canvas home some fifteen miles, and, with a party of couriers, attempted to cross the country. The way led through pine forests, where roads,

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HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN IN THE PINE WOODS.

if dependence can be placed in the State maps, existed several years ago. The rain fell in torrents, blinding riders and horses, and drenching every one to the skin. Waterproofs were not proof against this flood-water, which seemed to have a power and penetration peculiarly its own. The road soon became less marked; a mile farther it degenerated into a single path; and, finally, it disappeared from sight altogether Investigations to the right and left and before us gave no clew to the lost track. Halting under the tall pines we held a council of war. It was but an hour before nightfall, and, supposing we had come thus far in the right direction, there were yet ten miles between us and our destination. Consulting my pocket-compass we ascertained that the general direction was correct; yet we hesitated to push blindly through an enemy's country so far in advance of the army, and with so wide a space between the columns, but the darkening sky and sullen thunder warned us to push on in some direction. If there had been a plantation near, or any indication of human existence, we could speedily have settled the difficulty; but for miles around nothing was visible but the solemn woods and sandy plains. So again we applied the spur, and splashed through the wet grass, keeping to the south as before."

Again:

"*March* 11.—The sun shone out again this morning bright and cheerful, making glad the

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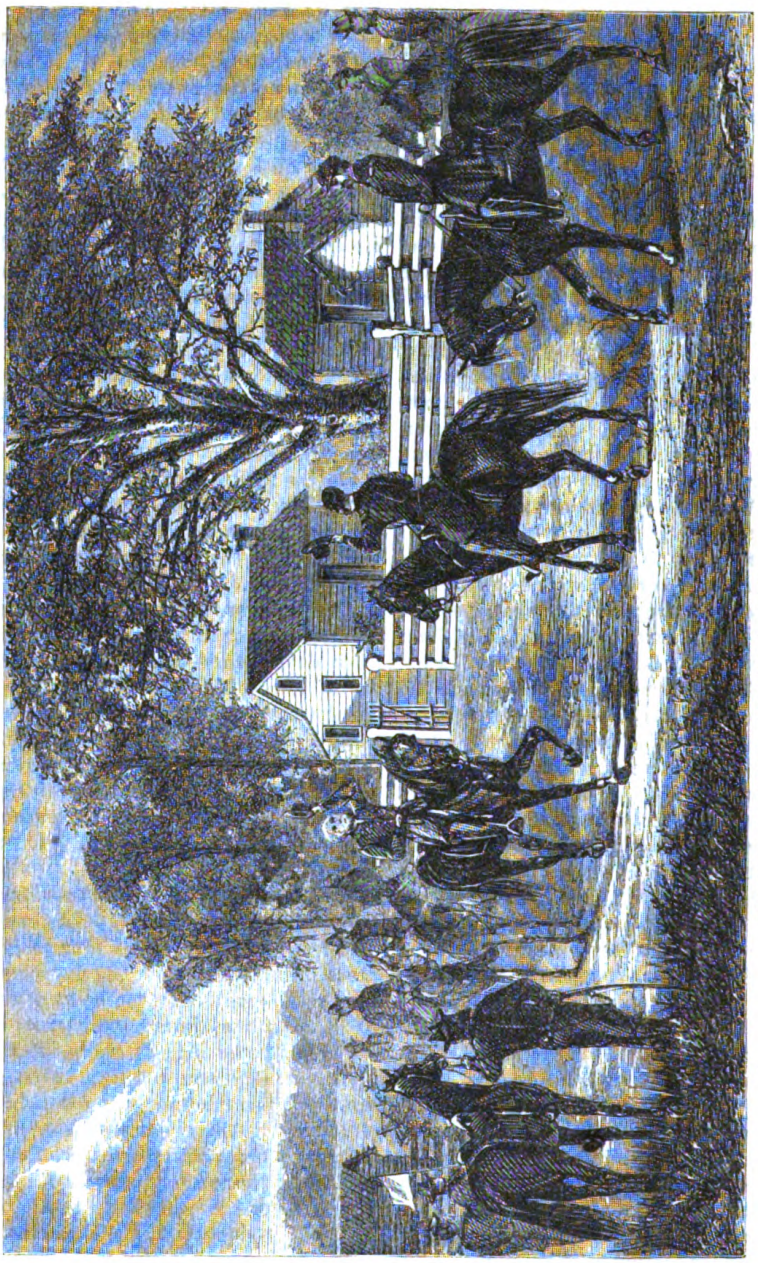
hearts of all of us, and of none more than the soldiers and teamsters who have been laboring night and day through these wretched swamps. What a noble army we have here! Every day produces fresh and striking illustrations of the men's cheerful acceptance of all the discouraging circumstances of the situation. For instance: a wagon, painfully toiling along the road, suddenly careens; the wheels are submerged in a quicksand; every effort of the mules or horses to 'pull out' only buries the unfortunate vehicle deeper in the mire, and very soon the animals have dug for themselves a pit, out of which many are never extricated alive. The driver sees at once that it is useless to whip and swear; so he dismounts. Then the train guard, who have been resting upon their muskets watching the proceedings, quietly stack their weapons and at once plunge into the mud. A dozen of them are at work with shoulders at the wheels and body of the wagon, and finally they lift it out of the hole upon firmer ground. One or two wagons 'stuck' in this way show at once that the road must be corduroyed. Then, with many a jest and an untiring flow of good-humor, the men wade into the neighboring swamp, cut down and split the trees, and soon bridge over these impassable places. A few rods farther on the head of column arrives at a creek, which in ordinary seasons is ten feet wide, and has a few inches of water running over a hard sandy bottom. Now the water is four or six feet in depth, and spreads out to a width of sixty feet, encroaching upon the softer earth. A bridge must be built. Into the water dash our men without hesitation, for they know the work must be done at once. Waist-deep, throat-deep, not a dry spot about them. 'No matter for that,' they say; 'we shall be in camp by-and-by, and then, before our roaring fires, we will rehearse the incidents of the day.' Thus these good, brave soldiers endure every hardship, shrink at no exposure of life or limb; not only without grumbling, but with a good-humor and merriment which no hardship dampens and no risk discourages. Old officers of the army, who have served in Florida and Mexico, continually remark this peculiar feature of Sherman's army. It does not belong to any particular corps or regiment, but all the soldiers share it alike, and at all times."

On the 13th Sherman was near Fayetteville, seventy-five miles north of Wilmington, and in full communication with Terry and Schofield. Rumors were flying thick and fast. One report said that Johnston, whom Davis had reluctantly placed in command, would certainly make a stand at Goldsborough, fifty miles away; another said that Lee was evacuating Richmond in order to throw his forces into North Carolina; another told that a large Confederate force —whence gathered was not stated—was closing in upon Sherman's rear. "These stories," says Nichols, "which float about among the citizens, give the army subjects for jest; the fact being that we know all that is necessary for us to know of the rebel movements. Beyond that we bother ourselves but little." However, Johnston was not an enemy to be despised. If a fair chance had been given him we imagine that his name, instead of that of Lee, would have stood foremost on the list of Confederate commanders. But Davis had an old grudge against him, dating as far back as Bull Run. He set him to work only when somebody else's mistakes were to be remedied, and always got rid of him as soon as he could. The action at Averysboro, fought March 16, shows that it was well to be ready for Johnston. Subsequent skirmishes and the battle at Bentonville, won by Slocum on the 21st, confirmed this. This was really the only battle fought during the Great March.

On the 22d the army entered Goldsborough. There it rested for three weeks. In the interim Sherman made a flying visit to Grant at City Point, where the plan for future operations was decided upon. Then followed, in the early days of April, Grant's great blows at Lee. April 13th—Sherman having again taken up his march three days before—came tidings of the surrender of Lee. Next day Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, was occupied. Then, on the 15th, came a letter from Johnston, asking whether there were not means for preventing further shedding of blood. On the 16th an interview between the two Generals was arranged to take place on the following day. Of this Major Nichols writes:

"The day of this conference—Monday, April 17—will be memorable in the history of the war. The fratricidal struggle of four long and weary years virtually ended on the day when two great men came together in the heart of the State of North Carolina, intent, with true nobility of soul and in the highest interests of humanity, upon putting a stop to the needless sacrifice of life. This conference was not held after days of bloody battle, when the heavens had been rent with the roar of artillery, the scream of shell, and the rattle and crash of musketry, but under better auspices than these. As General Sherman rode past his picket line upon that sunny spring morning the ear was not pained by the moans and cries of mangled men, but the fresh breeze came laden with the fragrance of the pines, of apple blossoms, of lilacs, roses, and violets. The eye rested upon a thousand forms of beauty; for the rains and warm sun had quickened into life countless buds and flowering plants, until the hill-sides, and glens and bushes were brilliant in their robes of delicate green. Here and there in the forest, the deep-toned evergreen of some sturdy old pine or cedar was displayed in dark relief against the fresher verdure; but the prevailing tone of earth and sky was pregnant with the loving promise of spring. The scene was symbolic of the new era of peace then just beginning to dawn upon the nation. The two Generals met upon the road, warmly greeting each other with extend-

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CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL SHERMAN AND GENERAL JOHNSTON.

ed hands. On the brow of a hill a few yards farther on there was a small farm-house, to which they repaired for consultation, while the general officers and staffs who accompanied their respective chiefs fell, after a few moments, into amicable conversation."

Johnston is vastly changed from the pleasant-looking man with thin dark hair, side whiskers, mustache, and goatee, shown in the pictures taken four years ago. He now wears "a full beard and mustache of silvery whiteness, partly concealing a genial and generous mouth, that must have become habituated to a kindly smile. His eyes, dark-brown in color, varied in expression — now intense and sparkling, and then soft with tenderness or twinkling with humor. The nose was Roman, and the forehead full and prominent. The general cast of the features gave an expression of goodness and manliness, mingling a fine nature with the decision and energy of the capable soldier." A personable, attractive man, and one whom — if we could forget the cause for which he fought, and the obligations which he violated in espousing that cause—we must respect and honor. "As a soldier," writes Major Nichols, "he has been open and manly; and now at this crisis in the fate of the cause he espoused, while his own army may not be said to be *in extremis*, he courageously steps forward, and proposes to end the unnatural struggle by honorable capitulation of all forces in arms against the United States Government."

This meeting was informal, but preliminaries

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were agreed upon. A formal meeting was agreed upon for next day. Major Nichols thus describes this interview:

"On the 18th, with a proper degree of ceremony, the two Generals again met. Precisely at the hour of noon, Sherman and Johnston, with their staffs, rode to the top of the eminence opposite to the little farm-house already referred to, and the brilliantly-costumed crowd of staff officers, in full uniform, paused for a moment, as their chiefs rode forward into the open space, lifting their hats courteously, and then, grasping each other by the hand, Sherman and Johnston dismounted and passed into the house. In a few moments one of the rebel officers dashed off down the road in the direction of the escort which had accompanied General Johnston, and in a short time a tall gentleman rode up, and, hurrying through the crowd of officers, quickly entered the house where the two Generals were in conference. Almost every person present recognized in the new-comer John C. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War."

At this meeting the terms of the capitulation were arranged which virtually brought the Great March to an end. It had accomplished all, and more than all, that had been proposed by Sherman. We do not here propose to touch upon the difficulties which grew out of the terms there agreed upon. The country has now fairly made up its mind upon that matter, and the decision which has been reached will not be reversed.

We have attempted in this paper only to reproduce some of the prominent characteristics of the Great March. To have even attempted to present its military character, or to speak fittingly of the officers and men who made up the army which accomplished it would have compelled us to have quoted half of the volume in which Major Nichols has told "The Story of the Great March." It was our purpose to have introduced a few of the many sketches which the writer has given of the character and conduct of those — once slaves, now freedmen — whose destiny and that of the "poor whites" of the South is likely to be the great social problem of the present and next generation. But we have overpassed the space allotted to us, and can only recommend the complete "Story of the Great March" to the careful consideration of all those with whom our opinion may have weight.

ONE OF MY SCHOLARS.

I AM the old schoolmaster that has taught the district-school in the little stone schoolhouse under the elms in Gray Street, in our village, for now twenty years. I am sitting in the school-room, at my table, engaged upon this production of the pen. The village has grown a little, but not much, in these twenty years. There have been some great changes during this time even with us. The railroad has come, and the telegraph has been put up, and we are nearer to the city by a whole day than we were before these improvements were made. My little school-room, however, is almost unaltered. I suppose school-houses such as mine are quite an uncommon thing to see in villages nowadays — even villages so small as Dale Manor is — but I think I should not like to have it improved. We have done very well here for these twenty years, and I hope the old schoolmaster will not be disturbed nor his nest broken for a little longer. I am nigh seventy now, and it is not to be supposed that I shall occupy the space within these four walls much longer. After I am laid in my quiet grave it will be time enough for the trustees to tear the old stone-house down, and erect a brick one with green blinds and a patent iron chimney. But now all is as of yore, and I love every crack in the worn floor and every knot-hole in the old wooden shutters; so that I am afraid it would break my heart if my schoolhouse were to be destroyed. Plato loved not his olive groves so well as I love the old schoolhouse under the elms.

There stands the old black-board on its two sturdy legs, just as it has always stood. How many successive growths of urchins have scratched their unhappy heads before that old blackboard! It has groaned with many a tedious sum in rule of three, and it has laughed with many a grotesque image done by some incipient Rembrandt at recess. There was George Trenholm; I always shall remember how he used to make my sides ache with suppressed laughter over his caricatures. George is now a great artist, and makes pictures for *Harper's Weekly*, for which he receives substantial remuneration, I am informed. There, too, are the same old brown wooden benches, and they bear testimony enough to the bent for sculpture possessed by a great number of my youthful geniuses, from whom no Praxiteles or Phidias has yet appeared, to my knowledge; though Silas Fosdick — who, as you know, invented a reaping-machine — used to be one of the worst whittlers in school. I glance out the window, and behold the plain board fence against whose smooth-rubbed sides many a well-aimed marble has been jerked by young fingers. And the yard with its fringe of scant grass against the fence, and the rest of its space worn smooth as a ball-room floor by the tread of little bare feet. Here and there you can see a well-rounded hole, done on a wet day by some barefoot urchin's heel, moulding a receptacle for the marble in knuckle-down. Behind the door, in the entry, on a stool not too high for the little boys nor too low for the big ones, you may see the veteran water-pail, with its rusty tin dish, into which many a thirsty youngster has thrust his warm, red face, drinking slowly and breathing audibly in the cup, and rolling his eyes around on the impatient waiters for their turn. In the entry, too, is the row of nails where the boys and girls hang their headgear, and the row of shelves where they keep their dinner-baskets. And here, in the middle of the school-room, is the rusty old stove, around which the red-fingered children cluster in win-

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ter, and which always stands undisturbed all summer long, for the boys to sharpen their slate-pencils on, and for me to empty the dust-pan into when I sweep out in the morning. And here am I, the master, as unchanged as all the rest—with my careful, old-fashioned ways, my well-kept slippers, and my smooth ruler; which latter instrument is, in my hands, merely the emblem of authority—the sceptre, so to speak—and not the instrument of torture which, I regret to say, it is in the hands of some schoolmasters. Twenty years have I taught school in this house, and during that long period I have never lifted my hand to inflict a blow upon a child that God made; no, never once. I can punish the worst-dispositioned child that breathes, and never once stoop to adopt the modes of torture that brutalize, lower self-respect, and injure more than they improve. Schoolmaster Baldwin never struck a child, and you can not perhaps conceive what pleasure there is in the remembrance, as I look about here on the well-thumbed books, and broken slates, and bits of muggy sponge—all eloquent as trivial things are—till my old eyes grow dim with memories of the boys that have been to school to me.

Mrs. Curtis's boy, when he was one of my scholars, had that seat in the corner where the girls' row meets the boys' row. Johnny had that place for the whole six years that he went to school to me. He was a right down good boy. Yes, he was a thoroughly good boy; and as I muse upon his sad fate I do not wonder at the reverence and love in which all Dale Manor now holds his memory. It is his story which I am now about to relate.

Johnny Curtis lived with his mother in Gray Street, near the old Beech Woods, which shadowed the southern edge of the town. His father was a drunkard. He spent all his life in hanging about grog-shops, where he earned, or was treated to, enough whisky to keep him always just so boozy—sleepy enough to enjoy his pig-life behind the stove, and wakeful enough to saw a bit of wood, or bring a pail of water, or "come up and drink." He seldom came home, even to his meals, and when he did he would slink into a corner and say nothing. He never brought a cent of money into the house. Johnny was more of a man by far than he was—more of a father to Bessie and Ellen, the two little girls his sisters. It is a natural thought enough that such a father was not likely to make a very good son out of Johnny; but I have often observed that drunkards who are utterly shiftless seldom have drunken sons; the good mother counteracts all the evil example of the father. And when a drunkard's son does follow in his father's tracks, there you may generally see proved the mother's woeful lack. Mrs. Curtis was a God-loving woman—industrious, modest, low-voiced, smooth-tempered. She supported her little ones by her needle. But after he was ten Johnny never was an expense to his mother. He earned a good deal of money in various ways. He had a habit of gathering together bits of old iron, copper, and brass which other people threw away, or gave him, or sold him for a trifle; and every few months he would gather his hoard together and drag it to the store in his go-cart for a grand clearing-out sale. The money went right into mother's pocket always. In the winter he would smoke the neighbors' pork-hams in a little smoke-house that he built himself. This brought in many a clean sixpence. Then, in the summer-time, he used to drive up cows for different families in the village, from the Beech Woods pasture. He had as many as ten under his care sometimes, and he got sixpence a week from each person whose cow he drove, and a shilling from Dr. Bell, who lives over the river. As early as four o'clock of a June morning, when I have been taking my customary walk, I have seen Johnny Curtis letting down the bars of the Beech Woods pasture, to let his cows out, to be driven up to milk at their different owners' houses, and back again to pasture before Johnny got his breakfast. How the little fellow managed to get the cows together from all parts of that great pasture, a portion of which was covered with a deep wood, might have been a mystery to the unsophisticated. But the cows were always either at the bars or within hail. The ground under that solitary old acorn-tree near the bars was as bare as my school-yard, where the cows had lain, chewing their cuds and waiting for Johnny; and when they were not there he would mount into the tree and cry, "Bos! Come, bos! Come, bos!" and the cows would trot up to him with full udders swinging.

So Johnny was a great help to his poor, worse than widowed mother. At the same time his school was not neglected. He was as regular in attendance as the master himself. Johnny was not a boy to shine much, and in composition and declamation he was very backward. He was best at mathematics. He was smaller even than his age would warrant, and generally wore a quiet, half-dreamy air that did not promise very great things for his future. One would have thought, who did not know Johnny, that he had no energy at all; but his deeds told another story. His mother knew better, I can assure you.

I was sorry, in view of all Johnny's good qualities, that he had the reputation of being a coward among his fellows. He was so meek that it was next to an impossibility to put an affront upon him. To tell the truth, however, he was too well liked by his comrades to be put to that test often. I do not remember having known of but one instance of the sort. There was a black-eyed, long-haired, foreign boy who came to Dale Manor to live one summer when Johnny was about twelve years old. I don't know really of what country he was; his name was Mark Löwenstein—a German name, but I think he had more Italian than German blood in him. His father kept a livery stable at the hotel, and sent his boy to my school. He af-

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fronted Johnny very saucily one day—called him a vile name, and dared him to fight. Johnny just turned his back and walked away, and Mark Löwenstein followed him and struck him an ugly blow in the face with the back of his hard hand. I had seen the whole transaction, and I took Mark into custody. I do believe Johnny felt worse about that than he did at being struck. I shall never forget the scene presented by those two boys as they stood before me then; for, later events in which they have been actors have made them more than heroes of romance. Johnny, with his soft blue eyes and sturdy little figure, wiping the blood from his face with his red silk handkerchief; Mark with his sullen black eye, and tall, lithe form, waiting his sentence.

"I am as much to blame as he is, Mr. Baldwin," said Johnny. You should have seen the astonished gaze young Löwenstein shot from his black eyes at this!

"You to blame!" said I; "What did you do, John?"

"I turned my back on him, Sir. He had a good right not to like it."

Mark Löwenstein put his fists into his eyes and began to cry at that. I understood his feelings. I never chill repentance in a boy with icy justice; I put Mark's hand in Johnny's and sent them off together. A minute after I looked out a window and saw Mark in a corner of the fence emptying his pockets of their total contents into Johnny's. Johnny blushed and said, "I don't want 'em, Mark;" but Mark insisted doggedly, and so knife, marbles, peg-top, whistle, and potato pop-gun all went into Johnny Curtis's possession. After that such fast friends as those boys were! And I never had a better-behaved boy in my school than Mark Löwenstein became.

Mary Ostrander occupied that seat next to Johnny's, where the girls' row and the boys' row meet. She was a laughing little brown-eyed beauty, as full of fun as an elf out of school, but in school Johnny's perfect match in good behavior. The worst thing I ever knew Mary to do was to give Johnny Curtis a handful of beech-nuts one day in school-hours, which Johnny receiving tremblingly—for he knew he ought not to do so, but how could he refuse her?—spilled partly on the floor. It was inevitable, for the sake of discipline, that the offense should be punished. Mary was the tempter, and on her should have fallen the punishment, but I saw in that boy's eyes that I should break his heart if I touched Mary. Hence, Johnny stood for half an hour perched on my chair with a handful of beech-nuts in each outstretched palm. He was only ten years old then. That was fourteen years ago, and before Mark Löwenstein's coming.

This is enough of that period. You are somewhat acquainted with my hero by this time. (I don't use the term hero in a story-telling sense; this is history; I mean A HERO.)

Ten years passed away and Johnny was a man. In those ten years what life lies wrapped! The love-life of Johnny Curtis and Mary Ostrander is all there, and I know well how beautiful it was. I had watched those children as if they were my own; I am a childless widower. Many a long Saturday afternoon had that happy pair seen, in their favorite haunt, the old Beech Woods, during those ten years, gathering yellow mandrakes and brown beech-nuts; swinging in the big swing; kicking through the deep autumn leaves that filled the hollows; talking and looking love, and feeling it. Oh, those old woods! How many merry picnic parties I have seen there — bevies of white-aproned girls—warm-faced, hilarious boys, prone to "show off"—the leafy avenues ringing with their shouts and laughter! Mary Ostrander was a recognized romp till at least her eighteenth birthday; your grand city society, which I am told is very well-behaved, would have been quite horrified to see Mary "carry on;" she bubbled with joyousness as naturally and as healthfully as a living spring of pure, pure water. And when she was tired nothing would rest her like going over where Johnny was, looking on in his quiet manner, heartily pleased, and putting her hand in his for a moment, with a great sigh of content.

They were early betrothed. Johnny was a small man—about five feet only—but plump little Mary's curly head came just so high as his manly breast when they stood together. If my hero were a mere novel hero he should be taller, young ladies, for your pleasure, and strikingly handsome; but Johnny never grew tall, though handsome he always was, with that best beauty which is the glow in the face of a pure, true soul.

In these ten years there also had been deaths. Mr. Curtis, the drunkard, had screamed and danced his life out in a fit of delirium tremens one day, leaving Johnny no more fatherless than he had always been. This death was not a matter of importance to any one left behind in the world. Mrs. Curtis shed some natural tears. But the small-pox, which raged so badly in 1856, made a dreadful mark. It took, among others, Mrs. Curtis's two little girls, and it left its shot-marks on the mother's face also. It took Mr. James Ostrander, and left Mary without a father.

In 1861 came the war, and made the greatest change of all. Dale Manor raised a whole company, and a hundred young men was a great number to be taken from our village at once, you may be sure; though some of the number were farmers' boys, and not exactly taken out of the village. It seemed as if the whole population of Dale Manor was at the railroad dépôt on the morning when our soldier-boys departed. There was much talking in groups. About every soldier was the centre of one such. Hidden loves came out in that hour. No maiden, no matter how coy, could hide her true feelings from her lover at such a parting. Tears, and smiles struggling against tears, were everywhere.

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Mark Löwenstein, I remember, was in a very moody frame of mind, arising, as I have since learned, from the fact that Sarah Buswell, the hotel-keeper's daughter, had refused to promise to marry him when he offered her his hand the night before, to be "seized and possessed" when he should return from the war. Mark looked as if he had not a friend on earth. By-and-by I saw Sarah go up to him and shake hands with him. Mark was very cool, and brushed his long black hair behind his ears so proudly that Sarah began to cry. Mark looked on in astonishment, and then bent over and whispered a word in the little body's ear, and the little body nodded her head with much energy, so that a bright light chased away Mark's shadows, and after that till the minute of parting he was another man.

Lieutenant Johnny Curtis was in high spirits. His face shone with light, and he chatted as gayly with Mary and his mother and a circle of others as if he were merely going out for a holiday. What has come over the boy? thought some, he was usually so quiet. They remembered the scene afterward, when his fate was known, almost with awe.

Too soon for the groups of talkers the engine came dragging its long train from behind Swallow Hill, gay with flags, and with more companies of soldiers leaning out the windows, clustering on the platforms, standing upon the very tops of the cars. They poured out like a swarm of gay-colored bees as soon as the train stopped, shaking hands and laughing and exchanging salutations with their Dale Manor acquaintances—for these soldiers were from Rich Harbor, and Charlotte, and Bowenville, and all the places in our immediate vicinity. Ten minutes later and the train was off. My old head almost whirled in the unwonted bustle and confusion. I just saw Johnny Curtis strain his mother to his heart, imprint a kiss on Mary's ripe lips and another on Mrs. Ostrander's cheek; and then he was waving his cap to us from the rear platform of the last car as the train glided away, with the band playing the "Star-spangled Banner," leaving me nursing my right hand with my left, for it was aching to the elbow with the shaking it had undergone. There were more than a score of my former scholars in that company, and Johnny was but one of them. The strongest grip my hand got was from Mark Löwenstein, whose face was one glow of joy; and he certainly must have pumped some of it into my heart, for I think that hour was the proudest and happiest in my whole life, with all its sadness.

I don't suppose city people can realize at all what a gap was made in our village by the hundred men that train bore away to the war, not one of them to return till the war was over, as it proved. The crowd of women, children, and elderly men strayed away homeward with strange, half-sad faces, where that warm light glowed too, which faded out only slowly, slowly in the coming days, as enthusiasm settled into routine and common duty and the heroism of waiting.

The events of the past four years have been like a dream to some. As for me, my old eyes have followed this war along through one representative—Johnny Curtis. He has typified all things to me. All those great battles before Richmond are to me Johnny Curtis's daily life. He was in them all, and I saw all his letters home. Winter and summer Mary Ostrander brought them to me. Here, in my school-room, I sat when she brought me the news of his first battle, and how for his bravery Colonel Wood took him by the hand with thanks. How proud Mary was with that! I remember I drew a map of the "situation" on the blackboard, and Mary was full of buoyant enthusiasm over it, and made me promise not to rub it out till she could bring *his* mother to see it. I remember, too, the summer morning when I was walking in the Beech Woods pasture, and a little boy—not Johnny now—came to let down the old bars for the cows to come out; and the emerald sward was every where flecked with daisies and butter-cups, and the still air was made stiller by the hollow rattle of an occasional cow-bell. I heard a cheery voice cry, "Mr. Baldwin!" and looking up saw Mary tripping toward me with a white letter fluttering high in her hand. That was the letter that told how Johnny fared at Antietam, and how he washed off the blood and dust afterward, and had not a scratch; and Mary laughed a little bubbling laugh that came from deep down in her heart. Just such another morning it was when came the picture of Gettysburg. From early dawn till late in the afternoon, through the furious conflict, we saw Johnny struggling with Lee's blood-drunk rebels; and we saw him when he took into his lap the head of poor Captain Berry, who fell on that field.

At last the change came.

In that dreadful battle of the Wilderness Johnny was taken prisoner, with about a dozen others of the Dale Manor company. Soon after we heard from him through an exchanged prisoner from Richmond, who brought us a letter from Mark Löwenstein.

"Why should Mark write instead of Johnny?"

In this question read the emotions of our hearts, which found expression in no other words than these, but could not have been painted in volumes.

The prisoners had been taken to the Libby prison in Richmond. Out of the thirteen Dale Manor men every one save Johnny fell sick and was placed in the hospital. (When the prisoners first arrived there they were stripped of the most of their clothing, and any valuables they had. Johnny possessed a cornelian ring that once was Mary's, and this he secreted in his mouth while being stripped, and afterward buried it in the ground secretly, pointing out the spot to Mark Löwenstein only.) Mark afterward became convalescent, and found that Johnny had disappeared—no one knew whither. And this was what he wrote to Mrs. Cur-

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tis. Whether her boy was dead or alive he could not tell the mother. This was all.

As the weeks dragged slowly by now, and no tidings ever came of Johnny's fate, the bloom began to fade quite out of Mary's cheek, and in poor widow Curtis's eyes there dwelt a light so sad it made my old heart ache to observe her. In vain I tried to say some poor comforting words. I could not speak of the boy as dead; but if living, we knew too well the horrors of Southern prisons to be cheered even by that hope. There is nothing so calculated to wear the life out of a loving heart as the bare knowledge that the dear one is swallowed up in a great black gulf of oblivion, almost more frightful than death itself, yet leaving room for a weary ray of hope. It may be usually a matter for thankfulness when there is room for hope; but when the hope is based on such pitiably feeble tenure, and goes on, week after week, with no new life, no breath of intelligence even, good or bad, no faintest tidings—only long, agonizing suspense—ah, my friends, there is nothing that so saps the life-blood—nothing!

So the autumn crept slowly away. The dead leaves lay thick in the Beech Woods hollows. So the winter came, and the snow covered the ground and the trees tossed their bare limbs against the sky. Spring melted the snows away, and the May sun shone, and the partridge drummed in the woods, and the meadow lark sang in the pasture, and the orioles and swallows were every where, brightening the branches of many a tree with color and life. Then we heard from Johnny.

Dead at Andersonville!

One who was with Johnny there, and who left him dead there in April when he came away, brought to Mrs. Curtis a brown rebel newspaper whose broad margin was scrawled with bloody words. This Mary brought to me in the Beech Woods pasture, and I sat me down under the gaunt acorn-tree by the bars and read the words with streaming eyes. I have since copied them from the paper in the order in which I judge them to have been written. They follow:

"Darling mother. Darling brown-eyed Mary. Words I write in my own blood, there being no ink here, but blood in plenty. I am shot in 15 places. I tried to get out of the pen last night. I wish I had waited, for the boys are going home now. My heart is filled with joy, for the war is over. Too late for Johnny. Dear Mary, don't cry for me. How much I love you! He called me a damned snake when he dragged me back into the pen last night. You will be told how we have suffered. You would shudder to see Johnny. I am as black as a negro with pitch-pine smoke, and my lips are swollen and sore and one of my cheeks most ate away. It is scurvy. I couldn't help it. Oh, how I wanted to get away where there was water and fresh air! Libby Prison was pretty bad, but not so bad as this one. How I wish I could see you once more! The boys will be marching home now. There will be great times at the Manor, I suppose. Dear, dear mother and Mary, don't cry about me. It has been pretty tough, but some of us must die. I wish it had been in battle, that's all. Written in my blood. How is schoolmaster Baldwin? I hope Mark Löwenstein got off all right. Is your mother pretty well, Mary? Darling girl, we shall roam no more in the old Beech Woods. There'll be some back pay for you, mother. Ask Captain Snow about it. Good-by forever. Oh, dear mother, dear Mary, if I had one touch of your clean hands! You could not kiss poor Johnny. I should die much happier if I could be clean. Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

With these words ringing in my ears like the mournful reverberations of some solemn bell, I sat on the great round stone under the tree, and looked about me through the veil of tears that dimmed my eyes. The grass was as bright as of old. The butter-cups and daisies, the clover-tops, the raspberry bushes in the corners of the old zigzag rail-fence, the fragrant-breathed cows chewing the cud by the bars—all these were just as they had been years ago, when Mrs. Curtis's boy used to come to drive the cows home down the long shaded road in whose deep soft dust his naked feet paddled contentedly. Then my eyes fell upon the petite form of Mary Ostrander, as she leaned her bare head against the trunk of the old acorn, and gazed with her sad brown eyes away off into the long southward distance, while her chestnut curls blew over her fair shoulders and drooped upon the muslin-hid bosom, where long sighs struggled to lift the load that bore down upon her tender heart. I approached her and took her hand. I never can forget the yearning, the anguish that looked out at me from her soul's windows as she turned her face to me. It thrilled me almost with wonder, for I had never realized in Mary the truth—with which as a principle I was familiar—that feeling has its deepest depths in joyous natures, and when once the iron enters the soul it plunges to these remotest depths. Hard iron will float on molten iron; but the dagger dropped in the bright bubbling spring cleaves straight to the bottom.

There were no tears in Mary's eyes!

My brother William died in an insane asylum many years ago, and I have made insanity a study. I knew Mary's danger at once. Her doom was certain, unless tears could be brought to her eyes. But in vain I essayed to wake the sealed fountain. She would lay her head wearily on Mrs. Curtis's lap; she would come to me and take my hand in both hers, and rest her cheek upon it; and ever and anon those shuddering sighs, panting from the furnace of agony within, told how fearfully the poor girl suffered. She neglected no duty. She mingled with her friends quite as of old, and often she smiled—but such a touching smile! It was more moving than tears.

In June our soldiers came home. They had been expected for several days, and great preparations had been going on among the women for their reception. A table was erected in the old Beech Woods, and there the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts of the returning soldiers were gathered to greet them with a bounteous feast of homely but hearty fare. I do not purpose a description of the happy scene, when the soldiers marched in through the bars, in careless order, with tattered flag flying, and the band playing a merry air As they neared the woods, the boys broke from the ranks in confusion and

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rushed forward pell-mell. There were embracings and tears of joy. Mary Ostrander looked on the scene but for one moment; then she turned to the table and busied herself in arranging what was already in perfect order. The soldiers gathered about the board, and dough-nuts and cheese vanished before them, as did caldrons of steaming coffee, the soldier's own beverage. What happiness there was in their honest brown faces!

I watched Mary with feverish anxiety in that hour. There was that in her face to-day that bade me hope. Once I fancied I saw her lip quiver; it was when a wagon drove into the wood, from which there crept down the ghastly, emaciated form of Mark Löwenstein—the only survivor of the band of prisoners that had entered Libby Prison after the battle of the Wilderness. Mark looked about him with an inquiring glance; he was searching for Sarah Buswell, who was at his side that moment, and embraced the wreck of her lover with a passion of tears, but dried them bravely an instant after to minister to Mark's comfort.

I went up to him, after he was placed in the big arm-chair that had been prepared for him, and took his hand.

"Here's the old schoolmaster," said Mark, with a faint smile. "Johnny's dead, I hear. Where's Mary Ostrander?"

She was at the table.

"Bring her."

Mary obeyed the summons, and Mark took her hand in his.

"You're wonderfully changed, Mary," said Mark. "I never should have known you. You miss Johnny, I know. Here; he gave me this ring for you."

He drew the ring from one of his emaciated fingers and placed it on Mary's, who shut her hand to keep it there, and then looked steadily at it for an instant. The fountain opened. From beneath the tight-shut lids of her beautiful eyes two great tears stole, and rolled slowly down her cheek. She was saved.

This ends the story of that one of my scholars. Mark Löwenstein is recovering, and it is believed he will soon be well.

Mrs. Ostrander is dead; and you may see Mrs. Curtis and her adopted daughter Mary now any evening in their common home. Two lonely, lonely women; but every heart in Dale Manor is tender to them, and holds them kin.

IN THE STEERAGE.

HAD you stood with me on the deck of the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Company's steamer *City of New York*, as she lay at anchor in the Mersey, you would have thought that "chaos had come again." And yet it was nothing but Nature busy carrying out one of her great social laws. Like a skillful husbandman she was preparing to transfer a portion of the plants belonging to the "genus homo" from a too thickly to a too thinly planted soil. But what dire confusion attends the process!

The deck of the steamer is strewn with freight and baggage of every imaginable description. Emigrants laden with trunks, bedding, cooking utensils, etc., are stumbling confusedly about, now over boxes, now over exasperated sailors, to the intense disgust of these latter. Men are cursing, women taking frantic leave of their friends, children crying, agents and officials with throats of brass shouting and endeavoring in vain to drive the emigrants below as they come on board from the tug, while loud above all is heard the deafening noise of the steam as the engines are preparing for their long toil.

Being desirous of escaping the turmoil I mount a pile of boxes, and take my seat beside a nautical-looking individual who, from his eminence, is calmly watching the confusion below. Immediately opposite us stands the Government Medical Commissioner criticising the physique of the future American citizens as they step on board and file before him; for you must know that Uncle Sam permits none that are lame or halt or blind on his territory; that is, unless they can give satisfactory proof that they will not on landing be thrown on his hands for their support. I had heard something about this before, and must confess had formed a somewhat exaggerated idea of the severity of the medical examination it would be necessary for me to pass. Visions of my appearance in a remarkably primitive costume before a stern medical oracle, seated in a private room, had flitted across my brain. I had anticipated all the abominable paraphernalia of medical apparatus for testing the quality of this mortal clay. Nor did I consider my anticipations wholly incorrect when from the tug I caught sight of the professional-looking commissioner awaiting our arrival on the steamer. I was still apprehensive lest he should detect in my slight figure the latent symptoms of consumption, yellow-fever, broken legs, or legs susceptible under slight contingencies of being broken, and the like. However, I and three hundred others ran the gauntlet of those professional eyes with great facility; and I am much mistaken if while doing so I did not hear their owner mutter the words, "Chancellor of the Exchequer" to a friend at his side, which leads me to suspect that the worthy commissioner was thinking more of the forthcoming "Budget" than of Uncle Sam's Emigrants' Sanitary Law.

But I have been digressing. Any lingering ideas of rigid examination which after this might have remained are now speedily dispelled as I sit beside my nautical companion watching the second batch of emigrants being "examined." Why, bless that benevolent medical commissioner! Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, with all its inmates, might pass bodily before him without ever striking him that Uncle Sam might possibly object to its landing. "Candidate for New York matrimonial market!" exclaims the nautical individual at my side, as an

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old Irishwoman of seventy or eighty, with rags streaming to the wind, hobbles past the commissioner. "Embryo filibuster," he continues, pointing to a villainous-looking youth of some eight summers, who follows. "Desirable recruit for light cavalry," amidst a roar of laughter, as Daniel Lambert's likeness rolls heavily past. "Latest acquisition to Barnum's," he finally exclaims, upon catching sight of the last emigrant, or rather an enormous mass of hair, beneath which was supposed to be the last emigrant.

All now being on board the commissioner and the emigration agents take their leave, and shortly afterward the anchor is raised, the engines begin to clank, and the shores of England to recede from view.

But I am forgetting my berth. My ticket states "*Berth No.* 25, *Steerage*," and I think I had better hurry down and secure it before it is appropriated by some one else. I no sooner find myself below than it becomes evident that, disorderly as had been the scene on deck, it is here confusion worse confounded. Some two or three hundred individuals crowded together in dim passages are clamorously inquiring in various tongues for their berths. The energetic steward, however, appears to be equal to the task, though in performing it he swears like a trooper, and by no means confines himself to words; when, as frequently happens, an unfortunate German or Frenchman obstinately persists in addressing him in what he calls their "d—d gibberish."

"Now, then," exclaims the steward, seizing the nearest individual by the collar, "What's your number?"

"Oui, oui, Monsieur!" replies the person addressed, who happens to be a Frenchman, and consequently shrugs his shoulders and attempts in spite of the crowd to make a bow.

"Your ticket!" roars the unceremonious Anglo-Saxon, seizing it at the same time from the bewildered Frenchman's hand. "Number ninety-five;" and before the words are well out of his mouth the steward has administered to the Frenchman a not very gentle incentive, which causes the latter to disappear somewhat suddenly through a neighboring aperture.

"Mein Gott!" exclaims a German, who next presents his ticket, and "Dunder und Blitzern," he continues, in a tone of violent indignation as, with a similar incentive, he too disappears after the Frenchman.

By such vigorous treatment the indefatigable steward at length succeeds in distributing those of his charge who have been unable to find their own berths.

Follow me now into the compartment in which I have discovered "Berth No. 25." The only standing room in it is a space two yards long by one broad, and to right and left of this rise three tiers of bunks. Imagine the drawer frame of a chemist's shop destitute of its drawers, and you will be able to form a pretty good idea of these same bunks. There are twenty of them in the compartment, and into each one the future occupant is busy putting what bedding he has provided himself with, as the company provides nothing excepting space and victuals.

I have not time now to take much notice of my fellow-travelers. Poverty makes strange bedfellows, and I judge by the various tongues I hear around me that seven or eight at least of the States of Europe are represented in this little cabin. When I get over the sickness which I feel instinctively is before me, I shall make it my business to study these various specimens of the human race. In the mean time I, too, must make up as comfortable a bed as circumstances will permit. I had just finished doing this, and was about to turn in for the night, when I heard a voice which appeared to come from the bottom of the sea, inquire in French for No. 26.

"Here is No. 26," I replied, pointing to the bunk immediately above mine, and at the same time turning round to see who was going to be my near neighbor. Horror! it is the "desirable recruit for light cavalry"—Daniel Lambert's similitude. Can it be that this three hundred pounder is to occupy the berth above me. I glance nervously at the boards which are to support the weight of this French Brobdingnagian, and the most gloomy forebodings take possession of my mind. Visions of my shattered and bruised corpse being found some morning beneath the fat Frenchman, and of its being consigned to the lonely depths of the Atlantic present themselves vividly to my imagination, and I groan in anguish of spirit. Something must be done. It will never do for me to sleep for about fifteen nights with this ponderous mass of humanity hanging, or rather lying *in terrorem* over me. I represent to the Shadow the danger to which I should be subject, and he at once comprehends the situation and good-naturedly consents to change bunks. Considerably relieved, I transferred my bed-clothes to the upper bunk and retired for the night, leaving the Shadow to solve as best he could the difficult problem as to how he was to get his giant bulk into the narrow quarters allotted to him.

The following morning we arrived at Queenstown, in Ireland, where we stopped to take in the Irish passengers. Here the scene of the preceding day was re-enacted with such additional confusion as might be expected from the taking on board of some six hundred of the "foinest pisintry in the world."

Can it be that the Emerald Isle is going bodily to America! For the last three or four hours the emigrants have been coming on board, and still they come. Nor do they come empty-handed; they are bringing with them whatever riches in the shape of household furniture, etc., they possess; at least as much as they will be allowed space for. They leave little but their cabin walls behind. While watching them one is forcibly reminded of the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt. Not a hoof do these children of Ireland leave behind if they can help

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it. It may be fancy, but I am almost sure I hear a grunt from some of those Irishmen's big boxes.

As fast as the new arrivals come on board they are sent below, and, thanks to the wise discrimination of the ship's officers, they go to their own place. And now the last emigrant—perhaps the last of the O'Flahertys—is about to step on board. He is a "foine bhoy" of some twenty summers, with profuse but matted locks which might have been auburn but for their too fiery tinge. As he comes slowly forward to be borne forever from his native isle, his eyes glisten and his hand clutches nervously at a huge bottle of the "crathur" which is to solace the weary passage. "Good-by to ye, ould Ireland! and may the divil take ye," exclaims he, as with an unsteady foot he turns round to take a last view of the old home.

"Come, hurry up here!" thunders the boatswain, whose temper has suffered by his having had to stand in the cold during the last two hours seeing the emigrants on board, and as he speaks he seizes the last of the O'Flahertys by the collar and drags him somewhat roughly on the steamer. Now, whether it was that O'F. recognized in this treatment the last act of Saxon tyranny, or that the dignity of the squatter sovereign had already fallen upon him and been outraged, I knew not—certain it is, that his indignation knows no bounds; his eyes are on fire; he turns upon the boatswain with a torrent of execrations, and with his bottle of whisky aims a stroke at his adversary. As upon a more heroic occasion, "great deeds had now been done," and the sturdy boatswain had come to grief, were it not that he very coolly seizes the unfortunate Irishman by the nape of the neck and sends him flying down the dark descent where have disappeared his companions. Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love would willingly believe that the regions into which he and his whisky bottle descended contained *bona fide* steerage berths, but that the said dark descent looked so very like the entrance to the Shades.

Once more the ship is on her way, and ere many hours elapse the British Isles disappear from view. There are upward of a thousand souls on board, each with his or her own hopes and fears, each the hero or the heroine of a life romance. Could these lives pass, panorama-like, before our eyes what a marvelous picture should we behold! Some of them would, no doubt, be commonplace enough; but many of them would strange "tales unfold," while in all we should see the play of wild passions and tender emotions—the mysterious working of human nature in its higher and lower conditions.

A motley cargo is this of a thousand souls! They are, as I have said, of the "genus homo," but of what numerous variety! They have scarce any thing in common, for there is all the difference among them that different climates, customs, and religions can produce; yet, strange to say, before very many years have elapsed a generation will spring from this human medley in which no radical differences will be seen. Those composing it will speak the same language, will have the same general cast of countenance, the same national sympathies and prejudices, and, to a great extent, the same religion; indeed, the very names their ancestors bore will be altered so as to suit English speaking lips; in a word, it will be a generation of Americans. That young lady who is reclining luxuriously in the first-class cabin—the daughter of the Hon. Ruphus Phinn—who is returning from her European tour, is a perfect type of American female beauty; and yet she is only removed by two or three generations from an ancestor—an Irish emigrant—who crossed the Atlantic as ignorant and ragged as any now on board. Were any one to tell you this, Miss Phinn, you would turn away in disgust, or give it an indignant denial. You would be ready to trace an unbroken lineal descent from "one Hezekiah Phynne, who crossed the Atlantic ocean in the *Mayflower* and landed on Plymouth Rock, Anno Domini 1620. Ah, Miss Phinn! you are not the first who has thus attempted to ignore the poor ancestor to whom you owe your fortune. There is heroism and poetry connected with the Pilgrim Fathers, but you think neither the one nor the other can be associated with the poor Irish emigrant. Methinks if those same Pilgrim Fathers could rise from their graves they would be rather astonished to find how numerous are their descendants, and would puzzle themselves in vain to account for it by the natural laws of increase. No, no, Miss Phinn. If a certain parish register, which is now mouldering in the old church of Ballymahoney, could be made legible, it would tell how that one Patrick O'Finnerty, bricklayer's laborer, married Bridget O'Connor; and then following up the chain of events, it would be found that O'Finnerty went to America and there became rich and begat Finnerty, who begat Finner, who begat Finn, who finally metamorphosed the name into Phinn, and thus threw off the last vestige of the "ould counthry."

The name Shaunegan, whose owner is standing there against the smoke-stack enjoying a short black pipe, will undergo a similar clipping process: Shaunegan is going to Pennsylvania, where he will "strike ile," and acquire a fortune. After a time, by reason of the burden of riches on its back, the family will gradually lighten the onerous Irish name of its superfluous letters until, finally, it will assume the truly Saxon form of Shaw.

But, alas! while I have been indulging in these reflections the evil that I greatly feared has come upon me. The huge steamer rolls and pitches like a cock-boat on this rough ocean, and causes me to feel all the horrors of sea-sickness. Adieu, sea and sky! I must hasten down to my bunk, where I know that for three or four days I shall be a close prisoner.

I shall not attempt to describe that period. Let not those days be numbered in the years of my life. I only know that, as I lay helpless

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in my bunk against the ribs of the vessel, I often wished that the pitiless waves which roared within a few inches of my head would burst through the iron plates and swallow me up. However, upon the fourth day the sickness is passed. I rise, wash, eat bread, and am myself again.

It is yet early morning, and the other occupants of the berth are still in their bunks, at least partly so, for the bunks being somewhat short the owners have to hang their legs outside. As the atmosphere of the cabin is rather close I now seek the deck for fresh air. Heavens, what a spectacle greets my eyes! The sun, more brilliant than ever I had seen it before, like some glorious being instinct with fire, seems to be rising from the ocean, causing the waves to sparkle like liquid silver. Nothing but sea and sky far as the eye can reach.

Having enjoyed the scene for some time I return to the cabin, where I find the steward and his assistants busy distributing the morning rations, which consist of hot rolls, butter, and coffee; indeed, the whole of the rations—I say it to the credit of the Company—are good and abundant. The only thing one craves is a little more variety, and this some of the emigrants have anticipated by bringing with them sundry delicacies in the shape of cheese, boiled ham, pickles, preserves, etc. Let the fortunate possessors of these look to them well and beware of exposing them to the general gaze, for as sure as they do they will be numbered among the things that were. I have a confused idea about there being a law of political economy according to which the supply of an article is regulated by the demand there is for it. It strikes me, however, that were Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill in this steerage cabin they would see an exception to that law, though they would, perhaps, argue very learnedly that some of the conditions were wanting. Be this as it may, I can assure my readers that, while there was quite a brisk demand for fancy bread-stuffs, pork-pies, etc., the supply was ridiculously inadequate. However, I suppose the regular laws of trade are set aside in the steerage. "Appropriation" seems to usurp their place.

It is positively surprising what skill these emigrants display in converting *tuum* into *meum*. Each regards the other's victuals as common property. A ravenous Dutchman having observed one of his companions with a red herring on his plate every morning at breakfast was seized with an unconquerable desire to share in the delicacy. Being on the watch to discover the source of these herrings, he saw their owner early one morning stealthily take a package from under his mattress, and having satisfied himself that he was unobserved, carefully take from it one of the coveted fish. From that moment their destiny was sealed. That same night the Dutchman skillfully abstracted the package from beneath his sleeping companion, and the first intimation its owner had of his loss was when, upon waking rather later than usual in the morning, his nostrils were greeted with a strong odor of red herring pervading the cabin. Starting up he saw, with grief and dismay, his nineteen companions coolly devouring his treasures. To the Dutchman's credit be it said, he did not forget to reserve one for his luckless friend. Pickles, sugar, sandwiches, etc., shared a similar fate whenever their incautious possessors left them exposed. Such acts, of course, beget caution, and barter after a time has to take the place of appropriation. In this I become quite an adept, and can tell to a nicety how many red herrings a jar of pickles will bring, or what quantity of cheese is represented in a Bologna sausage.

The occupants of our cabin are two Yankee sailors returning from China, three Englishmen, four Irishmen, four Frenchmen, one of whom is an ex-chasseur d'Afrique on his way to the gold diggings, and the other three bound with their "patron," in the first-class cabin, for the Far West. Besides these there are two Germans, a Polish priest on his way to Mexico, a Spaniard, two Swedes, and a Dutchman. They all seem to be good specimens of their various nationalities, as well in their physique as in their habits—the French Brobdingnag beneath me being, of course, excepted. He might have answered for an Englishman.

The Yankees are chewing and talking politics. The Englishmen are walking backward and forward in the corridor. The Frenchmen are playing cards and chattering gayly the while. The Germans are lying in bed smoking. Of course the Spaniard is sleeping; while the Swede is reading the history of Charles the Twelfth, and the Dutchman cleaning his tin plates.

Suddenly the Frenchmen become more earnest in their tones. The "patron," from the first-class cabin, and the chasseur d'Afrique especially are becoming quite excited. Some difference of opinion has arisen respecting the game. The chasseur asserts vehemently that he has won the stakes—a half-franc piece—while the "patron" protests he has not. The chasseur appeals to the other Frenchmen, and demands from them a fair verdict. These latter evidently think the chasseur has fairly won the stakes; but then the other is their "patron," and they consequently decline to express an opinion. This rouses the chasseur's indignation. From assertions he rises to invectives, from invectives to denunciations, and from denunciations to threats, till at last a perfect storm of eloquent indignation bursts from his troubled breast.

"You will pay me here, or you will pay me in New York!" he exclaims from time to time, with a significant gesture which seems to forebode pistols for two and coffee for one; and then at intervals, with a curl of inexpressible contempt on his lips, he grinds between his teeth, "*Sacré nom de Dieu! pour une misérable piéce de cinq sous!*"

During all this time the Dutchman, having ceased cleaning his tins, has been looking upon

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the exciting scene in comic wonderment. He is confounded at such an energetic display of language as that which gushes in torrents from the lips of the chasseur. The Irishmen do not understand a word of the dispute, but they know instinctively that there is a row on the carpet, and they move uneasily about while their hands grasp nervously at imaginary shillalahs as though they were eager for the fray. The Englishmen and Americans also know that the Frenchmen are quarreling about something, but can not conceive it possible for men to talk so long without coming to blows. They do not understand French nature, and are consequently somewhat amazed, not to say disgusted, when before many minutes have elapsed they see the storm blown over as suddenly as it rose, and the late antagonists bowing and smiling *à l'aimable*.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur!" exclaims the chasseur; "I am in despair at having been so rude to Monsieur."

"My dear friend," replies the "patron," "you do yourself wrong, and I shall never forgive myself, my excellent—"

"Let us forget, let us forget, *embrassons!*"

And embrace they do to the intense surprise of the Dutchman, and finally the patron sends for half-a-dozen bottles of *bière anglaise*, and so the dispute terminates.

Not so happily is the difficulty of one of the Irishmen arranged. Since the day of sailing he has managed to sustain his spirits by the aid of a big bottle of whisky; but he has been too generous in distributing it to his friends, of whom he counts nineteen in the cabin. The consequence is, that the whisky has at length become exhausted, and Pat's natural and factitious spirits vanish at one and the same time. The American can talk, chew, and read, the Englishman can walk about, the Frenchman can play cards, the Spaniard can sleep; but the unfortunate Irishman—what is he to do? Now that his whisky is done he has nothing to fall back upon. He would willingly extemporize a small Donnybrook and have a free fight, but no one seems inclined that way, not even his countrymen. No one will tread on the tails of his coat. He becomes quite gloomy and low-spirited, and is just about to take to his bed, when, in sheer desperation, he makes a vigorous onslaught on the taller of the two Yankees. The too pugnacious Irishman is, however, soon overpowered by the object of his attack, and after being nearly throttled in the encounter is delivered into the hands of the Philistines—the steward and his boys—who very unceremoniously drag Pat from the scene of his exploits. Where they take him to I can not say; suffice it that we saw no more of him till the following day, when he reappeared in the cabin a wiser and a sadder man.

We have now been twelve days at sea, and the time begins to hang heavy on our hands, and we are looking impatiently for land. The time drags along. The chief events of the day are breakfast, dinner, and supper—events which the Frenchmen, at least, do not forget to celebrate. The Shadow beneath me appears to have the appetite of an elephant. He rarely leaves his bunk, his too solid flesh rendering it difficult for him to do so. There he lies, firmly wedged in his bunk. No sooner, however, does the steward make his appearance than from the bunk in question issues a hoarse cry of "*De la soupe! Encore de la soupe!*"

"I'm blest if you wouldn't eat Napoleon Bonaparte!" exclaims the steward, as he replenishes the Shadow's bowl for the fourth or fifth time.

"*Oui, oui, Monsieur,*" replies the other; "*merci bien.*"

I shall not weary the reader by enlarging upon the remaining portion of the passage; suffice it that our impatient watching for land was at length rewarded. On the thirteenth day the shores of the New World, shadowy and indistinct at first, but gradually assuming form and shape, met our view. Never shall I forget the emotions I experienced when gazing for the first time upon the land where was being enacted the mightiest drama of modern times. A few hours afterward, unknowing and unknown, I stepped upon the shore and mingled with the crowd.

OOLIE.

I.

A QUIET summer in the country! How charming it will be for an idle bachelor like myself, with no care to engross him, no taste for the usual round of watering-place and mountain and sea-shore, thoroughly tired of flirtation and fashion, yet sadly in need of rest! I can imagine nothing more delightful than to spend the hot months at Greyrock with my tenants. My agent writes me that the fences are out of repair, and a new bridge is sadly needed over Cress-kill, and that will give me quite amusement enough to superintend in an idle, dreamy way.

Thinking thus, I packed my trunk, arranged with my landlady, visited my lawyer, and bid good-by to the city for the summer, and by boat, car, and stage found myself one June afternoon on the little porch of the modest but rambling house that was mine by inheritance. The honey-suckle grew thickly over the porch, shaking its sweet-scented pennons close by my cheek; the locust blossoms were swinging their censers high up under the trees; the grasshoppers and crickets were noisy in the grass. Away off toward the west a gleam of Cress-kill shone clear, while to the north rose the great rock that gave the farm its name. I had time to notice all this before the door was opened by my new tenant, John Austin.

He was a spare, elderly man, with clear blue eyes and a scanty crop of brown hair, curling and thickly sprinkled with gray. His clothes were poor but very clean, and his linen was as

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white as snow. He had a look of settled sadness about the firm mouth, and the lines in his forehead were deep and many.

All this I saw as I sat talking with him in the little parlor, after we had groped our way in and he had succeeded in opening one of the wooden shutters in spite of a rebellious rose-bush that stoutly maintained its right to reign undisturbed, revenging itself by flinging in a shower of drifting petals on the clean striped carpet.

"You have no family, I believe, Mr. Allan?" I said, by way of conversation.

"Yes, Sir, I have one little girl—and—I had a son."

He stopped, and going to the high and narrow mantle-piece, took down a faded daguerreotype of a little boy, with very smooth hair and conscious face. "That has his look, Sir; but he was grown up when we lost him." He took the little battered case in his hard hands, and fumbling with the fastening, he replaced it on the shelf, and turned his head away.

I found I had touched a painful subject, so hastened to make inquiry in regard to accommodations for the time of my sojourn.

"We are very plain folks, Sir, and don't know much about cooking for city people, and maybe you wouldn't be suited. My wife isn't always able to be about." Here he stopped, and the troubled look came down on his face; "but I'll ask Oolie, Sir." Stepping to the door he called, "Oolie! Oolie!"

There was no answer, so he stepped through the hall, and at the back-door repeated the call, leaving me to marvel greatly whether the owner of the strange name were a fossil or some unknown form of humanity. Apparently he, she, or it, answered, and a colloquy ensued, of which I only heard Mr. Austin's steady tones.

Presently he returned, and, standing with one hand on his side and the other resting on the chair, he said, "Oolie thinks we can manage it, Sir, if the large north room would do for you. It has a pretty look-out, you know, toward the Rock and the Kill. Oolie and I will try our best to make you comfortable."

So it was settled that I should be their lodger for a season. Asking me to remain there a few moments he shut me up in the old parlor, and I heard footsteps flying about overhead. I looked at the quaint chairs set regularly about the room, the square-angled sofa, the high mantle-piece, and its array of solemn trifles—silver candlesticks and china vases—glanced at the books on the table, and was puzzled to find a volume of Mrs. Browning's and Motley's Dutch Republic in company with the Lady's Wreath for 1838, the Documentary History of New York, at least three volumes of that trifling work, and that cheerful poem Young's Night Thoughts. There was a bit of ruffle in a little work-basket, and a tiny thimble, which I supposed might belong to "the little girl." I hoped to find this same child a very agreeable companion. So I did.

II.

Now that I am fairly installed in my new home I intend to write a journal. I tried that once, and at the end of the month I found that, instead of writing my thoughts, I had only kept an account of the weather. Then I went to the other extreme and wrote myself into the belief that I had some deep trouble—I didn't know exactly what—and that I was dying of heart-disease. Now I am just going to write whatever I see or hear or do or feel.

I have a charming old chintz chair in the corner by the window, where I can look straight into a robin's nest and catch glimpses now and then of the distant hills. By the window at the back of the room is my writing and study table, for I intend to study German in earnest. This window looks out on the stretch of meadow back of the house, the lane, the granary, and close by the back-door, where shining pans and turned-up pails are ranged for drying. I haven't found out who Oolie is yet. Some Dutch maid of all work, I suppose.

June 10.

I was wondering what I should put in my journal, after I had indulged in a long reverie by the apple-tree window, and concluded to write about the interesting bird family I had adopted, and sat down by the window for that purpose. And then I saw her, and I didn't care to write about the birds. Two days had passed very nicely. Mrs. Austin was a pale, wan-faced woman, with great eyes and a quantity of black hair, hardly tinged with gray, coiled at the back of a well-shaped head. A strange-looking woman, wild yet touchingly sad. She spoke very little, and then in a hurried, nervous way, while her hand shook the cup which she handed me until it rattled. She had a glancing, fearful look, and seemed ill at ease. Nervous, I suppose, as that is the solution of all puzzling matters in regard to women.

"I haven't seen your little girl yet," I remarked, at breakfast-time.

"No, Sir; she was quite busy this morning."

"Ah, does she go to school?"

"Oh no, Sir. She went last year to the boarding-school, but she is to stay home this summer. Education is very expensive."

And he sighed as he ran from the table. I came to my room and indulged in that long two-hours' reverie I mentioned, ere I adjourned to the window overlooking the yard at the back of the house. Under the cherry-trees was an ironing-table, a basket with clothes, and a charcoal-furnace for heating the irons. Leaning back against the tree stood a young girl about sixteen fanning her heated face with her sun-bonnet. She was slender, and wore a clean but faded calico that yet looked comely fitted to such a rounded shape. Her hair was thrown back from her face and held by a net over its rebellious waves. Her lips and cheeks were crimson, and the low brow was just wrinkled by a contraction of pain or annoyance that deepened

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as Mrs. Austin's voice called shrilly and in excited tones,

"Oolie, Oolie!"

"Yes, mother."

And the little hand dashed off a tear as she answered the summons. Then I heard querulous complaining and entreaty until the girl came out again and resumed her work.

This, then, was "Oolie"—this beautiful girl so poorly clad, so overtasked, was the little daughter John Austin had spoken of. It was clear now; they had no servant, and this poor child was struggling with hard work, with poverty, and, worse than all, with pride. She bent over her task, and as she took up a hot iron in her slender hand and held it near her cheek to test its warmth, a great tear rolled hissing over it.

Presently John Austin came toiling up the lane, and it was beautiful to see the look of tenderness steal over her face as she looked at his weary gait and bowed head. I did not hear what she said to him, but he looked proud and happy, and was just turning away when Oolie called, softly,

"Father!"

I judged she asked for something to buy a new dress as she pointed to the miserable one she wore, saying, "Only a plain calico, father;" and pushed her hair back with a timid gesture. The old, tattered pocket-book that John Austin took out I shall never forget, nor the small store from which he took a bill, putting it in the girl's hand, saying all the while,

"Yes, yes, little girl, you must have a new frock—you have waited a long while for it; a good girl, my little Oolie. I wish father could hire help and dress you like a lady. Poor Oolie!"

And he laid his hand a moment on her head. Neither noticed that there fell a slip of printed paper from the pocket-book just where they had been standing.

Unwilling that they should know that I had heard their conversation, yet fearful that the paper might be of consequence, I was yet undecided whether to call their attention to it or no, when Mrs. Austin came out with a pan in her hand, and turning toward the row of currant bushes at the top of the garden, passed the spot where the paper lay. She stooped to pick it up, and then rose such a wild scream as I had never heard before. Oolie rushed to her side and tried to soothe her with gentle words and caresses, but she walked swiftly past her into the house, clenching the paper in her hand. And now while I write I hear the faint sounds of her voice muttering and incoherent, can even hear a word or two of entreaty and of denial in Oolie's clear sweet tones.

"You are cruel, Oolie, when you can give me peace and rest. *You* don't know what sorrow is."

"Oh, mother dear, I can not, I must not, for your dear sake I must not;" and then the tones are too low to distinguish any thing further until I hear Oolie say, "This once, mother; I'll go to-morrow." And after that the house is still; I hear John Austin's heavy step go to and fro on the gravel-walk for two long hours, and then the girl's light step is falling there too.

What is the sorrow of this household? What shadow is in the depth of Oolie's great solemn, beautiful eyes? What trouble bows this strong man so? Will I ever know?

June 11.

I have been to the village to-day to make arrangements with the lumber merchant for timber and hands to lay the bridge. Farmer Austin has a sober old horse and a box-wagon which are at my service. Breakfast passed without any allusion to the scene of the last evening, but Mrs. Austin was absent. Oolie was very, very pale, and John Austin ate but sparely of the breakfast before him. After breakfast he asked me if I would object to allowing Oolie to ride to town with me, as it was rather warm to walk to and fro.

Of course I was glad to have the girl's company, and we jogged on as though we had been friends all our life. She was very shy and very much afraid of me, and sat with her head half turned away, so I could not help seeing the pretty outline from the low fair forehead and sweeping lashes to the dimpled chin, nor fail to note how the brown gold of her hair shone through the meshes of her net. I don't think she looked at me three times in all the three-mile journey, but she told me of her school and her studies; what books she liked; where the great ferns grew wildest on Greyrock, and the fringed gentian in the meadow lot. And then she said she could drive, and I left the rein in the little hands for a long mile.

It was a pleasant journey, but I don't quite know why she should be talking so earnestly to that tall druggist clerk when I stopped for her in the village. Her face was flushed, and she was speaking low but rapidly as I came up. She only said good-by to him as we came away; but I glanced over my shoulder to see him leaning his head on his hand looking after her with a strangely pitying gaze.

She looked up at me and said, "I am ready, Sir," and so we passed out. I had expected to find her with the new dress purchased which she had asked for, but saw no bundle, nor did she seem to think of any. Mrs. Austin stood in the doorway at our return, with a large shawl wrapped about her as though she had been waiting a long time. I heard her whisper eagerly, "Did you see him?" and I heard Oolie answer, with an accent of utter weariness, "Yes, mother," and then pass in the house.

And so the tea-hour passed and the stars came out and all the house was still, leaving me seated at the window full of pity for this young girl so shy and yet so frank, with this strange burden of sorrow and care that makes her old and grave. I almost wonder if she can be gay, or sing little songs, or laugh merrily as other girls do. She is very beautiful too; a genuine wild flower in this spot.

I who have seen so much of the world, am so

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much older and wiser in its ways, must try to help and cheer this little girl, and perhaps can do her good. I hope I should do the same if she were ugly and passé; I don't know.

Pshaw! she is only a child, and I intend to treat her in a kind, fatherly way, and so win her confidence. Her fine mind should not be allowed to run riot or to rust out. I'll—

June 30.

I feel somewhat happier than I did two weeks ago, for I have carried out my plan; and, unlike men in general, I do dearly love to have my own way. I made a lame pretense of being very anxious to aid the daughter of an old colored servant once in our family—a widow with one child. Then I made another pretense of being very anxious to have my washing done in the house, and by this woman. So after some little difficulty I was allowed to engage black Nancy ostensibly as my servant, to receive wages from me, but in reality to do the work of the household. How happy I felt when I saw those strong tawny arms lifting the heavy burdens that Oolie shall bear no more if I can help it! Not that I feel any special interest in her, except for her youth so clouded by circumstances.....

I am going to give her German lessons—indeed have made a good commencement. Light labor with such a pupil. I called her Miss Oolie at first, but she gravely told me her name was Olive—that an aunt of her father's from England gave her the title. She pronounced her words strangely, and seeing my big eyes, "When I was a baby," she said, "I looked like a little owlet, and brother Launt thought it was very funny to call me 'owlet,' and so it came to 'Oolie,' and now every one knows my name, Launt always called me so."

My scholar was sitting on the porch when she told me this, flushing up crimson all the while.

"And your brother, Miss Oolie—have you lost him?"

A shadow came over her face, and she did not answer at first, then spoke a little huskily.

"Yes, we lost him," and hurried to ask a question in the lesson then in progress.

I am trying to make this girl's life a little brighter, to chase away whatever of gloom there is in her lot. Sometimes I think I have succeeded, but again I find myself quite baffled. She makes no complaint and gives no confidence, but now and then a grateful word lets me know that she sees my wish and object. I fancy her mother must be a source of great sorrow in some way to me unknown. I have never learned any thing of the incident of the paper which seemed to hold such sorrowful tidings for Mrs. Austin; but I fancy that it might have been a notice of her son's death, and this acting on a morbid nature probably produced the result I had seen.

III.

A new element has entered into our household in the person of little Jake—Nancy's child, about four years old, with hair that is almost wool yet fails in respect of kinkiness and color. Sadly neglected he has been, and wofully ignorant of even the simple lore of four-year-old childhood.

"Jake," said I, as we walked under the apple-trees last Sunday—"Jake, do you know what you are made for?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer as he switched off a clover-head with a stick, "made fur to work."

It took me some time to recover my gravity, and then I thought I would try and recall some Sunday-school rhymes for his benefit.

"Jake, now I want to teach a verse called Happy Land."

"Oh, massa, I know dat."

"You do? Well, let's hear it, then."

So he struck an attitude and commenced in a very high key, "Hail Columby, happy land," and looked at me for approval. I bent my head to hide a smile, and Jake added, triumphantly, "I know 'nuther one, shall I say it?" and without waiting for my answer, went on. "My kingdom fur a hoss—my kingdom fur a hoss."

Jake had finished his list of acquirements, and trotted off, saying, "Dat's all I know;" leaving me sadly puzzled to dispose of this new responsibility that had come to me unsought. Of course I must try and teach him something of all he ought to know, so he and I are great friends: I have promised him to raise a great kite to-morrow. Oolie has been helping me build one to-day, and promises to see the raising just after we finish our German lesson. The child has very pretty hands. So here I am as busy as I was in town. A bridge to build, fences to be laid, a little contraband to civilize, and a fair young girl as pupil in German. I shall have no lack of employment.

Oolie has a fine voice and sings in the village church every Sunday. The druggist's clerk whom I saw in town is the basso of the choir, and seems to feel it incumbent upon him to accompany the girl home. He is rather good-looking; but I think I had better go to the choir meetings myself to bring her home, as she might take a fancy to this Mr. Lee, and she is quite too young to be thinking of these things—quite too young. Not that I am so very old either, twenty-six—that would not sound old in speaking of any one else. I suppose that it seems very old to Oolie. I can not but feel the novelty of the sensation of having a grateful heart express itself in spite of pride. When I sent a strong man to take John Austin's place that hot day in the field, making him believe that I wanted him to look over some plans and drawings with me, it was very beautiful to see the great eyes flash their gratitude. But then, when I spoke a single word in reference to Mr. Lee, she drew herself up so proudly, and grew solemn and distant till I thought of the little owlet resemblance myself.

July 10.

A whole fortnight has passed without a record, at least on paper. Let me see what was

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the last entry in this ledger of joys and sorrows. Oh, I remember—we were to raise the kite—Jake and Oolie and I.

The kite-raising was put off. It happened in this wise: In pursuance of my fatherly plan I went to the choir meeting with Oolie, though it pained me somewhat to fancy that she did not care for my society. When the singing was over Mr. Lee, a boy of only twenty summers, stepped up to her side and offered his escort homeward, being ignorant probably that I came in that capacity. She stepped a pace aside with him and interchanged whispers, and I distinctly heard her say, "For mother's sake, Arthur." She came close to me, and walked gravely beside me a while. I did not offer her my arm, and was in a savage mood. So we walked a while in silence.

"Miss Oolie"—I had made up my mind to lecture my pupil—"Miss Oolie, permit me to ask you if Mr. Lee's addresses are sanctioned by your parents?"

The girl stopped a moment in mute astonishment, and walked swiftly on without an answer. I repeated the question, and attempted to draw her hand within my arm.

"Mr. Owen"—and the eyes flashed in the moonlight like gems—"permit me to ask you what right you have to ask the question? For your great kindness to me and mine I am most truly grateful; but you forget yourself when you speak as now."

She spoke not another word, but drawing her little figure up, walked straight up the little gravel-walk, past the shadow of the porch, where I intended to apologize, on and up to her room out of sight.

When we met the next day she was studiously polite, but made an excuse to avoid her lesson. I felt guilty and miserable, trying in various ways to atone for my misconduct. I gathered the most charming bouquet I could find and left beside her hat in the hall, and she left it to wither there. I bought confectionery, and was obliged to give it to Jake.

Jake and I are great friends, and between that and the bridge building I manage to amuse myself; but I can not disguise from myself that I was sorely troubled by the little owlet's cool disdain. I know that she is only a pretty country girl, whose frown should be no terror to me. I know that I am no love-sick boy, to break my heart about it; but I know better still that I had no right to speak as I did. If this Arthur Lee loves her, and she cares for him, why, it is no business of mine. I am only a—a friend, who cares for her very very much as the fairest and purest flower that ever bloomed. I would fain apologize, but she gives me no chance. I wonder if she will come out to help us with the kite to-morrow. Jake is to ask her. She would be sure to say no to me.

August 6.

We flew that kite. It seems a long while ago, though, since then. Shall I ever forget it? The cool, fresh breath of the morning that rising swept over the tree-tops like an autumn wind, and drove the flying clouds above, while their shadows flitted over grain-field and meadow below. Shall I forget the tangled string that neither Jake nor I could untie, and which Oolie's little hands released so deftly? Nor how she drew those hands away when I tried to detain her to speak one word of remorseful acknowledgment, and so left Jake and I alone to wander off up the great rock which on this side rose steadily, but shelved straight down, rough and jagged, on the other, over the deepest run of wayward Cress-kill? How the kite caught the wind, and, sailing out and up, pulled tightly on the string, while Jake was in an ecstasy of delight over its gambols, and even I felt all a boy's enthusiasm over the successful flight? Oolie was nowhere in sight. Up went the kite higher and higher, and, following its motions, I stepped back nearer and nearer the fringe of bushes at the summit of Greyrock, while Jake's shout of triumph rent the air.

Then I remember nothing more until I became conscious of a dull pain in my left arm, and half opening my eyes found myself beneath the ledge of rocks from whence I had undoubtedly fallen. Ah! but I bore the pain bravely, and gave no word of returning life; for I saw my little owlet, with her face buried in her hands, not far away. I shut my teeth to prevent a groan or quickened breath, for I heard her footstep come nearer. Then she tried to raise me up, but the broad shoulders belonging to six feet of humanity were quite too much for her; so she folded the shawl she wore and laid it under my head. Still I didn't move. It was worth some suffering to have those hands passing lightly over my hair, or laid tenderly enough now on mine. Five minutes more, and I did not move. Then there came down the softest little kiss on my forehead that ever blessed a dreaming man in love.

When I say that I kept my eyes shut after that I announce a feat of heroism unparalleled. I heard her retreating footstep, and her clear voice calling over the hill. "Quick! quicker, father! He does not open his eyes at all. Send Susan for Dr. Mills." I thought I might as well indulge in a groan or two now, for the pain was very great, and I was suffering acutely, as I supposed, with a dislocated shoulder. Mr. Austin and one of the farm-hands, summoned by Jake's report, assisted me home to the house, where I did not wait long for Dr. Mills's skillful care. A man of about my own age, with Saxon hair and eye and deep-toned voice, I found Dr. Mills at once a skillful practitioner and an agreeable companion. He was about to leave soon after for a year's service in the hospitals, both for the benefit of himself and suffering men.

And this is why no entry stands upon my journal until to-day. I only see Oolie at rare intervals, and she is as cool as ever. She does not know—the little owlet—that I hold the memory of that fluttering kiss. But why can I not lure her to my side again? Mrs. Austin seems more

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melancholy and retired than ever, but is most undoubtedly anxious that I should care for Oolie, and perhaps this acting on her sensitive nature makes an involuntary revolt. I hear a troubled remonstrance now and then, and afterward my darling child is pale and sorrowful for days. If I dared I would ask her to try to like an old bachelor ever so little, and give him the right to take the little owlet to a cozy nest of his own planning.

But all the while I have been lying here she has come and gone unheeded, and more than once I have heard the heavy tones of Arthur Lee's voice as he said good-night by the gate. I must not write more, for I am feverish, and Dr. Mills forbids excitement.

August 19.

Am I dreaming, or is it truly so? It seems like a dream that, away off by Cress-kill, on the very spot where I fell not long ago, I found my pupil, with pale face and eyes dim with tears—that, kneeling by her side, I asked for the right to woo and win, and, unrebuked, held Oolie to my heart. It is even so, and the great solemn eyes just glancing up to mine have spoken our betrothal. Pray God I may make her happy.

August 30.

Strange, dear, bewildering Oolie! Can I ever understand you, with your saddened moods and troubled brow? I fear—nay, sometimes I really think—that her mother has urged her to accept my addresses, knowing that I would be what the world calls a good match. I know that Oolie is happiest and brightest when her old father looks so well pleased to see us together. But still I cling to the memory of that kiss, so lightly and tenderly bestowed. I am sure I know her too well to think that, even for their sakes, she would give her hand without her heart.

To-night she pleaded a headache, and left me to seek my room and tell my patient journal all my thoughts. And so, with a shaded scholar's lamp throwing its circle of light around my pen and page, while the rest of the room is flooded with moonlight, I dream and write alternately.

But what is that figure doing there by the garden gate? A man stands waiting just within the shadow. But see! a girl's light figure moves out from the side doorway and joins him. A strange calmness comes over me, although I see in the clear moonlight that it is Oolie. They walk off down the old garden path, and I can not turn my eyes or ears away if I would. Now she speaks brokenly, and I even hear her say, "It is a living death," and they pass on. I do not hear Arthur Lee's words, deep and full-toned as they are. I only hear those sweet, false lips, that—

They are parting. "'Tis the very last time." I hear it distinctly in those musical accents that have come to be so dear. And this then is the end of the bright midsummer dream. False and fair, she is lost to me forever.

A few written words to release her from the weary vow that makes this "living death" to her; a straightforward letter to John Austin explaining as well as I may the unfortunate position in which I find myself; a few business arrangements; a check sufficient to cover all expenses connected with my stay and forwarding my effects; a hasty tossing of garments into my trunks, and with the midnight moon low toward the west I bid adieu to Greyrock forever. "Oolie, dear, false angel, good-by!"

IV.

"Dr. Mills, by all that is skillful! I thought I knew that Saxon head as I saw it by the dim light of the swinging lamp last night."

"Ay, ay, Dr. Mills at your service," and a hearty grasp of the hand told how unforgotten had been the incident of two years since when a broken arm was righted by his skill. To-night we meet again on board the transport that brings our poor boys home from Andersonville. I need say no more than that to tell of the long lines of wan and haggard faces, of the gleaming, hungry eyes, the shrunken limbs, and broken spirits.

Small skill had I except such help as strong hands and a willing heart could give; but such as it was this had been my work for the past eighteen months. It was good for me to be busy, and so put out of mind the troubled past. I had left all business matters with my lawyer, and had heard nothing whatever from Greyrock since that shining August night when I walked to the station, and was miles away before the dawning. I suppose she is Mrs. Lee by this time. Ah, well!

"Guy Owen! here, if you please. Hold this man still until I can prepare the broth properly. He is raving with fever, and will kill himself if he is left alone." So I came at Dr. Mills's bidding, and clasped the poor thin arms in my grasp, speaking steadily all the while to the wretched creature I held. The soup was gulped down at a swallow, and it was hard to deny him more, but Dr. Mills was imperative. At last, muttering, he dropped to sleep, and an hour after I walked with the Doctor on the narrow space upon the upper deck. He stopped midway, and knocking the ashes off his cigar, said he,

"That fellow's face is familiar to me in spite of his fearful emaciation. I have seen it somewhere—strange—strange;" and we resumed our walk.

All at once he grasped my arm—"Guy Owen, as sure as you are a living man that is Launt Austin!"

"Launt Austin? Why, I thought he was dead!" said I, breathlessly.

"No; he ran away and enlisted, and that made all the trouble. I suppose you know"—he continued, hesitatingly—"you know about Mrs. Austin?"

"No, I know nothing, except that they were a most incomprehensible family altogether," said I, somewhat bitterly.

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"Oh, the sorrows that we doctors can not help knowing, which are safe from all the world besides! The bitter struggle of that poor Oolie's life has been enough to bow a strong man down. I wonder how it is now with her, poor child!"

"Tell me, for I am bewildered. What do you mean?" I spoke, at last.

"Mean? Why, I mean that four years ago Launt Austin ran away, and was never heard of until his name was published in a list of bounty-jumpers, which some one was rough enough to send to his father, and which, no doubt, was false. It almost broke his heart, but he did not tell his wife. She was bad enough without that; but she found it out somehow, and now she is hopelessly given up to the habit."

"What habit?"

"Why, opium. She commenced by quieting her nerves, broken down by Launt's desertion. Many and many a time have I seen that poor girl on her knees begging her mother to give it up, when she had periled her life by an extra dose. And then the wretched woman would promise, and try to keep her word until the demon power grew strong again, and by threats of self-destruction, or appeals to Oolie's tenderness, she would wring from her a promise to give her rest and peace in the old farm."

"You could surely see how sad the child was, and what a hopeless look had gathered on John Austin's face?" he went on.

"Can this be so?" And I rubbed my forehead, to make sure that I was sane and wide awake.

"Ay, Guy Owen; were your eyes tight shut that you could not see it? Arthur Lee"—I shivered a little at the name—"Arthur Lee has told me pitiful stories enough of the girl's slender store of pocket-money going through his hands in exchange for the dreadful drug; of her waiting for him on the way, when, worn out, she had yielded to her mother's prayers once more; and her bitter tears, always saying to him, 'Don't let father know.' And so this poor child has passed these weary years since Launt took himself off. I heard all this through Arthur. I suppose you know he will be my brother one of these days. Sister Mary has been engaged to him ever since she left school."

I could not speak. The air seemed to grow bright around me. The transport and its weary freight; the rocking, ceaseless waves; the crouching forms about me passed away; and I was again by the side of Cress-kill with a wounded arm, and Oolie—dear, sorrowful, lost Oolie—was by my side.

"What's the matter, Guy?" said the steady voice of my friend. "Your cigar is out, and your blanket is streaming out like a flag. Have you turned clean daft?"

"I believe I have. Tell me, if you can, what I must do. See if you can prescribe for a man who has been a stupid fool."

"Common disorder, my friend; very common. Don't often prescribe for it, but I'll try."

V.

It was a bright June day when a carriage might have been seen on the old Greyrock turnpike, traveling slowly; for, propped up with pillows and shawls, was all that was left of Launt Austin. A pitiful smile gathered on his face as we came in sight of the great rock that could be seen for miles away. I sat beside him almost as trembling as himself, for memories came crowding thick and fast.

Dr. Mills had traveled on horseback, and now galloped on ahead to break the tidings to the unconscious family. Launt worked his thin fingers together nervously, and looked wistfully at me as he said, "Do you think they will be glad to see me? I'm 'most afraid—I've made such lots of trouble."

Dr. Mills must have traveled fast, for see, here are troops of villagers, and here are stout farmers with hard hands outstretched, and husky voices that try to say, "How dy'do?" and fail because of the pity that has sent a great lump in their throats which no gulping will remove. And the old flag that has done service for many a Fourth of July is brought from somewhere, and is borne ahead by the constable, who claimed and kept that right. From the cottages women's faces shine pitying and earnest on the pale boy who had come home again. Past the wood and over the bridge, and so around the road, comes the cavalcade. Past the garden and the lilac-bush. The double gate was thrown wide open, and beside it stood the old man, his white head bent down, his lips moving, yet with no sound. Plenty of hands lifted the weak man from his carriage, and he staggered on with help, but stopped one moment by the old man's side, looking wistfully with his hollow eyes.

John Austin lifted his clear eyes to the sky, and his lips were white while his hands lay a moment on the lad's head: "Bless thee, my son. The Lord bless thee and keep thee!" As they neared the house where his mother waited Launt turned about: "Fall back, boys. Nobody but father," and so leaning on the old man's arm, faint and weak enough he yet upheld him on his father's shoulder until within the doorway the lookers-on saw a tall and pallid woman take him to her breast, while one thin hand of the soldier rested on a head of golden brown beside him.

"Three cheers for Launt Austin!" and three times three rung through the air, while Susan swung her turban, shouting "Glory, Hallelujah!" and Jake contributed whoops and yells of different kinds. Then the school-house bell was rung, and Launt, sitting with his mother's hand in his, and those dear eyes of Oolie looking so lovingly on him, stirred a little from his pillows, and with his smile so ghastly still, he said, "I guess the folks are glad to see me. You see, mother, if I live"—and here he held up the transparent hand to the light—"if I live, I mean to be a better son to you and father. I thought about you I tell you, and I thought about meetin', and the

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Bible, and how Oolie and I used to say our prayers together. Yes, I thought about all these things, but I was so awful hungry most of the time that I couldn't think."

What vow went up from his mother's heart I know not, but I can guess. Whatever it was remained unbroken for the short life left her. Launt rallied a while, but help had come too late, and one October day we laid him in the little church-yard. Before the snow of December fell his mother lay at rest beside him. And then in the glad New-Year I took my little owlet to my heart.

The clouds had passed and left the shining sky. I make my home at Greyrock now; but would you believe that Oolie still denies that she kissed me when I lay helpless? She says she wouldn't take advantage of any one. Dr. Mills is going on his old round of duty, and Arthur Lee is married to his sister Mary. John Austin grows bent and old. Already the snow is on the mountain lighted from beyond, but the peace that passeth understanding abides upon him for evermore.

SEEING NAPLES.

"SEE Naples and die" had like to have been transformed, on the occasion of our first entrance of the city, from a gratefully complimentary proverb into an awful prophecy of our own demise. No sooner had we (consisting of three divines and the dragon) emerged from the evening train from Rome, and shown our unfortunate heads outside the station, than we were set upon by innumerable ruffians of the baser sort, in the garb of coachmen, each aspiring to the privilege of doing the honors of the city by being first to fleece us. However, having been fore-armed against this sea of troubles, we sprang into the first vetturo which presented itself, and were whirled away, leaving the waves thereof roaring cajoleries at us, and abuse at each other, alternately. But our sorrows were only begun.

After a seemingly interminable ride we were set down in the court-yard of an unpretending inn, among whose guests we expected to find the fellow-countryman to whose guardianship we were consigned. Fortunately we encountered our consignee upon the third landing, and having delivered our vouchers, were hurried by him into a place of safety, whither he speedily followed us, after having dismissed the coachman with the payment of the regular tariff.

This summary proceeding somewhat amazed us, particularly as our unsophisticated hearts had been touched by the pathetic pleadings of the driver, who had followed us closely, inquiring in unintelligible Neapolitan, but unmistakable pantomime, "How can a poor man live?" This appeal was rendered all the more effective by the fact that our ascent had been accompanied by a sympathetic crowd of idlers from the street, who had chosen to set us down prematurely as villains and oppressors.

However, the ponderous door with its iron bars separated us effectually from our pitiful petitioner and his backers, while we listened with bated breath and bristling hair to a tirade upon the Neapolitan character, the truthfulness of which (the tirade, and not the character) not only the gathering tumult outside, but every subsequent hour of our stay, confirmed. Suddenly there was a hush in the corridor, and a gentle knock at our door, which being opened by one of the newly-arrived, a moving spectacle was presented in the person of our pertinacious driver, posed in a heart-subduing attitude, and ejaculating, "a *buono mono* for the love of Heaven and of my famishing babes!"

This was too much for the tender-hearted bachelor to resist; but as he was drawing out his purse in response our guardian, whose prolonged residence in Naples, superadded to a distinguished career before the New York bar, had rendered invulnerable against pathos, especially of a monetary type, again interposed, dismissing the appellant with his blessing, and resuming his oration with severer eloquence and pointed application to the transgressor, who received the lesson with meekness, abashed, but only half-repentant. But our instruction was at once violently ended and enforced by a fearful commotion in the corridor, followed by an appalling jar, reminding us that we were abiding under the shadow of Vesuvius. Our protector went forth to reconnoitre, shutting us in lest our newly-fledged hardness of heart should give way and betray us into folly.

It was explained, on his return, that our beggar had waxed so stormy that the wrath of the entire household had been kindled. The coachman howled, the servants jeered, the landlord swore. Finally, the burly cook had discharged his electric indignation from the tip of his avenging foot, and sent our coachman down an entire flight of stone stairs. Upon this the wailing of the sufferer and of his diminishing friends, together with the violent objurgation of the household, had produced such an uproar that, contrasting it with the homelike quiet of our Roman life, it seemed as if we were come into the abode of lost spirits.

However, after an interval there came a peremptory knock at our door, which being opened revealed a grand *tableau vivant*, representing embodied scorn and insulted dignity—the new *rôle* which our coachman assumed after his fall. Throwing down upon the table before us the fare he had received from our consignee, and drawing the stately folds of his toga-like cloak about him, he strode from the room, leaving us tyros overwhelmed with shame for our shabbiness. But our guardian sneered at his melodramantics, and laughed our self-reproach to scorn, prophesying that we should see him return speedily in still another character; which he did, after allowing our sensibilities a few moments to work. A single glance at our circle, as we sat in cowed silence around our instructor, convinced the actor that his last trick had failed; and, assuming a meek expression, he inquired

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if by any chance he had left in the Signori's care a portion of money belonging to him!

From this initial experience, until we were fairly ensconced in the return train for Rome, our waking hours were passed in warfare which knew no truce.

We seized the first sunshine after our arrival for an excursion to Pompeii. Taking a bountiful lunch in a haversack which had climbed the steeps of the Tyrol, and subsequently plunged into the depths of the Chickahominy, doing good service in both, we set forth for the railway station, signaling the first double carriage which appeared in sight. No sooner were we comfortably settled, with our eatables, drinkables, extra wrappings, guide-books, and field-glasses carefully arranged, than our driver, gathering up his reins, remarked, with an insufferable smile, "*Tre franchi!*" Being under the eye of our legal friend, and remembering that we had the great principle of resistance to imposition to maintain, we incontinently tumbled out of the carriage with all our traps, greatly to the astonishment and chagrin of the driver, who cried beseechingly after us, "Two francs, then! let us be agreed." Although this was only double the regular tariff, yet we were true to our instructions, declining all his overtures, and, taking possession of two single carriages, we were able to reach our goal with our principles intact, and the expenditure of only five cents each for a ride of two miles.

Still another pleasing phase of Neapolitan life met us as we emerged from our hotel on the morning of this excursion to Pompeii. The porter and his family ostensibly made their abode in a little house in the wall which separated the court-yard from the street; but inasmuch as said house comprised only one room, and as this, again, corresponded in width precisely to the thickness of the wall, the whole domestic economy of his household was patent to every passer-by. Toilet, culinary, laundry, disciplinary, and other operations which popular prejudice ordinarily confines to the interior of one's domicile, were displayed upon the flag-stones of the inn-yard to the admiration of all beholders; and, as every sojourner among the Neapolitans will testify, this is by no means a peculiar case, but "'tis their nature to."

However, on the occasion in question, on reaching the door of the hotel, we found the origin of the alarming outcries which had been assaulting our ears for some moments.

The porter was seated in the midst of the court-yard, engaged in clipping the elf-locks of his young heir, whose rage (unassuaged by the oranges which were his father's peace-offering) expended itself in shrieks and energetic kicks, his head, meantime, being safely held between his father's knees, and his hands occupied in clutching the fruit. The mother supervised the operation, knitting-work in hand, and the older sister sniffed enviously at the oranges, and sympathetically at her brother.

Suddenly the father administered a smart box of the ear in response to a specially violent kick from the young hero, whereupon the mother (who therefore could have been no Neapolitan) pounced upon the father with a resonant blow upon his head, which the daughter resented by a similar attack upon her mother; and, as the fight waxed hot, and promised to become general, we fled into the street for safety. When we returned at night peace reigned. The young hero, shorn but unsubdued, was engaged in experimental devices for extracting the tail of the afflicted house-dog, the mollified father looking on approvingly at the exhibition of the precocious development of this distinctively Neapolitan trait; while the sister, aged seven, was with premature sagacity manufacturing a caudle for her mother, who had just brought into the world a new sinner or sufferer, according to the sex, which has escaped my memory.

Mr. Murray "evolves from the depths of his moral consciousness" (whence the German conjured the camel) the fact that the inhabitants of Naples are very fond of their domestic animals. Whereas observation convinces the traveler that nowhere else can be found such suffering among domestic animals (including wives and children), inflicted with such infernal ingenuity of torture. My most brilliant memories of this indescribably beautiful bay are smeared by the horrid blot of brute misery.

An hour's ride by rail carried us to the station at Pompeii, and a three minutes' walk from thence to the entrance of the ruined city.

During this brief walk our hardening sensibilities were assailed by multiform exhibitions of poverty and physical imperfection, together with various aspirants for the privilege of carrying our knapsacks and superfluous shawls, selling us wines, guiding us to Vesuvius or Pompeii. A brace of pretty, black-eyed boys ran along by our side, extemporizing a species of rataplan upon their fat chins with their chubby brown fists, which they whirled rapidly round and round each other, and against their chattering teeth, after the manner of that pleasing entertainment to which babies are condemned—"Forehead-harder, brow-bender, eye-peeper, nose-dropper, mouth-eater, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper!" An old man and woman also dogged us, thrumming a guitar and wailing forth an ear-piercing and heart-rending ditty.

At the guide-house we paid the regulation fee of two francs, and entered by the revolving wheel which forms the gate, leaving all these woes and entertainments behind us, and picking up a cicerone, who led us whithersoever he would whensoever he could.

No one can pass a fortnight in Italy, the land of storied ruins, without appreciating the necessity for the catechetical instruction relative to keeping one's hands from picking and stealing. Beginning with an innocent admiration of the magnificent mosaics of the *Borghese* or *Pitti Palazzo*, and going on speedily to a covetous survey of your neighbor's table and paper-

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weights (which she has collected, bit by bit, from historic sites), you finally end in a wholesale destruction of glove-tips, boot-heels, and the eighth commandment at every pillar, wall, and pavement you visit.

In consequence of this depraved appetite we regarded the otherwise laudable cleanliness and order of Pompeii with disappointment, and even a sense of personal injury. Not a displaced mosaic to be seen; not a stray bit of marble, or fragment of bronze. Temple after temple, house after house, street after street we entered, to depart as guiltless in act as before. Moreover, our guide was gifted after the manner of Argases and school-ma'ams, so that in his vicinity it was impossible for any of our quartette to indulge his sinful proclivities. However, no shepherd had ever such perversely wayward sheep, and no guide such fractious followers. There was not one of us all who had not the misfortune to be repeatedly lost, and to be sought out and brought back to the regular route by the anxiously-perspiring official.

The topography of Pompeii, its architecture, and even the minutest details of its domestic life, are made too familiar by guide-books, novels, cork models, and photographs to encourage further description; but it is with indescribable emotion that one looks down with his own eyes into this old sepulchre from whose door the stone has now been rolled away. It shadows forth dimly the awful scene upon which the Angel of the Resurrection will gaze when his task is ended.

Our guide was a character. I refer not to his deplorable probity, but to his masterly command of the English language. When French was suggested to him as a medium of communication with our party, he replied, with a benevolent smile, "But I speaks de Ingles"—and verily he spoke it.

Having unearthed his errant flock in their various retreats, and gathered them around him, he would strike an attitude before the Basilica, the Temple of Isis, the house of the Tragic Poet, or whatever edifice lay next in his course, and would invariably challenge attention by the ejaculation, "Look o' yere! Yis, Sir!" and then develop his powers of description.

Among ordinary dwellings his favorite formula was, "Look o' yere! Yis, Sir! Preevat house—bedroomsallround!" He was also happy in the discovery of what he called "pishfonds," in several court-yards; but this seemed suspiciously like the practical joke of some Anglican, who had found him when his knowledge of the language was in its formative state, and introduced this little variation.

After an agonizing attempt on his part to make us comprehend, and a responsive agony on ours, we at last understood that it was against the rules (or possibly against his own inclinations) to have the immaculate purity of the city disturbed by the crumbs of profane lunches, and that the amphitheatre, perhaps an eighth of a mile distant, would be a favorable place for the performance of that duty.

Accordingly we made our way across the fields to this lovely spot, and having completed a circuit of its ruins, including a close inspection of what our cicerone was pleased to call, respectfully, "de bedrooms of de leons," we seated ourselves on one of the benches where Pliny, Cicero, and Sallust may have sat before us, and then we alternately lunched and meditated.

Here were we, pilgrims from a land which is of yesterday, seated in a theatre whose form is perfectly preserved, which proved eighteen centuries ago the miraculous preservation of thousands of the inhabitants of the doomed city, when, having flocked forth to the cruel sports of the arena, they found their homeward way, terribly barricaded by the fires of the treacherous mountain, which was now looking down so peacefully upon the desolation it had wrought.

We tried to rebuild the crumbling walls; to spread again the vast awning of white Apulian wool, striped with crimson; to people the auditorium with crowds of lordly men and graceful women, whose senses should be charmed by the cooling, fragrant mist dispensed by invisible conduits, tempering, if possible, the burning cruelty with which they surveyed the deadly combats of the arena. But above us, instead, hung only God's pure sky; around us was the quiet beauty of an Italian landscape; within was a little group of pilgrims whose ancestors, when these walls were building, bowed in savage devotion to Odin; beyond us lay the City of the Dead, uncovered to view, with the very wheel-marks of 1800 years ago traced indelibly upon its streets, and with the innermost thoughts of its inhabitants frescoed in still brilliant colors upon its walls; while still beyond and above was Vesuvius with fiery remorse devouring its heart.

The day was incomparably beautiful, and it was easy to realize how fascinating this amphitheatre must have been to the sensuous Romans, with its gorgeous shows in the open air, with the glorious sweep of hills around, and of sunlit sky above.

On returning to the city we came upon the new excavations, where a motley crowd of workmen, with their women and children, were basking in the sun and eating their dinner. Many of the women were improving the opportunity in explorations in their children's heads and garments, which seemed richer in discoveries than their earth-diggings. This group was rather picturesque than agreeable.

I seized an idle pick and flourished it wildly, pleasing myself with the conceit that I was aiding in the disentombment of this ancient Queen. But if one wishes to see vividly portrayed the story of the dire fate which overwhelmed this mad city, with all the horror of its surprise, and the despair of its overthrow, he must look for it in the little ante-room, where are the skeleton figures found only two years since and then laid in dreary state. One slight form, lying prone,

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with the head bowed upon the clenched hands, as the horror of the great darkness came upon him and fixed itself in eternal lithograph, tells the tale more eloquently than tongue or pen of living man could do.

Our last call was at Diomede's house, the extravagant dimensions of which contrast boldly with the dainty proportions of his neighbors' abodes; suggesting the alternatives of showy extravagance set forth in the modern parable of her who went up to Tiffany's to buy diamonds of the first water, and being eyed enviously and superciliously by a woman of the Pharisees, who said to herself "Shoddy!" lifted up her voice boldly and answered, "Nay, verily, Petroleum!"

In our zeal to make our own way back to the station we lost it, but were found with surprising quickness by the blind musicians, the little chin-choppers, together with various disinterested parties, who were confident we should never again have so favorable a time for ascending Vesuvius (it was five o'clock of a January night), tasting *Lachryma Christi*, or of buying Pompeiian lamps and other antiquities (?). When we finally reached the station, our train was swollen to an appalling degree, and was made up of as motley material as was that of young David of Adullam; "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented;" but the steam-monster scattered them speedily and bore us away to a place of safety.

On our return to our hotel in Naples it was somewhat adverse to our previous ideas of comfort to have our fire for the evening brought in on a salver! However, when we were gathered about the table, with the brasier of coals beneath it, discussing with each other, and with our four several journals the marvelous enjoyments of the day, there was quite an atmosphere of home comfort about that apartment in the sombre Naples sun. Indeed, during our stay, that same gloomy, damp, stormy *albugo* was transformed into a cozy American household. Through a happy coincidence there were gathered together there eight Americans, one in Christian faith and in loyalty to our country. There was also with us a German artist, whose intelligent sympathy in our national struggle, as well as his irresistible good-nature, forbade us to regard as an interloper. Our outspoken nationality drove away more than one Englishman, and reduced a garrulous Scotchman to the necessity of immuring himself in his own bedroom, where he wreaked his spite upon a wheezy accordion.

As we walked the streets of the filthy city (stirred to the depths of its vileness rather than cleansed by the sullen rains which fell pertinaciously during our visit), and saw on every side the tokens of sin and suffering—diseased and mutilated adults, abused and neglected children, overworked and flayed-alive animals, our hearts sank within us, and we were ready to cry, "Can these dry, these rotten bones live?" But returning at night to our cheery dinner-table, and hearing the utterance from ministers and laymen of a brave hope in God and a redeemed humanity, we were ready again to thank God, and take courage that the regeneration of Italy might not be altogether an enthusiast's dream.

Another ground of hope I have for the possible purification of Naples under the new *régime* will, I fear, be regarded by many persons as offensively trivial, but any one who visited Naples years ago will be able to appreciate its significance. I refer to the umbrella man of the National Museum! Of course one has not seen Pompeii until he has spent hours and days in this museum, where its treasures are gathered, from the exquisitely graceful Narcissus in bronze down to the very bread-loaves and freshly-laid eggs which furnished the breakfast-tables of that doomed city on the day of its destruction. All these spoils, together with innumerable paintings, statues, and articles of *virtu* from the wide world are actually opened to the visitor's view without money or price! And much more than this: not only did the workmen who came at our summons to open the door of the gallery (then undergoing repairs) which contains the Farnese Bull and the Hercules re-stolen from the Roman thief, Caracalla, say, "It is not permitted," in response to our little offering; not only this, but the official guardian of our umbrellas actually shook his head regretfully but decidedly at the proffered fee! It is something awful to think of the mental struggle which this supernatural resistance must have cost a Neapolitan.

There are few beggars remaining in Naples compared with the hordes with which books of travel threatened us. The *lazaroni*, as a class, exist no longer; but although the tourist may sigh for the picturesque groups who formerly dreamed away life upon that beautiful shore, yet the philanthropist finds in their disappearance an evidence of social progress.

Emancipated from priestcraft, the people are learning self-respect. Already, to beg they are ashamed. Even the Pompeiian "chin-choppers" proffered an equivalent for our *sous*. But whoever pays a Neapolitan more than one-half his demand for any individual article, from an orange up to a reef of pink coral, cheats himself, and astonishes the native of whom he makes the purchase. The only exceptions to this disagreeable rule are found at the Bible Depository, and in the sale of photographs in the National Museum, where the price is fixed by law.

As has been before intimated this guerrilla warfare harassed every moment of our stay in Naples. Our tongues still twirl the sharp "*Che!*" and our shoulders lift in the characteristic shrug, which they then acquired, and which is one's only weapon of warfare and defense.

The expression of Neapolitan shoulders is unique. In the convent of San Martino, above the city, is a picture representing Peter's denial of his Lord, wherein the shrug of the Galilean's

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shoulder is eloquently Neapolitan, saying as it does unmistakably, "*Che lo sa!*"

But there is a sunny, or better, a heavenly side to humanity in Naples. Bibles and Protestant books are openly sold in the streets, as well as scathing caricatures (which the most illiterate can read) setting forth the abominations and follies of priestcraft, which in their point and impression "are as goads and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies."

Art is already using the liberty which Italy has bought with a great price in depicting the crimes of the old absolutism.

The most attractive pictures in the recent exhibition by Neapolitan artists of to-day were two or three inquisitorial scenes, and another representing Galileo arraigned for blasphemy. "But it does move!"

We were so fortunate as to make our way to the Scotch Presbyterian service on the Sunday which we spent in Naples. It is held, thank God! openly, and with free consent of the Government; and not like our Protestant services in Rome, under the sheltering wings of our strong eagle within the walls, or under the rose without. The service is held in an upper chamber, a bright, attractive apartment looking out upon the beautiful bay; and as we worshiped with the large congregation gathered that day we grew more hopeful than before for the luxurious, idle, cruel community in which this pure leaven of a free Gospel is working.

I doubt if mine were the only eyes which responded tearfully when the good minister in charge included in his earnest prayer a fervent petition for "that great country beyond the sea, so highly favored of God; so instrumental in the work of the world's evangelization, but now rent by the wicked rebellion." And as he besought that the right might prevail, and good government be restored, we recognized the grateful notes of a trumpet which gave no uncertain sound.

To a homesick American it was good to join in such prayers, led by a stranger of Swiss birth and Scotch education, and responded to by Christians from various lands.

When the minister had "wailed a portion with judicious care" from David's Psalms, the entire congregation sung it to a simple air without accompaniment. The quaint old song recalled a somewhat comical incident of the dominie's experience. Having arranged an exchange of pulpits with a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, early on the Sunday morning the dominie was waited upon solemnly by the conscientious precentor, armed with a true copy of the Psalms, from which he begged him to select the portions he intended to give out for singing, and read them over carefully to himself, "For," he added, apologetically, "they are summat pecooliar, and ye must *modulate* your voice as ye read 'em!"

But I can fully appreciate the loving tenacity with which a man of that ilk clings to this very version with all its "pecooliar" phraseology and unmodulatable rhythm. To him it is

> —"Familiar as his mother's face,
> And grand as is the countenance of heaven with stars."

Grand indeed it is in its divine simplicity and exact conformity to the very letter of God's psalmody.

Rev. Mr. Buscarlet, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Naples, is doing yeoman's service in the mighty service of regenerating Italy. Our party had the pleasure of visiting with him the schools under his care. Turning into a by-street, and ascending several flights of stairs, they came out upon a house-top; this they crossed, and one or two others besides; then entering a door they descended a few steps, and came into a pleasant apartment. Here was gathered a busy group of perhaps fifteen little boys, who were under the supervision of a monitor somewhat older than themselves. A second room contained fifty boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, pursuing various studies, including that of the Bible. Still a third room was set apart for the instruction of young men in book-keeping and other preparatory studies for a business life. These were under the tutelage of two converted Romish priests.

The boys had committed to memory nearly all the Gospel of St. Luke, and, as M. Buscarlet remarked, "whatever the priests may do hereafter, they can not extract that Gospel from my boys' hearts." But it is a mighty task to uplift a people so long enslaved by superstition. The Neapolitan boys are singularly bright and sharp of apprehension, but deficient in perseverance. As they grow from under the firm control of the teacher, up to an age when they ought to be competent to pursue their studies without coercion, they sometimes disappoint the hope of their former instructors, and sink back into the national *dolce far niente*. But a "great patience" is directing and watching over the experiment, and there is reason to hope that ere long this "Paradise lost" will be "regained" for our Lord. So at least thought our party, as they climbed still another stairway, after their examination of the schools was ended, and came out into a garden from which the whole beautiful panorama of city and bay was visible. Here they discovered that in their labyrinthine ascent to the school-rooms through and over houses they had been gradually climbing one of the hills which surround Naples, up whose slope houses are built to the very summit; the lower domiciles being thus subject to the inconvenience of serving as the only passage-way to the upper.

As they came down from these heights, their hands laden with luscious oranges and lemons plucked in the hanging-gardens, and their hearts full of what they had heard and seen, their tongues were eloquent upon the theme of New Italy and the glorious promise these children gave that they would one day go forth in stalwart Christian manhood for her salvation.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[The following article is written by General THOMAS JORDAN, chief of staff to General Beauregard from June, 1861, to May, 1864, and subsequently on Beauregard's staff at the close of the war. Without indorsing all the opinions of the writer, we present it as giving the views of one who, from his position, had the most ample means of forming a correct judgment as to the character and abilities of the Chief of the late Confederacy.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

ALL that can throw light upon the hitherto hidden causes of events, uncover somewhat the ruling motives, or give a correct measure of the character, capacities, and purposes of Confederate leaders, will of course be eagerly sought after by the historian who shall fitly write the story of our time. Moreover, any thing tending to these ends must have present interest, especially that which may aid in forming a just conception of the chief personage to whom the Southern people intrusted the conduct of their ill-fated movement. Believing that I have possession of historical matter that may serve these purposes—that will indeed explain, in some measure, much that otherwise may appear inexplicable in the course of events, I am induced at this early day to venture upon a sketch of Jefferson Davis, at the risk of saying much that, just now, may not be acceptable to many—much that may wear the seeming of personal feelings.

JEFFERSON DAVIS received a military education. He was graduated at West Point in 1828, and, entering the army, served as a subaltern in the First Regiment of Infantry until March, 1833, when, on the formation of the First Regiment of Dragoons, he was transferred to it, and became Adjutant. In 1835 he resigned his commission, became a planter, and subsequently a politician in Mississippi, making his first appearance on the stage of Federal politics in 1845, as a member of the House of Representatives. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico, May, 1846, Mr. Davis promptly resigned his seat in Congress, went to Mississippi, and raised a regiment of volunteer riflemen, which, under his command, won signal distinction at Monterey and Buena Vista. In 1847 he was tendered by President Polk the grade of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, which he declined.* He then reentered political life as a Senator in Congress, in which high post he remained until his State withdrew from the Union in 1861, except during the period he was called to the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, as Secretary of War—that is, from March 4, 1853, to March 3, 1857.

As Senator Mr. Davis unquestionably acquired a commanding influence, and was regarded with marked respect. His speeches, always carefully prepared, breathed an air of conviction, and were gracefully and effectively spoken. He signalized himself particularly as the watchful, effective friend of the Military Academy and of the Coast Survey, doing much to avert injurious legislation, as well as to add materially to the value of these two public establishments, which have rendered such conspicuous services to the United States in the course of the war just ended. As Secretary of War the influence of Mr. Davis was overruling in all matters connected in any way with his Department, and his strong will was constantly felt in the councils of a Cabinet of which Mr. Marcy was the Premier.

It was Mr. Davis who sent to the Crimea a commission of three officers—one of whom was General M'Clellan, then a Captain of Cavalry, and another the present chief of the United States Military Engineer Corps—to study and report upon the state of the science of war and the condition of European armies. By the efforts of Mr. Davis likewise, four regiments were added to the regular army, two of which were cavalry, particularly valuable to the United States in the last four years. On the whole, it may be said that his administration of the War Office was received by the army and the people as able and successful, though indeed there were some who found in it strong traces of passion—decided traits of character, which gave cause for grave apprehension that he was unsuited for the place of Chief Magistrate of the new Confederation to a degree that must imperil success even with much larger resources than the Southern States could command.

One example of these perilous qualities may be seen in the course of Mr. Davis relative to staff organization. The United States staff system then as now was substantially that of the French army. It had worked with notable efficiency during the Mexican war, while the French staff had just gone through the Russian war with confessed superiority over that of the British army. But Jefferson Davis had encountered in the American staff officers permanently attached who proved personally objectionable, and, on the other hand, officers of the line whom he wished to provide with staff positions not within his disposal. Only a radical change of organization would enable him to gratify his wishes. With these motives to animate and color his views, ignoring American and yet more recent European experience, with specious arguments and dogmatic assertion, he sought to induce Congress to throw aside the permanent staff organization for one of details on staff duty, such as existed in the British service and had given such signal dissatisfaction there, showing that for the gratification of personal aims, prejudices, or a spirit of nepotism he was capable of subverting the organization of a vital branch of the army, which was approved by the experience of the military world.

It is the habit both here and abroad to speak of Mr. Davis as the very incarnation of the ideas, aims, and inspirations which led the Southern people into the course of disunion. On all sides we see ascribed to him the prominence—if not the

* Declined because, as he asserted, the Federal Executive had no lawful right to confer the commission tendered, which could rightly be bestowed only by the Governor of his State.

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crime—of the arch-plotter who deeply contrived and resolutely inaugurated the revolution. So prevalent is this notion that we fully appreciate how difficult it will be to sketch him as one of the leaders of the Confederate States, in his true proportions, upon the historical canvas. Nevertheless the facts revealed by a mere glance at his political antecedents during the eight years preceding secession mark him not as the champion of revolution, not as a fanatical sectional chief by any means, but as one who, keenly alive to the value of great national establishments, sought to foster them; as one, too, whose ambition evidently looked up to a larger sphere than that which should embrace a section rather than the whole Union. This was conspicuously the inspiration of his speech delivered in Maine, when there in pursuit of health, during the administration of Buchanan. Hence, too, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, and certain occurrences in South Carolina clearly portended her ultimate course, on the arrival of Mr. Davis in Washington in December, 1860, he was taken to Mr. Buchanan, and gave assurances that he would counsel moderation on the part of his section, and the exhaustion of all measures for accommodation, at least until after the 4th of March, 1861.

It will be seen, too, that his course in open Senate accorded with this agreement. His set oration of the 21st January, 1861, was a well-digested, careful statement of the alleged causes or grievances which had driven the slave-labor States into the path which they considered they must surely take in the event of the triumph of aggressive sectionalism by the election of Mr. Lincoln; nevertheless it was conceived in a temperate spirit. Several of the Senators of his section had already spoken. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, also had previously addressed the Senate in somewhat similar terms, with a lofty and fervid eloquence that no one who heard him can forget.

The fact is, the people of the cotton States had gone far ahead of those of their leaders who had been so long their representatives at Washington as to be possessed with strong personal attachments for the life and associations there of national politicians, which they abdicated with extreme reluctance. The constituency of these gentlemen, ahead of their representatives, had been brought with remarkable unanimity to look upon a dissolution of the Union as their only means of relief from a state of political inequality, which they believed was fraught with the political, social, and industrial subordination of the Southern to the Northern States. Mr. Davis, with higher, better-founded hopes for Federal preferment than any other Southern statesman, naturally was more reluctant to enter upon a movement that made that preferment impossible. His course, both as Secretary of War and Senator, we affirm, must acquit him of any tendency to extreme sectional sentiments, which made compromise under the Union impossible—disunion inevitable.

So little, in fact, did the Provisional Congress regard him in the light of the peculiar leader or exponent of the movement, that he was elected Provisional President of the new Confederacy by a bare majority, not because of any recognized political leadership, but on account of his military education, experience, and reputation, and for his acquaintance with military administration, for which it was supposed he had special aptitudes; qualities and training which were thought to be especially desirable at that juncture in their Chief Executive.

Unable, however, to comprehend the proportions of the struggle impending, or to realize that downright war for coercing the seceded States back into the Federal Union would be the result, Mr. Davis from the outset failed to avail himself of the resources of the cotton States to provide arms and munitions of war in the least degree adequate to the exigency. A just measure of his ideas of the state of affairs and of possible contingencies is to be found in the first orders sent to Europe for arms, which were for but ten thousand Enfield rifles. Ten thousand rifles with which to meet the shock of arms with a Power of such energies and resources as were wielded by his adversary! One in his place, of mere civil experience, might be partially excused for such a mistaken policy; but an educated soldier, with views enlarged by connection with the functions of Senator and War Minister, surely must be held to the severest accountability for such a fatal misconception of the situation.* At that time the Southern people were anxious that their Government should take their cotton and tobacco. There was a very large amount of foreign exchange also in possession of the banks, which I know was offered at favorable rates. There would have been little difficulty in exporting the cotton and tobacco, and quite as little in importing arms and supplies into Southern ports at that early stage of the blockade, as was shown by the ease with which the commercial operations of John Frazer and Co. (including their large voluntary importation of small-arms, artillery, and powder) were carried on, not to speak of the large commercial marine successfully engaged in running the blockade in 1863 and 1864.

The Provisional Congress made their legislation square implicitly with the wishes and views of Mr. Davis touching military matters, found reflected here and there in his Reports as Federal Secretary of War or otherwise. Hence if provisions were not made by that body for an army organization and state of military preparation commensurate with the emergency, and such as a wise experienced statesman of military education and knowledge would devise, Mr. Davis is rightly responsible. Yet that legislation gives no traces of a proper conception of the measures which were really called for in a conflict with such an adversary as the Southern people had profoundly affronted and defied.

* Mr. Toombs, then Secretary of State, claims that it was first proposed to send for 8000 rifles, and that only at his earnest suggestion the number was increased to 10,000.

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Mr. Davis had been at West Point, and subsequently served for several years in the dragoons at a frontier post with a subaltern officer to whom it happened he became attached. About the time the former resigned his commission to turn planter in Mississippi, the latter was disabled by an accident, quit his border post likewise, went to his home, studied medicine, and turned parish doctor. Mr. Davis became in time a politician, Lieutenant Northrop a Catholic convert, but so eccentric and full of mental crotchets as to be generally regarded in Charleston as of unsound intellect, and unfit for the management of his own small affairs. He had not served long enough in the army, nor been thrown in connection with considerable operations, to acquire familiarity with military administration; neither had his retired habits of life, his cast of thought, or avocations in Charleston, brought him in relation with men engaged in large commercial affairs, or turned his mind to the study of such subjects, and in that way attained to that breadth of view and knowledge of general business details and of men which may make up for the want of professional bureau experience after a separation of twenty-five years from army life. This man, with whom Mr. Davis had no personal association since they were cavalry lieutenants together on the Indian frontier, he did not hesitate to make his chief of subsistence, nor scruple to intrust with the organization and administration of a bureau upon which the very existence of the Confederate armies must depend, and for the labors of which it is apparent the soundest practical order of intellect was essential. One member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet* at least knew the local repute of Dr. Northrop; and we assert that had the inquiry been made in Charleston, his pre-eminent unfitness would have been universally certified. As might be anticipated, his administration at once took all the characteristics of that unhealthy brain. Mr. Davis supported him, however, in every vagary, permitted him to override all opposition, and ignored the views and wishes of every army commander when, as was of daily occurrence, they chanced to differ from those of Colonel Northrop. Indeed, the crazy courses in which this man was suffered to indulge, to the mortal injury of every Confederate army, are incredible.

But we have not the space for their relation, which would fill a volume. One example must serve to illustrate the surprising character of an administration which made success impossible. All reinforcements, ammunition, ordnance, and the greater part of the quarter-masters' supplies were necessarily transported to the Confederate forces assembled at Manassas Junction by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, which, of course, was thus tasked to the utmost tension of its resources. But another railroad, branching from it at Manassas, communicated with the most fertile region of Virginia, the famous Shenandoah Valley, which teemed with subsistence that was also abundant in the adjoining counties of Fauquier and Loudon. Not required for the transportation of troops or ordnance supplies, that road was therefore available for the almost exclusive use of the Subsistence Department; and substantial supplies, we repeat, lay convenient to it, sufficient for all the forces the Confederates could possibly muster in that quarter. Nothing, indeed, could be more favorable for the Confederates than the arrangement of these two divergent roads. But all this was lost sight of by Colonel Northrop, who by some influence was led to determine that subsistence officers with General Beauregard should not draw their flour or meat either from the rich garners and stores of London, Fauquier, or the valley counties. Forbidding his subordinates, imperatively and angrily, from purchasing supplies within easy reach and with ample means of otherwise idle transportation at hand, leaving them to fall into the hands of the enemy, he set other subordinates to gathering subsistence in the rear of the army, which he was obliged to send over the already overburdened Alexandria and Orange Railroad, for which he had to pay much more than such supplies could have been bought for in the Valley or in Loudon.* The consequences were that there was never in dépôt such a supply of subsistence as General Beauregard needed, and there was not one day's rations for the army at the time of the battle of Manassas (or Bull Run, as it is usually styled), nor more than forty-eight hours' supplies for weeks afterward of the material part of the ration. General Beauregard having urged the provision of a fortnight's supply for some twenty or twenty-five thousand men, Northrop fell into a passion, wrote to the General a letter of surpassing insolence, and at the same time relieved the staff officer from duty who, under General Beauregard's orders, had attempted to remove the evil. Mr. Davis, blind to the consequences, obdurately sustained this extraordinary conduct.

An army left habitually without supplies for more than twenty-four hours, and the wishes and views of whose commander in so vital a matter as its subsistence are offensively thwarted, it is needless to say, can have little mobility. Its commander can not have the power to handle it at will. This was signally the case with the Confederate army on the 21st of July, 1861. Want of subsistence rooted it fast to its dépôt, through which Colonel Northrop issued a daily dole sent up once in twenty-four hours by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad. Nor was this state of affairs bettered as late as 17th August, when General Johnston, in a note to General Beauregard, wrote: "*It is impossible, as the affairs of the Commissariat are now managed, to think of any other military course than a strictly defensive base.*"

Why such a man as Northrop was dragged forth from his seclusion, his favorite church po-

* Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury.

* Indeed, flour bought by speculators in the Valley and Loudon was carried to Richmond, sold to the Subsistence Bureau, and transported back to Manassas.

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lemics and squabbles and monomaniac habitudes, to be thrust into duties profoundly intermixed with the very existence of his government, must ever remain one of the inexplicable mysteries of human history. Rendered arrogant beyond bearing, at length he used language one day which his doting patron could not brook, and a quarrel resulted, it is understood. It was only then—about February, 1865—that this veritable tenacious "Old Man of the Sea" for the South was shaken off and his successor appointed; but too late for any radical benefit, for, in no small degree from commissariat follies, the Confederate cause was already in the throes of death.

If Mr. Davis did not fill the position of Quarter-Master-General with a special favorite, but permitted its duties to be devolved upon the senior officer of the United States Quarter-Master's Department, who had entered his service, he is none the less responsible for the administration of that branch of his staff. We say this because we know that he constantly interfered with and decided matters that absorbed time which might have been better occupied. One instance of this kind will serve to show both his habitual course and his responsibility for what was ineffective in any Department under him. General Beauregard, early in June, 1861, in view of the similarity of the flags of the United States and the Confederate States, and of the uniforms also of their troops at that time, had proposed to distinguish his men by a scarf to be worn in battle, which he asked should be supplied without delay by the Quarter-Master's Department. But even this small matter Mr. Davis could not suffer his General to decide. Accepting the idea, he directed that not the proposed scarf, but an altogether different contrivance, should be provided. Therefore—if occupied with such petty details—the historian must hold him accountable when his main army is found unprovided, as it was, with the means of wheel transportation needful for the ordinary operations of the camp—not to speak of an offensive campaign.

On assuming command at Manassas, early in June, 1861, General Beauregard at once gave his attention to this material element of military operations. He made urgent, repeated requisitions for what he anxiously regarded as essential for the safe mobility of his force. The question was one which, as far as practicable, it was his province to determine. If possible, his requisitions should have been filled. Mr. Davis knew all about them, as well as of the badge matter. He had been besought to order compliance. The Quarter-Master-General either did not realize the scale of impending operations, and had little conception of the resources of the State of Virginia, or in his communications concerning this matter and his actions was but the echo and organ of the Executive, to whom the responsibility must attach in either case. If competent to be the chief of a great revolution, he would have comprehended that the requisitions of his General were both in accordance with exigent military needs and not in excess of the available supply of the country.

We know that General Johnston dwells upon other reasons for not pursuing M'Dowell than the want either of subsistence or transportation for munitions of war; but, be it observed, this was in connection with any direct movement upon the line of retreat of that General's routed forces. Had it been practicable for the Confederates to take the offensive at once after the battle of Manassas, assuredly Johnston's main army would not have lost time by following M'Dowell, but would have been thrown across the Potomac near Leesburg, and marched rapidly to the rear of Washington. This was rendered impracticable by the want not only of subsistence, but of means of transportation. It is in this connection that Mr. Davis may be rightly blamed for the failure of his army to pursue and reap the legitimate fruits of a really wondrous victory, and not because he opposed at the time a proposed forward movement, as has been ignorantly alleged by partisans of the two Generals. As is known, he was at Manassas the evening of the 21st July, 1861. Until a late hour that night he was engaged with Generals Johnston and Beauregard, at the quarters of the latter, in discussing the momentous achievements of the day, the extent of which was not as yet recognized at all by him or his Generals. Much gratified with known results, his bearing was eminently proper. He certainly expressed no opposition to any forward movement: nor at the time displayed a disposition to interpose his opinions or authority touching operations and plans of campaign.

Looking back, however, we see a marvelous array of proof that Mr. Davis lacked the very qualities the supposed possession of which had elevated him to the head of the Confederate Government—those of the military organizer and statesman acquainted with the higher ranges of war administration.

Without showing by his measures of preparation, by recommendations to Congress, or in any way whatsoever, that he believed the war would be prolonged beyond a year, but the contrary indeed; yet before leaving Montgomery for Richmond he had declined to receive a large number of men tendered for twelve months,* for the reason that they were not offered for the war or three years. If he had anticipated a long war, few and short indeed were his steps for the contingency. But the fact is, his course and the utterances of his Cabinet indicate that he looked for an early pacification, either through that recognition by France and England "in ninety days" which Mr. Benjamin was ever confidently looking for and predicting, or from other causes; therefore it is hard to understand why he should have inflexibly proscribed these enrollments for less time than three years or the war

* We are assured quite 100,000 of these men were tendered.

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at so early a day. By that course he greatly diminished the effective force that might have met M'Dowell—risked, we may say, that battle, and weakened Johnston and Beauregard especially in cavalry—one of the reasons given by General Johnston for not having been able to pursue his adversary and discover the actual extent of the disaster inflicted.

Will it be credited, moreover, that as late as the middle of August, 1861, there was no engineer or other officer on the staff of General J. E. Johnston competent to plan an ordinary railroad bridge.* In fact all the staff departments of that army were organized on the same inexcusably inadequate scale.

It was not until the middle of September, 1861, two months after the battle of Manassas, that a single Major or Divisional General was appointed for that army, and then but two—Generals Van Dorn and G. W. Smith—though six of the grade had been earnestly asked for by General Johnston, including G. W. Smith, whom he specially desired to place in command of his own corps (old Army of the Shenandoah), so that he might be enabled to give exclusive attention to the chief command. Smith was indeed made a Major-General; but as if Mr. Davis could not possibly coincide or sympathize with the views of his Generals, Van Dorn was at the same time sent to report, with a senior commission. An element of discord was introduced into the army by this act, which, whether casual or not, we must regard as another illustration of the proneness of Mr. Davis to lose sight of—in fact how little he was wont to consider—public interests when they conflicted in any way with his personal will, fancies, or schemes. Some weeks later several other Major-Generals were commissioned, though not to the number requested.

Meantime Mr. Davis had visited head-quarters. A discussion had likewise grown up between him and his Generals relative to the organization of their army. He had taken it into his head to direct that the troops of a State should all be brigaded together, and commanded by Brigadiers from such State. With some exceptions, thought to be specially for the good of the service, this had been already done. But it chanced that one of these very exceptions was in the way of the promotion of a brother-in-law to the command of a brigade, and could not be tolerated. At the same time the division of the army into two corps was objected to. Long communications were written on this subject by Mr. Davis and his Secretary of War that will amaze the military reader who, we are sure, will be at a loss to understand with what possible end, other than an "apple of discord," this discussion was cast between Mr. Davis and his Generals.

"The President disapproves the division of the army into two corps," wrote the Chief of the Bureau of War to General Beauregard October 18, 1861. And on the 20th of October Mr. Davis himself characterized the division as irregular, and in conflict with law as well as "the plainest principles of military organization."* Intermixed was also the question of the position of General Beauregard, who, as "second in command," Mr. Davis thought should not have "special charge of any subdivision"—that is, corps—of that army; "because in the absence of General Johnston" Beauregard's "succession to the command of the whole would not disturb the relations of the officer and troops," nor "involve any changes of position on the line occupied." Moreover his acquaintance with the whole body of the army, and the absence of any identification with a part of them, would better qualify "him for the succession."

Mr. Benjamin, thrown forward to reinforce these curious notions of his chief, with "nice sharp quillets of the law," does it with characteristic assumption of superior knowledge even of the details of military organization, while attributing ignorance to the generals of the laws germain to the subject. "I beg to say, in all kindness," writes the lawyer,† "that it is not your position which is false,‡ but your idea of organization of the army as established by the acts of Congress, and I feel confident you can not have studied the legislation of Congress relative to the army.§.....I have entered into these details because, in a conversation with the President since his return from your head-quarters, he has informed me that he found the same views as to the organization of the army which you seem to entertain very generally prevalent."

These details are as follows: "You are second in command of the whole Army of the Potomac, and not first in command of half of the army. The position is very simple, if you will take the pains to read the sixth section of 'the Act to provide for the Public Defense,' approved 6th March, 1861. You will see that the President has no authority to divide an army into two *corps d'armée*, but only into brigades and divisions. Now your rank being superior to that of a commander of a brigade or a division, and there being no other component part of an army into which the army can be legally divided, you necessarily command the whole army; but having present with you an officer of equal grade but older commission, who also commands the whole army, you become second in command." This construction of the law was too far-fetched to be adhered to after it had served the immediate end in view at the time. Comments are unnecessary.

What functions Mr. Davis and his subtle‖ sec-

* Note of General Johnston to General Beauregard—in which he observes also: "It seems to me that we might employ half a dozen engineer officers to advantage."

* Letter to General Beauregard.

† Letter to General Beauregard, October 17, 1861.

‡ That is, if connected with the troops without a command.

§ Which, after all said, save in a few minor particulars, was but a re-enactment of the laws of the United States.

‖ "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done," are true words put by Shakspeare into the mouth of King John. This has been amply illustrated in

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retary designed to be performed by the "second in command" we really can not understand, unless indeed those of the "*spare wheel*" which hangs to the rear of an artillery caisson. But he evidently fancied that what he desired was usual in European armies, and yet we apprehend it were difficult to cite an instance.* Indeed Mr. Davis himself appears to have forgotten these fancies in 1864, as he permitted General Beauregard to hold a special command, under General Lee, in the lines at Petersburg, when next in rank to the latter—a command, too, much inferior in size to that objected to in 1861, and actually inferior to those held by the Lieutenant-Generals of the same army.

When Mr. Davis was on a visit at the headquarters of the army, General Johnston submitted a plan, supported by Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith, for an offensive campaign.

These Generals urged the immediate concentration in that quarter of the greater part of the forces dispersed along the sea-coast at Pensacola, Savannah, Norfolk, Yorktown, and Fredericksburg, for example; with which, added to the troops already in hand, a campaign across the Potomac should be initiated, before General M'Clellan had completed the organization of his grand army. This, they believed, might be done without risk to the positions weakened by the measure—though, in fact, the principles of the art of war prescribed that places of such relative military unimportance should be sacrificed or hazarded for the sake of the vital advantage anticipated. A very considerable army of the best *personnel* could have been thus assembled—larger, be it observed, than either of those which subsequently General Lee was able to lead across the border under much less favorable military conditions. Their President could not be induced to sanction the measure, or to give up his own settled policy of dispersion, his waste of defensive resources in the attempted defense of every threatened position. He proposed, however, an operation instead, which may be fairly taken as a measure of his calible in war affairs.

General Sickles was posted at the time with an isolated force—about one weak division—on the Maryland shore, opposite to Evansport, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, occupied by the Confederates. This force Mr. Davis proposed to capture by a *coup de main*. A glance at the map will show that the attacking party (with the scantiest possible means of ferriage in small boats) must cross the Potomac—there over a mile wide, navigable, and full of steam ships of war of the class of the *Pawnee*. Were a surprise effected, it would be nevertheless impossible for the Confederates to get away with impunity, much less to carry off the fruits of victory. From close proximity to Washington the alarm must be immediate; Federal war ships would take positions above and below Evansport, so as to command and render repassage of the river impracticable, it being impossible, from the features of the country, for the Confederates to occupy two points on the river with batteries within which the movement might be securely made. These views, forcibly presented by his Generals, he could not combat, and the project fell still-born. He then returned to Richmond, thenceforward to look with marked disfavor upon all the wishes and views of both Johnston and Beauregard affecting the army they commanded, even declining to confer the grade of Brigadier-General on their respective chiefs of staff, which had been asked not only as due to these officers for their services and professional experience, but as calculated to enhance their usefulness in their delicate and most responsible posts.

These are examples taken at random. Already they crowd the space allotted, and we must hereafter relate matters wider apart in order of time.

The Provisional Congress having met in Richmond, and the war spirit of the North having been excited to a pitch that made it evident all their immense resources would be lavished for the prosecution of the war at the call of the Federal President and General, we find still Jefferson Davis comparatively dumb—making no recommendations to Congress which indicate the least appreciation of the impending scale of attack, the least conception of measures requisite to meet and foil it. Such, for example, as a conscription law. Unadvised on this point, Congress indulged in the dream that a great war could be prolonged by voluntary contributions of brawn and muscle—volunteers—exclusively! Mr. Davis had at that time the influence to have corrected this fatal delusion, but he shared it equally with Congress; and here again fell infinitely short of the height of his position.

Affairs meantime grew troublous in the West. Crittenden had been routed, and by the end of January, 1862, there were portents of the loss of the Mississippi River. General Beauregard, at the instance of Congressmen, was now detached to take command at Columbus, Kentucky, with the implied promise that he should be supported by the requisite general officers to enable him to organize his new command into brigades and divisions. Certain Colonels were named for promotion; but he was assured through his Adjutant-General, by Mr. Benjamin, that there was no need of this, as he would find his new command "admirably organized." This was not the fact, for the organization it had was altogether irregular and insufficient for the field! Corrected as far as practicable just before the battle of Shiloh, for the want of proper Brigadiers their duties had to be trusted to senior Colonels of brigades who were utterly without experience, as well as in some cases by no means the best of their

the relations between Mr. Davis and the pliant Benjamin, always "liable to be used."

* In Continental European armies the officer next in rank to the commander-in-chief is often unattached to any special command—in which event he is chief of staff, specially selected on that account, as was Count Gneisenau, under Blücher.

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grade present. General Beauregard had taken the responsibility of carrying with him a capable engineer on his staff, whom he was able, therefore, to employ at once upon works which made the obstinate defense of Island No. 10, Madrid Bend, and Fort Pillow. But other engineer officers promised were not available until after the battle of Shiloh, and consequently it had been impossible to acquire accurate information of the *terrain* in the vicinity of that battle-field—a circumstance of much greater disadvantage to the Confederate General than may be apparent to the general reader. Those applied for were line officers, and might as well have been appointed in the first week of February as ultimately in April and May; but Mr. Benjamin, when urged to act at once and give the orders by telegraph, replied that he could not do so without first obtaining the permission of the President.

That is, not even a captain of engineers could be appointed, though reported to be capable and absolutely needed by an army commander, until the head of the Government had consented. The fact is, affairs of this sort engrossed his time, his thoughts, and left little for matters that legitimately belonged to his high functions.

Finding his command virtually unorganized Beauregard, by telegraph, applied again for the officers he had specified in February. The reply was that, belonging (as Colonels) to Johnston's army, they could not be spared, and officers attached to his own forces must be recommended for promotion instead. Time was pressing, and certain officers were now designated by Beauregard on the recommendation of Generals Polk and Bragg. The answer then was that he must wait until he could nominate officers as deserving and capable, from his own knowledge. One or two promotions were made, however, but when recommendations were again made the reply came: Recommend such officers as have won promotion in battle. Under all the circumstances this was downright trifling; and the want of these officers was one of the chief reasons why the battle of Shiloh was not brought to a decisive close by noonday on the 6th of April, 1862, which must have made the arrival of Buell too late to be of the least use in rescuing General Grant's army.

General Beauregard, for some time in bad health, thought it best for the service to take advantage of the lull in operations incident to the position of his army at Tupelo after the successful evacuation of Corinth, and by a short respite from duty seek to recuperate. He therefore retired to Bladon Springs, some twelve hours distant by railroad, turning over the command to General Bragg, with instructions looking to the preparation of the army for the field at once on his return, which he anticipated would be in three weeks. But no sooner had Mr. Davis heard of this step than he telegraphed General Bragg to assume permanent command. General Beauregard was thus laid on the shelf, not to be reinstated, as Mr. Davis passionately declared, though the whole world should urge him to the measure.*

What General Bragg achieved in the campaign which he soon undertook has passed into history; what General Beauregard, in his place, might have accomplished may only be inferred from the plan of campaign which he submitted at the time to General Cooper, a copy of which has been published. The military reader, it is believed, will approve that plan, and will find it difficult to understand why General Buell was not obliged to accept battle at Munfordsville, Kentucky, and why it was that Bragg's and Kirby Smith's forces operated on separate lines in that campaign.

Passing now to the campaign of 1863, so filled with heavy disasters to Confederate arms, we witness on all sides evidences of the hand that was surely guiding the Southern cause to utter ruin.

The extent of the defeat inflicted by General Lee at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, is admitted; but it may not be generally known that Longstreet's corps was absent from that field, having been detached under instructions or at least a pressure from Richmond, due to that evil genius of the Confederates, Northrop, though General Lee believed an attack imminent.

During the fortnight following that brilliant Confederate success never did affairs look so propitious for the Confederates. The Federal army, stunned and much disorganized, lay behind the Rappahannock. Bragg confronted Rosecrans at Duck River with a force strong enough to hold him at bay. One corps† would have enabled him to take the offensive under conditions so unfavorable to Rosecrans as almost to insure decisive defeat; defeat with the Cumberland River behind his back to embarrass retreat, and with no supporting force available, while without such a stock of subsistence as would have enabled him to decline battle behind impregnable intrenchments.‡ General Lee might have commanded; the transfer of the corps could have been made in ten days at most, for two lines of railroad as far as Chattanooga, were then open to the Confederates; the time was far more favorable indeed than when, after the defeat at Gettysburg, Longstreet was actually sent. Such an operation was in strict accordance with the cardinal principles of the art of war. The Confederates occupied the interior

* Notes of interview of Congressional Committee with Mr. Davis to request restoration of General Beauregard to his command.

† Two corps could have been spared without risk long enough for the operation. When Longstreet was finally detached, and took part in the battle of Chickamauga with such effect, Meade's army had acquired *prestige* at Gettysburg, and was much stronger than Hooker could have been on the heels of the signal defeat at Chancellorsville.

‡ This is shown by evidence of General Rosecrans himself before the Congressional Committee on Conduct of the War. When Longstreet ultimately was sent to reinforce Bragg, in September, Rosecrans was stronger than in May, and Bragg was weaker. General Halleck's letters to Rosecrans about this time also confirm my views as to the proper strategy for the Confederates.

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lines, and should have seized a patent opportunity to concentrate their masses in superior force upon this army, which the blunders of their adversary had isolated and exposed.*

Had this been done the corollary was equally apparent, and equally important too for the Confederates. General Grant had just entered upon his campaign against Vicksburg. The Confederates held Port Hudson, so that neither supplies nor reinforcements could reach him from the south. Were Rosecrans defeated, one Confederate corps at least would then have been disposable for a juncture with Johnston: a detachment from it taking Fort Pillow at the same time, and thus cutting off reinforcements and subsistence from the north as the possession of Port Hudson did from the southern quarter. This the military reader will readily perceive, as also that Johnston would then have been superior in force to General Grant, who, for lack of subsistence, must soon have been obliged to fight under all possible disadvantages, with nearly certain disaster.

Deaf as an adder were the Richmond authorities to all the promises of the situation. Their fiat went forth; the Gettysburg campaign was inaugurated—that is, the old policy was continued of keeping the Confederate forces divided and operating on widely divergent lines. General Lee is too great a soldier not to have read aright at that time the clear lessons of his art, not to have seen at a glance what was to be gained by the blow at Rosecrans with a crushing force, and what the continued dispersion of forces in war inevitably involved. We have never heard the Gettysburg campaign defended except as a commissariat device, and this gives the clew to the inspiration that prompted it—the Confederate Commissary-General.

From it "woes unnumbered" followed for the Confederate arms. The campaign itself ended in disaster and the loss of over thirty thousand men at Gettysburg, where also was buried much of the prestige which had hitherto wondrously strengthened the dauntless "Army of North Virginia." Bragg was forced first out of Middle Tennessee, and then from Chattanooga. East Tennessee was lost in turn. Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with their large garrisons, succumbed to the indomitable Grant. The Mississippi River passed into Federal possession, and communication with the trans-Mississippi portion of the Confederacy was cut off. In brief: a long train of almost mortal disasters was only interrupted by a transient success at Chickamauga, the value of which was soon "shook in air" by Jefferson Davis, who, visiting the field, detached Longstreet to be baffled before Knoxville; while Rosecrans, strongly reinforced, beat Bragg decisively. From the effects of such immense losses of men, and from the natural deep depression consequent, the Confederate people really never recovered; for it had become apparent that their President, unmoved by experience, was inflexible in his adherence to his favorites, to his passionate prejudices, and in his policy.

In relation to the defense of Charleston, also, we might show that had the Richmond ideas been carried out the city would have fallen on the 10th July, 1863, but our space will not permit.

Congress at length, despite Executive fancies, was brought to pass a somewhat comprehensive act for the organization of a staff kindred to that of European armies. Mr. Davis disapproved it. At the next session it was re-enacted, with a clause, however, giving him the power to carry it out at his discretion. Under these circumstances he signed the law, but absolutely withheld its execution until the 1st day of April, 1865, when General Cooper was directed to put it in force—that is, the day before General Lee's lines at Petersburg were broken, and the end was plainly at hand. Actuated by the narrowest views concerning both the rank and number of staff-officers who should be employed with his armies from the outset of the war, time and the wishes of his generals but served to fix him ineradicably in his notions, the nature and scope of which may be better understood by the foreign soldier when assured that Confederate generals of the highest rank, including General Lee, were allowed only two aids-de-camp, and these but of the grade of lieutenants. Napoleon, *en campagne*, placed at the head of his staff a Berthier or a Soult, Marshals of the Empire, who had commanded armies. Blücher had the assistance in such places of a Scharnhörst and a Gneisenau, officers of profound skill and military experience, next in rank to their chief. Officers of similar rank and character have also filled staff positions in recent European wars. The chief Adjutant-General on the staff of General Lee was a young officer of the grade of a lieutenant-colonel; doubtless judicious, apt, clever, zealous, but who was a bank officer at the outbreak of the war, with no knowledge of military routine and administration. His two assistants—majors—were of the same description, as were also the small staff of inspectors. General Johnston was placed in the same situation. And all this was the result of Mr. Davis's peculiar inflexible notions.

More than in any other service did the Confederate armies need high rank for their staff-officers, for the patent reason that, lacking enough officers of professional training, the attraction of high rank became necessary to induce civilians of the highest ability, ripest culture, and large knowledge of men and affairs, to accept and retain staff appointments with Confederate generals—men who could most readily make up for the want of soldierly culture. If Napoleon found advantage in a numerous staff of high rank, headed by Soult when Berthier was lost to him, assuredly General Lee must have been materially benefited by a larger staff than was granted him, with some officer upon it of high

* We have not space to dwell upon the consequences of a defeat of Rosecrans in respect to Tennessee and Kentucky.

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rank and military experience. If M. Thiers feels warranted in ascribing the loss of Waterloo in part to Marshal Soult's *inexperience* as a staff-officer,* we may believe that General Lee and other Confederate generals must have suffered serious detriment from the extraordinary abnormal staff organization *imposed* by Jefferson Davis, and specially prescribed by orders in the face of law, in April, 1864, just as General Grant began his campaign. Surely even the general reader in this must see one cause for the defeat of Confederate armies—a cause that must have tended to clog the efforts of the highest genius, and made success impossible, denied, as Confederate generals were, the aid of staff-officers of the character employed by their adversary, and such as have been available to all successful commanders, since Frederick down to the recent war in Italy, on both sides.

About the middle of May, 1864, General Beauregard reached Drury's Bluff below Richmond, and had an interview with General Bragg, at the time exercising a species of general command. This officer appeared to apprehend that General Lee, yielding to the pressure of superior numbers, must before long give way and lose Richmond. Beauregard replied that he did not regard the situation as so unfavorable if the right remedy were promptly applied. He then pointed out the isolated position of Butler, south of the James, as affording an opportunity for his destruction with a superior force, and that such a force might be assembled if General Lee would furnish 10,000 men. Falling upon Butler under such circumstances General Beauregard thought his capture was inevitable, and with him must fall the dépôt at Bermuda Hunreds. This effected, at a concerted moment he would throw his whole force upon General Grant's flank while General Lee made an attack in front. All circumstances favored the plan, and General Bragg expressed his approbation. Mr. Davis, informed of it, came at once to see General Beauregard, who explained all its details and earnestly urged the attempt. Mr. Davis seemed much impressed, but objected that it would involve the retrograde of General Lee from his position at Spottsylvania Court House, which "could not be thought of." "Yes," rejoined the General, "what of that when it will enable him in two or three days at most to gain a great victory?" That is, when like the Titan he would touch the earth to spring up refreshed and all the stronger. This line of argument was fruitless. Nothing that affected General Lee's army, howsoever temporarily, could be entertained. Beauregard had said that he might beat Butler without the force he desired, though it would be, like so many other Confederate successes, without material profit. This ability to gain the color of victory caught Mr. Davis's attention and the attempt must be made. It was made. Butler was driven from his position the next day; but, just as Beauregard predicted, no substantial results followed the success. In the end, too, as might have been anticipated, unless some such decided success as that sought over Butler had been gained and enabled the concentration of the scattered Confederate forces, General Lee was forced step by step to follow the march of his opponent.

The removal of Johnston from his command and the substitution of Hood, who was expected by Mr. Davis to strike at least "one manly blow" for the defense of Atlanta, few will now venture to deny was a sad mistake for the Confederates. That was indeed "the feather that broke the camel's back." When Sherman began his march from Atlanta the inevitable issue was pointed out unless a force was collected strong enough to vanquish him after he had penetrated deeply into the interior, where defeat would entail not merely a foiled but a destroyed army. If permitted to traverse the land unchecked the consequences were *mortal*. Bold, prompt measures alone could avert dire calamity. Great sacrifices had now become inevitable; the "heroic treatment" could alone serve the "sick man" now. Especially after the fall of Savannah was this urged upon those in power, who as little comprehended the crisis as the antidote. Even when General Beauregard directed the evacuation of Charleston, and urged a similar course with respect to Wilmington, so as to provide a force with which to fall upon Sherman, Mr. Davis wrote such a dispatch to General Hardee, commanding in Charleston, as led him to suspend the evacuation, and obliged Beauregard to assume command and to direct imperatively the measure to be completed. Of course Wilmington, of no use since the fall of Fort Fisher, was held to the last; and with no force afield to check his course Sherman marched like Fate through the heart of the country.

In the conduct of civil affairs the same traits have characterized the régime of Jefferson Davis which we have sought to show governed his military administration, and with the same baleful results for the cause placed in his keeping. We shall not have space, however, to spread the proof upon the record, except so far as this may be done by the relation of two occurrences.

When Mr. Toombs quit the Cabinet to become a Brigadier-General, Mr. Hunter of Virginia took his place, which he soon left, for reasons best known to himself, to take the seat of Senator in Congress, only secured after a warm contest. There was a Virginia statesman preeminently fitted to succeed Mr. Hunter in the Cabinet. We mean W. C. Rives, whom all recognized as a man of great breadth and accuracy of culture, enlarged views of statesmanship, and who, having served as a diplomatist with high credit, was regarded as of a grade superior to those generally employed in that capacity by the United States. His connection with the Cabinet must have given weight to the cause abroad. But Mr. Davis could not stifle that characteristic distrust and intolerance of superior men of independent minds, which have made him,

* And yet Soult had been Chief of Staff in Spain; also in 1794, under Lefebre, at battle of Fleurus.

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by his course as President of the Confederate States, at once a patricide and a moral suicide. It was enough that Mr. Rives was brought to his notice as one whom the people would like to see among his advisers. That looked like dictation—like an interference with his prerogative. Mr. Judah P. Benjamin was transferred to the State Department; General Randolph—as it happened, a gentleman of real administrative ability as well as of too much independence to remain a Cabinet officer merely in name—was made Secretary of War, though at the time little known for capacity beyond the place of his residence.

A little later Mr. Davis also appointed as his Attorney-General—the law adviser of his Government—a gentleman doubtless of much civil worth, but who at the time was a lieutenant-colonel under General Bragg, in arrest under charges for an act of recent insubordination of such flagrant character as to make General Gladden place him for a time in close arrest in his tent in charge of an armed sentinel.

Mr. Davis must be judged at the bar of history by the aggregate results of his administration. He must be measured by what was done or left undone—successes and reverses—either directly by himself or through the instruments of his will, the men on whom he relied for the performance of the highest services of the State. Brought to this rightful test, what statesman of whom history tells us will be found more deficient than Jefferson Davis?

Had he been equal to his position he would have known how to develop, combine, wield the splendid resources of his land in such a manner as to produce the largest possible results. With his long experience and acquaintance with the public men of the United States he should have known the best men to call around him, and should have known, too, the best course for baffling the statesmen opposed to him. Foregoing his predilections as well as his antipathies—like Napoleon as in the case of Moreau and Talleyrand—he should have been wise enough to attach to his Government and secure the services of men of talent, even though perchance not well affected personally toward them. A genuine leader of men would have done so—would have stifled personal passions, which alone, it would appear, have influenced Mr. Davis since an early day. Swayed by these, and amorous to an incredible degree of the office-giving powers of his place, and the exercise of which absorbed by far the larger part of his waking hours, he was blind alike to those insuperable as to those favoring circumstances or favorable occasions which the statesman will be quick to recognize.

As a natural consequence of the predominant qualities of the man, there immediately grew up in the South a party of "President's Friends," from whose ranks, as far as possible, were drawn the occupants of all civil places. Men for the most part malleable to his will, who, looking up to him as the source of the highest wisdom in both civil and military affairs, upheld his views and wishes as the only safe rule and law for the times. Thus in a little while almost every person of ability, nearly every one of spirit, was driven from the councils of the South and the direction of affairs, leaving the Government to a large degree in the hands of those from whom efficient administration was not to be expected—selected as they were for instruments thought to be best adapted to his purpose: that of absorbing in himself all the substantial functions of the State.

As obstinate as James II. or George III., whom he greatly resembled in many traits of character, as in the management of public business—with the same tendency to employ mediocrity and the same dislike for independent ability—Jefferson Davis for four years illustrated, like his monarchical prototypes, that no two natures are so widely opposite and unlike as the willful and the wise. Imperious, yet without genuine vigor of character, pride and weakness were strangely blended in his actions. It was said of George III. that he even scorned victory whose laurels had been culled by Chatham. Mr. Davis looked with a moody brow and a skeptical lip when either Johnston or Beauregard tendered the trophies of successful war. Napoleon, once urged by an undistinguished general to confer upon him the marshal's *baton*, exclaimed: "It is not I who make a marshal—it is victories!" What Napoleon would not attempt Mr. Davis did without hesitation, making major and lieutenant generals who previously had not been in battle, and if possibly capable, had never had opportunities to show capacity for high command; some of whom too, we may add, whose promotion has not been justified by subsequent events.

The longer he held power the narrower grew his conceptions, the more imperious his will, until to differ from or cross the orbit of his fancies, or even to run counter to the plans and wishes of his favorites, became a personal affront. No man in as high and critical a position ever less understood the value of wise, independent ministers, or was ever less able to give up a minor personal object for the sake of a major advantage. He and his ministerial clerks, always as sanguine as Napier describes the British Cabinet to have been in 1810, like that Cabinet were always "anticipating success in a preposterous manner"—always displaying little practical industry, and quite as little judgment in preparing for contingencies. In no instance did he and his favorites comprehend at their value the golden opportunities that more than once were vouchsafed them, and by seizing which with a resolute hand they might have neutralized the superior resources of the United States. With a leader like William of Orange in his stead this had surely been accomplished.

We have heard much, from Mr. Davis and his friends in the last months of the struggle, concerning the frightful extent of desertions from Confederate armies. Unquestionably this evil was very great; indeed, so numerous had deser-

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tions become that, added to the natural tendency of all but regular troops to quit their colors in times of serious reverses, some of the Confederate corps, like a circle in the water, were almost "dispersed to naught." But here too the handiwork of Jefferson Davis may be made apparent. The broadcast, inevitable interposition of his prerogative of pardon by the second year of the war had made it plain to the men of the army that there was the fullest immunity for desertion. A merciless, inexorable personal adversary we know Mr. Davis ever was, and never less so than during the time of the giant struggle of his section for independence. How then may we account for this almost invariable mercy granted to those whose acts made success impossible?

Gibbon, summing up the character of Constantine, uses language which we find singularly applicable to our subject—in whom there has been manifestly the same "timid policy of dividing whatever is united, of reducing whatever is eminent, of dreading every active power, and of expecting that the most feeble will prove the most obedient." In fine, his course may be likened to that of the captain of a ship of war in action with a greatly superior adversary, who, while nailing his flag to the mast-head and shouting stout words of defiance to his foe and of supreme confidence to his crew, nevertheless from the outset of the battle has been secretly scuttling his vessel and all his boats besides.

[Since the foregoing paper was in type I have read an able article, in the July number of the *Quarterly Review*, on "The Close of the War," which presents Mr. Davis in a highly favorable light as a wise statesman, to whom was mainly due such successes as the Confederates achieved. This writer urges as the "obvious" and "the principal cause" of the failure of the Southern people to win independence, "the great superiority of the North in numbers and resources." In other words, that necessarily 23,485,722 souls overcame 7,666,325. This proposition, in the face of history, I dispute. The disparity in numbers and resources was formidable truly, but not so great, after all, as that with which Frederick the Great had to contend during the "Seven Years' War," when handling his resources in accordance with the true principles of the art of war—not squandering them habitually by division, as did the Confederate President—he foiled and defeated the combinations of Austria, Russia, Sweden, and France, despite their "numbers and resources," and raised up "a new power to rank among the first-rate monarchies of Europe."—T. J.]

MY BURGLAR.

THE story of my burglar is as follows: if indeed you can call a man a burglar who meets you at mid-day, sitting on the grass, instead of choosing the far more appropriate and classical midnight hour, illumined by the fitful rays of a dark-lantern and the gleam of a polished blade. Such as he was, however, he was the only burglar I ever met, although I have been nightly on the watch for him ever since I can remember.

I must begin by describing what delightful little picnics our particular "set" used to indulge in a few years ago. Model picnics; none of your crowded omnibuses, with a brass band on the top, and fifty incongruous people unable to escape from each other for a long, long weary day; spoiling all the silent beauty of woods and rocks; flinging their lemon peel and empty bottles down the silver waterfalls, and generally fulfilling the spirit of the old hymn-lines:

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

Ours were little impromptu affairs: a boat-load of friends sailing down to the Cove or Lighthouse, or some other favorite spot, or a drive in our several carriages to Mount Carmel or Wintergreen Falls; with no greater preparation than could be crowded into the hour during which the party would be proposed, arranged, and started.

It was on a bright June morning five years ago that such a boat-load of friends assembled at the water-side, matronized as usual by sweet bright little Mrs. Gilbert and her dear old doctor, whose united presence insured the complete success of any of our little festivities. There was the usual set, Amy and Adelaide, Professor Tucker and his sister, a clergyman, a lawyer, an officer, my rattle-brained cousin Charley of the senior class, and last but not least to each other were Frank and myself. As usual, Mrs. Gilbert's immense hamper was lifted out of the carriage with much ceremony and deposited on the wharf, putting to shame the little baskets which Amy and I carried, filled with any thing we could find at the moment in the larder. Mrs. Gilbert's larder was always in picnic order, and we grew to depend a good deal upon that well-known hamper, and to think our duty done if we carried forks, spoons, and cups enough to aid in dispatching its liberal contents. Frank's great dog, of course, accompanied him, for our picnics would not have been at all complete without good old Nero. But unfortunately this day, as we sat on a pile of boards waiting for the sails to be hoisted and the cushions to be placed, Amy's red shawl, which she always carried for the picturesque, was flung not into the boat but into the water; and, of course, dear old Nero, being a Newfoundland, could not for an instant refrain from jumping to its rescue, so that both were in quite too dripping a condition to be thought of as companions in so limited a space. "No, no, Nero!" cried Frank, as the dog sidled up to me for a comfortable shake over my white dress, "you're in no state for a boat ride with ladies, so you may lie down and take care of this till we come back;" and he flung the dripping shawl up on the wharf, where it lay in a gorgeous scarlet heap, and beside it lay down its obedient guardian; and as we pushed off we knew that thus they would lie, and so we would find them when we sailed home under the setting sun.

How beautiful was the sea that day! how cool the breeze which swept us dancingly along, and how the *Fairy* dipped and skimmed with her great white wings spread and her colors flying! Frank took his seat by me, yielding his post of responsibility and honor as master of the

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boat to Captain Heavytop, whose nautical knowlegde formed the theme of much of his conversation, and whose uniform and whiskers were at least highly ornamental by way of figure-head, as I thought Amy seemed to appreciate. Five years ago uniforms were by no means the drug in the market which they have since become, and a girl who had "a soul above buttons" was strong-minded indeed.

But I must not dwell on every incident of that bright sail, as I sat by my lover's side, with our thoughts known only to each other, and our vows—two days old—known as yet to none on earth but my dear old father. We sailed along into the boundless future, bright to our eyes as the sea before us, our hearts dancing like the little waves around the prow, and thinking—"Thus shall we sail, hand in hand, heart by heart, through life!"—knowing not nor dreaming of the sound of battle, the separation, the agonized hearts, the sick bed, and the honorable wound which should at last restore the maimed hero to his home, to bear through life the remembrance and the proof that he has fought and bled for his country! The sea told us none of these things as it splashed and babbled around our boat. The wind whispered them not, as it came freighted with the songs of birds and the scent of clover meadows. Blessed wind and kind sea! We were happy that day, without a shadow of care or dread upon our spirits!

Our favorite sea-side spot was a grove about half a mile beyond South End, where the rocks piled up at the water's edge were washed twice a day by the tide, which lapsed away, leaving behind in the crevices little natural aquaria full of shrimps and anemones, green sea-lettuce, and pretty little fish and snails. Every such discovery was a treasure to Gertrude Tucker and Adelaide Wade, who were now speedily at work with their tin pails with perforated covers upon their arms, dipping up all sorts of tiny monstrosities, uttering little shrieks as they tried to seize the swift slimy creatures in their white fingers, and gallantly aided by the Professor and the clergyman, each armed with a minute fish-net. Dear to each maiden's heart was the tank in the bow-window at home, and bitter and ill-concealed the rivalry between them. They paid each other daily visits. "How very thick and dark the water looked in your aquarium yesterday, dear Adelaide!" I heard Miss Tucker saying, in a sympathizing tone. "You should clean the rocks and filter the water, I think. In fact, I would advise a complete change of water. I tried it myself a short time since, and mine is as clear as crystal." "Thank you, dear!" says Adelaide, lovingly; "but *I* go upon purely scientific principles, and make my aquarium entirely self-supporting—the animal and vegetable life just balancing each other." And Mrs. Gilbert and I laughed softly, as we went up the rocks arm in arm to seek the friendly shelter of the grove.

An hour later even our indefatigable mermaids were tired with their work and contented with their spoil, and returned to our midst, looking cool and comfortable, with their round hats wreathed with sea-weed, while their devoted cavaliers toiled by their side, laden with shawls and fish-pails, nets, and bundles of shells, and with a generally moist and dispirited look, which excited my compassion, as contrasted with the cool loungers under the trees. Amy sat a little apart, with "Buttons," as Charley persisted in calling the resplendent captain; and I noticed that he had furtively drawn from his pocket a blue-and-gold Tennyson, and was reading to her his favorite extracts. It is always these "logy" Heavytops who take you by surprise by betraying their hidden poetry of mood, and go about with those dreadful little books, ready on every occasion to produce them with as much suddenness, and as little welcome, as they would a pocket-pistol. So thought not fair little Amy, however; and as I heard the lines,

> "She looked so lovely as she swayed
> The reins with dainty finger-tips,"

rolled out in a deep, suppressed bass voice, and remembered that I had met the happy pair cantering side by side through Laurel Lane only the day before, I felt that the case was a foregone conclusion.

"Take away those slimy reptiles!" cried Charley, shrinking before the pail which the panting Professor had deposited upon the grass. "Restore the horrid monsters to their native element! See, I am going for a swim, and I will so far sacrifice my feelings as to bear the dreadful burden to the water's edge, and restore the wretched creatures to their beloved waves!"

"Really I am much obliged to you, Mr. Grant!" replied Adelaide. "Hands off that pail, if you please!"

"I quite approve of one part of Charley's proposal," said the good old Doctor, fanning himself with his hat; "this heat is dreadful, and a swim would be delicious. What say you, gentlemen—shall we leave the ladies to prepare the table, and shall we go down to Inlet Cove to cool ourselves off a little?" The proposition was unanimously acceded to, with a sigh of regret for Nero, whose duty on such occasions was to keep watch on shore over the clothes of the bathers. Of course in so retired a spot there was little danger, as all agreed, of any stragglers who might meddle with their property. "Still," said Dr. Gilbert, "I think I shall leave my watch behind. Here, my dear," turning to me, "you're the only woman I know who ever sits still for ten minutes, so I confide it to your care," and he threw into my lap his ponderous old repeater, with its massive chain. "After such a recommendation," said Frank, "I can not do better than follow the Doctor's example," and he laid his watch in my hands. "Permit me also," said the Captain, handing over the contents of his fob; and, laughingly, each gentleman in his turn bestowed upon me, as I sat on the grass, his watch and purse, Char-

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ley, particularly and solemnly, confiding his pocket-book to my care, as if I did not know how light a charge it was. A moment after the *Fairy* reared her white wings, and courtesied coquettishly round the Point of Rocks, bound for Inlet Cove.

"And now to business," cried Mrs. Gilbert, briskly. "One thing is evident—Helen is a fixture; she can't stir with all that plunder in her lap, so I propose that we should bring her leaves, and let her make herself useful by weaving the wreaths for the table." So they brought me oak-boughs, and bunches of grass, and wild roses; and then laid the cloth, and prepared to arrange the contents of the hamper.

The hamper! Where was it? High and low, far and near, they searched—on the rocks and among the bushes—but no trace of its comfortable rotundity appeared.

"The boat," suggested Miss Tucker; but Mrs. Gilbert had herself seen that the boat was thoroughly emptied. No, it must have been left behind; and as we recalled the scarlet heap beside which Nero laid him down, we felt, with failing hearts, that under that shawl and beside the dog reposed the hamper, "lost to sight, to memory dear;" but that a day of starvation at South End would be ill repaid by the sight of its well-known plethoric beauty on our return.

With shame and contrition Amy and I opened our baskets. Plenty of forks, spoons, and goblets, gleaming with silver and aristocratic with crests; but a dozen hard-boiled eggs and a paper of macaroons made a poor preparation for a sea-side meal! What was to be done? "Those dreadful men," sighed poor Mrs. Gilbert, "will come back as hungry as wolves! The only thing we can do is to see what can be bought at the boarding-house at South End. Helen, hand me over the Doctor's purse; and you come with me, Amy. And I think if Adelaide and Gertrude will climb that fence and go across the fields they will find a farm-house about half a mile off, where they can get something — potatoes to roast, if nothing better." Luckily the oven we had built of stones months before was still standing; so we plucked up courage, and they went off, two and two, leaving me sitting, as before, weaving garlands, with my lap full of watches! And now, I think my reader will agree that the appropriate moment for my Burglar to appear is drawing nigh!

There is much individuality in a watch's face. I never had so good an opportunity for studying the matter as when I was thus left alone twining wreaths, and gazing down at my golden lapful. There was the Doctor's plump, overgrown, old-fashioned repeater, just such as Mr. Pickwick might have carried, with its faded greenish face, and its tinkling bell when you pressed the spring; and beside it lay in strong contrast the Captain's exquisite and lady-like little article, twenty-five minutes slower than the Doctor's watch, which was the model for the whole town, and almost shamed in punctuality the sun itself. A little painted picture of shepherdesses and Cupids was on the back of this toy, and altogether I thought it a fit offering for Amy, and a highly desirable thing that the worthy Captain should soon take to himself a wife to cure him of a little redundant foppishness, which does not seem to thrive under the matrimonial yoke.

The Professor's and the lawyer's watches were like themselves—entirely proper, entirely unremarkable. Sensible and plain and useful, and so much alike that they only could reclaim each his property, I could not distinguish between them. The clerical watch was perfect in its way—exactly the right size, with a hunting case, a very quiet guard, and every thing severely *en règle*. Then came poor Charley's silver watch, which he blushingly deposited among the folds of my dress; and I mentally resolved that if, before his next birthday, his parents had not awakened to the fact that their boy had grown into a man, I would make my dear father choose him one fit to graduate in.

Then, of course, I studied Frank's pretty old-fashioned watch. It had been his mother's, and he valued it greatly. It had a quaint-looking wreath around its face of different golds, greenish, white, and deep yellow; and it had a magical coiled edge, which made it look thick at one point and slender at another, just as the light fell upon it. I knew Frank loved every thing his mother had worn, and I laid it tenderly down upon the softest folds of my dress, and took off my glove for the first time that morning to look again at the betrothal ring which he had yesterday slipped upon my finger. It was a sky-blue forget-me-not, of enamel, with a great diamond dew-drop in the centre. It gleamed in the shade, and shot out lustrous rays as a stray sunbeam fell upon it; and I sat entranced, feeling all the hopes and promises bound around my life of which that circlet was an emblem: and heard no more the plash of the waves, or the sound of the breeze, but glided off into a sweet golden day-dream of youth and love. I heard no sound of oars, nor saw any shadow upon the rocks, until in the silence of my soul a footstep struck sharp upon my ear, and, looking up, I saw at the entrance of the grove an evil face and a ponderous form; a little boat drawn up upon the beach, and myself alone with a new terror. Quick as thought I dropped the leaves and grasses with which I had been playing upon my lap, and looked as resolute as I knew how to, hoping against hope that the intruder on my peace might prove more innocent than he looked, perhaps even pass by without remark.

Not he! The villainous countenance was close beside me, and a harsh voice remarked: "Mornin', ma'am; I thought you seemed to be alone." "Yes, for a moment," I replied, "but I have a large party of friends at hand;" and I tried to steady my voice and nerves, and conceal my fright. "Yes'm, I saw them; at least the gen'lemen of the party. They was down yonder a mile or so, and are having a fine swim

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about this time, no doubt. And I thought as how they had probably left the ladies all alone, so I'd better come and see if I could be of any use; though I didn't think I'd have such luck as to find only one pooty girl to talk to!" And the horrible face grinned sardonically upon me. I tried to speak as haughtily as I could. "You had better pass on, Sir; I've no wish to talk to you, and if you annoy me by staying here I shall be obliged to call for assistance." It was of course too much in the "John, bring the gun" style to impose upon so practiced a hand. He had probably watched our movements for hours, and knew his ground well. "You may call, my dear," he replied, "and holler and screetch, and I'll promise to set still and let any body take me as comes! You know as well as I do that there's nobody within ear-shot or gun-shot; and the best thing you can do is to keep a civil tongue in your head, and I sha'n't offer no rudeness."

So saying, he turned him to the table, muttering that he was empty enough by this time, and looking as disconsolately as we did at the slender feast prepared. Quick work did he make with the provisions, crushing the egg-shells and crunching the macaroons. "Pretty food," he remarked, "for a man who was up o' nights! I'll trouble you for your watch, Miss." "I haven't it with me," I replied, firmly. He glanced at my waist. "Your purse, then." "I haven't that either," I replied, and turned out my pocket to verify my words. He took the handkerchief, scarf, and gloves which it contained, contemptuously but promptly transferred them to his own pocket, and then looked around. The silver was of course the first thing that met his eye, though nearly concealed by a shawl which had been thrown over it. "That's more like," he said, with great satisfaction, and proceeded to pocket the forks and spoons, and to tie up my father's superb old goblets in a villainous-looking bandanna. "There's a pretty lump," said he; "you'll never see these again, my dear; they'll be melted down before you are two hours older—that's our way."

Just then I saw the shadow of a distant sail, and felt that my perils were lighter. He did not see it, but looked down upon me till I feared he would see the gleam of gold through the leafy screen in my lap, and hear the tick-tick which came so clearly to my ears, almost drowning the thick beating of my heart. He touched my hair. "Only gilt, I see," he grumbled, and put back the comb which held up my curls. "I wonder you ladies ain't ashamed to wear them bogus things. How's a man to know what's worth taking? Perhaps this is brass too;" and he made a snatch at my brooch. I shuddered at his touch and shrank away. "No, it is not brass," I said. "Wait a moment and I will give it to you." And I unclasped my pretty pin and yielded it to his dirty, horny fingers. And the shadow crept noiselessly nearer, and my heart bounded with relief.

The ruffian seized the pails, and finding how unworthy their contents were of his attention kicked them contemptuously over, and the unhappy creatures lay flapping and gasping upon the grass I glanced again at the sea, but the sail had disappeared. Had the party gone off on some new whim? Had the sea swallowed them up? Were they landing at some new point? Or did my hopes deceive me, and was not that the *Fairy*, with her friendly freight, after all? Perhaps only some fishermen. I felt sure I had seen one standing figure; or perhaps some more dreadful tramps to trouble me. And as I sat and looked and listened, with a fainting heart, I fancied I heard a very faint, scraping sound, as of a keel upon the sand. The man turned and looked, and said, "Well, I must be off." Then suddenly descrying through my clasped fingers the gleam of my precious ring, he cried, "Hollo! here is a find! Now, my girl, you just take that off as genteelly as you did that 'ere breast-pin, or else I'll help you." I sat in despair. I could not give up my ring. How could I forget it! How easily I might have saved it! I entreated; I wept. I told him I would send any sum of money he would name to any direction he might give, and promised upon my honor that no inquiry should be made. "Only do not take my ring." He grinned broadly. "I'm not such a greenhorn as ye take me for, ma'am. I'll not put you to any trouble but just to open your fingers and give me that shiner, or I'll have to take it myself."

I clasped my hands in despair. He seized them with a violent grasp, clutched the ring, and would have torn it off in another instant, but was suddenly laid prostrate by a violent blow from behind, and Frank Lee fell upon him and held him down. "Quick, Helen!" he cried; "call Charley; he's just behind." I sprang to my feet, with a cry on my lips, and the six watches and purses clattered to the ground, and were seen at last by the burglar, who gave such a violent start and jerk at the sight that he almost wrested himself from Frank's grasp, and my stalwart cousin was not a second too soon. They held him down and bound him tight. The other gentlemen, who were quickly on the scene of action, brought the boat's rope and tied it around his arms and legs. They emptied his pockets of his ill-gotten gains, and Frank's indignation rose higher than ever when he found my poor little scarf and handkerchief defiled by such a hiding-place. They lifted the great, prostrate, helpless hulk between them, and bore him down in a procession to his own small, leaky, dirty boat, which they tied to the *Fairy*, and left him rocking there, to be towed home behind us to safe custody and a prison.

What a chatter and a clatter there was just afterward when our little ladies returned, with their baskets laden with potatoes, eggs, apples, and loaves of rye bread! How each one stole on tip-toe to the point of observation to peep at the helpless foe! And what a heroine I was that day as I recapitulated my adventures, and was glad to lean back and shut my eyes and

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rest at last while the Doctor explained how, as they were drawing within sight of land, Frank had taken the spy-glass from the locker and brought the whole scene to their view. How they had seen my white dress first; and then to their surprise no other figure except one large one, which, as they drew a little nearer, proved to be a man, and well knowing no man had a right there, and suspecting some annoyance at the least, they had steered directly for the beach; and Frank had leaped from the boat before it touched the shore and sped up the hill closely followed by Charley Grant. How thankful I was, and how tired after my long strain of fear! I longed to cry or to go to sleep, I hardly knew which; and was grateful, indeed, to dear Dr. Gilbert for taking me off to a shady place away from all the bustle, and letting me rest there undisturbed.

Of the picnic and its feast I have little more to tell. Perhaps the coarser fare so hard-worked for was better to the hungry ones than more accustomed dainties would have been. Perhaps potatoes and eggs are never so unrivaled in flavor as when roasted in the ashes of a little camp oven. I am inclined to judge so, but was hardly competent to form an opinion on that occasion. From time to time, as the grand cooking business approached its climax, one or another of the unemployed would steal down as volunteer-scout to overlook the prisoner, and the last report was that he was asleep with his hat shoved over his eyes.

But when we finally gathered together our little band, and packed our baskets again, and mourned over the untimely end of shrimps and sticklebacks, and went our way down to the beach with a shuddering thought of that leaky little boat with its disagreeable occupant, who were to follow in our homeward track—behold! no boat was there. Boat and boatman alike had disappeared, the rope was cut—prize was gone—whither? The horizon told no tales, nor in our homeward sail did we see any thing resembling our escaped prisoner and his craft. He had stolen a march upon us, that was all we knew. How or where we shall never know, I suppose; for from that day and from that hour I have never seen my burglar!

We found on our return, as we felt sure we should, the black dog and the red shawl, and underneath the Gilbert hamper, untouched—although the faithful old fellow by its side had guarded it from fifty loungers—had resisted innumerable temptations in the shape of sticks thrown into the water, etc., and the constant temptation of his own dinnerless instincts, rendered keener than ever by the chronic scent of chicken-pie under his very nose! There's a dog for you.

Well, as I said, I never again saw my burglar, nor am I at all anxious for that honor. But three days afterward as I was walking alone up Chapel Street toward dusk, quickening my steps as the shadows deepened, I approached two men, who shuffled before me with lounging steps, and I heard one of them say, "I tell you she was a bang-up, smart gal! All the while she sat still with all six of them in her lap, and he never misdoubted it!" I hurried on, determined to pass them and get a good look at their faces, when they turned suddenly into a cross-street and disappeared in the darkness of an oyster-cellar. I am sure it was not my burglar, but it must have been his pal.

ON THE SHORE.

How calm he lies and still!
The sea, who slew him, laid him there,
Along the shingle bleak and bare,
With wild caresses, in despair
For having wrought her will:

With deep remorseful moan
In every wave that smites the strand,
Like theirs who rear a frantic hand
To heaven the while aghast they stand
At what themselves have done.

'Twas but an hour ago,
The crested billows in their pride
His stripling energies defied,
And choked the anguished gasp that cried
For rescue from his foe.

Too late repentant now,
Sad Ocean bids each sullen wave
Mutter its requiem o'er the brave,
And with unheeded sobbings lave
Cold cheek and pallid brow.

None but the hoarse sea-wave
Tells how amid the breakers tost,
By fate's resistless current crost,
His own bright life he gaged and lost
In vain a friend to save:

None but the wave is there
To lay him tenderly to rest,
With folded palms across his breast,
And kisses passionately prest
To lips erewhile so fair.

Is there no beauty now?
A sleeping child is fair to see,
Cradled upon its mother's knee,
In rosy dreams of infancy,
With smooth unruffled brow.

So lies he calm and still.
Unearthly strains across the bay
Stream o'er him with the sun's last ray,
And whispered greetings far away
The cloudless azure thrill.

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THE TEMPTING MOMENT.—[SEE SEPTEMBER NUMBER, PAGE 490.]

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRINK OF DISCOVERY.

THE morning of the interview between Mrs. Milroy and her daughter at the cottage was a morning of serious reflection for the squire at the great house.

Even Allan's easy-tempered nature had not been proof against the disturbing influence exercised on it by the events of the last three days. Midwinter's abrupt departure had vexed him; and Major Milroy's reception of his inquiries relating to Miss Gwilt weighed unpleasantly on his mind. Since his visit to the cottage he had

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felt impatient and ill at ease, for the first time in his life, with every body who came near him. Impatient with Pedgift Junior, who had called on the previous evening to announce his departure for London on business the next day, and to place his services at the disposal of his client; ill at ease with Miss Gwilt, at a secret meeting with her in the park that morning; and ill at ease in his own company, as he now sat moodily smoking in the solitude of his room. "I can't live this sort of life much longer," thought Allan. "If nobody will help me to put the awkward question to Miss Gwilt, I must stumble on some way of putting it for myself."

What way? The answer to that question was as hard to find as ever. Allan tried to stimulate his sluggish invention by walking up and down the room, and was disturbed by the appearance of the footman at the first turn.

"Now then! what is it?" he asked, impatiently.

"A letter, Sir; and the person waits for an answer."

Allan looked at the address. It was in a strange handwriting. He opened the letter; and a little note inclosed in it dropped to the ground. The note was directed, still in the strange handwriting, to "Mrs. Mandeville, 18 Kingsdown Crescent, Bayswater. Favored by Mr. Armadale." More and more surprised, Allan turned for information to the signature at the end of the letter. It was "Anne Milroy."

"Anne Milroy?" he repeated. "It must be the major's wife. What can she possibly want with me?"

By way of discovering what she wanted, Allan did at last what he might more wisely have done at first. He sat down to read the letter.

"THE COTTAGE, *Monday.*

"Private.

"DEAR SIR,—The name at the end of these lines will, I fear, recall to you a very rude return made on my part, some time since, for an act of neighborly kindness on yours. I can only say in excuse that I am a great sufferer, and that if I was ill-tempered enough, in a moment of irritation under severe pain, to send back your present of fruit, I have regretted doing so ever since. Attribute this letter, if you please, to my desire to make you some atonement, and to my wish to be of service to our good friend and landlord if I possibly can.

"I have been informed of the question which you addressed to my husband the day before yesterday on the subject of Miss Gwilt. From all I have heard of you, I am quite sure that your anxiety to know more of this charming person than you know now is an anxiety proceeding from the most honorable motives. Believing this, I feel a woman's interest—incurable invalid as I am—in assisting you. If you are desirous of becoming acquainted with Miss Gwilt's family circumstances without directly appealing to Miss Gwilt herself, it rests with you to make the discovery—and I will tell you how.

"It so happens that some few days since I wrote privately to Miss Gwilt's reference on this very subject. I had long observed that my governess was singularly reluctant to speak of her family and her friends; and without attributing her silence to other than perfectly proper motives, I felt it my duty to my daughter to make some inquiry on the subject. The answer that I have received is satisfactory as far as it goes. My correspondent informs me that Miss Gwilt's story is a very sad one, and that her own conduct throughout has been praiseworthy in the extreme. The circumstances (of a domestic nature, as I gather) are all plainly stated in a collection of letters now in the possession of Miss Gwilt's reference. This lady is perfectly willing to let me see the letters—but not possessing copies of them, and being personally responsible for their security, she is reluctant, if it can be avoided, to trust them to the post; and she begs me to wait until she or I can find some reliable person who can be employed to transmit the packet from her hands to mine.

"Under these circumstances it has struck me that you might possibly, with your interest in the matter, be not unwilling to take charge of the papers. If I am wrong in this idea, and if you are not disposed, after what I have told you, to go to the trouble and expense of a journey to London, you have only to burn my letter and inclosure, and to think no more about it. If you decide on becoming my envoy, I gladly provide you with the necessary introduction to Mrs. Mandeville. You have only, on presenting it, to receive the letters in a sealed packet, to send them here on your return to Thorpe-Ambrose, and to wait an early communication from me acquainting you with the result.

"In conclusion, I have only to add that I see no impropriety in your taking (if you feel so inclined) the course that I propose to you. Miss Gwilt's manner of receiving such allusions as I have made to her family circumstances has rendered it unpleasant for me (and would render it quite impossible for you) to seek information in the first instance from herself. I am certainly justified in applying to her reference; and you are certainly not to blame for being the medium of safely transmitting a sealed communication from one lady to another. If I find in that communication family secrets which can not honorably be mentioned to any third person, I shall of course be obliged to keep you waiting until I have first appealed to Miss Gwilt. If I find nothing recorded but what is to her honor, and what is sure to raise her still higher in your estimation, I am undeniably doing her a service by taking you into my confidence. This is how I look at the matter—but pray don't allow me to influence *you.*

"In any case I have one condition to make, which I am sure you will understand to be indispensable. The most innocent actions are liable, in this wicked world, to the worst possible interpretation. I must therefore request that you will consider this communication as *strictly private.* I write to you in a confidence

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which is on no account (until circumstances may, in my opinion, justify the revelation of it) to extend beyond our two selves.

"Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,

"ANNE MILROY."

In this tempting form the unscrupulous ingenuity of the major's wife had set the trap. Without a moment's hesitation Allan followed his impulses as usual, and walked straight into it—writing his answer and pursuing his own reflections simultaneously, in a highly characteristic state of mental confusion.

"By Jupiter, this *is* kind of Mrs. Milroy!" ("My dear madam.") "Just the thing I wanted, at the time when I needed it most!" ("I don't know how to express my sense of your kindness, except by saying that I will go to London and fetch the letters with the greatest pleasure.") "She shall have a basket of fruit regularly every day, all through the season." ("I will go at once, dear madam, and be back to-morrow.") "Ah, nothing like the women for helping one when one is in love! This is just what my poor mother would have done in Mrs. Milroy's place." ("On my word of honor as a gentleman, I will take the utmost care of the letters, and keep the thing strictly private, as you request.") "I would have given five hundred pounds to any body who would have put me up to the right way to speak to Miss Gwilt, and here is this blessed woman does it for nothing." ("Believe me, my dear madam, gratefully yours, Allan Armadale.")

Having sent his reply out to Mrs. Milroy's messenger, Allan paused in a momentary perplexity. He had an appointment with Miss Gwilt in the park for the next morning. It was absolutely necessary to let her know that he would be unable to keep it; she had forbidden him to write, and he had no chance that day of seeing her alone. In this difficulty he determined to let the necessary intimation reach her through the medium of a message to the major, announcing his departure for London on business, and asking if he could be of service to any member of the family. Having thus removed the only obstacle to his departure, Allan consulted the time-table, and found, to his disappointment, that there was a good hour to spare before it would be necessary to drive to the railway-station. In his existing frame of mind he would infinitely have preferred starting for London in a violent hurry.

When the time came at last, Allan, on passing the steward's office, drummed at the door, and called through it, to Mr. Bashwood, "I'm going to town—back to-morrow." There was no answer from within; and the servant interposing, informed his master that Mr. Bashwood, having no business to attend to that day, had locked up the office, and had left some hours since.

On reaching the station the first person whom Allan encountered was Pedgift Junior, going to London on the legal business which he had mentioned on the previous evening at the great house. The necessary explanations exchanged, it was decided that the two should travel in the same carriage. Allan was glad to have a companion; and Pedgift, enchanted as usual to make himself useful to his client, bustled away to get the tickets and see to the luggage. Sauntering to and fro on the platform until his faithful follower returned, Allan came suddenly upon no less a person than Mr. Bashwood himself—standing back in a corner with the guard of the train, and putting a letter (accompanied, to all appearance, by a fee) privately into the man's hand.

"Hullo!" cried Allan, in his hearty way. "Something important there, Mr. Bashwood—eh?"

If Mr. Bashwood had been caught in the act of committing murder he could hardly have shown greater alarm than he now testified at Allan's sudden discovery of him. Snatching off his dingy old hat, he bowed bareheaded, in a palsy of nervous trembling from head to foot. "No, Sir—no, Sir; only a little letter, a little letter, a little letter," said the deputy-steward, taking refuge in reiteration, and bowing himself swiftly backward out of his employer's sight.

Allan turned carelessly on his heel. "I wish I could take to that fellow," he thought—"but I can't; he's such a sneak! What the deuce was there to tremble about? Does he think I want to pry into his secrets?"

Mr. Bashwood's secret on this occasion concerned Allan more nearly than Allan supposed. The letter which he had just placed in charge of the guard was nothing less than a word of warning addressed to Mrs. Oldershaw, and written by Miss Gwilt.

"If you can hurry your business" (wrote the major's governess) "do so, and come back to London immediately. Things are going wrong here, and Miss Milroy is at the bottom of the mischief. This morning she insisted on taking up her mother's breakfast, always on other occasions taken up by the nurse. They had a long confabulation in private; and half an hour later I saw the nurse slip out with a letter, and take the path that leads to the great house. The sending of the letter has been followed by young Armadale's sudden departure for London—in the face of an appointment which he had with me for to-morrow morning. This looks serious. The girl is evidently bold enough to make a fight of it for the position of Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose, and she has found out some way of getting her mother to help her. Don't suppose I am in the least nervous or discouraged; and don't do any thing till you hear from me again. Only get back to London, for I may have serious need of your assistance in the course of the next day or two.

"I send this letter to town (to save a post) by the mid-day train, in charge of the guard. As you insist on knowing every step I take at Thorpe-Ambrose, I may as well tell you that my messenger (for I can't go to the station my-

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self) is that curious old creature whom I mentioned to you in my first letter. Ever since that time he has been perpetually hanging about here for a look at me. I am not sure whether I frighten him or fascinate him—perhaps I do both together. All you need care to know is, that I can trust him with my trifling errands, and possibly, as time goes on, with something more. L. G."

Meanwhile the train had started from the Thorpe-Ambrose station, and the squire and his traveling companion were on their way to London.

Some men, finding themselves in Allan's company under present circumstances, might have felt curious to know the nature of his business in the metropolis. Young Pedgift's unerring instinct as a man of the world penetrated the secret without the slightest difficulty. "The old story," thought this wary old head, wagging privately on its lusty young shoulders. "There's a woman in the case, as usual. Any other business would have been turned over to *me*." Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, Mr. Pedgift the younger proceeded, with an eye to his professional interest, to make himself as agreeable to his client as usual. He seized on the whole administrative business of the journey to London as he had seized on the whole administrative business of the picnic at the Broads. On reaching the terminus, Allan was ready to go to any hotel that might be recommended. His invaluable solicitor straightway drove him to a hotel at which the Pedgift family had been accustomed to put up for three generations.

"You don't object to vegetables, Sir?" said the cheerful Pedgift, as the cab stopped at a hotel in Covent Garden Market. "Very good, you may leave the rest to my grandfather, my father, and me. I don't know which of the three is most beloved and respected in this house. How-d'ye-do, William (our head-waiter, Mr. Armadale). Is your wife's rheumatism better, and does the little boy get on nicely at school? Your master's out, is he? Never mind, you'll do. This, William, is Mr. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose. I have prevailed on Mr. Armadale to try our house. Have you got the bedroom I wrote for? Very good. Let Mr. Armadale have it instead of me (my grandfather's favorite bedroom, Sir; number five, on the second-floor); pray take it—I can sleep any where. Will you have the mattress on the top of the feather-bed? You hear, William? Tell Matilda, the mattress on the top of the feather-bed. How is Matilda? Has she got the toothache as usual? The head-chambermaid, Mr. Armadale, and a most extraordinary woman; she will *not* part with a hollow tooth in her lower jaw. My grandfather says, 'have it out'—my father says, 'have it out'—I say, 'have it out,' and Matilda turns a deaf ear to all three of us. Yes, William, yes; if Mr. Armadale approves, this sitting-room will do. About dinner, Sir? You would prefer getting your business over first and coming back to dinner? Shall we say, in that case, half past seven? William, half past seven. Not the least need to order any thing, Mr. Armadale. The head-waiter has only to give my compliments to the cook and the best dinner in London will be sent up, punctual to the minute, as a necessary consequence. Say Mr. Pedgift, junior, if you please, William—otherwise, Sir, we might get my grandfather's dinner or my father's dinner, and they *might* turn out a little too heavy and old-fashioned in their way of feeding for you and me. As to the wine, William. At dinner, *my* Champagne, and the sherry that my father thinks nasty. After dinner, the claret with the blue seal—the wine my innocent grandfather said wasn't worth sixpence a bottle. Ha! ha! poor old boy! You will send up the evening papers and the play-bills, just as usual, and—that will do, I think, William, for the present. An invaluable servant, Mr. Armadale; they're all invaluable servants in this house. We may not be fashionable here, Sir, but by the Lord Harry we are snug! A cab? you would like a cab? Don't stir! I've rung the bell twice—that means Cab wanted in a hurry. Might I ask, Mr. Armadale, which way your business takes you? Toward Bayswater? Would you mind dropping me in the Park? It's a habit of mine when I'm in London to air myself among the aristocracy. Yours truly, Sir, has an eye for a fine woman and a fine horse; and when he's in Hyde Park he's quite in his native element." Thus the all-accomplished Pedgift ran on; and by these little arts did he recommend himself to the good opinion of his client.

When the dinner-hour united the traveling companions again in their sitting-room at the hotel, a far less acute observer than young Pedgift must have noticed the marked change that appeared in Allan's manner. He looked vexed and puzzled, and sat drumming with his fingers on the dining-table without uttering a word.

"I'm afraid something has happened to annoy you, Sir, since we parted company in the Park?" said Pedgift Junior. "Excuse the question—I only ask it in case I can be of any use."

"Something that I never expected has happened," returned Allan; "I don't know what to make of it. I should like to have your opinion," he added, after a little hesitation; "that is to say, if you will excuse my not entering into any particulars?"

"Certainly!" assented young Pedgift. "Sketch it in outline, Sir. The merest hint will do; I wasn't born yesterday. (Oh, these women!" thought the youthful philosopher, in parenthesis.)

"Well," began Allan, "you know what I said when we got to this hotel; I said I had a place to go to in Bayswater" (Pedgift mentally checked off the first point—Case in the suburbs, Bayswater); "and a person—that is to say—no—as I said before, a person to inquire after."

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(Pedgift checked off the next point: Person in the case. She-person, or he-person? She-person unquestionably!) "Well, I went to the house, and when I asked for her—I mean the person—she—that is to say, the person—oh, confound it!" cried Allan, "I shall drive myself mad, and you too, if I try to tell my story in this roundabout way. Here it is in two words. I went to number eighteen Kingsdown Crescent, to see a lady named Mandeville; and when I asked for her, the servant said Mrs. Mandeville had gone away, without telling any body where, and without even leaving an address at which letters could be sent to her. There! it's out at last, and what do you think of it now?"

"Tell me first, Sir," said the wary Pedgift, "what inquiries you made when you found this lady had vanished?"

"Inquiries?" repeated Allan, "I was utterly staggered; I didn't say any thing. What inquiries ought I to have made?"

Pedgift Junior cleared his throat, and crossed his legs in a strictly professional manner.

"I have no wish, Mr. Armadale," he began, "to inquire into your business with Mrs. Mandeville—"

"No," interposed Allan, bluntly, "I hope you won't inquire into that. My business with Mrs. Mandeville must remain a secret."

"But," pursued Pedgift, laying down the law with the forefinger of one hand on the outstretched palm of the other, "I may, perhaps, be allowed to ask generally, whether your business with Mrs. Mandeville is of a nature to interest you in tracing her from Kingsdown Crescent to her present residence?"

"Certainly!" said Allan. "I have a very particular reason for wishing to see her."

"In that case, Sir," returned Pedgift Junior, "there were two obvious questions which you ought to have asked, to begin with—namely, on what date Mrs. Mandeville left, and how she left. Having discovered this, you should have ascertained next under what domestic circumstances she went away—whether there was a misunderstanding with any body; say a difficulty about money-matters. Also, whether she went away alone, or with somebody else. Also, whether the house was her own, or whether she only lodged in it. Also, in the latter event—"

"Stop! stop! you're making my head swim," cried Allan. "I don't understand all these ins and outs—I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"I've been used to it myself from my childhood upward, Sir," remarked Pedgift. "And if I can be of any assistance, say the word."

"You're very kind," returned Allan. "If you could only help me to find Mrs. Mandeville; and if you wouldn't mind leaving the thing afterward entirely in my hands—?"

"I'll leave it in your hands, Sir, with all the pleasure in life," said Pedgift Junior. ("And I'll lay five to one," he added, mentally, "when the time comes, you'll leave it in mine!") "We'll go to Bayswater together, Mr. Armadale, tomorrow morning. In the mean time here's the soup. The case now before the court is—Pleasure *versus* Business. I don't know what you say, Sir; I say, without a moment's hesitation, Verdict for the plaintiff. Let us gather our rose-buds while we may. Excuse my high spirits, Mr. Armadale. Though buried in the country, I was made for a London life; the very air of the metropolis intoxicates me." With that avowal the irresistible Pedgift placed a chair for his patron, and issued his orders cheerfully to his viceroy, the head-waiter. "Iced punch, William, after the soup. I answer for the punch, Mr. Armadale—it's made after a receipt of my great uncle's. He kept a tavern, and founded the fortunes of the family. I don't mind telling you the Pedgifts have had a publican among them; there's no false pride about me. 'Worth makes the man (as Pope says), and want of it the fellow; the rest is all but leather and prunella.' I cultivate poetry as well as music, Sir, in my leisure hours; in fact, I'm more or less on familiar terms with the whole of the nine Muses. Aha! here's the punch! The memory of my great uncle, the publican, Mr. Armadale—drunk in solemn silence!"

Allan tried hard to emulate his companion's gayety and good-humor, but with very indifferent success. His visit to Kingsdown Crescent recurred ominously again and again to his memory, all through the dinner, and all through the public amusements to which he and his legal adviser repaired at a later hour of the evening. When Pedgift Junior put out his candle that night he shook his wary head, and regretfully apostrophized "the women" for the second time.

By ten o'clock the next morning the indefatigable Pedgift was on the scene of action. To Allan's great relief he proposed making the necessary inquiries at Kingsdown Crescent in his own person, while his patron waited near at hand in the cab which had brought them from the hotel. After a delay of little more than five minutes, he reappeared, in full possession of all attainable particulars. His first proceeding was to request Allan to step out of the cab and to pay the driver. Next, he politely offered his arm, and led the way round the corner of the crescent, across a square, and into a by-street, which was rendered exceptionally lively by the presence of the local cab-stand. Here he stopped, and asked jocosely, whether Mr. Armadale saw his way now, or whether it would be necessary to test his patience by making an explanation.

"See my way?" repeated Allan, in bewilderment. "I see nothing but a cab-stand."

Pedgift Junior smiled compassionately, and entered on his explanation. It was a lodging-house at Kingsdown Crescent, he begged to state, to begin with. He had insisted on seeing the landlady. A very nice person, with all the remains of having been a fine girl about fifty years ago; quite in Pedgift's style—if he had only been alive at the beginning of the pres-

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ent century—quite in Pedgift's style. But perhaps Mr. Armadale would prefer hearing about Mrs. Mandeville? Unfortunately there was nothing to tell. There had been no quarreling, and not a farthing left unpaid: the lodger had gone, and there wasn't an explanatory circumstance to lay hold of any where. It was either Mrs. Mandeville's way to vanish, or there was something under the rose, quite undiscoverable so far. Pedgift had got the date on which she left, and the time of day at which she left, and the means by which she left. The means might help to trace her. She had gone away in a cab, which the servant had fetched from the nearest stand. The stand was now before their eyes; and the waterman was the first person to apply to—going to the waterman for information being clearly (if Mr. Armadale would excuse the joke) going to the fountain-head. Treating the subject in this airy manner, and telling Allan that he would be back in a moment, Pedgift Junior sauntered down the street and beckoned the waterman confidentially into the nearest public house.

In a little while the two reappeared; the waterman taking Pedgift in succession to the first, third, fourth, and sixth of the cabmen whose vehicles were on the stand. The longest conference was held with the sixth man; and it ended in the sudden approach of the sixth cab to the part of the street where Allan was waiting.

"Get in, Sir," said Pedgift, opening the door, "I've found the man. He remembers the lady; and, though he has forgotten the name of the street, he believes he can find the place he drove her to when he once gets back into the neighborhood. I am charmed to inform you, Mr. Armadale, that we are in luck's way so far. I asked the waterman to show me the regular men on the stand—and it turns out that one of the regular men drove Mrs. Mandeville. The waterman vouches for him; he's quite an anomaly—a respectable cabman; drives his own horse, and has never been in any trouble. These are the sort of men, Sir, who sustain one's belief in human nature. I've had a look at our friend, and I agree with the waterman—I think we can depend on him."

The investigation required some exercise of patience at the outset. It was not till the cab had traversed the distance between Bayswater and Pimlico that the driver began to slacken his pace and look about him. After once or twice retracing its course, the vehicle entered a quiet by-street, ending in a dead wall with a door in it; and stopped at the last house on the left-hand side, the house next to the wall.

"Here it is, gentlemen," said the man, opening the cab-door.

Allan and Allan's adviser both got out and both looked at the house with the same feeling of instinctive distrust. Buildings have their physiognomy—especially buildings in great cities—and the face of this house was essentially furtive in its expression. The front windows were all shut, and the front blinds were all drawn down. It looked no larger than the other houses in the street, seen in front; but it ran back deceitfully, and gained its greater accommodation by means of its greater depth. It affected to be a shop on the ground-floor; but it exhibited absolutely nothing in the space that intervened between the window and an inner row of red curtains which hid the interior entirely from view. At one side was the shop-door, having more red curtains behind the glazed part of it, and bearing a brass plate on the wooden part of it, inscribed with the name of "Oldershaw." On the other side was the private door, with a bell marked Professional; and another brass plate indicating a medical occupant on this side of the house, for the name on it was "Doctor Downward." If ever brick and mortar spoke yet, the brick and mortar here said plainly, "We have got our secrets inside, and we mean to keep them."

"This can't be the place," said Allan; "there must be some mistake."

"You know best, Sir," remarked Pedgift Junior, with his sardonic gravity. "You know Mrs. Mandeville's habits."

"I!" exclaimed Allan. "You may be surprised to hear it, but Mrs. Mandeville is a total stranger to me."

"I'm not in the least surprised to hear it, Sir; the landlady at Kingsdown Crescent informed me that Mrs. Mandeville was an old woman. Suppose we inquire?" added the impenetrable Pedgift, looking at the red curtains in the shop-window with a strong suspicion that Mrs. Mandeville's grand-daughter might possibly be behind them.

They tried the shop-door first. It was locked. They rang. A lean and yellow young woman, with a tattered French novel in her hand, opened it.

"Good-morning, miss!" said Pedgift. "Is Mrs. Mandeville at home?"

The yellow young woman stared at him in astonishment. "No person of that name is known here," she answered, sharply, in a foreign accent.

"Perhaps they know her at the private door?" suggested Pedgift Junior.

"Perhaps they do?" said the yellow young woman, and shut the door in his face.

"Rather a quick-tempered young person that, Sir," said Pedgift. "I congratulate Mrs. Mandeville on not being acquainted with her." He led the way as he spoke to Doctor Downward's side of the premises, and rang the bell.

The door was opened this time by a man in a shabby livery. He too stared when Mrs. Mandeville's name was mentioned; and he too knew of no such person in the house.

"Very odd," said Pedgift, appealing to Allan.

"What is odd?" asked a softly-stepping, softly-speaking gentleman in black, suddenly appearing on the threshold of the parlor-door.

Pedgift Junior politely explained the circum-

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stances, and begged to know whether he had the pleasure of speaking to Doctor Downward.

The doctor bowed. If the expression may be pardoned, he was one of those carefully-constructed physicians in whom the public—especially the female public—implicitly trust. He had the necessary bald head, the necessary double eyeglass, the necessary black clothes, and the necessary blandness of manner, all complete. His voice was soothing, his ways were deliberate, his smile was confidential. What particular branch of his profession Doctor Downward followed was not indicated on his door-plate; but he had utterly mistaken his vocation if he was not a ladies' medical man.

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake about the name?" asked the doctor, with a strong underlying anxiety in his manner. "I have known very serious inconvenience to arise sometimes from mistakes about names. No? There is really no mistake? In that case, gentlemen, I can only repeat what my servant has already told you. Don't apologize, pray. Good-morning." The doctor withdrew as noiselessly as he had appeared; the man in the shabby livery silently opened the door; and Allan and his companion found themselves in the street again.

"Mr. Armadale," said Pedgift, "I don't know how you feel—I feel puzzled."

"That's awkward," returned Allan; "I was just going to ask you what we ought to do next."

"I don't like the look of the place, the look of the shopwoman, or the look of the doctor," pursued the other. "And yet I can't say I think they are deceiving us—I can't say I think they really do know Mrs. Mandeville's name."

The impressions of Pedgift Junior seldom misled him; and they had not misled him in this case. The caution which had dictated Mrs. Oldershaw's private removal from Bayswater was the caution which frequently overreaches itself. It had warned her to trust nobody at Pimlico with the secret of the name she had assumed as Miss Gwilt's reference; but it had entirely failed to prepare her for the emergency that had really happened. In a word, Mrs. Oldershaw had provided for every thing except for the one unimaginable contingency of an after-inquiry into the character of Miss Gwilt.

"We must do something," said Allan; "it seems useless to stop here."

Nobody had ever yet caught Pedgift Junior at the end of his resources; and Allan failed to catch him at the end of them now. "I quite agree with you, Sir," he said; "we must do something. We'll cross-examine the cabman."

The cabman proved to be immovable. Charged with mistaking the place, he pointed to the empty shop-window. "I don't know what you may have seen, gentleman," he remarked; "but there's the only shop-window I ever saw with nothing at all inside it. *That* fixed the place in my mind at the time, and I know it again when I see it." Charged with mistaking the person, or the day, or the house at which he had taken the person up, the cabman proved to be still unassailable. The servant who fetched him was marked as a girl well known on the stand. The day was marked as the unluckiest working day he had had since the first of the year; and the lady was marked as having had her money ready at the right moment (which not one elderly lady in a hundred usually had), and having paid him his fare on demand, without disputing it (which not one elderly lady in a hundred usually did). "Take my number, gentlemen," concluded the cabman, "and pay me for my time; and what I've said to you I'll swear to any where."

Pedgift made a note in his pocket-book of the man's number. Having added to it the name of the street, and the names on the two brass plates, he quietly opened the cab-door. "We are quite in the dark, thus far," he said. "Suppose we grope our way back to the hotel?"

He spoke and looked more seriously than usual. The mere fact of "Mrs. Mandeville's" having changed her lodging without telling any one where she was going, and without leaving any address at which letters could be forwarded to her—which the jealous malignity of Mrs. Milroy had interpreted as being undeniably suspicious in itself—had produced no great impression on the more impartial judgment of Allan's solicitor. People frequently left their lodgings in a private manner, with perfectly producible reasons for doing so. But the appearance of the place to which the cabman persisted in declaring that he had driven "Mrs. Mandeville" set the character and proceedings of that mysterious lady before Pedgift Junior in a new light. His personal interest in the inquiry suddenly strengthened, and he began to feel a curiosity to know the real nature of Allan's business which he had not felt yet.

"Our next move, Mr. Armadale, is not a very easy move to see," he said, as they drove back to the hotel. "Do you think you could put me in possession of any further particulars?"

Allan hesitated; and Pedgift Junior saw that he had advanced a little too far. "I mustn't force it," he thought; "I must give it time, and let it come of its own accord. In the absence of any other information, Sir," he resumed, "what do you say to my making some inquiry about that queer shop, and about those two names on the door-plate? My business in London, when I leave you, is of a professional nature; and I am going into the right quarter for getting information, if it is to be got."

"There can't be any harm, I suppose, in making inquiries," replied Allan.

He, too, spoke more seriously than usual; he, too, was beginning to feel an all-mastering curiosity to know more. Some vague connection, not to be distinctly realized or traced out, began to establish itself in his mind between the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's family circumstances and the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's reference. "I'll get down and

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walk, and leave you to go on to your business," he said. "I want to consider a little about this; and a walk and a cigar will help me."

"My business will be done, Sir, between one and two," said Pedgift, when the cab had been stopped, and Allan had got out. "Shall we meet again at two o'clock at the hotel?"

Allan nodded, and the cab drove off.

CHAPTER IV.

ALLAN AT BAY.

Two o'clock came; and Pedgift Junior, punctual to his time, came with it. His vivacity of the morning had all sparkled out; he greeted Allan with his customary politeness, but without his customary smile; and when the head-waiter came in for orders his dismissal was instantly pronounced in words never yet heard to issue from the lips of Pedgift in that hotel: "Nothing at present."

"You seem to be in low spirits," said Allan. "Can't we get our information? Can nobody tell you any thing about the house in Pimlico?"

"Three different people have told me about it, Mr. Armadale; and they have all three said the same thing."

Allan eagerly drew his chair nearer to the place occupied by his traveling companion. His reflections in the interval since they had last seen each other had not tended to compose him. That strange connection, so easy to feel, so hard to trace, between the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's family circumstances and the difficulty of approaching Miss Gwilt's reference, which had already established itself in his thoughts, had by this time stealthily taken a firmer and firmer hold on his mind. Doubts troubled him which he could neither understand nor express. Curiosity filled him, which he half-longed and half-dreaded to satisfy.

"I am afraid I must trouble you with a question or two, Sir, before I can come to the point," said Pedgift Junior. "I don't want to force myself into your confidence; I only want to see my way in what looks to me like a very awkward business. Do you mind telling me whether others besides yourself are interested in this inquiry of ours?"

"Other people *are* interested in it," replied Allan. "There's no objection to telling you that."

"Is there any other person who is the object of the inquiry besides Mrs. Mandeville herself?" pursued Pedgift, winding his way a little deeper into the secret.

"Yes; there is another person," said Allan, answering rather unwillingly.

"Is the person a young woman, Mr. Armadale?"

Allan started. "How do you come to guess that?" he began—then checked himself when it was too late. "Don't ask me any more questions," he resumed. "I'm a bad hand at defending myself against a sharp fellow like you; and I'm bound in honor toward other people to keep the particulars of this business to myself."

Pedgift Junior had apparently heard enough for his purpose. He drew his chair, in his turn, nearer to Allan. He was evidently anxious and embarrassed—but his professional manner began to show itself again from sheer force of habit.

"I've done with my questions, Sir," he said; "and I have something to say now on my side. In my father's absence perhaps you may be kindly disposed to consider me as your legal adviser. If you will take my advice you will not stir another step in this inquiry."

"What do you mean?" interposed Allan.

"It is just possible, Mr. Armadale, that the cabman, positive as he is, may have been mistaken. I strongly recommend you to take it for granted that he *is* mistaken—and to drop it there."

The caution was kindly intended; but it came too late. Allan did what ninety-nine men out of a hundred in his position would have done—he declined to take his lawyer's advice.

"Very well, Sir," said Pedgift Junior; "if you will have it, you must have it."

He leaned forward close to Allan's ear, and whispered what he had heard of the house in Pimlico, and of the people who occupied it.

"Don't blame me, Mr. Armadale," he added, when the irrevocable words had been spoken. "I tried to spare you."

Allan suffered the shock, as all great shocks are suffered, in silence. His first impulse would have driven him headlong for refuge to that very view of the cabman's assertion which had just been recommended to him, but for one damning circumstance which placed itself inexorably in his way. Miss Gwilt's marked reluctance to approach the story of her past life rose irrepressibly on his memory, in indirect but horrible confirmation of the evidence which connected Miss Gwilt's reference with the house in Pimlico. One conclusion, and one only—the conclusion which any man must have drawn, hearing what he had just heard, and knowing no more than he knew—forced itself into his mind. A miserable, fallen woman, who had abandoned herself in her extremity to the help of wretches skilled in criminal concealment—who had stolen her way back to decent society and a reputable employment by means of a false character—and whose position now imposed on her the dreadful necessity of perpetual secrecy and perpetual deceit in relation to her past life—such was the aspect in which the beautiful governess at Thorpe-Ambrose now stood revealed to Allan's eyes!

Falsely revealed or truly revealed? Had she stolen her way back to decent society and a reputable employment by means of a false character? She had. Did her position impose on her the dreadful necessity of perpetual secrecy

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and perpetual deceit in relation to her past life? It did. Was she some such pitiable victim to the treachery of a man unknown as Allan had supposed? *She was no such pitiable victim.* The conclusion which Allan had drawn—the conclusion literally forced into his mind by the facts before him—was, nevertheless, the conclusion of all others that was farthest even from touching on the truth. The true story of Miss Gwilt's connection with the house in Pimlico and the people who inhabited it—a house rightly described as filled with wicked secrets, and people rightly represented as perpetually in danger of feeling the grasp of the law—was a story which coming events were yet to disclose; a story infinitely less revolting, and yet infinitely more terrible, than Allan or Allan's companion had either of them supposed.

"I tried to spare you, Mr. Armadale," repeated Pedgift. "I was anxious, if I could possibly avoid it, not to distress you."

Allan looked up and made an effort to control himself. "You have distressed me dreadfully," he said. "You have quite crushed me down. But it is not your fault. I ought to feel you have done me a service; and what I ought to do I will do, when I am my own man again. There is one thing," Allan added, after a moment's painful consideration, "which ought to be understood between us at once. The advice you offered me just now was very kindly meant, and it was the best advice that could be given. I will take it gratefully. We will never talk of this again, if you please; and I beg and entreat you will never speak about it to any other person. Will you promise me that?"

Pedgift gave the promise with very evident sincerity, but without his professional confidence of manner. The distress in Allan's face seemed to daunt him. After a moment of very uncharacteristic hesitation he considerately quitted the room.

Left by himself, Allan rang for writing materials, and took out of his pocket-book the fatal letter of introduction to "Mrs. Mandeville" which he had received from the major's wife.

A man accustomed to consider consequences and to prepare himself for action by previous thought would, in Allan's present circumstances, have felt some difficulty as to the course which it might now be least embarrassing and least dangerous to pursue. Accustomed to let his impulses direct him on all other occasions, Allan acted on impulse in the serious emergency that now confronted him. Though his attachment to Miss Gwilt was nothing like the deeply-rooted feeling which he had himself honestly believed it to be, she had taken no common place in his admiration, and she filled him with no common grief when he thought of her now. His one dominant desire at that critical moment in his life was a man's merciful desire to protect from exposure and ruin the unhappy woman who had lost her place in his estimation, without losing her claim to the forbearance that could spare and to the compassion that could shield her. "I can't go back to Thorpe-Ambrose; I can't trust myself to speak to her or to see her again. But I can keep her miserable secret—and I will!" With that thought in his heart Allan set himself to perform the first and foremost duty which now claimed him—the duty of communicating with Mrs. Milroy. If he had possessed a higher mental capacity and a clearer mental view he might have found the letter no easy one to write. As it was, he calculated no consequences and felt no difficulty. His instinct warned him to withdraw at once from the position in which he now stood toward the major's wife, and he wrote what his instinct counseled him to write under those circumstances as rapidly as the pen could travel over the paper:

"DUNN'S HOTEL, COVENT GARDEN, *Tuesday.*

"DEAR MADAM,—Pray excuse my not returning to Thorpe-Ambrose to-day, as I said I would. Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to stop in London. I am sorry to say I have not succeeded in seeing Mrs. Mandeville, for which reason I can not perform your errand; and I beg, therefore, with many apologies, to return the letter of introduction. I hope you will allow me to conclude by saying that I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, and that I will not venture to trespass on it any further.

"I remain, dear madam, yours truly,

"ALLAN ARMADALE."

In those artless words, still entirely unsuspicious of the character of the woman he had to deal with, Allan put the weapon she wanted into Mrs. Milroy's hands.

The letter and its inclosure once sealed up and addressed, he was free to think of himself and his future. As he sat idly drawing lines with his pen on the blotting-paper the tears came into his eyes for the first time—tears in which the woman who had deceived him had no share. His heart had gone back to his dead mother. "If she had been alive," he thought, "I might have trusted *her*, and she would have comforted me." It was useless to dwell on it; he dashed away the tears, and turned his thoughts, with the heart-sick resignation that we all know, to living and present things.

He wrote a line to Mr. Bashwood, briefly informing the deputy steward that his absence from Thorpe-Ambrose was likely to be prolonged for some little time, and that any further instructions which might be necessary, under those circumstances, would reach him through Mr. Pedgift the elder. This done, and the letters sent to the post, his thoughts were forced back once more on himself. Again the blank future waited before him to be filled up; and again his heart shrank from it to the refuge of the past.

This time other images than the image of his mother filled his mind. The one all-absorbing interest of his earlier days stirred living and eager in him again. He thought of the sea;

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he thought of his yacht lying idle in the fishing harbor at his west-country home. The old longing got possession of him to hear the wash of the waves; to see the filling of the sails; to feel the vessel that his own hands had helped to build bounding under him once more. He rose in his impetuous way to call for the time-table, and to start for Somersetshire by the first train, when the dread of the questions which Mr. Brock might ask, the suspicion of the change which Mr. Brock might see in him, drew him back to his chair. "I'll write," he thought, "to have the yacht rigged and refitted, and I'll wait to go to Somersetshire myself till Midwinter can go with me." He sighed as his memory reverted to his absent friend. Never had he felt the void made in his life by Midwinter's departure so painfully as he felt it now, in the dreariest of all social solitudes—the solitude of a stranger in London, left by himself at a hotel.

Before long Pedgift Junior looked in, with an apology for his intrusion. Allan felt too lonely and too friendless not to welcome his companion's reappearance gratefully. "I'm not going back to Thorpe-Ambrose," he said; "I'm going to stay a little while in London. I hope you will be able to stay with me?" To do him justice, Pedgift was touched by the solitary position in which the owner of the great Thorpe-Ambrose estate now appeared before him. He had never, in his relations with Allan, so entirely forgotten his business interests as he forgot them now.

"You are quite right, Sir, to stop here—London's the place to divert your mind," said Pedgift, cheerfully. "All business is more or less elastic in its nature, Mr. Armadale; I'll spin *my* business out, and keep you company with the greatest pleasure. We are both of us on the right side of thirty, Sir—let's enjoy ourselves. What do you say to dining early, and going to the play, and trying the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park to-morrow morning after breakfast? If we only live like fighting-cocks, and go in perpetually for public amusements, we shall arrive in no time at the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the ancients. Don't be alarmed at the quotation, Sir. I dabble a little in Latin after business hours, and enlarge my sympathies by occasional perusal of the Pagan writers, assisted by a crib. William, dinner at five; and, as it's particularly important to-day, I'll see the cook myself."

The evening passed—the next day passed—Thursday morning came, and brought with it a letter for Allan. The direction was in Mrs. Milroy's handwriting; and the form of address adopted in the letter warned Allan the moment he opened it that something had gone wrong.

"THE COTTAGE, THORPE-AMBROSE,
"Private. "*Wednesday.*

"SIR,—I have just received your mysterious letter. It has more than surprised, it has really alarmed me. After having made the friendliest advances to you on my side, I find myself suddenly shut out from your confidence in the most unintelligible, and, I must add, the most discourteous manner. It is quite impossible that I can allow the matter to rest where you have left it. The only conclusion I can draw from your letter is, that my confidence must have been abused in some way, and that you know a great deal more than you are willing to tell me. Speaking in the interest of my daughter's welfare, I request that you will inform me what the circumstances are which have prevented your seeing Mrs. Mandeville, and which have led to the withdrawal of the assistance that you unconditionally promised me in your letter of Monday last.

"In my state of health I can not involve myself in a lengthened correspondence. I must endeavor to anticipate any objections you may make, and I must say all that I have to say in my present letter. In the event (which I am most unwilling to consider possible) of your declining to accede to the request that I have just addressed to you, I beg to say that I shall consider it my duty to my daughter to have this very unpleasant matter cleared up. If I don't hear from you to my full satisfaction by return of post, I shall be obliged to tell my husband that circumstances have happened which justify us in immediately testing the respectability of Miss Gwilt's reference. And when he asks me for my authority, I will refer him to you.

"Your obedient servant,
"ANNE MILROY."

In those terms the major's wife threw off the mask and left her victim to survey at his leisure the trap in which she had caught him. Allan's belief in Mrs. Milroy's good faith had been so implicitly sincere that her letter simply bewildered him. He saw vaguely that he had been deceived in some way, and that Mrs. Milroy's neighborly interest in him was not what it had looked on the surface; and he saw no more. The threat of appealing to the major—on which, with a woman's ignorance of the natures of men, Mrs. Milroy had relied for producing its effect—was the only part of the letter to which Allan reverted with any satisfaction: it relieved instead of alarming him. "If there *is* to be a quarrel," he thought, "it will be a comfort, at any rate, to have it out with a man."

Firm in his resolution to shield the unhappy woman whose secret he wrongly believed himself to have surprised, Allan sat down to write his apologies to the major's wife. After setting up three polite declarations in close marching order he retired from the field. "He was extremely sorry to have offended Mrs. Milroy. He was innocent of all intention to offend Mrs. Milroy. And he begged to remain Mrs. Milroy's truly." Never had Allan's habitual brevity as a letter-writer done him better service than it did him now. With a little more skillfulness in the use of his pen he might have given his enemy even a stronger hold on him than the hold she had got already.

The interval-day passed, and with the next

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morning's post Mrs. Milroy's threat came realized in the shape of a letter from her husband. The major wrote less formally than his wife had written, but his questions were mercilessly to the point.

"THE COTTAGE, THORPE-AMBROSE,
"Private. "*Friday, July* 11, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,—When you did me the favor of calling here a few days since, you asked a question relating to my governess, Miss Gwilt, which I thought rather a strange one at the time, and which caused, as you may remember, a momentary embarrassment between us.

"This morning the subject of Miss Gwilt has been brought to my notice again in a manner which has caused me the utmost astonishment. In plain words, Mrs. Milroy has informed me that Miss Gwilt has exposed herself to the suspicion of having deceived us by a false reference. On my expressing the surprise which such an extraordinary statement caused me, and requesting that it might be instantly substantiated, I was still further astonished by being told to apply for all particulars to no less a person than Mr. Armadale. I have vainly requested some further explanation from Mrs. Milroy; she persists in maintaining silence, and in referring me to yourself.

"Under these extraordinary circumstances I am compelled, in justice to all parties, to ask you certain questions, which I will endeavor to put as plainly as possible, and which I am quite ready to believe (from my previous experience of you) that you will answer frankly on your side.

"I beg to inquire, in the first place, whether you admit or deny Mrs. Milroy's assertion that you have made yourself acquainted with particulars relating either to Miss Gwilt or to Miss Gwilt's reference of which I am entirely ignorant? In the second place, if you admit the truth of Mrs. Milroy's statement, I request to know how you became acquainted with those particulars? Thirdly, and lastly, I beg to ask you what the particulars are?

"If any special justification for putting these questions be needed—which, purely as a matter of courtesy toward yourself, I am willing to admit—I beg to remind you that the most precious charge in my house, the charge of my daughter, is confided to Miss Gwilt; and that Mrs. Milroy's statement places you, to all appearance, in the position of being competent to tell me whether that charge is properly bestowed or not.

"I have only to add that, as nothing has thus far occurred to justify me in entertaining the slightest suspicion either of my governess or her reference, I shall wait before I make any appeal to Miss Gwilt until I have received your answer—which I shall expect by return of post.

"Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully yours,
"DAVID MILROY."

This transparently straightforward letter at once dissipated the confusion which had thus far existed in Allan's mind: he saw the snare in which he had been caught as he had not seen it yet. Mrs. Milroy had clearly placed him between two alternatives—the alternative of putting himself in the wrong, by declining to answer her husband's questions; or the alternative of meanly sheltering his responsibility behind the responsibility of a woman, by acknowledging to the major's own face that the major's wife had deceived him. In this difficulty Allan acted, as usual, without hesitation. His pledge to Mrs. Milroy to consider their correspondence private still bound him, disgracefully as she had abused it. And his resolution was as immovable as ever to let no earthly consideration tempt him into betraying Miss Gwilt. "I may have behaved like a fool," he thought, "but I won't break my word; and I won't be the means of turning that miserable woman adrift in the world again."

He wrote to the major as artlessly and briefly as he had written to the major's wife. He declared his unwillingness to cause a friend and neighbor any disappointment, if he could possibly help it. On this occasion he had no other choice. The questions the major asked him were questions which he could not consent to answer. He was not very clever at explaining himself, and he hoped he might be excused for putting it in that way, and saying no more.

Monday's post brought with it Major Milroy's rejoinder, and closed the correspondence:

"THE COTTAGE, THORPE-AMBROSE,
"*Sunday.*

"SIR,—Your refusal to answer my questions, unaccompanied as it is by even the shadow of an excuse for such a proceeding, can be interpreted but in one way. Besides being an implied acknowledgment of the correctness of Mrs. Milroy's statement, it is also an implied reflection on my governess's character. As an act of justice toward a lady who lives under the protection of my roof, and who has given me no reason whatever to distrust her, I shall now show our correspondence to Miss Gwilt; and I shall repeat to her the conversation which I had with Mrs. Milroy on this subject, in Mrs. Milroy's presence.

"One word more respecting the future relations between us, and I have done. My ideas on certain subjects are, I dare say, the ideas of an old-fashioned man. In my time we had a code of honor by which we regulated our actions. According to that code, if a man made private inquiries into a lady's affairs, without being either her husband, her father, or her brother, he subjected himself to the responsibility of justifying his conduct in the estimation of others; and, if he evaded that responsibility, he abdicated the position of a gentleman. It is quite possible that this antiquated way of thinking exists no longer; but it is too late for me, at my time of life, to adopt more modern views. I am scrupulously anxious, seeing that we live in a country and a time in which the only court of honor is a police-court, to express myself with the utmost moderation of language upon this the

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last occasion that I shall have to communicate with you. Allow me, therefore, merely to remark that our ideas of the conduct which is becoming in a gentleman differ seriously; and permit me on this account to request that you will consider yourself for the future as a stranger to my family and to myself.

"Your obedient servant,

"DAVID MILROY."

The Monday morning on which his client received the major's letter was the blackest Monday that had yet been marked in Pedgift's calendar. When Allan's first angry sense of the tone of contempt in which his friend and neighbor pronounced sentence upon him had subsided, it left him sunk in a state of depression from which no efforts made by his traveling companion could rouse him for the rest of the day. Reverting naturally, now that his sentence of banishment had been pronounced, to his early intercourse with the cottage, his memory went back to Neelie, more regretfully and more penitently than it had gone back to her yet. "If *she* had shut the door on me instead of her father," was the bitter reflection with which Allan now reviewed the past, "I shouldn't have had a word to say against it; I should have felt it served me right."

The next day brought another letter—a welcome letter this time—from Mr. Brock. Allan had written to Somersetshire on the subject of refitting the yacht some days since. The letter had found the rector engaged, as he innocently supposed, in protecting his old pupil against the woman whom he had watched in London, and whom he now believed to have followed him back to his own home. Acting under the directions sent to her, Mrs. Oldershaw's house-maid had completed the mystification of Mr. Brock. She had tranquilized all further anxiety on the rector's part by giving him a written undertaking (in the character of Miss Gwilt), engaging never to approach Mr. Armadale, either personally or by letter! Firmly persuaded that he had won the victory at last, poor Mr. Brock answered Allan's note in the highest spirits, expressing some natural surprise at his leaving Thorpe-Ambrose, but readily promising that the yacht should be refitted, and offering the hospitality of the rectory in the heartiest manner.

This letter did wonders in raising Allan's spirits. It gave him a new interest to look to, entirely disassociated from his past life in Norfolk. He began to count the days that were still to pass before the return of his absent friend. It was then Tuesday. If Midwinter came back from his walking trip, as he had engaged to come back, in a fortnight, Saturday would find him at Thorpe-Ambrose. A note sent to meet the traveler might bring him to London the same night; and, if all went well, before another week was over they might be afloat together in the yacht.

The next day passed, to Allan's relief, without bringing any letters. The spirits of Pedgift rose sympathetically with the spirits of his client. Toward dinner-time he reverted to the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the ancients, and issued his orders to the head-waiter more royally than ever.

Thursday came, and brought the fatal postman with more news from Norfolk. A letter-writer now stepped on the scene who had not appeared there yet; and the total overthrow of all Allan's plans for a visit to Somersetshire was accomplished on the spot.

Pedgift Junior happened that morning to be first at the breakfast-table. When Allan came in he relapsed into his professional manner, and offered a letter to his patron with a bow performed in dreary silence.

"For me?" inquired Allan, shrinking instinctively from a new correspondent.

"For you, Sir, from my father," replied Pedgift, "inclosed in one to myself. Perhaps you will allow me to suggest, by way of preparing you for—for something a little unpleasant—that we shall want a particularly good dinner to-day; and (if they're not performing any modern German music to-night) I think we should do well to finish the evening melodiously at the Opera."

"Something wrong at Thorpe-Ambrose?" asked Allan.

"Yes, Mr. Armadale; something wrong at Thorpe-Ambrose."

Allan sat down resignedly and opened the letter.

"HIGH STREET, THORPE-AMBROSE,
"*July* 17, 1851.

"Private and confidential.

"DEAR SIR,—I can not reconcile it with my sense of duty to your interests to leave you any longer in ignorance of reports current in this town and its neighborhood, which, I regret to say, are reports affecting yourself.

"The first intimation of any thing unpleasant reached me on Monday last. It was widely rumored in the town that something had gone wrong at Major Milroy's with the new governess, and that Mr. Armadale was mixed up in it. I paid no heed to this, believing it to be one of the many trumpery pieces of scandal perpetually set going here; and as necessary as the air they breathe to the comfort of the inhabitants of this highly respectable place.

"Tuesday, however, put the matter in a new light. The most interesting particulars were circulated on the highest authority. On Wednesday the gentry in the neighborhood took the matter up, and universally sanctioned the view adopted by the town. To-day the public feeling has reached its climax, and I find myself under the necessity of making you acquainted with what has happened.

"To begin at the beginning. It is asserted that a correspondence took place last week between Major Milroy and yourself, in which you cast a very serious suspicion on Miss Gwilt's respectability, without defining your accusation, and without (on being applied to) producing your proofs. Upon this the major appears to

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have felt it his duty (while assuring his governess of his own firm belief in her respectability) to inform her of what had happened, in order that she might have no future reason to complain of his having had any concealments from her in a matter affecting her character. Very magnanimous on the major's part; but you will see directly that Miss Gwilt was more magnanimous still. After expressing her thanks in a most becoming manner, she requested permission to withdraw herself from Major Milroy's service.

"Various reports are in circulation as to the governess's reason for taking this step.

"The authorized version (as sanctioned by the resident gentry) represents Miss Gwilt to have said that she could not condescend—in justice to herself and in justice to her highly respectable reference—to defend her reputation against undefined imputations cast on it by a comparative stranger. At the same time it was impossible for her to pursue such a course of conduct as this unless she possessed a freedom of action which was quite incompatible with her continuing to occupy the dependent position of a governess. For that reason she felt it incumbent on her to leave her situation. But while doing this she was equally determined not to lead to any misinterpretation of her motives by leaving the neighborhood. No matter at what inconvenience to herself, she would remain long enough at Thorpe-Ambrose to await any more definitely-expressed imputations that might be made on her character, and to repel them publicly the instant they assumed a tangible form.

"Such is the position which this high-minded lady has taken up, with an excellent effect on the public mind in these parts. It is clearly her interest, for some reason, to leave her situation without leaving the neighborhood. On Monday last she established herself in a cheap lodging on the outskirts of the town. And on the same day she probably wrote to her reference, for yesterday there came a letter from that lady to Major Milroy, full of virtuous indignation, and courting the fullest inquiry. The letter has been shown publicly, and has immensely strengthened Miss Gwilt's position. She is now considered to be quite a heroine. The Thorpe-Ambrose *Mercury* has got a leading article about her, comparing her to Joan of Arc. It is considered probable that she will be referred to in the sermon next Sunday. We reckon five strong-minded single ladies in this neighborhood, and all five have called on her. A testimonial was suggested; but it has been given up at Miss Gwilt's own request, and a general movement is now on foot to get her employment as a teacher of music. Lastly, I have had the honor of a visit from the lady herself, in her capacity of martyr, to tell me, in the sweetest manner, that she doesn't blame Mr. Armadale; and that she considers him to be an innocent instrument in the hands of other and more designing people. I was carefully on my guard with her; for I don't altogether believe in Miss Gwilt, and I have my lawyer's suspicions of the motive that is at the bottom of her present proceedings.

"I have written thus far, my dear Sir, with little hesitation or embarrassment. But there is unfortunately a serious side to this business as well as a ridiculous side; and I must unwillingly come to it before I close my letter.

"It is, I think, quite impossible that you can permit yourself to be spoken of as you are spoken of now without stirring personally in the matter. You have unluckily made many enemies here, and foremost among them is my colleague, Mr. Darch. He has been showing every where a somewhat rashly-expressed letter you wrote to him on the subject of letting the cottage to Major Milroy instead of to himself, and it has helped to exasperate the feeling against you. It is roundly stated, in so many words, that you have been prying into Miss Gwilt's family affairs with the most dishonorable motives; that you have tried, for a profligate purpose of your own, to damage her reputation, and to deprive her of the protection of Major Milroy's roof; and that, after having been asked to substantiate by proof the suspicions that you have cast on the reputation of a defenseless woman, you have maintained a silence which condemns you in the estimation of all honorable men.

"I hope it is quite unnecessary for me to say that I don't attach the smallest particle of credit to these infamous reports. But they are too widely spread and too widely believed to be treated with contempt. I strongly urge you to return at once to this place, and to take the necessary measures for defending your character, in concert with me, as your legal adviser. I have formed, since my interview with Miss Gwilt, a very strong opinion of my own on the subject of that lady, which it is not necessary to commit to paper. Suffice it to say here, that I shall have a means to propose to you for silencing the slanderous tongues of your neighbors, on the success of which I stake my professional reputation, if you will only back me by your presence and authority.

"It may, perhaps, help to show you the necessity there is for your return, if I mention one other assertion respecting yourself which is in every body's mouth. Your absence is, I blush to tell you, attributed to the meanest of all motives. It is said that you are remaining in London because you are afraid to show your face at Thorpe-Ambrose.

"Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

"A. Pedgift, Senr."

Allan was of an age to feel the sting contained in the last sentence of his lawyer's letter. He started to his feet in a paroxysm of indignation, which revealed his character to Pedgift Junior in an entirely new light.

"Where's the time-table?" cried Allan. "I must go back to Thorpe-Ambrose by the next train! If it doesn't start directly I'll have a special engine. I must and will go back in-

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stantly, and I don't care two straws for the expense!"

"Suppose we telegraph to my father, Sir?" suggested the judicious Pedgift. "It's the quickest way of expressing your feelings, and the cheapest."

"So it is," said Allan. "Thank you for reminding me of it. Telegraph to them! Tell your father to give every man in Thorpe-Ambrose the lie direct, in my name. Put it in capital letters, Pedgift—put it in capital letters!"

Pedgift smiled and shook his head. If he was acquainted with no other variety of human nature, he thoroughly knew the variety that exists in country towns.

"It won't have the least effect on them, Mr. Armadale," he remarked, quietly. "They'll only go on lying harder than ever. If you want to upset the whole town, one line will do it. With five shillings' worth of human labor and electric fluid, Sir (I dabble a little in science after business hours), we'll explode a bombshell in Thorpe-Ambrose!" He produced the bombshell on a slip of paper as he spoke: "A. Pedgift, Junior, to A. Pedgift, Senior.—Spread it all over the place that Mr. Armadale is coming down by the next train."

"More words," suggested Allan, looking over his shoulder. "Make it stronger."

"Leave my father to make it stronger, Sir," returned the judicious Pedgift. "My father is on the spot, and his command of language is something quite extraordinary." He rang the bell, and dispatched the telegram.

Now that something had been done Allan subsided gradually into a state of composure. He looked back again at Mr. Pedgift's letter, and then handed it to Mr. Pedgift's son.

"Can you guess your father's plan for setting me right in the neighborhood?" he asked.

Pedgift the younger shook his wise head. "His plan appears to be connected in some way, Sir, with his opinion of Miss Gwilt."

"I wonder what he thinks of her?" said Allan.

"I shouldn't be surprised, Mr. Armadale," returned Pedgift Junior, "if his opinion staggers you a little when you come to hear it. My father has had a large legal experience of the shady side of the sex, and he learned his profession at the Old Bailey."

Allan made no further inquiries. He seemed to shrink from pursuing the subject, after having started it himself. "Let's be doing something to kill the time," he said. "Let's pack up and pay the bill."

They packed up and paid the bill. The hour came, and the train left for Norfolk at last.

While the travelers were on their way back a somewhat longer telegraphic message than Allan's was flashing its way past them along the wires in the reverse direction—from Thorpe-Ambrose to London. The message was in cipher, and, the signs being interpreted, it ran thus:

"From Lydia Gwilt to Maria Oldershaw—Good news! He is coming back. I mean to have an interview with him. Every thing looks well. Now I have left the cottage I have no women's prying eyes to dread, and I can come and go as I please. Mr. Midwinter is luckily out of the way. I don't despair of becoming Mrs. Armadale yet. Whatever happens, depend on my keeping away from London until I am certain of not taking any spies after me to your place. I am in no hurry to leave Thorpe-Ambrose. I mean to be even with Miss Milroy first."

Shortly after that message was received in London Allan was back again in his own house. It was evening—Pedgift Junior had just left him, and Pedgift Senior was expected to call on business in half an hour's time.

THE RAISING OF THE FRIGATES.

AY, lift them up from out their watery grave,
The brave old warriors of the untamed sea,
And let them float once more upon the wave
To bear aloft the banner of the Free!

Let it wave proudly from the tapering mast,
That harbinger of hope to younger lands,
Unclouded by the battle's echoing blast,
Secure against the reach of traitor hands.

Lift them again, and make their ribs of oak
Strong to resist the angry raging tides
As when from out their ports the cannon spoke,
And the black monster gored their serried sides.

I hear again the battle's deafening noise;
The rebel Captain, arrogant and vain,
Cry, "Strike your flag!" I hear our gallant boys
Cheer in reply; and Morris speaks again!

Crash go the timbers! Reeling with the shock,
The gallant frigate settles in her grave,
As one that strikes upon a treacherous rock,
And o'er her deck rises and falls the wave!

Long shall the tale be told of that fierce fight
In Hampton Roads, where our brave squadron lay:
God grant that never more the warm sun's light
May shine upon so sad and dark a day!

For Right has triumphed: back into the gloom
Shrinks Treason branded with the mark of shame;
And dark Oppression in her place gives room
To costly Freedom with her glorious name!

Ay, lift them up from out their watery grave,
The brave old veterans of the untamed sea,
And let them float once more upon its wave
To bear aloft the banner of the Free!

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JOSEPH HOOKER.

FIGHTING JOE HOOKER.

THE name and fame of General Joe Hooker are, or ought to be, dear to every American, for he is eminently a national man. Born in Massachusetts he has resided in every section of the country, and is cosmopolitan in habits and ideas. Nature never made him for one section of the land. He has fought over every part of the land, from Maryland to Mexico, from the Potomac to beyond the Rio Grande, and has come, a private citizen from the most westerly military district of California, to command as Brigadier-General of the regular army the most easterly department of the reunited country. Every Californian, if not every American, *is* proud of Joe Hooker, for he is a representative man of that peculiar race of pioneers drawn from every State of the Union and nationality of the globe.

Hooker is naturally a fighting man, a belligerent by nature, as much as Philip Sheridan, and he insists on forcing every dispute to the arbitrement of arms. Actual blows satisfy him best, and from the very nature of his mental organization "war to the knife" is an admitted motto with him. A curious accident gave Hooker the title of "Fighting Joe;" but few of the multitude who read of him under that appellation, and none of those who, in the heat of political and partisan discussion, endeavored to ridicule both person and expression, suspected how accurately the title described the character of the man.

A man born with his disposition would naturally seek the army. Hooker entered West Point and studied his way through with a zeal and industry which must have placed him higher than twenty-eight in a class of fifty graduates had he not, like Sheridan, suffered for his belliger-

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erency in the estimation of the staid and steady professors of that institute. He, however, got through the course creditably in 1837, and managed, being still young, and the belligerency of his nature not fully developed, to exist in the quiet position of Adjutant of West Point. Afterward he also managed to endure the monotony of the Adjutant-General's department for five years, until the war with Mexico broke out, when he sought adventure, promotion, and fame in the active service. The Mexican war was the great opportunity of many young lives, the practical schooling of nearly all who distinguished themselves during the late war for the Union. To Hooker, young, ambitious, and belligerent, the opportunity was highly welcomed. The declaration of war was hailed by him with an intense joy that would have horrified his Puritan fathers if they could have been cognizant of it.

Hooker's career in Mexico was not remembered when the rebellion began or he would have earlier stood high in the confidence of the Government, for it was among the most brilliant of the many successes attained by the many very able young men engaged in that war. To have risen under the old and very faulty organization of the army, in a short war, in which there were few casualties, from a Lieutenant to be brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the regular army was no small achievement. Hooker was successively brevetted Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel, "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in the several conflicts at Monterey, in the affair at the National Bridge, and in the assault of Chapultepec. He was detailed, if I remember rightly, early in the campaign as Adjutant-General on the staff of General Gideon Pillow, and though Gabriel Rains and Ripley were associated with him on duty it was generally understood and felt that the young chief of staff furnished all the brains and most of the energy and industry to be found at the head-quarters of the division. Pillow, Rains, and Ripley became somewhat notorious during the late rebellion as officers of the rebel army. During the war with Mexico sectional feeling ran high on the subject of supporting the Administration in the prosecution of an offensive war, and very often young Hooker was compelled to hear tirades uttered by these Southern officers against his native State which gave a lukewarm support to the army, but he never allowed them to pass unreproved or unresented. A less positive character than Hooker might have been influenced in his State allegiance by such surroundings in a camp composed almost exclusively of Southern soldiers and at a head-quarters where prevailed the most intensely bitter sectionalism which then disgraced the army. The discussions which grew out of the objections which the young chief of staff took to the peculiar views of the embryo rebels only served to confirm him in his adherence to and love of the Government; and none of the old army officers entered into the war for the Union with more alacrity or with a clearer conception of the desperate purposes and characters of the traitors than did Joe Hooker.

The peace which ensued in 1847 found Hooker with the natural belligerency of his quick temper fully developed, his ambition fired, and his restless activity of mind and body increased. He had no disposition to return to the monotony of the Adjutant-General's office, or to the quiet of garrison duty, that even a captain of artillery, which he had become, would have to endure. The unadventurous career which a professional life in a settled country among civilized people promised was also without charms to his restless mind. He remained in the army only as long as the prospect of service in Mexico and on the Pacific coast had any promise of active service; but soon finding that the peace which followed the Mexican war was likely to be profound and undisturbed, he resigned his commission, and plunged into the excitement of pioneer life in the newly-discovered gold regions of California. He purchased a ranche across the bay from the City of San Francisco, and for a short time became interested in the to him novel duties of a farmer. It is natural to suppose that this monotonous existence soon became painfully dull to a person of Hooker's restless disposition. The ranche was neglected for other objects affording more excitement and adventure; but by the year 1860 this existence had lost many of its charms, and Hooker again found the "horrors of peace" upon him. Peace, it must be known, has its horrors for some men, just as the calm has its terrors for the seamen. The consequence was that Hooker fell into some of the bad habits which follow idleness. He was a "fish out of water," with nothing of an agreeable character to do, and he restlessly ran into some excesses, which his California friends allude to as the process of "going to the dogs." His business-character suffered, but not his social standing. His ranche was neglected and went to ruin. His health became somewhat impaired, when, fortunately for him, the rebellion broke out. He hastened to Washington to offer his services to the President.

He succeeded after much difficulty in obtaining a commission, and gladly launched again into active service. He became a changed man. He had abandoned his bad habits with the ease and readiness of a man of resolute and determined mind, and now, engaged in that profession which had every charm for him, he began in earnest the prosecution of the true aim of his life. He believed in fate and destiny; believed that strong minds and brave hearts control their own fortunes; and with firm confidence in himself announced to his friends who congratulated him on his appointment that one day he would be at the head of the army, of which he was then only a brigade commander.

If Hooker's military career be examined critically it will be found that his success as a leader has been due to the impetuosity, boldness, and energy with which he fights. His presence on a battle-field may be said to be calculated to

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supply all deficiencies in the discipline of the troops. His presence and demeanor inspired his troops with the qualities of courage and daring which distinguished himself, and restored morale to broken columns with the same success as that which ever marked the presence of Philip Sheridan. As commander of the Army of the Potomac General Hooker never met with brilliant success. He assumed command at a time when the bitter jealousies which disgraced that army most impaired its energies and retarded its action. He had little of the love or admiration, and consequently little of the genuine support, of his subordinate commanders; while he was, by reason of his promotion, further removed from immediate direction of his troops, and the inspiration of his presence was lost on those who had learned to believe in him.

No one will attempt to deny that Hooker held such a control over his men, and that his presence among his troops in battle had much to do with their effectiveness. His was what has been called "a powerful presence." He was destined for a leader, not a director of troops, and hence his greatest success has been as the leader of fractional corps of great armies. His battles on the Peninsula; his vigorous pursuit of the rebels from Yorktown; his conduct throughout the "battle-week on the Chickahominy;" and his engagement at Malvern Hill, were the deeds which are familiarly known throughout the country. His success as the commander of a *corps* in the West will eventually become not less familiar to the public; and his achievements at Lookout Mountain, Resacca, and before Atlanta will be the basis for the establishment of his true character as a military man.

The "battle above the clouds," as the assault of Lookout Mountain has been called, was an episode of the operations of Chattanooga, as conducted by Grant; but it was planned in all its details and executed in all its completeness by Hooker. The original intention of Grant was to attack Lookout with a force only sufficiently large to keep busy the rebel force occupying it while the main attack was made elsewhere. The destruction of a pontoon bridge which connected Hooker's camp with that of Sherman and Thomas forced Grant to leave Hooker a much larger force than he had at first intended; and he then gave Hooker permission to assault the mountain with all his force. This order was received about noon on the 25th of November, but before nightfall he had planned and had executed an attack which was as brilliant as daring. Two months' observation of the mountain from his camp in the valley had given him a full knowledge of all its outlines, its roads, etc., and it is easy to believe that the plan which Hooker decided upon had had for some time a place in his mind. It was as unique in conception as it proved successful in execution. A small force under Osterhaus was ordered to make a feint upon the enemy's rifle-pits at the point (or "nose," as Rosecrans calls it) of the mountain, while with Geary and Ireland and Crafts and Whitaker he moved up the valley until in rear of the enemy's position, ascended the side of the range until the head of his column reached the palisades which crown the mountain, and, forming his line of battle at right angles with the palisades, marched forward, taking the rebel works in flank and rear, and secured about thirteen hundred prisoners. The enemy fled around the "nose" of the mountain, closely pursued to a position on the opposite side, where Hooker again attacked. After one or two desperate efforts the rebel works were carried, but it was at such a late hour (midnight) that it was impossible to dislodge them from a position controlling a mountain-road, by which they evacuated during the night. The mountain thus assaulted is fourteen hundred feet above the Tennessee River, and was held by a force of at least six thousand, strongly fortified. He must be a regular mountaineer who can unopposed make the ascent of the mountain without halting several times to rest; and the story of the assault seems incredible to one standing on the summit, where the rebels were posted, and looking at the rough ascent over which Hooker charged. Only a general in whom the disposition to fight was largely developed could have conceived such a project, and only troops inspired by the presence of one whom they knew to be a brave and daring leader could have executed the ambitious plan.

The well-known effect of Sheridan's presence at Cedar Creek was not more remarkable in restoring the morale of his army than was that of Hooker at Peach-Tree Creek, Georgia, in retrieving the disaster which was there threatened. The Army of the Cumberland was surprised at that point on 20th July while on the march, and being vigorously attacked was in great danger of being routed. It was a well-known fact that the presence of Hooker every where along the line of the threatened and almost defeated army kept the men in line, at the work, and finally saved the day. Were it within the purpose of this sketch to do so, no better illustration of the fighting General could be given than a detailed account of this battle, in which Hooker was the central—only figure. The country is as much indebted to him personally for the victory as to Sheridan for Cedar Creek, Rousseau for Perryville, or Thomas for Chickamauga.

Hooker is "his own worst enemy"—not in a common and vulgar acceptance of that term, now universally applied to those who indulge their appetite at the expense of the brain. His weakness is not of the vulgar order, but has been the disease of great minds immemorial. His great crime against weak humanity lies in the fact that he was born a critic. Iago was not more positively critical than Hooker, though he is not necessarily "nothing if not critical." He can not resist the temptation to criticise; and being unable to appreciate that questionable code of morality in which policy dictates that the truth is not always to be spoken, he has made himself life-long enemies. He can attribute with

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perfect justice every failure of his life to that one "weakness of the noble mind." It accelerated his retirement from the service in 1853. It originated the difficulties which nearly prevented his re-entry into the service in 1861. It retarded his promotion: lay at the root of all his difficulties as commander of the Army of the Potomac, made enemies of his subordinates, and defeated his every plan, and at last forced him to resign command of the army. It nearly defeated his every effort to regain a command. It cost him many difficulties in the event, and finally forced him to retire from active command under Sherman just as the war was being wound up with the grand *crescendo* movement of Grant.

The candor of Hooker's criticisms make them highly palatable. One naturally admires the decision which marks them; and though his reasonings may not be correct, nor his deductions just, we must enjoy the perfect independence with which they are uttered.

His criticism on the battle of Bull Run first brought him to the consideration of Mr. Lincoln, who read characters at a glance. His famous criticism on M'Clellan, on which he did not hesitate (he never hesitates either to censure or to fight) to attribute the failure of the peninsula campaign to "the want of generalship on the part of our commander," gave him more publicity than his battles. The late President used to remark that he had never had occasion to change the favorable opinion which he formed of Hooker on hearing his criticism on the battle of Bull Run. The criticism on M'Clellan indicates the character of the critic as that of a quick, resolute, decided man, ready to take all responsibilities. The character has been fully established by Hooker since he uttered that remarkably free criticism.

His retirement from the army was accelerated, and his subsequent return to the service was retarded, as has been stated, by this habit of freely criticising the operations of the army. The history of his troubles is as follows: Immediately after the close of the war with Mexico Hooker was called upon to testify before a Court of Investigation, which had the settlement of the difficulties between Pillow and Worth growing out of the assault on Chapultepec. In the course of his examination he very freely criticised some of the movements of General Scott; and with that confidence in his own judgment, which is a marked characteristic of Hooker, and which, strange to say, betrays nothing egotistical about it, told how he should have accomplished the same ends at less loss by other movements. Scott, with good reason, was mortally offended; and when Hooker's resignation reached his hands in the routine channel of business, it was not delayed for lack of approval, but was forwarded with a recommendation that it be accepted. When he wished at the beginning of the rebellion to return to the army the same officer stood in the way; and being supreme in authority, under the President, he permitted Hooker to beg for admission for some months, keeping him dancing unavailingly at the doors of the war-office.

Hooker lingered for several months, only leaving the city to witness the Bull Run battle; but at last wearied out and seeing no hope of attaining his ends he determined to return to California. Before leaving, however, he called upon the President, whom he had never met, to pay his parting respects, and was introduced as "Captain Hooker." The President received him in his usual kind style, but was about to dismiss him, as time required that he should dismiss many, with a few civil phrases, when he was surprised by Hooker's determined tones into listening to his history.

"Mr. President," he began, "my friend makes a mistake. I am not 'Captain Hooker,' but was once Lieutenant-Colonel Hooker of the regular army. I was lately a farmer in California, but since the rebellion broke out I have been here trying to get into the service, but find I am not wanted. I am about to return home, but before going I was anxious to pay my respects to you, and to express my wishes for your personal welfare and success in quelling this rebellion. And I want to say one word more," he added, abruptly: "I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity in me to say I am a damned sight better general than you had on that field."

The President, who was Hooker's firmest friend afterward, used to take great pleasure in telling the circumstance, and the effect of the speech upon him. The boast was made in the tone not of a braggart but of a firm, confident man who looked him straight in the eye, and, when the President said afterward, appeared at that moment as if fully competent to make good his words. He was satisfied that he would at least try, and, impressed with his resolute air, he rose from his chair and requested him to defer his return to California. Hooker remained, and among the numerous changes which followed the battle of Bull Run was the transformation of "Mr. Hooker" into "Brigadier-General Hooker."

Hooker sometimes indulged in sharp criticisms even in his official reports. During the battle in Lookout Valley Hooker sent a portion of his left wing, under Shurtz, to the assistance of Geary; but General Shurtz became mixed as to his topography, and did not reach the battle-field until too late. He reported, in extenuation of his failure, that he had found a wide swamp in his path, and had been compelled to go around it. Hooker, in his official report, after stating General Shurtz's excuse, adds very quietly that he had thoroughly examined the country between General Shurtz's camp and the battle-field, and that it was evident that the General had been mistaken as to the existence of the swamp.

When Burnside was in command of the Army of the Potomac he executed an order, which was afterward suppressed by the President, dismiss-

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ing several officers of his army from the service for various reasons. Among the number was General Hooker, dismissed, as might naturally be supposed, for having criticised the action of his commanding General at Fredericksburg. The order, which was known as "General Order No. 8," was not carried into effect, and only saw the light through the treachery of a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office of the army. On the contrary, Burnside soon after resigned and Hooker assumed command of his army.

Hooker left the Army of the Cumberland in consequence of having freely criticised Sherman's movements on the advance on Atlanta. The failure of Sherman to promptly follow up his success in seizing Snake Creek Gap, and to retrieve the blunder of M'Pherson on retiring before Resacca in May, 1864, was particularly provoking not only to Hooker but to every other commander who saw Joe Johnston clip through Sherman's fingers in consequence of that delay, and Hooker very freely alluded to it as a blunder. The natural consequence of this, and subsequent instances of candid criticism on Hooker's part, was the creation of some considerable prejudice against him in Sherman's mind, and, when he found an opportunity, he took occasion to resent it. When M'Pherson was killed Hooker was left the senior Major-General in command of a corps in Sherman's army, and he naturally expected to be placed in command, the more so as the President so desired. But Sherman appointed General O. O. Howard to the command, subject of course to the approval of the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed Sherman requesting him to appoint General Hooker, and in Sherman's reiteration of his desire to have General Howard appointed, the President urged Hooker's appointment in stronger terms. General Sherman replied that "his resignation was at the service of the President," and made it a condition of Hooker's appointment that he should be allowed to resign. The consequence was that Howard was appointed and Hooker was relieved at his own request, and sent by the President to command the Department of the Northwest. He retained this command until July last, when he was ordered to relieve General Dix, and assumed command of the Department of the East on July 15, 1865.

Like most nervous men Hooker is untiringly energetic. He goes at every thing, as he does at the enemy, with a dash. He talks at you with vigor, piles argument on argument in rapid succession—which requires no less vigorous thought to follow and answer—couples facts with invectives, and winds up with a grand charge of resistless eloquence which has much the same effect as the grand charge of a reserve force in battle. He works with the same rapidity—the same nervous, resistless energy, and does not know what fatigue is. He has energy equal to Sherman, and in his organization and habits is like Sherman. Hooker is the very impersonation of manly grace, dignity, delicacy—a thorough-bred gentleman. Hooker has energy equal to Grant; but he has not Grant's patience, stoicism, or imperturbability. He is not content, like Grant, to wait for results. His strength lies in his momentum; Grant's in his weight. It was perhaps because Hooker so nearly resembles him, and because Howard had such opposite characteristics, that Sherman preferred the latter as commander of the Army of the Tennessee. Howard and Hooker have certain qualities in common, but yet are as different in organization as Sherman and Howard. Howard is, like Hooker, a finished gentleman. No one meeting him can fail to notice that both are equally graceful, equally handsome, equally dignified, considerate, manly, and courteous. But Howard, unlike Hooker, is exceedingly methodical, is always calm, self-possessed, and of a lymphatic rather than bilious temperament. Hooker is ever sanguine, Howard a quick worker; but it is not to be supposed that Hooker flags in his hasty labor. His energy never gives out, and he is as persistent as Thomas, more so than Sherman, and vies with Grant in this respect.

It is not to be supposed from what has been said about Hooker's disposition to criticise that he is of a vindictive nature. His disgust is not irrevocable. He is always ready to forgive a blunder when retrieved by a success. He is particularly constant in his friendships. There are several instances of his friendship for men, which are remembered without being remarkable except for their constancy, and as illustrating the kindness of his heart. He was particularly devoted years ago to a friend whom he made in Mexico under rather singular circumstances. During the battle of Churubusco he was sent by Pillow with an order to one of the brigade commanders. Being compelled to cross a ditched field—very common in Mexico—he went on foot, with only his sabre at his side. While crossing the field he was suddenly attacked, not by Mexican Lancers, but by a Mexican bull, who dashed unexpectedly at him. He immediately turned and gave battle in the true *matador* style, thrusting with his sabre whenever an opportunity offered, and springing out of the way with all the activity of a bull-fighting Spaniard. He was fast getting weary of the sport, however, when he saw a private of the Mounted Rifles and called on him to shoot the beast. The soldier quickly obeyed orders, crossed the ditch and shot the bull, much to the relief of Hooker. The soldier immediately afterward disappeared, and Hooker found it impossible to discover him, though search was made through camp for the preserver of his life. He did not give up the search, however, and at last discovered the man four years after in Washington. He was in want. Hooker having some influence obtained him a position in one of the departments at Washington, where he still remains a firm friend of Joe Hooker, and boasting of enjoying the friendship of the "commander of the best army on the planet."

The title of "Fighting Joe" is very offensive

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to General Hooker; but we have chosen to use it as the heading for this article because it accurately as well as briefly describes the character of the man. It was given him by an accident, but it was a happy one; and when history comes to sum up the characteristics of our heroes, she will apply it as indicative of Hooker's character. The circumstances under which it was given are as follows: The agent of the New York Associated Press is often compelled, during exciting times, to furnish his telegraphic accounts by piecemeals, in order to enable the papers to lay the facts before the public as fast as possible; and hence, in order to number the pages correctly, he has to originate what are called "running heads," each being repeated with every page. It was common, for instance, during the trial of the conspirators at Washington, to number the pages: "Assassins, 1;" "Assassins, 2," etc.; and during the removal of the President's body to Springfield the running headline was: "the Funeral, 1;" "the Funeral, 2," etc. When the account of the battle of Malvern Hill was being received by the Associated Press, there was such great excitement in the city that it even extended to the telegraph operators and copyists, who were generally proof against such fevers of excitement. In the midst of the sensation which that battle created, one of the copyists, in his admiration of the gallantry and daring of General Hooker as detailed in the report, improvised a "running head," "Fighting Joe Hooker," which was repeated page after page. Two or three of the papers adopted it as the head-line for the printed accounts, and heralded the battle under that name. The name "stuck," and has been fixed on Hooker irretrievably. Instead of accepting the title as a decree of fate, Hooker can not bear to hear it. —"It always sounds to me," he once said, when allusion had been made to it, "as if it meant 'Fighting Fool.' It has really done me much injury in making the public believe I am a furious, headstrong fool, bent on making furious dashes at the enemy. I never have fought without good purpose and with fair chances of success. When I have decided to fight, I have done so with all the vigor and strength I could command."

A very general idea prevails that General Hooker is a hard drinker, very often indulging to very great excess. As far as the writer's rather close observation goes, this is a mistake. It had its origin with that pestiferous class of humorists who devote their energies to the renewal of old jokes for the sake of modern application. Many of the false impressions which were afloat regarding Mr. Lincoln found their origin in the habit which the Joe Millers of the age had of crediting their stories, both witty and vulgar, to Mr. Lincoln instead of to the Irish usher as formerly. It is from these same fellows that Hooker has suffered, and three-fourths of those who declare him to be a drunkard have no better foundation for the assertion than a story told as coming from Mr. Lincoln, and commending Hooker to avoid Bourbon County in his passage through Kentucky. A very excellent article of sherry forms the chief contents of his wine chest, and supplies his camp-table. His style of living in camp was elegant, more from the attention of the staff officers who messed with him than from his own desire, taste, or exertions. He was always indifferent to personal comfort, though very particular as to personal appearance.

His complexion may have been the origin of the stories about his drunkenness, but every one familiar with him knows that his roseate hue was natural to him. His complexion was red and white most beautifully blended, until he looks as rosy as the most healthy woman alive. His skin never tans nor bleaches, but peals off from exposure, leaving the same rosy complexion always visible. The Spanish women in the city of Mexico with whom he was a great favorite, described his complexion by an adjective, a mongrel Spanish word now forgotten, but which signified, "the only man as beautiful as a woman." *El Capitan Hermoso*, "the Handsome Captain," was a phrase as common with the Mexican ladies of the Mexican capital as General Hooker is now with the American ladies of New York, or "Fighting Joe" with the American public generally. *El Buenmozo* was another phrase among them; while more intimate admirers called him *El Guero*, "the Light-Haired." The light-brown hair is now much tinged with gray, and *El Buenmozo*—the comely youth—is now, despite the ravages of time and the attractions of the Spanish and other dames, a finely preserved old bachelor. The tall, erect, muscular figure of *El Capitan Hermoso* has not, however, been bent or weakened by age. His physical endurance is just as great as when he marched through Mexico. He springs as nimbly into the saddle at the sound of battle as he did twenty years ago, and the full, clear eye of the commander of the Department of the East is just as bright to-day as it was when he was simply Captain and Chief of Staff to General Pillow. The great changes of the past twenty years have affected not his features but his fortunes. He has risen grade by grade, by personal gallantry, to the rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army of the United States, and is already enjoying the command of a Major-General.

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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FOURTH. A TURNING.

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING THE MENDICANT'S BRIDE.

THE impressive gloom with which Mrs. Wilfer received her husband on his return from the wedding knocked so hard at the door of the cherubic conscience, and likewise so impaired the firmness of the cherubic legs, that the culprit's tottering condition of mind and body might have aroused suspicion in less occupied persons than the grimly heroic lady, Miss Lavinia, and that esteemed friend of the family, Mr. George Sampson. But the attention of all three being fully possessed by the main fact of the marriage, they had happily none to bestow on the guilty conspirator; to which fortunate circumstance he owed the escape for which he was in nowise indebted to himself.

"You do not, R. W.," said Mrs. Wilfer from her stately corner, "inquire for your daughter Bella."

"To be sure, my dear," he returned, with a most flagrant assumption of unconsciousness, "I did omit it. How—or perhaps I should rather say where—*is* Bella?"

"Not here," Mrs. Wilfer proclaimed, with folded arms.

The cherub faintly muttered something to the abortive effect of "Oh, indeed, my dear!"

"Not here," repeated Mrs. Wilfer, in a stern sonorous voice. "In a word, R. W., you have no daughter Bella."

"No daughter Bella, my dear?"

"No. Your daughter Bella" said Mrs. Wilfer, with the lofty air of never having had the least copartnership in that young lady: of whom she now made reproachful mention as an article of luxury which her husband had set up entirely on his own account, and in direct opposition to her advice: "—your daughter Bella has bestowed herself upon a Mendicant."

"Good gracious, my dear!"

"Show your father his daughter Bella's letter, Lavinia," said Mrs. Wilfer, in her monotonous Act of Parliament tone, and waving her hand. "I think your father will admit it to be documentary proof of what I tell him. I believe your father is acquainted with his daughter Bella's writing. But I do not know. He may tell you he is not. Nothing will surprise me."

"Posted at Greenwich, and dated this morning," said the Irrepressible, flouncing at her father in handing him the evidence. "Hopes Ma won't be angry, but is happily married to Mr. John Rokesmith, and didn't mention it beforehand to avoid words, and please tell darling you, and love to me, and I should like to know what you'd have said if any other unmarried member of the family had done it!"

He read the letter, and faintly exclaimed, "Dear me!"

"You may well say Dear me!" rejoined Mrs. Wilfer, in a deep tone. Upon which encouragement he said it again, though scarcely with the success he had expected; for the scornful lady then remarked, with extreme bitterness: "You said that before."

"It's very surprising. But I suppose, my dear," hinted the cherub, as he folded the letter after a disconcerting silence, "that we must make the best of it? Would you object to my pointing out, my dear, that Mr. John Rokesmith is not (so far as I am acquainted with him), strictly speaking, a Mendicant?"

"Indeed?" returned Mrs. Wilfer, with an awful air of politeness. "Truly so? I was not aware that Mr. John Rokesmith was a gentleman of landed property. But I am much relieved to hear it."

"I doubt if you *have* heard it, my dear," the cherub submitted with hesitation.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Wilfer. "I make false statements, it appears? So be it. If my daughter flies in my face, surely my husband may. The one thing is not more unnatural than the other. There seems a fitness in the arrangement. By all means!" Assuming, with a shiver of resignation, a deadly cheerfulness.

But here the Irrepressible skirmished into the conflict, dragging the reluctant form of Mr. Sampson after her.

"Ma," interposed the young lady, "I must say I think it would be much better if you would keep to the point, and not hold forth about people's flying into people's faces, which is nothing more nor less than impossible nonsense."

"How!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer, knitting her dark brows.

"Just im-possible nonsense, Ma," returned Lavvy, "and George Sampson knows it is, as well as I do."

Mrs. Wilfer suddenly becoming petrified, fixed her indignant eyes upon the wretched George: who, divided between the support due from him to his love, and the support due from him to his love's mamma, supported nobody, not even himself.

"The true point is," pursued Lavinia, "that Bella has behaved in a most unsisterly way to me, and might have severely compromised me with George and with George's family, by making off and getting married in this very low and disreputable manner—with some pew-opener or other, I suppose, for a bridemaid—when she ought to have confided in me, and ought to have said, 'If, Lavvy, you consider it due to your engagement with George that you should countenance the occasion by being present, then, Lavvy, I

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beg you to *be* present, keeping my secret from Ma and Pa.' As of course I should have done."

"As of course you would have done? Ingrate!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer. "Viper!"

"I say! You know, ma'am. Upon my honor you mustn't," Mr. Sampson remonstrated, shaking his head seriously. "With the highest respect for you, ma'am, upon my life you mustn't. No, really, you know. When a man with the feelings of a gentleman finds himself engaged to a young lady, and it comes (even on the part of a member of the family) to vipers, you know!—I would merely put it to your own good feeling, you know," said Mr. Sampson, in rather lame conclusion.

Mrs. Wilfer's baleful stare at the young gentleman in acknowledgment of his obliging interference was of such a nature that Miss Lavinia burst into tears, and caught him round the neck for his protection.

"My own unnatural mother," screamed the young lady, "wants to annihilate George! But you sha'n't be annihilated, George. I'll die first!"

Mr. Sampson, in the arms of his mistress, still struggled to shake his head at Mrs. Wilfer, and to remark: "With every sentiment of respect for you, you know, ma'am—vipers really doesn't do you credit."

"You shall not be annihilated, George!" cried Miss Lavinia. "Ma shall destroy me first, and then she'll be contented. Oh, oh, oh! Have I lured George from his happy home to expose him to this! George, dear, be free! Leave me, ever dearest George, to Ma and to my fate. Give my love to your aunt, George dear, and implore her not to curse the viper that has crossed your path and blighted your existence. Oh, oh, oh!" The young lady who, hysterically speaking, was only just come of age, and had never gone off yet, here fell into a highly creditable crisis, which, regarded as a first performance, was very successful; Mr. Sampson, bending over the body meanwhile, in a state of distraction which induced him to address Mrs. Wilfer in the inconsistent expressions: "Demon—with the highest respect for you—behold your work!"

The cherub stood helplessly rubbing his chin and looking on, but on the whole was inclined to welcome this diversion as one in which, by reason of the absorbent properties of hysterics, the previous question would become absorbed. And so, indeed, it proved, for the Irrepressible gradually coming to herself, and asking with wild emotion, "George dear, are you safe?" and further, "George love, what has happened? Where is Ma?" Mr. Sampson, with words of comfort, raised her prostrate form, and handed her to Mrs. Wilfer as if the young lady were something in the nature of refreshments. Mrs. Wilfer with dignity partaking of the refreshments, by kissing her once on the brow (as if accepting an oyster), Miss Lavvy, tottering, returned to the protection of Mr. Sampson; to whom she said, "George dear, I am afraid I have been foolish; but I am still a little weak and giddy; don't let go my hand, George!" And whom she afterward greatly agitated at intervals, by giving utterance, when least expected, to a sound between a sob and a bottle of soda-water, that seemed to rend the bosom of her frock.

Among the most remarkable effects of this crisis may be mentioned its having, when peace was restored, an inexplicable moral influence of an elevating kind, on Miss Lavinia, Mrs. Wilfer, and Mr. George Sampson, from which R. W. was altogether excluded, as an outsider and non-sympathizer. Miss Lavinia assumed a modest air of having distinguished herself; Mrs. Wilfer, a serene air of forgiveness and resignation; Mr. Sampson, an air of having been improved and chastened. The influence pervaded the spirit in which they returned to the previous question.

"George dear," said Lavvy, with a melancholy smile, "after what has passed, I am sure Ma will tell Pa that he may tell Bella we shall all be glad to see her and her husband."

Mr. Sampson said he was sure of it too; murmuring how eminently he respected Mrs. Wilfer, and ever must, and ever would. Never more eminently, he added, than after what had passed.

"Far be it from me," said Mrs. Wilfer, making deep proclamation from her corner, "to run counter to the feelings of a child of mine, and of a Youth," Mr. Sampson hardly seemed to like that word, "who is the object of her maiden preference. I may feel—nay, know—that I have been deluded and deceived. I may feel—nay, know—that I have been set aside and passed over. I may feel—nay, know—that after having so far overcome my repugnance toward Mr. and Mrs. Boffin as to receive them under this roof, and to consent to your daughter Bella's," here turning to her husband, "residing under theirs, it were well if your daughter Bella," again turning to her husband, "had profited in a worldly point of view by a connection so distasteful, so disreputable. I may feel—nay, know—that in uniting herself to Mr. Rokesmith she has united herself to one who is, in spite of shallow sophistry, a Mendicant. And I may feel well assured that your daughter Bella," again turning to her husband, "does not exalt her family by becoming a Mendicant's bride. But I suppress what I feel, and say nothing of it."

Mr. Sampson murmured that this was the sort of thing you might expect from one who had ever in her own family been an example and never an outrage. And ever more so (Mr. Sampson added, with some degree of obscurity), and never more so, than in and through what had passed. He must take the liberty of adding, that what was true of the mother was true of the youngest daughter, and that he could never forget the touching feelings that the conduct of both had awakened within him. In conclusion, he did hope that there wasn't a man with a beating heart who was capable of something that remained undescribed, in consequence of

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Miss Lavinia's stopping him as he reeled in his speech.

"Therefore, R. W.," said Mrs. Wilfer, resuming her discourse and turning to her lord again, "let your daughter Bella come when she will, and she will be received. So," after a short pause, and an air of having taken medicine in it, "so will her husband."

"And I beg, Pa," said Lavinia, "that you will not tell Bella what I have undergone. It can do no good, and it might cause her to reproach herself."

"My dearest girl," urged Mr. Sampson, "she ought to know it."

"No, George," said Lavinia, in a tone of resolute self-denial. "No, dearest George, let it be buried in oblivion."

Mr. Sampson considered that "too noble."

"Nothing is too noble, dearest George," returned Lavinia. "And Pa, I hope you will be careful not to refer before Bella, if you can help it, to my engagement to George. It might seem like reminding her of her having cast herself away. And I hope, Pa, that you will think it equally right to avoid mentioning George's rising prospects, when Bella is present. It might seem like taunting her with her own poor fortunes. Let me ever remember that I am her younger sister, and ever spare her painful contrasts, which could not but wound her sharply."

Mr. Sampson expressed his belief that such was the demeanor of Angels. Miss Lavvy replied with solemnity, "No, dearest George, I am but too well aware that I am merely human."

Mrs. Wilfer, for her part, still further improved the occasion by sitting with her eyes fastened on her husband, like two great black notes of interrogation, severely inquiring, Are you looking into your breast? Do you deserve your blessings? Can you lay your hand upon your heart and say that you are worthy of so hysterical a daughter? I do not ask you if you are worthy of such a wife—put Me out of the question—but are you sufficiently conscious of, and thankful for, the pervading moral grandeur of the family spectacle on which you are gazing? These inquiries proved very harassing to R. W., who, besides being a little disturbed by wine, was in perpetual terror of committing himself by the utterance of stray words that would betray his guilty foreknowledge. However, the scene being over, and—all things considered—well over, he sought refuge in a doze; which gave his lady immense offense.

"Can you think of your daughter Bella, and sleep?" she disdainfully inquired.

To which he mildly answered, "Yes, I think I can, my dear."

"Then," said Mrs. Wilfer, with solemn indignation, "I would recommend you, if you have a human feeling, to retire to bed."

"Thank you, my dear," he replied; "I think it *is* the best place for me." And with these unsympathetic words very gladly withdrew.

Within a few weeks afterward the Mendicant's bride (arm in arm with the Mendicant) came to tea, in fulfillment of an engagement made through her father. And the way in which the Mendicant's bride dashed at the unassailable position so considerately to be held by Miss Lavvy, and scattered the whole of the works in all directions in a moment, was triumphant.

"Dearest Ma," cried Bella, running into the room with a radiant face, "how do you do, dearest Ma?" And then embraced her, joyously. "And Lavvy darling, how do *you* do, and how's George Sampson, and how is he getting on, and when are you going to be married, and how rich are you going to grow? You must tell me all about it, Lavvy dear, immediately. John, love, kiss Ma and Lavvy, and then we shall all be at home and comfortable."

Mrs. Wilfer stared, but was helpless. Miss Lavinia stared, but was helpless. Apparently with no compunction, and assuredly with no ceremony, Bella tossed her bonnet away, and sat down to make the tea.

"Dearest Ma and Lavvy, you both take sugar, I know. And Pa (you good little Pa), you don't take milk. John does. I didn't before I was married; but I do now, because John does. John dear, did you kiss Ma and Lavvy? Oh, you did! Quite correct, John dear; but I didn't see you do it, so I asked. Cut some bread and butter, John; that's a love. Ma likes it doubled. And now you must tell me, dearest Ma and Lavvy, upon your words and honors! Didn't you for a moment—just a moment—think I was a dreadful little wretch when I wrote to say I had run away?"

Before Mrs. Wilfer could wave her gloves, the Mendicant's bride in her merriest affectionate manner went on again.

"I think it must have made you rather cross, dear Ma and Lavvy, and I know I deserved that you should be very cross. But you see I had been such a heedless, heartless creature, and had led you so to expect that I should marry for money, and so to make sure that I was incapable of marrying for love, that I thought you couldn't believe me. Because, you see, you didn't know how much of Good, Good, Good, I had learned from John. Well! So I was sly about it, and ashamed of what you supposed me to be, and fearful that we couldn't understand one another and might come to words, which we should all be sorry for afterward, and so I said to John that if he liked to take me without any fuss he might. And as he did like, I let him. And we were married at Greenwich church in the presence of nobody—except an unknown individual who dropped in," here her eyes sparkled more brightly, "and half a pensioner. And now, isn't it nice, dearest Ma and Lavvy, to know that no words have been said which any of us can be sorry for, and that we are all the best of friends at the pleasantest of teas!"

Having got up and kissed them again, she

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slipped back to her chair (after a loop on the road to squeeze her husband round the neck) and again went on.

"And now you will naturally want to know, dearest Ma and Lavvy, how we live, and what we have got to live upon. Well! And so we live on Blackheath, in the charm—ingest of dolls' houses, de—lightfully furnished, and we have a clever little servant who is de—cidedly pretty, and we are economical and orderly, and do every thing by clock-work, and we have a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and we have all we want, and more. And lastly, if you would like to know in confidence, as perhaps you may, what is my opinion of my husband, my opinion is—that I almost love him!"

"And if you would like to know in confidence, as perhaps you may," said her husband, smiling, as he stood by her side, without her having detected his approach, "my opinion of my wife, my opinion is—" But Bella started up, and put her hand upon his lips.

"Stop, Sir! No, John, dear! Seriously! Please not yet a while! I want to be something so much worthier than the doll in the doll's house."

"My darling, are you not?"

"Not half, not a quarter, so much worthier as I hope you may some day find me! Try me through some reverse, John—try me through some trial—and tell them after *that*, what you think of me."

"I will, my Life," said John. "I promise it."

"That's my dear John. And you won't speak a word now; will you?"

"And I won't," said John, with a very expressive look of admiration around him, "speak a word now!"

She laid her laughing cheek upon his breast to thank him, and said, looking at the rest of them sideways out of her bright eyes: "I'll go further, Pa and Ma and Lavvy. John don't suspect it—he has no idea of it—but I quite love him!"

Even Mrs. Wilfer relaxed under the influence of her married daughter, and seemed in a majestic manner to imply remotely that if R. W. had been a more deserving object, she too might have condescended to come down from her pedestal for his beguilement. Miss Lavinia, on the other hand, had strong doubts of the policy of the course of treatment, and whether it might not spoil Mr. Sampson, if experimented on in the case of that young gentleman. R. W. himself was for his part convinced that he was father of one of the most charming of girls, and that Rokesmith was the most favored of men; which opinion, if propounded to him, Rokesmith would probably not have contested.

The newly-married pair left early so that they might walk at leisure to their starting-place from London for Greenwich. At first they were very cheerful and talked much; but after a while Bella fancied that her husband was turning somewhat thoughtful. So she asked him:

"John dear, what's the matter?"

"Matter, my love?"

"Won't you tell me," said Bella, looking up into his face, "what you are thinking of?"

"There's not much in the thought, my soul. I was thinking whether you wouldn't like me to be rich?"

"You rich, John?" repeated Bella, shrinking a little.

"I mean, really rich. Say as rich as Mr. Boffin. You would like that?"

"I should be almost afraid to try, John dear, Was he much the better for his wealth? Was I much the better for the little part I once had in it?"

"But all people are not the worse for riches, my own."

"Most people?" Bella musingly suggested with raised eyebrows.

"Nor even most people, it may be hoped. If you were rich, for instance, you would have a great power of doing good to others."

"Yes, Sir, for instance," Bella playfully rejoined; "but should I exercise the power, for instance? And again, Sir, for instance; should I, at the same time, have a great power of doing harm to myself?"

Laughing and pressing her arm, he retorted: "But still, again for instance; would you exercise that power?"

"I don't know," said Bella, thoughtfully shaking her head. "I hope not. I think not. But it's so easy to hope not and think not, without the riches."

"Why don't you say, my darling—instead of that phrase—being poor?" he asked, looking earnestly at her.

"Why don't I say, being poor? Because I am not poor. Dear John, it's not possible that you suppose I think we are poor?"

"I do, my love."

"Oh, John!"

"Understand me, sweet-heart. I know that I am rich beyond all wealth in having you; but I think *of* you and think *for* you. In such a dress as you are wearing now you first charmed me, and in no dress could you ever look, to my thinking, more graceful or more beautiful. But you have admired many finer dresses this very day; and is it not natural that I wish I could give them to you?"

"It's very nice that you should wish it, John. It brings these tears of grateful pleasure into my eyes to hear you say so with such tenderness. But I don't want them."

"Again," he pursued, "we are now walking through the muddy streets. I love those pretty feet so dearly that I feel as if I could not bear the dirt to soil the sole of your shoe. Is it not natural that I wish you could ride in a carriage?"

"It's very nice," said Bella, glancing downward at the feet in question, "to know that you admire them so much, John dear, and since you do, I am sorry that these shoes are a full size

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too large. But I don't want a carriage, believe me."

"You would like one if you could have one, Bella?"

"I shouldn't like it for its own sake half so well as such a wish for it. Dear John, your wishes are as real to me as the wishes in the Fairy story that were all fulfilled as soon as spoken. Wish me every thing that you can wish for the woman you dearly love, and I have as good as got it, John. I have better than got it, John!"

They were not the less happy for such talk, and home was not the less home for coming after it. Bella was fast developing a perfect genius for home. All the loves and graces seemed (her husband thought) to have taken domestic service with her, and to help her to make home engaging.

Her married life glided happily on. She was alone all day, for, after an early breakfast, her husband repaired every morning to the City, and did not return until their late dinner hour. He was "in a China house," he explained to Bella; which she found quite satisfactory without pursuing the China house into minuter details than a wholesale vision of tea, rice, odd-smelling silks, carved boxes, and tight-eyed people in more than double-soled shoes, with their pigtails pulling their heads of hair off, painted on transparent porcelain. She always walked with her husband to the railroad, and was always there again to meet him; her old coquettish ways a little sobered down (but not much), and her dress as daintily managed as if she managed nothing else. But John gone to business and Bella returned home, the dress would be laid aside, trim little wrappers and aprons would be substituted, and Bella, putting back her hair with both hands, as if she were making the most business-like arrangements for going dramatically distracted, would enter on the household affairs of the day. Such weighing and mixing and chopping and grating, such dusting and washing and polishing, such snipping and weeding and troweling and other small gardening, such making and mending and folding and airing, such diverse arrangements, and above all such severe study! For Mrs. J. R., who had never been wont to do too much at home as Miss B. W., was under the constant necessity of referring for advice and support to a sage volume entitled The Complete British Family Housewife, which she would sit consulting, with her elbows on the table and her temples on her hands, like some perplexed enchantress poring over the Black Art. This, principally because the Complete British Housewife, however sound a Briton at heart, was by no means an expert Briton at expressing herself with clearness in the British tongue, and sometimes might have issued her directions to equal purpose in the Kamskatchan language. In any crisis of this nature Bella would suddenly exclaim aloud, "Oh you ridiculous old thing, what do you mean by that? You must have been drinking!" And having made this marginal note, would try the Housewife again, with all her dimples screwed into an expression of profound research.

There was likewise a coolness on the part of the British Housewife, which Mrs. John Rokesmith found highly exasperating. She would say, "Take a salamander," as if a general should command a private to catch a Tartar. Or she would casually issue the order, "Throw in a handful—" of something entirely unattainable. In these, the Housewife's most glaring moments of unreason, Bella would shut her up and knock her on the table, apostrophizing her with the compliment, "O you ARE a stupid old Donkey! Where am I to get it, do you think?"

Another branch of study claimed the attention of Mrs. John Rokesmith for a regular period every day. This was the mastering of the newspaper, so that she might be close up with John on general topics when John came home. In her desire to be in all things his companion she would have set herself with equal zeal to master Algebra, or Euclid, if he had divided his soul between her and either. Wonderful was the way in which she would store up the City Intelligence, and beamingly shed it upon John in the course of the evening; incidentally mentioning the commodities that were looking up in the markets, and how much gold had been taken to the Bank, and trying to look wise and serious over it until she would laugh at herself most charmingly and would say, kissing him: "It all comes of my love, John dear."

For a City man John certainly did appear to care as little as might be for the looking up or looking down of things, as well as for the gold that got taken to the Bank. But he cared, beyond all expression, for his wife, as a most precious and sweet commodity that was always looking up, and that never was worth less than all the gold in the world. And she, being inspired by her affection, and having a quick wit and a fine ready instinct, made amazing progress in her domestic efficiency, though, as an endearing creature, she made no progress at all. This was her husband's verdict, and he justified it by telling her that she had begun her married life as the most endearing creature that could possibly be.

"And you have such a cheerful spirit!" he said, fondly. "You are like a bright light in the house."

"Am I truly, John?"

"Are you truly? Yes, indeed. Only much more, and much better."

"Do you know, John dear," said Bella, taking him by a button of his coat, "that I sometimes, at odd moments—don't laugh, John, please."

Nothing should induce John to do it, when she asked him not to do it.

"—That I sometimes think, John, I feel a little serious."

"Are you too much alone, my darling?"

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"O dear, no, John! The time is so short that I have not a moment too much in the week."

"Why serious, my life, then? When serious?"

"When I laugh, I think," said Bella, laughing as she laid her head upon his shoulder. "You wouldn't believe, Sir, that I feel serious now? But I do." And she laughed again, and something glistened in her eyes.

"Would you like to be rich, pet?" he asked her, coaxingly.

"Rich, John! How *can* you ask such goose's questions?"

"Do you regret any thing, my love?"

"Regret any thing? No!" Bella confidently answered. But then, suddenly changing, she said, between laughing and glistening: "Oh yes, I do though. I regret Mrs. Boffin."

"I, too, regret that separation very much. But perhaps it is only temporary. Perhaps things may so fall out as that you may sometimes see her again—as that we may sometimes see her again." Bella might be very anxious on the subject, but she scarcely seemed so at the moment. With an absent air, she was investigating that button on her husband's coat, when Pa came in to spend the evening.

Pa had his special chair and his special corner reserved for him on all occasions, and—without disparagement of his domestic joys—was far happier there than any where. It was always pleasantly droll to see Pa and Bella together; but on this present evening her husband thought her more than usually fantastic with him.

"You are a very good little boy," said Bella, "to come unexpectedly, as soon as you could get out of school. And how have they used you at school to-day, you dear?"

"Well, my pet," replied the cherub, smiling and rubbing his hands as she sat him down in his chair, "I attend two schools. There's the Mincing Lane establishment, and there's your mother's Academy. Which might you mean, my dear?"

"Both," said Bella.

"Both, eh? Why, to say the truth, both have taken a little out of me to-day, my dear, but that was to be expected. There's no royal road to learning; and what is life but learning!"

"And what do you do with yourself when you have got your learning by heart, you silly child?"

"Why then, my dear," said the cherub, after a little consideration, "I suppose I die."

"You are a very bad boy," retorted Bella, "to talk about dismal things and be out of spirits."

"My Bella," rejoined her father, "I am not out of spirits. I am as gay as a lark." Which his face confirmed.

"Then if you are sure and certain it's not you, I suppose it must be I," said Bella; "so I won't do so any more. John dear, we must give this little fellow his supper, you know."

"Of course we must, my darling."

"He has been grubbing and grubbing at school," said Bella, looking at her father's hand and lightly slapping it, "till he's not fit to be seen. O what a grubby child!"

"Indeed, my dear," said her father, "I was going to ask to be allowed to wash my hands, only you find me out so soon."

"Come here, Sir!" cried Bella, taking him by the front of his coat, "come here and be washed directly. You are not to be trusted to do it for yourself. Come here, Sir!"

The cherub, to his genial amusement, was accordingly conducted to a little washing-room, where Bella soaped his face and rubbed his face, and soaped his hands and rubbed his hands, and splashed him and rinsed him and toweled him, until he was as red as beet-root, even to his very ears: "Now you must be brushed and combed, Sir," said Bella, busily. "Hold the light, John. Shut your eyes, Sir, and let me take hold of your chin. Be good directly, and do as you are told!"

Her father being more than willing to obey, she dressed his hair in her most elaborate manner, brushing it out straight, parting it, winding it over her fingers, sticking it up on end, and constantly falling back on John to get a good look at the effect of it. Who always received her on his disengaged arm, and detained her, while the patient cherub stood waiting to be finished.

"There!" said Bella, when she had at last completed the final touches. "Now, you are something like a genteel boy! Put your jacket on, and come and have your supper."

The cherub investing himself with his coat was led back to his corner—where, but for having no egotism in his pleasant nature, he would have answered well enough for that radiant though self-sufficient boy, Jack Horner—Bella with her own hands laid a cloth for him, and brought him his supper on a tray. "Stop a moment," said she, "we must keep his little clothes clean;" and tied a napkin under his chin, in a very methodical manner.

While he took his supper Bella sat by him, sometimes admonishing him to hold his fork by the handle, like a polite child, and at other times carving for him, or pouring out his drink. Fantastic as it all was, and accustomed as she ever had been to make a plaything of her good father, ever delighted that she should put him to that account, still there was an occasional something on Bella's part that was new. It could not be said that she was less playful, whimsical, or natural than she always had been; but it seemed, her husband thought, as if there were some rather graver reason than he had supposed for what she had so lately said, and as if, throughout all this, there were glimpses of an underlying seriousness.

It was a circumstance in support of this view of the case, that when she had lighted her father's pipe, and mixed him his glass of grog, she sat

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down on a stool between her father and her husband, leaning her arm upon the latter, and was very quiet. So quiet that, when her father rose to take his leave, she looked round with a start, as if she had forgotten his being there.

"You go a little way with Pa, John?"

"Yes, my dear. Do you?"

"I have not written to Lizzie Hexam since I wrote and told her that I really had a lover—a whole one. I have often thought I would like to tell her how right she was when she pretended to read in the live coals that I would go through fire and water for him. I am in the humor to tell her so to-night, John, and I'll stay at home and do it."

"You are tired."

"Not at all tired, John dear, but in the humor to write to Lizzie. Good-night, dear Pa. Good-night, you dear, good, gentle Pa!"

Left to herself, she sat down to write, and wrote Lizzie a long letter. She had but completed it and read it over, when her husband came back. "You are just in time, Sir," said Bella; "I am going to give you your first curtain lecture. It shall be a parlor-curtain lecture. You shall take this chair of mine when I have folded my letter, and I will take the stool (though you ought to take it, I can tell you, Sir, if it's the stool of repentance), and you'll soon find yourself taken to task soundly."

Her letter folded, sealed, and directed, and her pen wiped, and her middle finger wiped, and her desk locked up and put away, and these transactions performed with an air of severe business sedateness, which the Complete British Housewife might have assumed, and certainly would not have rounded off and broken down in with a musical laugh, as Bella did: she placed her husband in his chair, and placed herself upon her stool.

"Now, Sir! To begin at the beginning. What is your name?"

A question more decidedly rushing at the secret he was keeping from her could not have astounded him. But he kept his countenance and his secret, and answered, "John Rokesmith, my dear."

"Good boy! Who gave you that name?"

With a returning suspicion that something might have betrayed him to her, he answered, interrogatively, "My godfathers and my godmothers, dear love?"

"Pretty good!" said Bella. "Not goodest good, because you hesitate about it. However, as you know your Catechism fairly, so far, I'll let you off the rest. Now, I am going to examine you out of my own head. John dear, why did you go back, this evening, to the question you once asked me before—would I like to be rich?"

Again, his secret! He looked down at her as she looked up at him, with her hands folded on his knee, and it was as nearly told as ever secret was.

Having no reply ready, he could do no better than embrace her.

"In short, dear John," said Bella, "this is the topic of my lecture: I want nothing on earth, and I want you to believe it."

"If that's all, the lecture may be considered over, for I do."

"It's not all, John dear," Bella hesitated. "It's only Firstly. There's a dreadful Secondly, and a dreadful Thirdly to come—as I used to say to myself in sermon-time when I was a very small-sized sinner at church."

"Let them come, my dearest."

"Are you sure, John dear; are you absolutely certain in your innermost heart of hearts—?"

"Which is not in my keeping," he rejoined.

"No, John, but the key is.—Are you absolutely certain that down at the bottom of that heart of hearts, which you have given to me as I have given mine to you, there is no remembrance that I was once very mercenary?"

"Why, if there were no remembrance in me of the time you speak of," he softly asked her with his lips to hers, "could I love you quite as well as I do; could I have in the Calendar of my life the brightest of its days; could I, whenever I look at your dear face, or hear your dear voice, see and hear my noble champion? It can never have been that which made you serious, darling?"

"No, John, it wasn't that, and still less was it Mrs. Boffin, though I love her. Wait a moment and I'll go on with the lecture. Give me a moment, because I like to cry for joy. It's so delicious, John dear, to cry for joy."

She did so on his neck, and, still clinging there, laughed a little when she said, "I think I am ready now for Thirdly, John."

"*I* am ready for Thirdly," said John, "whatever it is."

"I believe, John," pursued Bella, "that you believe that I believe—"

"My dear child," cried her husband gayly, "what a quantity of believing!"

"Isn't there?" said Bella, with another laugh. "I never knew such a quantity! It's like verbs in an exercise. But I can't get on with less believing. I'll try again. I believe, dear John, that you believe that I believe that we have as much money as we require, and that we want for nothing."

"It is strictly true, Bella."

"But if our money should by any means be rendered not so much—if we had to stint ourselves a little in purchases that we can afford to make now—would you still have the same confidence in my being quite contented, John?"

"Precisely the same confidence, my soul."

"Thank you, John dear, thousands upon thousands of times. And I may take it for granted, no doubt," with a little faltering, "that you would be quite as contented yourself, John? But, yes, I know I may. For, knowing that I should be so, how surely I may know that you would be so; you who are so much stronger, and

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firmer, and more reasonable and more generous, than I am."

"Hush!" said her husband, "I must not hear that. You are all wrong there, though otherwise as right as can be. And now I am brought to a little piece of news, my dearest, that I might have told you earlier in the evening. I have strong reason for confidently believing that we shall never be in the receipt of a smaller income than our present income."

She might have shown herself more interested in the intelligence; but she had returned to the investigation of the coat-button that had engaged her attention a few hours before, and scarcely seemed to heed what he said.

"And now we have got to the bottom of it at last," cried her husband, rallying her, "and this is the thing that made you serious?"

"No, dear," said Bella, twisting the button and shaking her head, "it wasn't this."

"Why then, Lord bless this little wife of mine, there's a Fourthly!" exclaimed John.

"This worried me a little, and so did Secondly," said Bella, occupied with the button, "but it was quite another sort of seriousness—a much deeper and quieter sort of seriousness—that I spoke of, John dear."

As he bent his face to hers, she raised hers to meet it, and laid her little right hand on his eyes and kept it there.

"Do you remember, John, on the day we were married, Pa's speaking of the ships that might be sailing toward us from the unknown seas?"

"Perfectly, my darling!"

"I think.....among them.....there is a ship upon the ocean.....bringing.....to you and me .....a little baby, John."

CHAPTER VI.

A CRY FOR HELP.

THE Paper Mill had stopped work for the night, and the paths and roads in its neighborhood were sprinkled with clusters of people going home from their day's labor in it. There were men, women, and children in the groups, and there was no want of lively color to flutter in the gentle evening wind. The mingling of various voices and the sound of laughter made a cheerful impression upon the ear, analogous to that of the fluttering colors upon the eye. Into the sheet of water reflecting the flushed sky in the fore-ground of the living picture, a knot of urchins were casting stones, and watching the expansion of the rippling circles. So, in the rosy evening, one might watch the ever-widening beauty of the landscape—beyond the newly-released workers wending home—beyond the silver river—beyond the deep green fields of corn, so prospering, that the loiterers in their narrow threads of pathway seemed to float immersed breast-high—beyond the hedge-rows and the clumps of trees—beyond the wind-mills on the ridge—away to where the sky appeared to meet the earth, as if there were no immensity of space between mankind and Heaven.

It was a Saturday evening, and at such a time the village dogs, always much more interested in the doings of humanity than in the affairs of their own species, were particularly active. At the general shop, at the butcher's and at the public house, they evinced an inquiring spirit never to be satiated. Their especial interest in the public house would seem to imply some latent rakishness in the canine character; for little was eaten there, and they, having no taste for beer or tobacco (Mrs. Hubbard's dog is said to have smoked, but proof is wanting), could only have been attracted by sympathy with loose convivial habits. Moreover, a most wretched fiddle played within; a fiddle so unutterably vile, that one lean long-bodied cur, with a better ear than the rest, found himself under compulsion at intervals to go round the corner and howl. Yet even he returned to the public house on each occasion with the tenacity of a confirmed drunkard.

Fearful to relate, there was even a sort of little Fair in the village. Some despairing gingerbread that had been vainly trying to dispose of itself all over the country, and had cast a quantity of dust upon its head in its mortification, again appealed to the public from an infirm booth. So did a heap of nuts, long, long exiled from Barcelona, and yet speaking English so indifferently as to call fourteen of themselves a pint. A Peep-show which had originally started with the Battle of Waterloo, and had since made it every other battle of later date by altering the Duke of Wellington's nose, tempted the student of illustrated history. A Fat Lady, perhaps in part sustained upon postponed pork, her professional associate being a Learned Pig, displayed her life-size picture in a low dress as she appeared when presented at Court, several yards round. All this was vicious spectacle as any poor idea of amusement on the part of the rougher hewers of wood and drawers of water in this land of England ever is and shall be. They *must* not vary the rheumatism with amusement. They may vary it with fever and ague, or with as many rheumatic variations as they have joints; but positively not with entertainment after their own manner.

The various sounds arising from this scene of depravity, and floating away into the still evening air, made the evening, at any point which they just reached fitfully, mellowed by the distance, more still by contrast. Such was the stillness of the evening to Eugene Wrayburn, as he walked by the river with his hands behind him.

He walked slowly, and with the measured step and preoccupied air of one who was waiting. He walked between the two points, an osier-bed at this end and some floating lilies at that, and at each point stopped and looked expectantly in one direction.

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"It is very quiet," said he.

It was very quiet. Some sheep were grazing on the grass by the river-side, and it seemed to him that he had never before heard the crisp tearing sound with which they cropped it. He stopped idly, and looked at them.

"You are stupid enough, I suppose. But if you are clever enough to get through life tolerably to your satisfaction, you have got the better of me, Man as I am, and Mutton as you are!"

A rustle in a field beyond the hedge attracted his attention. "What's here to do?" he asked himself, leisurely going toward the gate and looking over. "No jealous paper-miller? No pleasures of the chase in this part of the country? Mostly fishing hereabouts!"

The field had been newly mown, and there were yet the marks of the scythe on the yellow-green ground, and the track of wheels where the hay had been carried. Following the tracks with his eyes, the view closed with the new hayrick in a corner.

Now, if he had gone on to the hayrick, and gone round it? But, say that the event was to be, as the event fell out, and how idle are such suppositions! Besides, if he had gone; what is there of warning in a Bargeman lying on his face?

"A bird flying to the hedge," was all he thought about it; and came back, and resumed his walk.

"If I had not a reliance on her being truthful," said Eugene, after taking some half dozen turns, "I should begin to think she had given me the slip for the second time. But she promised, and she is a girl of her word."

Turning again at the water-lilies, he saw her coming, and advanced to meet her.

"I was saying to myself, Lizzie, that you were sure to come, though you were late."

"I had to linger through the village as if I had no object before me, and I had to speak to several people in passing along, Mr. Wrayburn."

"Are the lads of the village—and the ladies—such scandal-mongers?" he asked, as he took her hand and drew it through his arm.

She submitted to walk slowly on, with downcast eyes. He put her hand to his lips, and she quietly drew it away.

"Will you walk beside me, Mr. Wrayburn, and not touch me?" For his arm was already stealing round her waist.

She stopped again, and gave him an earnest, supplicating look. "Well, Lizzie, well!" said he, in an easy way though ill at ease with himself, "don't be unhappy, don't be reproachful."

"I can not help being unhappy, but I do not mean to be reproachful. Mr. Wrayburn, I implore you to go away from this neighborhood, to-morrow morning."

"Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he remonstrated. "As well be reproachful as wholly unreasonable. I can't go away."

"Why not?"

"Faith!" said Eugene, in his airily candid manner. "Because you won't let me. Mind! I don't mean to be reproachful either. I don't complain that you design to keep me here. But you do it, you do it."

"Will you walk beside me, and not touch me," for his arm was coming about her again; "while I speak to you very seriously, Mr. Wrayburn?"

"I will do any thing within the limits of possibility, for you, Lizzie," he answered with pleasant gayety as he folded his arms. "See here! Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena."

"When you spoke to me as I came from the Mill the night before last," said Lizzie, fixing her eyes upon him with the look of supplication which troubled his better nature, "you told me that you were much surprised to see me, and that you were on a solitary fishing excursion. Was it true?"

"It was not," replied Eugene, composedly, "in the least true. I came here because I had information that I should find you here."

"Can you imagine why I left London, Mr. Wrayburn?"

"I am afraid, Lizzie," he openly answered, "that you left London to get rid of me. It is not flattering to my self-love, but I am afraid you did."

"I did."

"How could you be so cruel?"

"O Mr. Wrayburn," she answered, suddenly breaking into tears, "is the cruelty on my side! O Mr. Wrayburn, Mr. Wrayburn, is there no cruelty in your being here to-night!"

"In the name of all that's good—and that is not conjuring you in my own name, for Heaven knows I am not good"—said Eugene, don't be distressed!"

"What else can I be, when I know the distance and the difference between us? What else can I be, when to tell me why you came here is to put me to shame!" said Lizzie, covering her face.

He looked at her with a real sentiment of remorseful tenderness and pity. It was not strong enough to impel him to sacrifice himself and spare her, but it was a strong emotion.

"Lizzie! I never thought before that there was a woman in the world who could affect me so much by saying so little. But don't be hard in your construction of me. You don't know what my state of mind toward you is. You don't know how you haunt me and bewilder me. You don't know how the cursed carelessness that is over-officious in helping me at every other turning of my life, won't help me here. You have struck it dead, I think, and I sometimes almost wish you had struck me dead along with it."

She had not been prepared for such passionate expressions, and they awakened some natural sparks of feminine pride and joy in her breast. To consider, wrong as he was, that he could care so much for her, and that she had the power to move him so!

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"It grieves you to see me distressed, Mr. Wrayburn; it grieves me to see you distressed. I don't reproach you. Indeed I don't reproach you. You have not felt this as I feel it, being so different from me, and beginning from another point of view. You have not thought. But I entreat you to think now, think now!"

"What am I to think of?" asked Eugene, bitterly.

"Think of me."

"Tell me how *not* to think of you, Lizzie, and you'll change me altogether."

"I don't mean in that way. Think of me, as belonging to another station, and quite cut off from you in honor. Remember that I have no protector near me, unless I have one in your noble heart. Respect my good name. If you feel toward me, in one particular, as you might if I was a lady, give me the full claims of a lady upon your generous behavior. I am removed from you and your family by being a working girl. How true a gentleman to be as considerate of me as if I was removed by being a Queen!"

He would have been base indeed to have stood untouched by her appeal. His face expressed contrition and indecision as he asked:

"Have I injured you so much, Lizzie?"

"No, no. You may set me quite right. I don't speak of the past, Mr. Wrayburn, but of the present and the future. Are we not here now, because through two days you have followed me so closely where there are so many eyes to see you, that I consented to this appointment as an escape?"

"Again, not very flattering to my self-love," said Eugene, moodily; "but yes. Yes. Yes."

"Then I beseech you, Mr. Wrayburn, I beg and pray you, leave this neighborhood. If you do not, consider to what you will drive me."

He did consider within himself for a moment or two, and then retorted, "Drive you? To what shall I drive you, Lizzie?"

"You will drive me away. I live here peacefully and respected, and I am well employed here. You will force me to quit this place as I quitted London, and—by following me again—will force me to quit the next place in which I may find refuge, as I quitted this."

"Are you so determined, Lizzie—forgive the word I am going to use, for its literal truth—to fly from a lover?"

"I am so determined," she answered resolutely, though trembling, "to fly from such a lover. There was a poor woman died here but a little while ago, scores of years older than I am, whom I found by chance, lying on the wet earth. You may have heard some account of her?"

"I think I have," he answered, "if her name was Higden."

"Her name was Higden. Though she was so weak and old, she kept true to one purpose to the very last. Even at the very last, she made me promise that her purpose should be kept to, after she was dead, so settled was her determination. What she did, I can do. Mr. Wrayburn, if I believed—but I do not believe—that you could be so cruel to me as to drive me from place to place to wear me out, you should drive me to death and not do it."

He looked full at her handsome face, and in his own handsome face there was a light of blended admiration, anger, and reproach, which she—who loved him so in secret—whose heart had long been so full, and he the cause of its overflowing—drooped before. She tried hard to retain her firmness, but he saw it melting away under his eyes. In the moment of its dissolution, and of his first full knowledge of his influence upon her, she dropped, and he caught her on his arm.

"Lizzie! Rest so a moment. Answer what I ask you. If I had not been what you call removed from you and cut off from you, would you have made this appeal to me to leave you?"

"I don't know, I don't know. Don't ask me, Mr. Wrayburn. Let me go back."

"I swear to you, Lizzie, you shall go directly. I swear to you, you shall go alone. I'll not accompany you, I'll not follow you, if you will reply."

"How can I, Mr. Wrayburn? How can I tell you what I should have done if you had not been what you are?"

"If I had not been what you make me out to be," he struck in, skillfully changing the form of words, "would you still have hated me?"

"O Mr. Wrayburn," she replied appealingly, and weeping, "you know me better than to think I do!"

"If I had not been what you make me out to be, Lizzie, would you still have been indifferent to me?"

"O Mr. Wrayburn," she answered as before, "you know me better than that too!"

There was something in the attitude of her whole figure as he supported it, and she hung her head, which besought him to be merciful and not force her to disclose her heart. He was not merciful with her, and he made her do it.

"If I know you better than quite to believe (unfortunate dog that I am!) that you hate me, or even that you are wholly indifferent to me, Lizzie, let me know so much more from yourself before we separate. Let me know how you would have dealt with me if you had regarded me as being what you would have considered on equal terms with you."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wrayburn. How can I think of you as being on equal terms with me? If my mind could put you on equal terms with me, you could not be yourself. How could I remember, then, the night when I first saw you, and when I went out of the room because you looked at me so attentively? Or, the night that passed into the morning when you broke to me that my father was dead? Or, the nights when you used to come to see me at my next home? Or, your having known how uninstructed I was,

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and having caused me to be taught better? Or, my having so looked up to you and wondered at you, and at first thought you so good to be at all mindful of me?"

"Only 'at first' thought me so good, Lizzie? What did you think me after 'at first?' So bad?"

"I don't say that. I don't mean that. But after the first wonder and pleasure of being noticed by one so different from any one who had ever spoken to me, I began to feel that it might have been better if I had never seen you."

"Why?"

"Because you *were* so different," she answered in a lower voice. "Because it was so endless, so hopeless. Spare me!"

"Did you think for me at all, Lizzie?" he asked, as if he were a little stung.

"Not much, Mr. Wrayburn. Not much until to-night."

"Will you tell me why?"

"I never supposed until to-night that you needed to be thought for. But if you do need to be; if you do truly feel at heart that you have indeed been toward me what you have called yourself to-night, and that there is nothing for us in this life but separation; then Heaven help you, and Heaven bless you!"

The purity with which in these words she expressed something of her own love and her own suffering, made a deep impression on him for the passing time. He held her, almost as if she were sanctified to him by death, and kissed her, once, almost as he might have kissed the dead.

"I promised that I would not accompany you, nor follow you. Shall I keep you in view? You have been agitated, and it's growing dark."

"I am used to be out alone at this hour, and I entreat you not to do so."

"I promise. I can bring myself to promise nothing more to-night, Lizzie, except that I will try what I can do."

"There is but one means, Mr. Wrayburn, of sparing yourself and of sparing me, every way. Leave this neighborhood to-morrow morning."

"I will try."

As he spoke the words in a grave voice, she put her hand in his, removed it, and went away by the river-side.

"Now, could Mortimer believe this?" murmured Eugene, still remaining, after a while, where she had left him. "Can I even believe it myself?"

He referred to the circumstance that there were tears upon his hand, as he stood covering his eyes. "A most ridiculous position this to be found out in!" was his next thought. And his next struck its root in a little rising resentment against the cause of the tears.

"Yet I have gained a wonderful power over her, too, let her be as much in earnest as she will!"

The reflection brought back the yielding of her face and form as she had drooped under his gaze. Contemplating the reproduction, he seemed to see, for the second time, in the appeal and in the confession of weakness, a little fear.

"And she loves me. And so earnest a character must be very earnest in that passion. She can not choose for herself to be strong in this fancy, wavering in that, and weak in the other. She must go through with her nature, as I must go through with mine. If mine exacts its pains and penalties all round, so must hers, I suppose."

Pursuing the inquiry into his own nature, he thought, "Now, if I married her. If, outfacing the absurdity of the situation in correspondence with M. R. F., I astonished M. R. F. to the utmost extent of his respected powers, by informing him that I had married her, how would M. R. F. reason with the legal mind? 'You wouldn't marry for some money and some station, because you were frightfully likely to become bored. Are you less frightfully likely to become bored, marrying for no money and no station? Are you sure of yourself?' Legal mind, in spite of forensic protestations, must secretly admit, 'Good reasoning on the part of M. R. F. *Not* sure of myself.'"

In the very act of calling this tone of levity to his aid he felt it to be profligate and worthless, and asserted her against it.

"And yet," said Eugene, "I should like to see the fellow (Mortimer excepted) who would undertake to tell me that this was not a real sentiment on my part, won out of me by her beauty and her worth, in spite of myself, and that I would not be true to her. I should particularly like to see the fellow to-night who would tell me so, or who would tell me any thing that could be construed to her disadvantage; for I am wearily out of sorts with one Wrayburn who cuts a sorry figure, and I would far rather be out of sorts with somebody else. 'Eugene, Eugene, Eugene, this is a bad business.' Ah! So go the Mortimer Lightwood bells, and they sound melancholy to-night."

Strolling on, he thought of something else to take himself to task for. "Where is the analogy, Brute Beast," he said impatiently, "between a woman whom your father coolly finds out for you and a woman whom you have found out for yourself, and have ever drifted after with more and more of constancy since you first set eyes upon her? Ass! Can you reason no better than that?"

But again he subsided into a reminiscence of his first full knowledge of his power just now, and of her disclosure of her heart. To try no more to go away, and to try her again, was the reckless conclusion it turned uppermost. And yet again, "Eugene, Eugene, Eugene, this is a bad business!" And, "I wish I could stop the Lightwood peal, for it sounds like a knell."

Looking above, he found that the young moon was up, and that the stars were beginning to shine in the sky from which the tones of red and yellow were flickering out, in favor of the calm

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blue of a summer night. He was still by the river-side. Turning suddenly, he met a man so close upon him that Eugene, surprised, stepped back to avoid a collision. The man carried something over his shoulder which might have been a broken oar, or spar, or bar, and took no notice of him, but passed on.

"Halloa, friend!" said Eugene, calling after him, "are you blind?"

The man made no reply, but went his way.

Eugene Wrayburn went the opposite way, with his hands behind him and his purpose in his thoughts. He passed the sheep, and passed the gate, and came within hearing of the village sounds, and came to the bridge. The inn where he staid, like the village and the Mill, was not across the river, but on that side of the stream on which he walked. However, knowing the rushy bank and the back-water on the other side to be a retired place, and feeling out of humor for noise or company, he crossed the bridge and sauntered on: looking up at the stars as they seemed one by one to be kindled in the sky, and looking down at the river as the same stars seemed to be kindled deep in the water. A landing-place overshadowed by a willow, and a pleasure-boat lying moored there among some stakes, caught his eye as he passed along. The spot was in such dark shadow that he paused to make out what was there, and then passed on again.

The rippling of the river seemed to cause a correspondent stir in his uneasy reflections. He would have laid them asleep if he could, but they were in movement, like the stream, and all tending one way with a strong current. As the ripple under the moon broke unexpectedly now and then, and palely flashed in a new shape and with a new sound, so part of his thoughts started, unbidden, from the rest, and revealed their wickedness. "Out of the question to marry her," said Eugene, "and out of the question to leave her. The crisis!"

He had sauntered far enough. Before turning to retrace his steps he stopped upon the margin to look down at the reflected night. In an instant, with a dreadful crash, the reflected night turned crooked, flames shot jaggedly across the air, and the moon and stars came bursting from the sky.

Was he struck by lightning? With some incoherent, half-formed thought to that effect, he turned under the blows that were blinding him and mashing his life, and closed with a murderer, whom he caught by a red neckerchief—unless the raining down of his own blood gave it that hue.

Eugene was light, active, and expert; but his arms were broken, or he was paralyzed, and could do no more than hang on to the man, with his head swung back, so that he could see nothing but the heaving sky. After dragging at the assailant, he fell on the bank with him, and then there was another great crash, and then a splash, and all was done.

Lizzie Hexam, too, had avoided the noise, and the Saturday movement of people in the straggling street, and chose to walk alone by the water until her tears should be dry, and she could so compose herself as to escape remark upon her looking ill or unhappy on going home. The peaceful serenity of the hour and place, having no reproaches or evil intentions within her breast to contend against, sank healingly into its depths. She had meditated and taken comfort. She, too, was turning homeward when she heard a strange sound.

It startled her, for it was like a sound of blows. She stood still and listened. It sickened her, for blows fell heavily and cruelly on the quiet of the night. As she listened, undecided, all was silent. As she yet listened, she heard a faint groan and a fall into the river.

Her old bold life and habit instantly inspired her. Without vain waste of breath in crying for help where there were none to hear, she ran toward the spot from which the sounds had come. It lay between her and the bridge, but it was more removed from her than she had thought; the night being so very quiet, and sound traveling far with the help of water.

At length she reached a part of the green bank much and newly trodden, where there lay some broken splintered pieces of wood and some torn fragments of clothes. Stooping, she saw that the grass was bloody. Following the drops and smears, she saw that the watery margin of the bank was bloody. Following the current with her eyes, she saw a bloody face turned up toward the moon and drifting away.

Now merciful Heaven be thanked for that old time, and grant, O Blessed Lord, that through thy wonderful workings it may turn to good at last! To whomsoever the drifting face belongs, be it man's or woman's, help my humble hands, Lord God, to raise it from death and restore it to some one to whom it must be dear!

It was thought, fervently thought, but not for a moment did the prayer check her. She was away before it welled up in her mind, away, swift and true, yet steady above all—for without steadiness it could never be done—to the landing-place under the willow-tree, where she also had seen the boat lying moored among the stakes.

A sure touch of her old practiced hand, a sure step of her old practiced foot, a sure light balance of her body, and she was in the boat. A quick glance of her practiced eye showed her, even through the deep dark shadow, the sculls in a rack against the red-brick garden-wall. Another moment and she had cast off (taking the line with her), and the boat had shot out into the moonlight, and she was rowing down the stream as never other woman rowed on English water.

Intently over her shoulder, without slackening speed, she looked ahead for the driving face. She passed the scene of the struggle—yonder it was, on her left, well over the boat's stern—she

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THE FLOATING BY THE RIVER.

passed on her right the end of the village street, a hilly street that almost dipped into the river; its sounds were growing faint again, and she slackened; looking as the boat drove every where, every where for the floating face.

She merely kept the boat before the stream now, and rested on her oars, knowing well that if the face were not soon visible it had gone down, and she would overshoot it. An untrained sight would never have seen by the moonlight what she saw at the length of a few strokes astern. She saw the drowning figure rise to the surface, slightly struggle, and as if by instinct turn over on its back to float. Just so had she first dimly seen the face which she now dimly saw again.

Firm of look and firm of purpose, she intently watched its coming on, until it was very near; then, with a touch, unshipped her sculls, and crept aft in the boat, between kneeling and crouching. Once, she let the body evade her, not being sure of her grasp. Twice, and she had seized it by its bloody hair.

It was insensible, if not virtually dead; it was

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mutilated, and streaked the water all about it with dark red streaks. As it could not help itself, it was impossible for her to get it on board. She bent over the stern to secure it with the line, and then the river and its shores rang to the terrible cry she uttered.

But, as if possessed by supernatural spirit and strength, she lashed it safe, resumed her seat, and rowed in, desperately, for the nearest shallow water where she might run the boat aground. Desperately, but not wildly, for she knew that if she lost distinctness of intention all was lost and gone.

She ran the boat ashore, went into the water, released him from the line, and by main strength lifted him in her arms and laid him in the bottom of the boat. He had fearful wounds upon him, and she bound them up with her dress torn into strips. Else, supposing him to be still alive, she foresaw that he must bleed to death before he could be landed at his inn, which was the nearest place for succor.

This done very rapidly, she kissed his disfigured forehead, looked up in anguish to the stars, and blessed him and forgave him, "if she had any thing to forgive." It was only in that instant that she thought of herself, and then she thought of herself only for him.

Now, merciful Heaven be thanked for that old time, enabling me, without a wasted moment, to have got the boat afloat again, and to row back against the stream! And grant, O Blessed Lord God, that through poor me he may be raised from death, and preserved to some one else to whom he may be dear one day, though never dearer than to me!

She rowed hard—rowed desperately, but never wildly—and seldom removed her eyes from him in the bottom of the boat. She had so laid him there, as that she might see his disfigured face; it was so much disfigured that his mother might have covered it, but it was above and beyond disfigurement in her eyes.

The boat touched the edge of the patch of inn lawn, sloping gently to the water. There were lights in the windows, but there chanced to be no one out of doors. She made the boat fast, and again by main strength took him up, and never laid him down until she laid him down in the house.

Surgeons were sent for, and she sat supporting his head. She had oftentimes heard in days that were gone how doctors would lift the hand of an insensible wounded person, and would drop it if the person were dead. She waited for the awful moment when the doctors might lift this hand, all broken and bruised, and let it fall.

The first of the surgeons came, and asked, before proceeding to his examination, "Who brought him in?"

"I brought him in, Sir," answered Lizzie, at whom all present looked.

"You, my dear? You could not lift, far less carry, this weight."

"I think I could not, at another time, Sir; but I am sure I did."

The surgeon looked at her with great attention, and with some compassion. Having with a grave face touched the wounds upon the head, and the broken arms, he took the hand.

O! would he let it drop?

He appeared irresolute. He did not retain it, but laid it gently down, took a candle, looked more closely at the injuries on the head, and at the pupils of the eyes. That done, he replaced the candle and took the hand again. Another surgeon then coming in, the two exchanged a whisper, and the second took the hand. Neither did he let it fall at once, but kept it for a while and laid it gently down.

"Attend to the poor girl," said the first surgeon then. "She is quite unconscious. She sees nothing and hears nothing. All the better for her! Don't rouse her, if you can help it; only move her. Poor girl, poor girl! She must be amazingly strong of heart, but it is much to be feared that she has set her heart upon the dead. Be gentle with her."

CHAPTER VII.

BETTER TO BE ABEL THAN CAIN.

Day was breaking at Plashwater Weir Mill Lock. Stars were yet visible, but there was dull light in the east that was not the light of night. The moon had gone down, and a mist crept along the banks of the river, seen through which the trees were the ghosts of trees, and the water was the ghost of water. This earth looked spectral, and so did the pale stars: while the cold eastern glare, expressionless as to heat or color, with the eye of the firmament quenched, might have been likened to the stare of the dead.

Perhaps it was so likened by the lonely Bargeman, standing on the brink of the lock. For certain, Bradley Headstone looked that way, when a chill air came up, and when it passed on murmuring, as if it whispered something that made the phantom trees and water tremble—or threaten—for fancy might have made it either.

He turned away, and tried the Lock-house door. It was fastened on the inside.

"Is he afraid of me?" he muttered, knocking.

Rogue Riderhood was soon roused, and soon undrew the bolt and let him in.

"Why, T'otherest, I thought you had been and got lost! Two nights away! I a'most believed as you'd giv' me the slip, and I had as good as half a mind for to advertise you in the newspapers to come for'ard."

Bradley's face turned so dark on this hint that Riderhood deemed it expedient to soften it into a compliment.

"But not you, governor, not you," he went on, stolidly shaking his head. "For what did I say to myself arter having amused myself with

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that there stretch of a comic idea, as a sort of a playful game? Why, I says to myself, 'He's a man o' honor.' That's what *I* says to myself. 'He's a man o' double honor.'"

Very remarkably, Riderhood put no question to him. He had looked at him on opening the door, and he now looked at him again (stealthily this time), and the result of his looking was, that he asked him no question.

"You'll be for another forty on 'em, governor, as I judges, afore you turns your mind to breakfast," said Riderhood, when his visitor sat down, resting his chin on his hand, with his eyes on the ground. And very remarkably again: Riderhood feigned to set the scanty furniture in order, while he spoke, to have a show of reason for not looking at him.

"Yes. I had better sleep, I think," said Bradley, without changing his position.

"I myself should recommend it, governor," assented Riderhood. "Might you be anyways dry?"

"Yes. I should like a drink," said Bradley; but without appearing to attend much.

Mr. Riderhood got out his bottle, and fetched his jugful of water, and administered a potation. Then he shook the coverlet of his bed and spread it smooth, and Bradley stretched himself upon it in the clothes he wore. Mr. Riderhood poetically remarking that he would pick the bones of his night's rest, in his wooden chair, sat in the window as before; but, as before, watched the sleeper narrowly until he was very sound asleep. Then he rose and looked at him close, in the bright daylight, on every side, with great minuteness. He went out to his Lock to sum up what he had seen.

"One of his sleeves is tore right away below the elber, and the t'other's had a good rip at the shoulder. He's been hung on to, pretty tight, for his shirt's all tore out of the neck gathers. He's been in the grass, and he's been in the water. And he's spotted, and I know with what, and with whose. Hooroar!"

Bradley slept long. Early in the afternoon a barge came down. Other barges had passed through, both ways, before it; but the Lock-keeper hailed only this particular barge for news, as if he had made a time calculation with some nicety. The men on board told him a piece of news, and there was a lingering on their part to enlarge upon it.

Twelve hours had intervened since Bradley's lying down, when he got up. "Not that I swaller it," said Riderhood, squinting at his Lock, when he saw Bradley coming out of the house, "as you've been a sleeping all the time, old boy!"

Bradley came to him, sitting on his wooden lever, and asked what o'clock it was? Riderhood told him it was between two and three.

"When are you relieved?" asked Bradley.

"Day arter to-morrow, governor."

"Not sooner?"

"Not a inch sooner, governor."

On both sides importance seemed attached to this question of relief. Riderhood quite petted his reply; saying a second time, and prolonging a negative roll of his head, "n—n—not a inch sooner, governor."

"Did I tell you I was going on to-night?" asked Bradley.

"No, governor," returned Riderhood, in a cheerful, affable, and conversational manner, "you did not tell me so. But most like you meant to it and forgot to it. How, otherways, could a doubt have come into your head about it, governor?"

"As the sun goes down I intend to go on," said Bradley.

"So much the more necessairy is a Peck," returned Riderhood. "Come in and have it, T'otherest."

The formality of spreading a tablecloth not being observed in Mr. Riderhood's establishment, the serving of the "peck" was the affair of a moment; it merely consisting in the handing down of a capacious baking dish with three-fourths of an immense meat pie in it, and the production of two pocket-knives, an earthenware mug, and a large brown bottle of beer.

Both ate and drank, but Riderhood much the more abundantly. In lieu of plates, that honest man cut two triangular pieces from the thick crust of the pie, and laid them, inside uppermost, upon the table: the one before himself, and the other before his guest. Upon these platters he placed two goodly portions of the contents of the pie, thus imparting the unusual interest to the entertainment that each partaker scooped out the inside of his plate, and consumed it with his other fare, besides having the sport of pursuing the clots of congealed gravy over the plain of the table, and successfully taking them into his mouth at last from the blade of his knife, in case of their not first sliding off it.

Bradley Headstone was so remarkably awkward at these exercises that the Rogue observed it.

"Look out, T'otherest!" he cried, "you'll cut your hand!"

But the caution came too late, for Bradley gashed it at the instant. And, what was more unlucky, in asking Riderhood to tie it up, and in standing close to him for the purpose, he shook his hand under the smart of the wound, and shook blood over Riderhood's dress.

When dinner was done, and when what remained of the platters, and what remained of the congealed gravy had been put back into what remained of the pie, which served as an economical investment for all miscellaneous savings, Riderhood filled the mug with beer and took a long drink. And now he did look at Bradley, and with an evil eye.

"T'otherest!" he said, hoarsely, as he beat across the table to touch his arm. "The news has gone down the river afore you."

"What news?"

"Who do you think," said Riderhood, with

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a hitch of his head, as if he disdainfully jerked the feint away, "picked up the body? Guess."

"I am not good at guessing any thing."

"She did. Hooroar! You had him there agin. She did."

The convulsive twitching of Bradley Headstone's face, and the sudden hot humor that broke out upon it, showed how grimly the intelligence touched him. But he said not a single word, good or bad. He only smiled in a lowering manner, and got up and stood leaning at the window, looking through it. Riderhood followed him with his eyes. Riderhood cast down his eyes on his own besprinkled clothes. Riderhood began to have an air of being better at a guess than Bradley owned to being.

"I have been so long in want of rest," said the schoolmaster, "that with your leave I'll lie down again."

"And welcome, T'otherest!" was the hospitable answer of his host. He had laid himself down without waiting for it, and he remained upon the bed until the sun was low. When he arose and came out to resume his journey he found his host waiting for him on the grass by the towing-path outside the door.

"Whenever it may be necessary that you and I should have any further communication together," said Bradley, "I will come back. Good-night!"

"Well, since no better can be," said Riderhood, turning on his heel, "Good-night!" But he turned again as the other set forth, and added under his breath, looking after him with a leer: "You wouldn't be let to go like that if my Relief warn't as good as come. I'll catch you up in a mile."

In a word, his real time of relief being that evening at sunset, his mate came lounging in within a quarter of an hour. Not staying to fill up the utmost margin of his time, but borrowing an hour or so, to be repaid again when he should relieve his reliever, Riderhood straightway followed on the track of Bradley Headstone.

He was a better follower than Bradley. It had been the calling of his life to slink and skulk and dog and waylay, and he knew his calling well. He effected such a forced march on leaving the Lock House that he was close up with him—that is to say, as close up with him as he deemed it convenient to be—before another Lock was passed. His man looked back pretty often as he went, but got no hint of him. *He* knew how to take advantage of the ground, and where to put the hedge between them, and where the wall, and when to duck, and when to drop, and had a thousand arts beyond the doomed Bradley's slow conception.

But all his arts were brought to a stand-still, like himself, when Bradley, turning into a green lane or riding by the river-side—a solitary spot run wild in nettles, briers, and brambles, and encumbered with the scathed trunks of a whole hedgerow of felled trees, on the outskirts of a little wood—began stepping on these trunks and dropping down among them and stepping on them again, apparently as a school-boy might have done, but assuredly with no school-boy purpose, or want of purpose.

"What are you up to?" muttered Riderhood, down in the ditch, and holding the hedge a little open with both hands. And soon his actions made a most extraordinary reply. "By George and the Draggin!" cried Riderhood, "if he ain't a-going to bathe!"

He had passed back, on and among the trunks of trees again, and had passed on to the water-side and had begun undressing on the grass. For a moment it had a suspicious look of suicide, arranged to counterfeit accident. "But you wouldn't have fetched a bundle under your arm, from among that timber, if such was your game!" said Riderhood. Nevertheless it was a relief to him when the bather after a plunge and a few strokes came out. "For I shouldn't," he said in a feeling manner, "have liked to lose you till I had made more money out of you neither."

Prone in another ditch (he had changed his ditch as his man had changed his position), and holding apart so small a patch of the hedge that the sharpest eyes could not have detected him, Rogue Riderhood watched the bather dressing. And now gradually came the wonder that he stood up, completely clothed, another man, and not the Bargeman.

"Aha!" said Riderhood. "Much as you was dressed that night. I see. You're a taking me with you, now. You're deep. But I knows a deeper."

When the bather had finished dressing he kneeled on the grass, doing something with his hands, and again stood up with his bundle under his arm. Looking all around him with great attention, he then went to the river's edge, and flung it in as far, and yet as lightly as he could. It was not until he was so decidedly upon his way again as to be beyond a bend of the river, and for the time out of view, that Riderhood scrambled from the ditch.

"Now," was his debate with himself, "shall I foller you on, or shall I let you loose for this once, and go a fishing?" The debate continuing, he followed, as a precautionary measure in any case, and got him again in sight. "If I was to let you loose this once," said Riderhood then, still following, "I could make you come to me agin, or I could find you out in one way or another. If I wasn't to go a fishing others might. I'll let you loose this once and go a fishing!" With that, he suddenly dropped the pursuit and turned.

The miserable man whom he had released for the time, but not for long, went on toward London. Bradley was suspicious of every sound he heard, and of every face he saw, but was under a spell which very commonly falls upon the shedder of blood, and had no suspicion of the real danger that lurked in his life, and would have it yet. Riderhood was much in his thoughts—

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had never been out of his thoughts since the night-adventure of their first meeting; but Riderhood occupied a very different place there from the place of pursuer; and Bradley had been at the pains of devising so many means of fitting that place to him, and of wedging him into it, that his mind could not compass the possibility of his occupying any other. And this is another spell against which the shedder of blood forever strives in vain. There are fifty doors by which discovery may enter. With infinite pains and cunning he double locks and bars forty-nine of them, and can not see the fiftieth standing wide open.

Now, too, was he cursed with a state of mind more wearing and more wearisome than remorse. He had no remorse; but the evil-doer who can hold that avenger at bay can not escape the slower torture of incessantly doing the evil deed again and doing it more efficiently. In the defensive declarations and pretended confessions of murderers, the pursuing shadow of this torture may be traced through every lie they tell. If I had done it as alleged, is it conceivable that I would have made this and this mistake? If I had done it as alleged, should I have left that unguarded place which that false and wicked witness against me so infamously deposed to? The state of that wretch who continually finds the weak spots in his own crime, and strives to strengthen them when it is unchangeable, is a state that aggravates the offense by doing the deed a thousand times instead of once; but it is a state, too, that tauntingly visits the offense upon a sullen unrepentant nature with its heaviest punishment every time.

Bradley toiled on, chained heavily to the idea of his hatred and his vengeance, and thinking how he might have satiated both in many better ways than the way he had taken. The instrument might have been better, the spot and the hour might have been better chosen. To batter a man down from behind in the dark, on the brink of a river, was well enough, but he ought to have been instantly disabled, whereas he had turned and seized his assailant; and so, to end it before chance-help came, and to be rid of him, he had been hurriedly thrown backward into the river before the life was fully beaten out of him. Now if it could be done again, it must not be so done. Supposing his head had been held down under water for a while. Supposing the first blow had been truer. Supposing he had been shot. Supposing he had been strangled. Suppose this way, that way, the other way. Suppose any thing but getting unchained from the one idea, for that was inexorably impossible.

The school reopened next day. The scholars saw little or no change in their master's face, for it always wore its slowly laboring expression. But as he heard his classes he was always doing the deed and doing it better. As he paused with his piece of chalk at the blackboard before writing on it he was thinking of the spot, and whether the water was not deeper and the fall straighter, a little higher up, or a little lower down. He had half a mind to draw a line or two upon the board, and show himself what he meant. He was doing it again and improving on the manner, at prayers, in his mental arithmetic, all through his questioning, all through the day.

Charley Hexam was a master now, in another school, under another head. It was evening, and Bradley was walking in his garden, observed from behind a blind by gentle little Miss Peecher, who contemplated offering him a loan of her smelling-salts for headache, when Mary Anne, in faithful attendance, held up her arm.

"Yes, Mary Anne?"

"Young Mr. Hexam, if you please, ma'am, coming to see Mr. Headstone."

"Very good, Mary Anne."

Again Mary Anne held up her arm.

"You may speak, Mary Anne?"

"Mr. Headstone has beckoned young Mr. Hexam into his house, ma'am, and he has gone in himself without waiting for young Mr. Hexam to come up, and now *he* has gone in too, ma'am, and has shut the door."

"With all my heart, Mary Anne."

And Mary Anne's telegraphic arm worked.

"What more, Mary Anne?"

"They must find it rather dull and dark, Miss Peecher, for the parlor blind's down, and neither of them pulls it up."

"There is no accounting," said good Miss Peecher, with a little sad sigh which she repressed by laying her hand on her neat methodical bodice, "there is no accounting for tastes, Mary Anne."

Charley, entering the dark room, stopped short when he saw his old friend in its yellow shade.

"Come in, Hexam, come in."

Charley advanced to take the hand that was held out to him; but stopped again, short of it. The heavy, bloodshot eyes of the schoolmaster, rising to his face with an effort, met his look of scrutiny."

"Mr. Headstone, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Where?"

"Mr. Headstone, have you heard the news? This news about the fellow, Mr. Eugene Wrayburn? That he is killed?"

"He is dead, then!" exclaimed Bradley.

Young Hexam standing looking at him, he moistened his lips with his tongue, looked about the room, glanced at his former pupil, and looked down. "I heard of the outrage," said Bradley, trying to constrain his working mouth, "but I had not heard the end of it."

"Where were you," said the boy, advancing a step as he lowered his voice, "when it was done? Stop! I don't ask that. Don't tell me. If you force your confidence upon me, Mr. Headstone, I'll give up every word of it. Mind! Take notice. I'll give up it, and I'll give up you. I will!"

The wretched creature seemed to suffer acutely under this renunciation. A desolate air of

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utter and complete loneliness fell upon him, like a visible shade.

"It's for me to speak, not you," said the boy. "If you do, you'll do it at your peril. I am going to put your selfishness before you, Mr. Headstone—your passionate, violent, and ungovernable selfishness—to show you why I can, and why I will, have nothing more to do with you."

He looked at young Hexam as if he were waiting for a scholar to go on with a lesson that he knew by heart and was deadly tired of. But he had said his last word to him.

"If you had any part—I don't say what—in this attack," pursued the boy; "or if you know any thing about it—I don't say how much—or if you know who did it—I go no closer—you did an injury to me that's never to be forgiven. You know that I took you with me to his chambers in the Temple when I told him my opinion of him, and made myself responsible for my opinion of you. You know that I took you with me when I was watching him with a view to recovering my sister and bringing her to her senses; you know that I have allowed myself to be mixed up with you, all through this business, in favoring your desire to marry my sister. And how do you know that, pursuing the ends of your own violent temper, you have not laid me open to suspicion? Is that your gratitude to me, Mr. Headstone?"

Bradley sat looking steadily before him at the vacant air. As often as young Hexam stopped he turned his eyes toward him, as if he were waiting for him to go on with the lesson, and get it done. As often as the boy resumed Bradley resumed his fixed face.

"I am going to be plain with you, Mr. Headstone," said young Hexam, shaking his head in a half-threatening manner, "because this is no time for affecting not to know things that I do know—except certain things at which it might not be very safe for you to hint again. What I mean is this: if you were a good master, I was a good pupil. I have done you plenty of credit, and in improving my own reputation I have improved yours quite as much. Very well then. Starting on equal terms, I want to put before you how you have shown your gratitude to me for doing all I could to further your wishes with reference to my sister. You have compromised me by being seen about with me, endeavoring to counteract this Mr. Eugene Wrayburn. That's the first thing you have done. If my character, and my now dropping you, help me out of that, Mr. Headstone, the deliverance is to be attributed to me and not to you. No thanks to you for it!"

The boy stopping again, he moved his eyes again.

"I am going on, Mr. Headstone, don't you be afraid. I am going on to the end, and I have told you beforehand what the end is. Now, you know my story. You are as well aware as I am, that I have had many disadvantages to leave behind me in life. You have heard me mention my father, and you are sufficiently acquainted with the fact that the home from which I, as I may say, escaped, might have been a more creditable one than it was. My father died, and then it might have been supposed that my way to respectability was pretty clear. No. For then my sister begins."

He spoke as confidently, and with as entire an absence of any tell-tale color in his cheek, as if there were no softening old time behind him. Not wonderful, for there *was* none in his hollow empty heart. What is there but self, for selfishness to see behind it?

"When I speak of my sister I devoutly wish that you had never seen her, Mr. Headstone. However, you did see her, and that's useless now. I confided in you about her. I explained her character to you, and how she interposed some ridiculous fanciful notions in the way of our being as respectable as I tried for. You fell in love with her, and I favored you with all my might. She could not be induced to favor you, and so we came into collision with this Mr. Eugene Wrayburn. Now, what have you done? Why, you have justified my sister in being firmly set against you from first to last, and you have put me in the wrong again! And why have you done it? Because, Mr. Headstone, you are in all your passions so selfish, and so concentrated upon yourself, that you have not bestowed one proper thought on me."

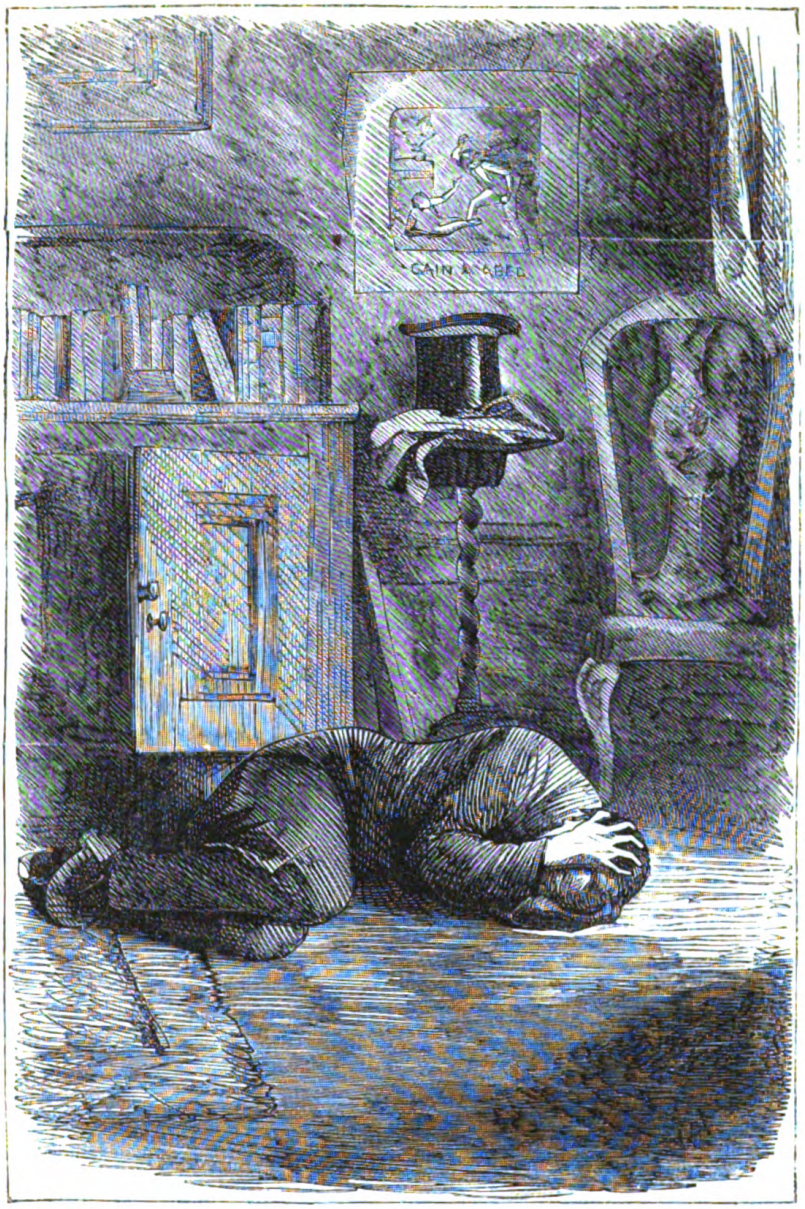
The cool conviction with which the boy took up and held his position could have been derived from no other vice in human nature.

"It is," he went on, actually with tears, "an extraordinary circumstance attendant on my life, that every effort I make toward perfect respectability, is impeded by somebody else through no fault of mine! Not content with doing what I have put before you, you will drag my name into notoriety through dragging my sister's—which you are pretty sure to do, if my suspicions have any foundation at all—and the worse you prove to be, the harder it will be for me to detach myself from being associated with you in people's minds."

When he had dried his eyes and heaved a sob over his injuries, he began moving toward the door.

"However, I have made up my mind that I will become respectable in the scale of society, and that I will not be dragged down by others. I have done with my sister as well as with you. Since she cares so little for me as to care nothing for undermining my respectability, she shall go her way and I will go mine. My prospects are very good, and I mean to follow them alone. Mr. Headstone, I don't say what you have got upon your conscience, for I don't know. Whatever lies upon it, I hope you will see the justice of keeping wide and clear of me, and will find a consolation in completely exonerating all but yourself. I hope, before many years are out, to succeed the master in my pres-

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BETTER TO BE ABEL THAN CAIN.

ent school, and the mistress being a single woman, though some years older than I am, I might even marry her. If it is any comfort to you to know what plans I may work out by keeping myself strictly respectable in the scale of society, these are the plans at present occurring to me. In conclusion, if you feel a sense of having injured me, and a desire to make some small reparation, I hope you will think how respectable you might have been yourself, and will contemplate your blighted existence."

Was it strange that the wretched man should take this heavily to heart? Perhaps he had taken the boy to heart, first, through some long laborious years; perhaps through the same years he had found his drudgery lightened by communication with a brighter and more apprehensive spirit than his own; perhaps a family resemblance of face and voice between the boy and his sister, smote him hard in the gloom of his fallen state. For whichsoever reason, or for all, he drooped his devoted head when the boy was gone, and shrank together on the floor, and groveled there, with the palms of his hands tight-clasping his hot temples, in unutterable misery, and unrelieved by a single tear.

Rogue Riderhood had been busy with the river that day. He had fished with assiduity on the previous evening, but the light was short, and he had fished unsuccessfully. He had fished again that day with better luck, and had carried his fish home to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock-house in a bundle.

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A BATTLE RELIC.

It hangs upon the wall,
Broken and torn, the drum he took away:
How many a thought of him does it recall
When yet a child at play!

Ah, little did I dream
In those bright days of what would be the end;
Backward in time my thoughts flow like a stream
Where separate currents blend.

I seem to see him now,
With mimic hat and sword, a captain bold,
Heading his little squad, and round his brow
Fair childhood's locks of gold.

His voice I seem to hear,
I see him wave the sword in his right hand,
As from his lips rings out, distinct and clear,
The sharp word of command.

Then comes that first sad day,
The saddest which had dawned upon my life,
When from their homes our soldiers went away,
To mingle in the strife.

How proud my brave boy seemed!
How flushed his cheek was, and how firm his tread!
How with an added light his blue eye beamed!
How high he held his head!

His letters, word for word,
I learned by heart; so like him seemed each thought;
Then followed silence, and at length we heard
A battle had been fought.

And last the sad news came—
I tried to think it best if so God willed—
And through hot tears I read my brave boy's name
Among the list of killed.

They brought it home, his drum,
When back they came amid a shout of joy,
And even now at times some one will come
To talk about my boy.

They say with his last breath
He blessed the cause for which his life was given,
And died, upon the field, a soldier's death;
I trust he lives in Heaven.

Yet sometimes when the wind
Blows cool along the quiet village street,
I seem to hear across the half-closed blind
The tread of marching feet.

I look to see him come,
Marching so proudly with the band ahead,
And only when I gaze upon his drum
I feel that he is dead.

GIVE THEM WORK!

They come from blood-washed fields of strife,
Where hung the battle's angry cloud,
And rolled from out the cannon's throat
The battle anthem long and loud;
From fields where rained the hissing lead,
And leaped the scorching flames of hell;
Where many a noble deed was wrought,
And many a hero fought and fell.

They come from many a toilsome march
O'er rugged roads and untrod ways,
That echoed to the tramp of feet
From morn to night through weary days.
They come from crowded camps, where shone
The white tents in the noontide glare,
Where with the golden morning pealed
The shrill reveille on the air.

They come from loathsome prison pens,
Where Famine held her ghastly reign,
And fated Pestilence stalked at noon
With tottering step and face of pain.
They come, now that the shock is o'er
Which shook the Nation's pillared dome,
Some with deep wounds of battle scarred,
And ask for bread and work at home!

How boldly they went forth to meet
Armed Treason in the bloody fight!
How boldly went they forth to die
In battle for the cause of Right!
They triumphed, and once more returned.
With empty, waiting hands they stand,
And ask for work that they may live
Who battled to redeem the land

Is there no work for them to do,
Now that the blasts of War are stilled,
Now that the reign of Peace is come?
Are all the posts of duty filled?
Is there no work for these brave men
Who grappled Treason in its might,
And set their feet upon its neck,
And crushed it in defense of Right?

No work for them! Must they in vain
Ask work now that the strife is done,
Now that the glorious cause is saved,
Now that the victory is won?
Oh, people of the valiant North,
Make answer to their earnest call,
Bid them come in, the field is broad,
There's room, there's food, there's work for all!

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of September. Public thought has turned mainly upon the different questions involved in the re-construction of the Union. The only event of considerable importance is the action of the Mississippi Convention, which met on the 17th of August. It passed an ordinance declaring the ordinance of secession null and void; prohibited slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime; made it the duty of the next Legislature to provide by law for the protection of the person and property of the freedmen of the State, and to guard them and the State against any evil that may arise from their sudden emancipation; and appointed the first Monday in October for the election of State officers and members of Congress. They also adopted a memorial urging the President to remove the colored troops from the State. The members, acting apparently in their individual capacity, not as a Convention, united in a petition to the President for the pardon of Jefferson Davis and Governor Clark. The Constitutional amendment providing that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, otherwise than for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been convicted, shall hereafter exist in the State," was adopted by the decisive vote of 86 to 11. Mississippi, next after South Carolina, is the State containing the largest proportion of slaves. These are the only States in which the slaves outnumber the whites. In South Carolina there were, in 1860, 402,000 slaves and 291,000 whites—a little more than four to three; in Mississippi, 436,000 slaves and 353,000 whites—a little less than four to three. In absolute number of slaves Mississippi stood third: Virginia exceeding it by 54,000, and Georgia by 26,000. The interests of Mississippi were more deeply involved in the slave system than those of any other State. If emancipation can be effected here, it can be effected more easily in every other State. Some portions of the action of Governor Sharkey have been disapproved by the military authorities and Government. He ordered a State militia to be organized in every county; this was forbidden by General Slocum. The Governor also complained that the military authorities refused to obey writs of *habeas corpus* issued by local judges. To this the Secretary of War replied that the grant of a Provisional Government did not affect the proper jurisdiction of the military courts, and that this jurisdiction was still called for in cases of wrongs done to soldiers, whether white or colored, and in cases of wrong done to colored citizens, and where the local authorities were unable or unwilling to do justice, either from defective machinery, or because some State law declared colored persons incompetent as witnesses. Mississippi was to a considerable extent still under military law, and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* had not been revoked. To a similar remonstrance the Secretary of State replied that the State was still under martial law, and the military authority was supreme.

The efforts to adjust the relations between the two great classes of Southern society—the white and the colored population—meet with innumerable obstacles. On the one hand, it is alleged that the freedmen are indisposed to labor, and throng to the towns and military posts, expecting to be supported in idleness by the Government. On the other hand, it is complained that the former masters are unwilling to recognize the altered state of things, and are determined that the Freedmen shall be actually slaves as much as of old. Instances, almost without number, are put forward sustaining each of these propositions; but the general drift of information evinces that both whites and blacks are endeavoring, in the mass, to accommodate themselves to the new state of things. It is especially notable that the soldiers and officers who did most to uphold the Confederacy are foremost to recommend prompt and cheerful acquiescence in the results of the issues which were decided on the field of battle. Thus General Joseph E. Johnston, who will, when the whole history of the war comes to be fairly studied and written, prove to have been the ablest Confederate commander, writes, the date being August 17: "We of the South referred the question at issue between us and the United States to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision has been made, and it is against us. We must acquiesce in that decision, accept it as final, and recognize the fact that Virginia is again one of the United States. Our duties and our interests coincide. We shall consult the one and perform the other by doing all we can to promote the welfare of our neighbors and to restore prosperity to the country. We should at once commence the duties of peaceful citizens by entering upon some useful pursuit, qualifying ourselves to vote, if possible; and at the polls our votes should be cast for Conservative men—men who understand and will maintain the interests of Virginia as one of the United States. This is the course which I have recommended to all those with whom I have conversed on the subject, and that which I have adopted for myself as far as practicable."

General Wade Hampton, who was among the last of the Confederate commanders who surrendered, has published a letter in reply to inquiries addressed to him by persons who proposed to emigrate. He dissuades his correspondents from any general emigration: advises them to remain at home and devote their energies to the restoration of law and order, the re-establishment of agriculture and commerce, the promotion of education, and the rebuilding of the dwellings and cities which have been laid in ashes. To accomplish these objects he urges that "all who can do so should take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, so that they may participate in the restoration of civil government to our State. A distinguished citizen of our State," he says, "an honest man, and a true patriot, has been appointed Governor. He will soon call a Convention of the people which will be charged with the most vital interests of our State." He urges that the delegates elected to this Convention should be men "who have laid their all upon the altar of their country." He himself should pursue the course which he recommends to others, "devoting himself earnestly, if permitted to do so, to the discharge of these obligations, public and private;" but in the mean time he should obtain all the information desirable in the establishment of a colony in case they were obliged to leave the country.

The policy of the Government is clearly expressed. It will, as far as possible, protect them from outrage or injury; but will not maintain them in idleness. The rations given to whites and blacks will be withdrawn as rapidly as possible.

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Applications for pardon by persons belonging to the excepted classes are very numerous, but as yet only a very few have been granted. It is officially announced that counsel and brokers in the case of those applying for pardon will retard instead of advancing their object.—Governor Perry, of South Carolina, writes to William Porcher Miles, formerly a member of the Federal Congress, and subsequently of the Confederate Congress: "If you take the oath of amnesty and apply for a pardon, it is to be assumed, after approval by me, that it is granted, and you are entitled to vote or serve in the Convention, although your pardon may not have been returned or received by you."—Governor Payne, of Alabama, announces the manner in which those who are entitled to pardon under the President's proclamation must proceed. They must take the oath before some competent authority, and then, in order to qualify themselves for voting, must repeat the oath, and have it registered before some county magistrate. "No one is eligible to a seat in the Convention who is not a loyal citizen of the United States," and as those who, like Mr. Miles, are excluded from the general amnesty are not citizens of the United States, they can not be voters or members of the Convention.

Some of the ecclesiastical bodies at the South have assumed positions of apparent hostility to the return of good feeling. Thus, Bishops Andrew, Paine, and Pierce, of the Methodist Church South, in a pastoral, while urging their people "to adjust themselves, as citizens of the United States, promptly, cheerfully, and in good faith, to all their duties and responsibilities, whatever may have been the opinions, positions, or prejudices of any of them concerning the political changes which have occurred in the Government," bitterly oppose the reunion of the two bodies of the Church. They declare that "a large proportion of the Northern Methodists have become incurably radical. They teach for doctrine the commandments of men. They preach another Gospel. They have incorporated social dogmas and political tests into their church creeds. Without such a change as we see no immediate prospect of in their tone, temper, and practice, we can anticipate no good result from even entertaining the subject of reunion with them."—Mr. Wilmer, Episcopal Bishop of Alabama, in a Pastoral Address, says, "The lapse of the Confederate Government requires of necessity the omission of the prayers for the President of the Confederate States, and all in civil authority; but the immediate substitution of another form of prayer does not follow of the same necessity." To pray for "all in authority," he says, "is a duty;" but the mode of it must be determined by ecclesiastical authority. "The Church in this country has established a form of prayer for the President and all in civil authority. The language of that prayer was selected with careful reference to the subject of the prayer—'all civil authority;' and she desires for that authority prosperity and long continuance. No one can be expected to desire a long continuance of military rule. Therefore the prayer is altogether inappropriate and inapplicable to the present condition of things, when no civil authority exists in the exercise of its functions..... My conclusion is, therefore, and my direction, which I hereby give, that when civil authority shall be restored in the State of Alabama, the clergy shall use the form entitled 'A Prayer for the President of the United States and all in Civil Authority,' as it stands in the Book of Common Prayer." The Bishop, however, says that "it is the duty of every citizen to render faithful allegiance to the Government under which he lives, and as an oath of fidelity to the Government is only the formal and solemn acknowledgment of an already existing obligation, if therefore the oath of allegiance should be lawfully required of all citizens, there is no good reason why it should not be taken, provided that all things be done 'in justice, judgment, and truth.' All false swearing is an abomination." Civil union, the Bishop says, does not necessarily involve ecclesiastical unity. Whether the Church in the South shall reunite with that in the North is a question for future ecclesiastical determination.—At the recent Convention of the Episcopal Church in the diocese of Georgia it was resolved that the diocese would resume its connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, whenever the Bishop shall consider such course consistent with the good faith which this diocese owes to the bishops in the late Confederate States. Another resolution provides that deputies shall be elected to the General Council of the Church in the Southern States, with the understanding that, if in the judgment of the Bishop, any contingency shall arise to render necessary a representation in the General Convention of the United States, the same deputies shall attend that body.—The Presbytery of Lexington, Virginia, adopted, at a meeting on the 10th of August, a report, declaring that "The General Assembly in the United States required all its members to submit to their ecclesiastical interpretation of the doctrine of State Rights and Slavery. This changed a religious body into a political meeting, necessitated the withdrawal of the Southern part of the Presbyterian Church, and the continued political character of that professedly ecclesiastical body prevents a reunion."

Henry Wirz, late commander of the Confederate military prison at Andersonville, Georgia, is on trial before a Military Court, of which General Lew Wallace is President. Wirz, who is a Swiss by birth, resided for many years in Louisiana, and entered the Confederate army. Having been disabled for service in the field, he was placed in command of the prison at Andersonville in April, 1864. The indictment consists of two charges. By the first Wirz was charged with conspiring with Robert E. Lee, James A. Seddon, then Confederate Secretary of War, John H. Winder, Lucius D. Northrop, Richard B. Winder, Joseph White, W. S. Winder, and others, to injure the health and destroy the lives of Union prisoners in violation of the laws and customs of war. The specification under this charge is long and elaborate. The principal points are—confining the prisoners in small and unhealthy quarters; neglecting to provide proper shelter; depriving them of their own clothing and blankets; refusing to furnish food sufficient in quantity and quality to sustain life, and to provide fuel for cooking and warming; compelling them to subsist upon filthy and unwholesome water; permitting the bodies of the dead to remain unburied, thus poisoning the atmosphere; refusing medicines and medical attendance; inflicting cruel and unusual punishments; setting up a "dead line," always indistinct and often imaginary, and causing prisoners who crossed or even touched it to be shot; employing bloodhounds to hunt down prisoners who had escaped; and using poisonous matter for the purpose of vac-

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cination. This charge was subsequently modified by omitting the names of Lee and Seddon.—The second charge is for "Murder, in violation of the laws and customs of war." Under this charge are thirteen distinct specifications, all relating to murders and outrages committed by himself or by his express order. Wirz protests his innocence of these charges. He denies that he ever personally misused a prisoner; and affirms that for the rest he acted under the orders of his military superiors, and should therefore not be held responsible. He also affirms that he was included in the surrender by General Johnston, and so should not be held to answer for what he had done.

According to the official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the public debt, on the 31st of August, was as follows:

Debt bearing interest	*Amount.*	*Interest.*
in coin	$1,108,310,191 80	$64,500,590 50
Debt bearing interest in lawful money...	1,274,478,103 16	73,531,037 74
Debt on which interest has ceased.....	1,503,020 09	
Debt bearing no interest	373,398,256 38	
Total, Aug. 31	$2,757,689,571 43	$138,031,620 24
Total, July 31.....	2,757,253,275 86	139,262,468 28

Henry B. Jenkins, the paying teller of the Phœnix Bank, is a man past middle age; had been many years connected with the bank in various capacities; was supposed to live within his income; and was not known to have engaged in speculations. But something more than $300,000 in his keeping was missing. He was arrested, and it came out that he had engaged in stock speculations, and being unsuccessful, had from time to time appropriated the bank funds to cover his losses. He was, moreover, a frequenter of "concert saloons" and other disreputable haunts, squandering large sums upon loose women. One of these, named Genevieve Lyons, with sundry aliases, he had established in apartments as his mistress, making her considerable presents in money. This woman had a paramour named Brower, once a butcher, but describing himself as a "merchant," who also received large sums of money from Jenkins, who asserted that it was extorted from him as "black mail," under threat of exposing him. Brower, however, asserted that the money was lent to him by Jenkins out of friendship, they having met at places of public resort, and contracted a close intimacy. Another person implicated was James H. Earle, who acted as the agent of Jenkins in his speculations. He was arrested, and shortly after committed suicide in prison.

The firm of "Morris Ketchum, Son, and Company" was one of the wealthiest private banking-houses of New York. The "Son" was Edward B. Ketchum, a young man of about five-and-twenty, who was esteemed one of the shrewdest financiers on 'Change. About the first of August Mr. Swan, one of the junior members of the firm, discovered that securities to the amount of nearly a million dollars had been abstracted from the firm. He communicated his discovery to Belknap, another partner. Various circumstances enabled them to fasten the abstraction upon Edward Ketchum, who acknowledged the fact, but said that the securities were still under his control, and that he could recover them in a short time. He promised to do this, and to abandon the speculations upon his own account in which he had been engaged. The matter was not revealed to the senior member of the firm. A few days passed, and the missing securities not being replaced, Swan and Belknap wrote to young Ketchum, on the 4th of August, to the effect that unless the deficiency was made good by the 15th they should expose him. Two days after the expiration of this term it was announced that Edward Ketchum had disappeared on the previous day; that the firm of which he was a member had suspended payment; and that forged "gold checks" to a large amount were in the hands of banks and brokers which could be traced to him. These "gold checks" are a contrivance instituted by prominent money-dealers to conduct their business without making an actual transfer of gold bought and sold. The Bank of New York was selected as the place in which the gold was to be deposited. The bank agreed to receive the gold, keep it, count it, and pay it out as demanded, upon certain conditions. Each dealer, upon the payment of $1000, received a check-book filled with a certain number of blank checks for $5000 each. These, when filled out with the signature of the drawer, the registrar, the teller, and of the indorser, pass in the market as equivalent to the corresponding amounts in gold. Edward Ketchum purchased one of these books of checks, filled them out with the forged signatures of established firms, and deposited them as security for loans which he required to carry on his operations. The book contained 500 blank checks, representing $2,500,000. How many of these had been actually negotiated is unknown. The District Attorney, in making his charge, estimates the number at 300, representing an amount of $1,500,000. Ketchum remained undiscovered for nearly a fortnight; then he was found at lodgings in New York, which he had all the time occupied under the assumed name of C. R. Lowry, of Cincinnati. He had with him about $60,000. The abstracted securities belonged partly to the firm of Ketchum and Company, and partly to others. The former, amounting to $1,300,000, were replaced, and the remaining assets of the house were declared to be $3,093,000, and its liabilities $3,985,000, leaving a deficit of nearly $900,000. The total amount of abstractions was stated by the senior partner to be "not less than $2,800,000." It was probably quite $3,500,000. In addition to this were the forged gold checks, amounting possibly to $1,500,000, the loss of which must fall upon the banks and brokers who held them: a probable total of $5,000,000.

Within the eight months from January to September 130 "accidents" have occurred to trains on the different railroads in the United States, by which about 300 persons have been killed outright, and about 1200 wounded. Every one of these was the result of gross carelessness. There is a general demand that the guilty persons shall be held to criminal prosecution. In a few cases coroner's juries have approximated to their duties in this respect. Thus, on the 15th of August, on the Housatonic Railroad, 13 were killed and 20 wounded by a locomotive, which was making a trial trip, running into a train. The coroner's jury found a verdict censuring Charles Hunt, the President, Henry L. Plumb, the Superintendent, as well as the engineer and conductor of the locomotive.—On the Long Island Railroad, August 29, 5 persons were killed and 18 wounded by collision between two trains, one or both of which was recklessly running out of time. The jury differed as to the culpability attached to the conductors of the two trains—some charging it upon both, some upon one, and some upon the other; but

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ten of the jurors united to "censure Oliver Charlick, the President of the railroad, for the careless and irregular manner in which the trains are run, and consider that he is indirectly responsible for the catastrophe."—On the Oil Creek Railroad, August 24, 7 were killed and 8 wounded by a collision between two trains. The jury found the conductor and engineer of one of the trains guilty of culpable negligence, the president and directors of the road guilty of culpable negligence, and requested the coroner to issue his warrant for the apprehension and trial not only of the conductor and engineer, but also of the president and directors of the road.

The attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been unsuccessful. The heavy shore end, 26 miles long, was laid on the 22d July. On the next day, the splice with the ocean cable on board the *Great Eastern* made, and at a quarter past 7 in the evening the work of paying out began. The following is a condensed journal of each subsequent day's operations up to the time when the cable parted:—*Second Day, July* 24. At 3.15 A.M., when 84 miles had been payed out, it was discovered that some "fault" existed in the cable, which interfered with its insulation. The whole day was taken up in endeavors to discover the nature and location of the "fault," and in picking up the cable, which was a work of great difficulty. The final conclusion was that it was not more than ten or eleven miles from the *Great Eastern.—Third Day, July* 25. At 8 A.M., when a little more than ten miles had been picked up, the "fault" came on board. A crooked bit of wire, about the size of a straw, two inches long, had somehow got into the coils of the cable, and been forced through the coating till it came in contact with the conducting wires, tapping the electric current. The ten miles of cable which had been hauled in, being strained was cut out, and the work of paying out recommenced a little before 3 P.M. A mile and a half had hardly gone over when communications from the shore grew fainter, and at length ceased. Preparations were made to "pick up" again, but in the mean while the signals recommenced, and the work was resumed. The cause of this temporary interruption has never been ascertained. At 4.15 P.M. paying out was resumed.—*Fourth Day, July* 26. By 8 A.M. the steamer was 150 miles from Valentia, having payed out 161½ miles of cable, at the rate of about six miles an hour. In the course of the day deep water, 2000 fathoms, was reached.—*Fifth Day, July* 27. At 8.30 A.M. 302 miles from the shore had been run; every thing went on successfully during the day.—*Sixth Day, July* 28. At noon 476 miles had been made, 531½ miles of cable having been payed out; every thing going on well.—*Seventh Day, July* 29. All went well until noon, when 634 miles in all had been run, leaving 1020 to be made. An hour after all signals suddenly ceased. Electricians reported not merely a "fault," but "dead earth;" that is, a total loss of insulation. It was ascertained that the trouble lay in some part of the cable which had been payed out, and was not far from the ship. This was picked up, the defective portion cut out, a splice made, and the work of paying out was to be commenced at dawn.—*Eighth Day, July* 30.—At 8.10, after some accidents, the cable was fairly running out again, the insulation tests being excellent. By noon 650 miles had been run; 745 miles of cable payed out. Every thing went well during the afternoon and night.—*Ninth Day, July* 31. All went well. At noon 753 miles had been run, 903 miles of cable payed out. The signals passed through the cable grew stronger and stronger, showing that the insulation was increased by the pressure of submersion in deep water. An examination of the defective part of the cable which had been cut out showed that the "fault" was of the same nature as that of the 24th; a piece of wire had been driven through the covering into the centre of the cable.—*Tenth Day, August* 1. At noon 946 miles had been run; 1081 miles of cable payed out; there remained 717 miles to be accomplished. The soundings varied from 1975 to 2250 fathoms.—*Eleventh Day, August* 2. At 5.35 A.M. it was discovered that there was another "fault." The tests indicated that it was not far from the ship. The work of picking up was resumed. The cable is payed out from the stern, while the machinery for picking up is at the bows. To transfer the cable from one end of the ship to the other required some hours. At 10 A.M. the work of picking up commenced. An hour and three quarters was spent in taking up a mile. Then several accidents occurred to the machinery, and the work was suspended. The steamer having been stopped could not be kept steady, but veered around with the shifting wind; the cable chafed against the projecting rims of the hawse-holes, and finally broke, the end flying overboard, and in a few minutes was lost in the ocean. This took place at 35 minutes past noon, in latitude 51° 25′, longitude 30° 6′, 1062 miles from Valentia and 607 from Heart's Content, the American terminus; 1312 miles of cable had been payed out. A little more than five-eighths of the distance had been accomplished. About one-half of the entire length of the cable was overboard. Still it was hoped that it might be recovered, although the depth of water was 2500 fathoms, almost three miles. The *Great Eastern* steamed back a dozen miles and threw over a grapnel, attached to a wire rope, capable of supporting a strain of ten tons; and the vessel steamed back and forth across the line in which the cable must lie. At 4 A.M. next day, August 3, it was evident that the grapnel had caught the cable, and the rope was hauled in. The strain of course increased with every foot of cable that was raised. In six hours 1150 fathoms had been brought on board, when the rope parted, and cable and grapnel and rope sank again to the bottom. But the experiment showed that it was possible to fish up the cable from the bottom of the ocean. During the next four days the weather was unfavorable, and nothing was accomplished. Just before noon of the 7th another grapnel was flung over, and after dragging until 6 P.M. the cable was again caught, and at 8 the hauling-in was begun. At 7.50 next morning 1000 fathoms had been brought in when the rope broke. The 9th and 10th were spent in unavailing attempts to grapple the cable. In the afternoon of the 11th it was again caught by the grapnel, which was now attached to a rope composed of 1600 fathoms of wire, the remainder of hemp. In three hours, when 760 fathoms had been hauled in, the rope broke, leaving 1750 fathoms overboard. The *Great Eastern* having no more rope on board for grappling then returned to England. The managers of the Cable Company appear to consider that this experiment demonstrates the practicability of the enterprise. They expect to fish up the line. If they succeed in doing this, and find it uninjured, the work will be three-fifths accomplished. But the necessary repairs to the *Great Eastern*, and the construction of proper grappling machinery, can not be performed in time to renew the attempt the present season.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Peace Summer will be traditional for its freshness and beauty. An old man, who remembers seventy consecutive summers, says it was the most radiant season he ever knew. August was as rich and vernal as June. The fields that last year in July were parched and dead, met September with ruddy greenness, and the coolness of autumn was breathing over the land before it showed that the hot prime of summer was reached.

Yet we are told that we shall find in the orchards this month the penalty we are to pay for the soft and lovely summer. If we will have a tender bloom upon the August hills and fields, we must not expect that October apples will have rosy cheeks. There were painful rumors from the apple-trees all summer which we shall hope may not be verified. From Western New York and from the New England hills came the same story. It was to be a poor apple year. It was like hearing that there was to be no ambrosia at Jove's table.

The reason offered for the thin crop, or for the virtual failure, was ingenious. The early and constant rains in May, which set immovably the lovely green upon the landscape, fell pitilessly and ceaselessly upon the blossoming orchards, and washed the pollen away. So the loss was double. We lost the wonderful odor that makes the warm May days smell like a foretaste of all the mingled flowers of summer, and we are—if haply the pollen theory be not exploded by the result—to lose the noblest fruit of the country.

Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peaches, plums, pears, high and low blackberries, thimbleberries, blueberries, and huckleberries (if the gentle reader prefers to call them or to spell them whortleberries, let him do so), and grapes—even grapes, the most poetic of fruits—might all better be spared than the honest, sound, ruddy apple. Yes—might altogether be spared rather than the apple. They are the delight of an hour—the evanescent decoration of a week, or a fortnight, or of a month. They play exquisitely into each other's hands, and wreathe the summer with continuous variety and delicate gust. But the apple is a permanent pleasure. It is for all the year. It circles the months. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. The apple is immortal! As it is the most ancient, so it is the most royal of fruits. The apple never dies.

The sturdy fruit, delicious in flavor and of an infinite adaptability, is curiously characteristic of the Yankee, who surrounds his farm with its stiff and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to wrestle with the weather as they choose; but, despite his neglect, expects that they will pour rosy plenty into his basket in the soft Indian Summer days. Is his seeming neglect only the confidence of experience after all? If it be so, how can he look into his orchard without blushing? What a pathetic sermon is each of those uncomfortable trees! No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and scolds his teams, and screams to them that he may not hear the still small voice of the apple-tree!

"Hullo!" it whispers to him, as the wind rustles through the leaves, "you are a pretty hard-looking customer, as I am. We are both planted on this poor hill-side, and we must both grow and bear as we best can. You are fairly honest, they say, if you are as rough and angular as I am. Yet the town makes good roads for you, and educates your children, and helps you help yourself. Good for you and the town. Left to yourself alone you might moss over with ignorance and dullness, and slide back into barbarism. Luckily for you, you Yankee, you have sense enough to get scraped and to keep so. You get your roots dug around. You have the caterpillars taken off you—even if you do sometimes cherish a maggot in your brain or catch a bee in your bonnet. Why don't you do to others as you would be done to? Why should I be moss-bound? Why should you leave me to choke with caterpillars, and long in vain to have the band of earth loosened around my feet? Why not wash me once in a while, and dry me with a scraper? I should be all the better for it and so would you. Don't scream so noisily to those oxen, but hear what I say, and do what I ask."

It is the most generous and unselfish of the fruits, considering how valuable it is. The huckleberry and the blackberry are honest souls too. The firm, hard, black huckleberry, very different from the blueberry, which is a pretty, soft, bastard branch of the family, is as modest and generous in its sphere, perhaps, as the apple. But its time is short; and although the homeliest of berries, it is as capricious as a beauty. The trailing arbutus, the earliest and one of the loveliest of wild flowers, has the same mingling of humility and caprice. It runs under the old moist leaves of last year—the most mouldy and old-fashioned society; but it takes dainty little airs, and will not show its face upon aristocratic and high-bred uplands, even when they are in the immediate neighborhood. So the huckleberry bestows itself profusely upon the most barren pastures; but when you go to find it a few fields off, and apparently upon the same kind of soil, the whim has seized it, and it will not be found.

But the noble apple is not whimsical. All through the latitudes where it can live at all it gives itself impartially and profusely. And every where it is a symbol. In the apple latitudes men are of a mingled temperate flavor, neither too sharp nor too sweet. They are of firm consistency, and sound to the core. They are a wholesome, hearty, sturdy, and trusty race. In the grape latitudes, the wine countries, they have rare and exquisite qualities; but the first gush is the best, and they are not sweet to the very seed and in the seed. In the banana and pomegranate latitudes there is little spirit, no flavor, and an insipid mushy consistency. Grapes shrivel into raisins, which may be packed in boxes like slaves in a slave-ship. But apples, even in a barrel, preserve their individuality and elbow-room, and touch but at few points; and they nobly endure. If you choose to slice and dry them—it is not their natural end—but even then they will return you good for evil in pies that might persuade any pagan to be a Christian. Not doughy, clammy, fatty pies, which are a device of Satan, but those triumphs which have no bottom crust, and in which the spoon sinks and sinks—Selah!

For pies proper no condemnation can be severe enough. It is one of the alarming signs that we are getting to be a pie-eating nation. (Getting to be?) Pies are the staple food at all the taverns in the land. The rural kitchen is full of pies. The railroad stations are piled with pies. The eating-booths in Fulton Market are lined with pies. It is

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the popular form of taking dyspepsia and ruining the health. The smart Sala, who hired himself to the London *Telegraph* to ridicule this country, sparkled when he wrote of pies; and the worst of his wit was that it was true. It is a prostitution of any fruit, an injury, a crime, to bury it in a pie. But against the venerable and august apple it is a peculiar infamy.

Thus nothing is so improper as a pie proper. But there are preparations called pie which are truly delightful; and chief among them that which slices the apple without making a mush of it, and after it slices it, spices it, and then bakes it under a firm, light, thoroughly-browned, and dry crust. Or is there any human food which transcends a pumpkin or Talman sweeting, carefully baked, and eaten with cream and new milk? In other days the *Café de Paris* upon the *Boulevard des Italiens* had a toothsome *carte*, or bill of fare. The choicest dishes exquisitely cooked were there. But a certain traveler searched it in vain, and with a sigh, for a plump sweeting apple perfectly baked and submerged in cream. If a Yankee from New England hills had invited Abd-el-Kader, the late guest of Paris, to dine with him in that city, and could have set before him what every Yankee housewife sets before her husband's "hands," the pleased Algerine would have confessed a triumph of the cuisine beyond the reach of his impassioned imagination.

We called the apple venerable and august. What else has descended to us from the garden of Eden but that and sin? Had there been any other fruit there in the blooming youth and glory of all fruits which could have persuaded Adam, the primal and perfect man, surely it would have been chosen. Why was not the luscious peach preferred, or the orange, or the Arabian date? For the joy of tasting an apple Adam made us all taste sin. For an apple he gave the world.

And in that other heaven of the Greeks it was an apple that sowed discord, from the immortal jealousy of divinities that longed to possess it.

Or what garden of the poets, what fabled fruitage, so alluring and fair as the orchard of the Hesperides?

If the apples have truly failed, then, how can we delight in the splendid summer? Or did Nature feel that no bribe less gorgeous held even the hope of reconciling us to the grievous, however temporary, misfortune?

Let the sluggards go to the ant. But the rest of us will learn of the apple. Of the most ancient and honorable ancestry, how humble it is! Under what a plain homespun coat it hides its perennial sweetness and exhaustless virtue! Take diamonds and gold if you will, O Mother Nature, but spare us the kindly apple!

In the preface to one of Prescott's histories the author tells the story of his partial blindness, which has always invested him and his works with a touching interest. That so serious a misfortune not only failed to disincline him to the necessary work of life, but did not deter him from prolonged and profound historical research, was a triumph of character which awakens admiration quite as much as the skill with which the results of the study were wrought out. But the scholarly impulse is irresistible, and the literary instinct surmounts appalling obstacles.

Thus, in "France and England in North America, a Series of Historical Narratives" (Little, Brown, and Co., Boston), Mr. Francis Parkman, whose "Conspiracy of Pontiac" and "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life" had already revealed the tendency of his interests and studies, has just published a volume of the gravest and most romantic historical value, accomplished under difficulties which no one but a student whose heart was wholly in a work for which he is specially competent could have conquered. It has long been known that he was engaged upon the work, and there was natural surprise at the delay in its appearance. "This slowness," now says the author in his preface, "was unavoidable. During the past eighteen years the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has also retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all. A previous work—'The Conspiracy of Pontiac'—was written in similar circumstances."

A work executed under such circumstances of disabling disease and invincible resolution should be worthy the devotion both in subject and treatment; and it is the praise of this entirely delightful book that it is so. The story of the European settlement of this continent is the history of a conflict between the two spirits that then shook Europe, and which, under various forms, dispute the dominion of the world to this hour; the spirit of Feudalism and Freedom; of privilege and the people; of authority and independence; of the Church and Heresy; of absolutism and Liberty. After various fortunes each of these tendencies obtained a hold upon the continent. The Puritans settled New England, the Roman Catholics New France. To paint the picture of the progress and fate of these two influences, of the growth of New England and of New France, and of the final fall of the latter as a formidable force in our civilization, is an enterprise so fascinating to the historical scholar that the surprise is not that Mr. Parkman has devoted himself to it, but that it had not been already elaborately accomplished.

The present volume, which is called "The Pioneers of France in the New World," is one of a series, yet is an entirely complete narration. It contains two distinct stories, that of the Huguenot attempts to plant themselves upon the southern coast, and that of Samuel Champlain and his associates to establish France in Canada.

From old manuscripts and obscure and long-forgotten memoirs, from the voyages of Hakluyt and journals and dispatches buried in Spanish archives and French libraries, the historian has drawn the fine and airy threads which he has woven into this rich and luminous tapestry. There is no more romantic reading than those prolix and stately and terrible narratives; but their mass is hopeless, and they are inaccessible except to patience and study. Yet all their fine romantic flavor is preserved in Mr. Parkman's work. With delicate skill he has separated the gold dust from the rubbish. The tale of Early Spanish adventure, of Ponce de Leon, of De Soto; of the French Huguenot voyagers, of Jean Ribaut and Laudonnière; the withering hand of the Inquisition stretched out over the sea in Menendez, the massacres at Port Royal, and the wild

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revenge of De Gourgues; the whole blooming and bloody story of Florida, the land of flowers and of cruel men, is told with surpassing interest and skill. The vague traditions and the few shadowy, familiar facts of that portion of our history are set forth in a fully digested, copious, and picturesque narrative which has a continuous charm. Henceforth this volume is an essential chapter in our history.

The second part is devoted to Samuel de Champlain, the Father of New France. A brief but sufficient sketch of early French adventure in North America, of the legends and superstitions which hung over the western sea and the shore beyond, of Verrazzano's voyage, of Jacques Cartier's and Roberval's, and La Roche's, brings us to Champlain and the Jesuits. It is a curious contrast which is developed in these pages between the Spanish Catholic Menendez and the French Catholic Champlain. The former is the type of the bloody bigot who makes the name of his church hateful to every humane mind; the latter of that earnest, faithful persistence which has often made the same church the pioneer of civilization. "Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says our author, whose sympathy and memory of his own wanderings in the wilds follow with enthusiasm and intelligence the explorations of the heroic Frenchman, "his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of Princes and of Royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the Court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold than they—such, for successive years, were the alternations of this man's life."

It is no wonder that so true a woodman as Henry Thoreau was attracted by the story of Champlain. In his "Cape Cod" the sturdy Protestant pays homage to the equally sturdy Catholic, who gladly relinquished the glitter of European courts for the sombre solitudes of the primeval American forest. The characteristic scenery of that forest was never more picturesquely and graphically painted than by Mr. Parkman. His descriptions are those of a poet. Thus Champlain is following the Ottawa, and we select a passage which is not exceptional but is a fair illustration of the author's felicity.

"Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour they moved prosperously up the long winding of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. Now, like a wall bristling at the top with woody islets, the Falls of the Chats faced them with the sheer plunge of their sixteen cataracts. Now they glided beneath overhanging cliffs, where, seeing but unseen, the crouched wild-cat eyed them from the thicket; now through the maze of water-girded rocks which the white cedar and the spruce clasped with serpent-like roots, or among islands where old hemlocks, dead at the top, darkened the water with deep green shadow. Here, too, the rock maple reared its verdant masses, the beech its glistening leaves and clean, smooth stem, and behind, stiff and solemn, rose the balsam fir. Here in the tortuous channels the musk-rat swam and plunged, and the splashing wild duck dived beneath the alders, or among the red and matted roots of thirsty water-willows. Aloft, the white pine towered 'proudly eminent' above a sea of verdure. Old fir-trees, hoary and grim, shaggy with pendent mosses, leaned above the stream, and beneath, dead and submerged, some fallen oak thrust from the current its bare, bleached limbs, like the skeleton of a drowned giant. In the weedy cove stood the moose, neck-deep in water to escape the flies, wading shoreward, with glistening sides, as the canoes drew near, shaking his broad antlers and writhing his hideous nostril as with clumsy trot he vanished in the woods.

"In these ancient wilds, to whose ever verdant antiquity the pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday; where the sage wanderer of the Odyssey, could he have urged his pilgrimage so far, would have surveyed the same grand and stern monotony, the same dark sweep of melancholy woods; and where, as of yore, the bear and the wolf still lurk in the thicket, and the lynx glares from the leafy bough; here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon-shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his faith."

We must not linger longer praising this delightful volume, which has a strange charm for the general reader and a true and permanent interest for the historical student. Mr. Parkman's seclusion and suffering have borne worthy fruit. His patient tenacity is not less, in another way, than that of the heroes he celebrates; and when, like them, he embarks upon a new voyage we shall follow his fortune with the same interest and gratitude.

THAT the Atlantic Cable would fail was undoubtedly the general expectation. It would be hard to say why it was so. It would certainly be untrue to say that there was any desire that it should fail, although there is no question that the feeling of this country toward England has profoundly changed since the former attempt to lay the cable in 1858.

The occasion of the present failure was probably the least suspected of all that had been suggested. That a mere carelessness of detail, a chafing that was easily avoidable, should have parted the line and brought the undertaking to an end, was not anticipated. It was thought that a storm might baffle the effort, that the strain might be too severe, that the depth of submersion might injure the insulation, but these more serious accidents did not trouble the enterprise. The line seems to have been cut by a confusion of the paying-out gear. It parted, slipped over the side, and was gone.

The news caused no excitement. It was received with an "I thought so" expression. Every thing promised fairly. But whether there be a just public instinct of the myriad perils that threaten the effort or a profound indifference to its success, the undoubted fact is that nobody seemed to care. There is a story floating in the newspapers that an English firm which had failed a few years since to secure the contract for a European line had tampered with it before it was laid, and that the same firm had unsuccessfully applied to furnish the wire to the Atlantic company. The inference was plain. But the insinuation is one not to be heeded upon no other authority than an irresponsible newspaper report.

But the report shows how readily mischief may be done. A sharp piece of wire thrust here and there through the casing destroys the current. And this may easily be achieved without betrayal. This was the kind of injury alleged to have been done to the Baltic line; and it is true that the insulation of

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the Atlantic Cable was found to be checked by such an insertion.

It seems very clear that we have all very little conception of the consequences of the successful laying of a cable in the Atlantic ocean. They will undoubtedly be as astonishing as those of building a railroad between two places formerly connected by coaches. Distance breeds ignorance. From ignorance springs misunderstanding, trouble, war. Whatever, therefore, tends to destroy distance increases mutual knowledge and promotes peace. If the earlier statesmen of this country, who thought the Union most wisely confined to a few States, could have foreseen the telegraph and steam travel, could have known that the good genius Science was about to enable us to converse and fly across the continent, they would have seen that with entirely unprecedented means of communication an entirely unprecedented extent of the Union became practicable. It is not extent which is embarrassing but distance. When by means of science the citizens at the mouth of the Columbia on the Pacific can communicate with the capital more readily than those at the mouth of the Mississippi did fifty or thirty years ago, the bond of Union is as close.

It was the practical distance maintained by the sagacious jealousy of Southern leaders which separated the minds of the mass of the Southern population from the Northern, and, fostering ignorance, cherished jealousy and hate. Had actual intercourse been as free as the means of communication were, the war would have been avoided. If foul gases can be dissipated and absorbed the processes of nature proceed peacefully. If they are forcibly confined, they will rend the globe with convulsions. Free communication equalizes the conditions. Is it too dear a dream that, as State lines fall before it in this country, national lines will gradually yield to it all over the world?

It is clear that if the seclusion of our republic upon this continent enables it without baneful interference to pursue its development, it is no less a disadvantage to civilization because its actual operation is concealed by distance from those who are most interested in its success. If the masses of the people of the slave States had not been separated by imposed ignorance from the rest of the country, they would have rebeled against slavery; and if the people of Europe were not made ignorant by hopeless distance from us, they would much more rapidly reorganize their Governments upon liberty.

An ocean telegraph would be a first step toward closer union, and consequently greater knowledge, between Europe and America. It would be an alliance not dangerously entangling, but persuasive of peace and good-will. And now the chosen time has come, for now America has thrown off her chains and stands erect, aiming at her true goal. The aspiration of the poet is fulfilling itself:

> "Be just at home; then reach beyond
> Your charter o'er the sea,
> And make the great Atlantic pond
> A ferry of the free.
>
> And henceforth there shall be no chain
> Save underneath the sea;
> The wires shall murmur through the main
> Sweet songs of liberty."

THE radiant Peace Summer will be painfully memorable for a peculiar excitement of the public mind. The wanton carelessness of railroad and steamboat managers, the astounding frauds of Edward Ketchum, and the furious extravagance of foolish people at the watering-places, have given it an unhandsome eminence.

The Ketchum fraud is the most startling event of the kind in our annals. A young man of twenty-five, of an apparently sweet and gentle disposition, well-educated, rich, happily married, of pleasing manners, and of unsuspected honesty, disappears simultaneously with the discovery that he has defrauded other persons of more than four millions of dollars. The mild and mannerly banker is found to have been a consummate deceiver. The honorable gentleman turns out to be a liar. He is found a fortnight after the discovery of his crime, loitering hardly concealed in the very heart of the city that hums with amazement at his guilt. All that time he has walked with seeming carelessness in the public streets. He rides unconcerned in the Central Park. When he is arrested he says that it is "all right," and follows the officers to the police magistrate. In prison he calmly receives his friends, and quietly talks with them, saying that at one time he owned property worth six millions of dollars. But his composure gives way when he meets his father, who had wholly trusted him, and whom he has ruined.

So far as appears, Ketchum's crimes were made practicable by the loose way in which business is done in Wall Street, and they were facilitated by a certain vague feeling that stock speculations are a game which absolves the player from the ordinary moral restraints; that Wall Street is a kind of gambling hell where all baggage is at the risk of the owner, and every gambler may thank himself if his fingers are burned. But no theories of business gambling can cover forgery, and Ketchum's operations were prosecuted by forged checks. There seems to be no room for doubt of the facts. By a proper rule of human intercourse every man is to be held innocent until he is legally proved to be guilty. But there are criminals necessarily convicted without a trial, or in spite of it. Booth is known to be guilty although he was never arraigned. Henry Wirz is convicted whether the Commission acquits him or not. And there can be no doubt of the crimes of Edward B. Ketchum.

Can there be any less doubt of that of railroad and steamboat managers who suffer the most frightful massacres to take place from the want of rules which the most ordinary care should dictate? If a superintendent should allow the locomotive of an express passenger train to be driven by a man who had never seen a locomotive, could he be held guiltless of the slaughter that might follow? If the rules did not make it impossible for two trains or locomotives to be upon the same spot under any circumstances whatever at the same time, could the makers of the rules be absolved of a negligence which is criminal. If the conductor or the engineer disobey rules which provide against every chance of calculable peril, then of course they are guilty, and should be punished in exactly the same way as a man who fired a gun at random from a window. Neither of them mean to kill any body; but if any body be killed they are plainly guilty of homicide.

In the case of the shocking collision upon the Housatonic Road, where a locomotive upon a trial trip ran into and through a returning train, the investigation resulted in a verdict of criminal carelessness against the superintendent, conductor, engi-

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neer, and master-mechanic. As we write no further legal steps have been taken. But if the offenders are not indicted and tried, the authorities of Connecticut decide that human life may be wantonly sacrificed in the State, and nobody be held to answer.

But passengers must reflect upon a certain kind of responsibility which they too frequently assume. There is always great impatience of delays upon a railroad. Some are hastening to make a connection for further travel. Some to fulfill various engagements. This man has a note to pay. That man is to meet an agent. This one is hurrying to a sick child or wife. That one is impatient for his dinner. And so a fever of haste and utter impatience of interruption possesses the whole company. "What a slow coach!" cries one. "Let's get out and walk!" sneers another. "This line makes money by saving wood," says a third. The conductor is assailed on every hand by questions and gibes. He too has his private impatience. He wishes to avoid the bother and further detention of delay. He does not wish to lose the right of the road. He dislikes to forfeit the good opinion of the passengers and to be accounted an unpunctual officer. He may be a weakly good-humored man, willing to run for luck, averse "to borrowing trouble," and inclined to "guess that all will come out right."

But every traveler ought to know that when there is the least derangement of time upon a railroad there is constant danger from all these causes. It should be the first thought of every one to confirm the conductor in the strictest fidelity to the rules, and to help him in taking every extraordinary measure of precaution. If an axle heats, if a wheel breaks, if the running gear be disturbed, and the train delayed, every passenger should see that signals are sent out and messages dispatched. Every State should appoint supervisors of railroad bridges as well as inspectors of locomotives, and pay them enough to have their work done and not shirked. For experience has proved that railroad companies can not be trusted to provide necessary guarantees for the safety of travelers, and the action of the State is merely the people protecting themselves.

If the public were less pusillanimous railroad companies and their agents would be more respectful and cautious. Passengers submit to be crowded beyond reason, to stand up, to be addressed by conductors and other officers in the most surly tone, and they smile at it all as if it were a necessary part of the discipline of life. We may learn a lesson from John Bull upon this subject. John does not pay his fare to be jammed in an uncomfortable railway carriage, and to be accosted by the attendants of the train as if he were a vagrant of bad character. He thunders in the *Times* if he does not get his money's worth. The consequence is a wholesome sensitiveness to public censure upon the part of the managers, and infinitely greater security and courtesy upon the road. A few weeks since, when the verdict in the Housatonic case had been just rendered, and while the inquiry into the explosion of the *Arrow* steamer was still pending, while the public mind was aghast with the horrible catastrophe upon the Tennessee and Alabama Road and with the incessant smashes and collisions elsewhere, a train upon the Long Island Railroad left Hunter's Point fifteen minutes behind time, and a succeeding station forty minutes late, and dashed on at full speed, trusting to luck to reach the next point without meeting a train then due. "Unluckily" it could not be done. There was a terrible collision, and four passengers were murdered outright and a score or more injured.

Murdered, we say; not, indeed, with malicious intent, but with a recklessness which was simply murderous as its consequences were. Now if a conductor who can deliberately commit such an offense is not ignominiously and memorably punished, or if the public mind can not perceive the peril of condoning such crimes, we must be content to pay the penalty of our contempt of human life until some company of passengers, stung by the cruel carelessness which has slain and maimed their comrades, take summary vengeance upon those whom they may, and perhaps wrongfully, consider guilty. If the laws fail to arrest the frightful slaughter which has marked this summer, every body of travelers will constitute themselves a Committee of Public Safety.

THE striking letter of Mr. W. P. Atkinson upon the Great Schools of England, of which we spoke last month, has excited a great deal of interest among teachers and scholars. It is a "swamp angel" in the attack which is now opened upon the traditions of education. For there is unquestionably a very effective reaction now raging against the supreme importance of the study of the Greek and Latin classics. It is found that the exclusive devotion of the great schools and universities in England to the Latin and Greek results merely in a severe training in philology, which, however important both in itself and for intellectual discipline, is by no means the chief and essential point of a proper modern education.

The conditions of life in America may make a certain conservative spirit in the methods of study more necessary than in England. The tendency with us may be, as is claimed by some wise scholars, inevitably toward diffusion and superficiality, and require therefore to be counteracted by the careful and steady discipline of the study of the ancient languages. But those very same conditions peculiarly demand a catholicity of education which is lost in too strict a following of the monkish curriculum.

The remedy is perhaps in the direction of a more generous choice. It is not that the classics shall be proscribed, but that science, in the broadest sense, and the modern languages and literature, shall be admitted *ad eundem*. If the system of degrees, which has become almost wholly obsolete and unmeaning, must be retained, let them represent a certain quality rather than direction of study. If there must be collateral courses, a classic, a scientific, and a modern language course, let the degrees be of exactly equal honor and represent an equal attainment. For instance, let the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Sciences represent an equally honorable scholarship, the character of which shall be indicated by the degree. And the honor, it must be observed, is very much within the power of the college. If Harvard and Yale and Union and the University of Michigan honorably distinguish the student who has studied Greek from one who has not, whatever the extent and quality of the latter's scholarship may be in other studies, those colleges do all they can, and it is very much, to inculcate the notion that there is an intrinsic superiority in classical study. But if the college by its degree says simply: "My son A is

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as well versed in German, French, Spanish, and Italian as my son B is in Greek or my son C in mathematics," it would be a mother as sagacious as it is cherishing. Still better if the degree should say, simply: "These sons of mine are equal, although in different ways."

We see by the Catalogue of Union College, at Schenectady, in New York, that a very important and decided step has been taken in this direction. There are now two Baccalaureate courses of study established there, the Classical and the Scientific. In the latter the modern languages replace the ancient, and the amount of mathematical and English studies is increased. The Catalogue says that the Scientific course has just been remodeled, and is now a four years' course, intended to be fully equal in amount of study and in disciplinary value to the Classical course, with which it now runs *pari passu*. The degrees are the same as for the Classical course. The details show how comprehensive and excellent the Scientific Curriculum is, while Professor Wells, of the Modern Languages, is an enthusiastic and accomplished linguist.

This is doubtless the beginning of very serious changes in collegiate traditions. It does not show that the technical "classics" are to be shelved for easier and less valuable studies, but it proves that the word education is hereafter to be more liberally and truly interpreted.

Editor's Drawer.

A CITY contributor wishes to enter the Drawer, and sends the four following:

All parts of the country furnish contributions for the Drawer, yet I have failed to see any thing from Broadway, New York. Now Broadway is an "institution," and entitled to a place.

When the street was covered with ice last winter, as I was riding down in the stage it stopped to let a passenger out, and one wheel rested in a hole or sunken place in the pavement. The driver made several efforts to start his team, but the horses slipping each time, failed to start the stage. In this dilemma, looking round, the driver called out to he of another stage, "Hub me! hub me!" whereupon the other driver, reining in to that side, brought the hub of his stage in contact with the other, and the momentum given by the concussion enabled the first-named, by starting his horses at the proper time, to easily move along. Whereupon a fellow-passenger remarked, "How many troubles would be easily overcome if men, down along the slippery journey of life, would "hub" each other along!

AGAIN: A few years ago, in Congress, a side question was raised as to the degree of talent necessary for a Congressman, when a member from a district in Missouri, having the floor, said, "As to other sections I can not say, but I'm of opinion that it takes more talent to navigate across Broadway, New York, of a fine day, when the omnibuses are running, than it does to represent *my district* in Congress!"

NOT long since a California Justice had a place in the Drawer. We beg leave now to go one step higher. In an early day, when the sovereigns were too much engaged with "ounce" and "two ounce diggings" to look much after the affairs of Government, one Judge B—— was elected to the office of County Judge of one of the Northern counties. Now it so happened that the Judge's orthography had been somewhat neglected, and when signing his official *jurat*, followed it with "Kallyforny." A member of the bar on one occasion called the Judge's attention to the supposed error, but the Judge insisted that he was right, remarking, as proof, that "if Kal-ly-for-ny did not spell California, he would like to know what it did spell."

THE Judge was of that mould that if he said a horse was "sixteen *feet* high" he would stick to it. Once having ruled on a question of law in favor of one side, the opposite attorney begged for time—sent for a copy of the Supreme Court Reports of the State, and produced a decision in a similar case deciding the same point right the other way. There was no way of getting over the analogies in the two cases; so the Judge, taking the "bit in his teeth," stood by his first decision, on the grounds, as he expressed it, that "if the Supreme Court was a mind to make a fool of itself, that was no reason that his court should!"

AN Oregonian sends to the Drawer a little anecdote of Governor Gibbs:

The Legislature of Oregon during its last session passed an act compelling barber-shops to close business at 10 o'clock A.M. on Sundays. This has given rise to many practical jokes; among the best is this:

A few Sundays since the Governor of the State stepped into a barber-shop about 9.50 A.M., and placed himself in the chair to be shaved, at the same time giving the boy his boots to polish. The barber lathered his Excellency's face, and the boy industriously brushed on the boots. About the time one half of the Executive beard was shorn, and one boot satisfactorily polished the clock struck ten. The brush dropped from the boy's hand, and the barber began hastily to place his instruments on the shelf. The Governor desired him to proceed. "Can't do it, Mr. Gibbs; "the Sunday law is in force," was the reply. And, in spite of his protestations, the Governor was obliged to leave with one side of his face unshaved and one boot covered with dust.

IT is an ancient conundrum, "Why is Queen Elizabeth more remarkable than the Falls of Niagara?—Because they are a *won*der, but she was a *Tu*dor." But here is an improvement on it: A Norfolk farmer built himself a homestead, and instead of one "half door" in the middle, set a door in each wing. Being asked why he called his house "Elizabethan," he replied, "Because, you see, it is a *Tu-dor* (two-door) cottage."

THE following is a fragment of a very edifying discussion which took place at the monthly meeting of the Birkenhead Commissioners. Mr. Brattan mentioned spades in connection with implements.

MR. CHANDLER. "Instruments, not implements, Sir."

MR. BRATTAN. "A spade is an implement."

THE CHAIRMAN. "A spade is a spade."

MR. ASPINALL. "No; a spade is an implement."

THE CHAIRMAN. "An implement is a thing on wheels drawn by horses."

MR. ASPINALL. "Oh no; that would be a machine."

OUR friend George S. Hastings, Governor Fenton's worthy Private Secretary, is not invulnerable

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to a good "goak," even were it told of himself; hence we infer the following anecdote will be as well appreciated by his friends as by himself:

Stopping at a New York hotel, he registers as follows: "Geo. S. Hastings—San Francisco." A friend, interrogating him upon the point of his residence, thought it queer that he was not aware of the fact. To which the worthy Secretary replied: "Have I not always been *from* San Francisco?"

An Englishman traveling in the south of Ireland overtook a peasant traveling the same way.

"Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" said the traveler.

"One Mr. Cassidy, Sir," replied Pat; "but he's dead—rest his sowl!"

"How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, your Honor, if he lived till next month he'd be dead just twelve months."

"Of what did he die?"

"Troth, Sir, he died of a Tuesday."

The Periere Brothers, bankers in Paris, are Jews. A member of a large stock company fell into a dispute with one of the brothers, who was likely to get the advantage of him in a large operation. Vexed at his own failure and Periere's success, the man cried out,

"Do you mean to eat me up?"

"My religion," blandly replied the Jewish banker, "forbids my eating you."

Augustus Doolittle had been "in a store" about three months when his employer asked him what part of the business he liked best. To which the elegant youth replied: "Shuttin' up, Sir."

As an example of the singular sensitiveness of the Southern citizens in reference to the negro and their whimsical dread of a negro insurrection, I have the honor to report to you, as Chief of the Bureau of Fun, the following authenticated incident:

The other day Dr. M——, of Newbern, got a large invoice of Roberts's California Balsam, and, as a means of attracting public attention to his wares, pasted up on every corner a mysterious-looking placard, having a red triangle on a black ground, with the letters R. C. B. at the three corners respectively.

Early the next morning the Doctor was dismayed to hear that the whole civil force of the town, City Marshal, Mayor, Commissioners, and all, were tearing down his advertisement. On demanding an explanation he was told by the City Fathers that his innocent hand-bills had been understood by them to be the secret orders of some wide-spread negro organization; and that the letters R. C. B. had been interpreted, "Rise, Colored Brethren."

The Mayor of Newbern will never hear the last of his Balsam.

They have smart children in Medford. A lady friend of ours in that place, being in Boston with her two youngest children, Ally and Nelly, bought Ally a small balloon, to amuse and keep him quiet. While passing through the hurrying, busy crowd on Washington Street a rude boy severed the string by which it was held, and away floated the light little bubble over the house-tops. Nelly looked around, and perceiving the tears starting in Ally's eyes, exclaimed, with a child's simplicity and expression, "Never mind, Ally; when you die and do to heaven you'll dit it."

A Georgian writes from Thomasville: I saw a sign in this vicinity a few days since, and thought you might give it a place in your Drawer:

OLD CAIN SEADS CHAIRS
RE-BODEMT.

This comes from the "Hub:"

Since the decease of the late distinguished Bishop Chase, of Illinois, whose weight was some three hundred pounds or more, the *weightiest* man in the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is the Bishop of the diocese of ——. Not long since this prelate was on a visit to his friends in Boston and its vicinity, and one morning, just as he was entering a railroad car, a wag exclaimed to a fellow-passenger, "*There's a big* INCOME!" The Bishop enjoyed the joke and pun, and let himself down into the first seat that he found wholly vacant.

Every one connected with the United States —— Academy in 1861 will remember the long *dry* sermons of the chaplain, and how many were the ways the poor "middies" resorted to to escape the punishment of hearing them. Among the number was one particularly "full of the Old Nick," who one day conceived the idea of giving the Doctor an extra allowance of *salt*. The Doctor always had a tumbler on his desk filled with water, and during his sermon would frequently wet his lips with the cooling draught. On the Sunday of which I speak he had the word "Eureka, Eureka, Eureka," thrice repeated, and then the meaning of it in English—"I have found it"—repeated three times. Middy Van V—— had put a quantity of salt in the Doctor's tumbler; and just before using the word "Eureka" the Doctor took a good swallow of the water. It is useless to say that there was not a sober countenance in the room at the *wry* faces the chaplain made.

Out in the pleasant little village of Platteville I chanced to be spending a few weeks with a friend, Major R——, one of the oldest settlers, and something of a politician; but unfortunately the Major "crooks his elbow" a little too often. On one of his sprees he chanced to be found by some ladies lying in a ditch, drunk. "Why, Major," said one, "is that you? What are you doing down there?" The Major jumped up as quickly as possible, and with the air of a Judge said, "Oh nothing, ladies; only pondering on the affairs of the nation!"

"Old Cooper" is a Dutchman, and like many another man, of whatever nationality, has a wife that is "some." One day the "old man" got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a fight. The neighbor was getting the better of the "old man," which Cooper's wife was not slow to see. The "old man" was resisting his enemy to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with, "Lie still, Cooper! lie still! If he kill you I sue him for damages!" It only remains to be said that "Cooper" did lie still, and was not killed.

An army correspondent writes:

Ben is a good-looking soldier boy, susceptible to the charms of the "softer sex," and ever ready to

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render them due reverence. After he had been in the service eighteen months he received leave of absence on account of "wounds received in action," and on his way home of course fell in love with the first good-looking girl he saw. 'Twas at a way station on the Nashville road that a pretty native maid, accompanied by her mother, entered the cars and took a seat opposite our hero, whose admiring glances testified that he was again the victim of the terrible little archer. He had a cigar in his pocket, a luxury to which he had been for some time unaccustomed, and the enjoyment of which he was now denying himself out of respect to the ladies. Soon, however, the old lady took out a black stone pipe, and proceeded deliberately to fill it with native twist; upon which Ben seeing an opportunity to enjoy his smoke, and perhaps strike acquaintance with the "beautiful unknown," addressed her in his blandest manner with,

"Madam, would my smoking discommode you?"

"No, Sir," said she, sweetly; "*I chaw myself!*"

Ben's dream was broken.

We have a little four-year-old boy, who occasionally gets off some original things. The following is one: He went to a pond near by, and there for the first time in his life saw a large polliwog; it excited him very much, and he came running to the house, saying, "Oh, pa! I saw an awful thing in the water just now!" "What was it?" said his father. "I don't know," said he; "it was all head but its *tail!*"

One of our friends in Illinois writes to the Drawer that at their Sunday-school, a few Sabbaths ago, a teacher asked his infant-class "Who was the first man?" This was *almost* a stunner; but one little fellow, after thinking a moment, cried out lustily, "Lincoln!" while another, not to be outdone, exclaimed, "I was just going to say that!"

An old farmer, now dead, who bore the cognomen of "Old Tom Fowler," was quite a fun-loving, jolly fellow in his day. While working on a bridge, to bridge a deep slough, he was accosted by a gentleman in a two-horse carriage with the question, "Is there good bottom to the slough?" "Yes," replied Tom; and the traveler drove in, stuck, and had to be pulled out—horses, carriage, and self. After succeeding in getting out, traveler wanted to know of Tom why he lied to him, telling him there was "good bottom?" Says Tom, "There *is* good bottom, but it's a great deal further down than *you* went!"

A very useful Society, laudable in its design, in a flourishing city in Illinois, has been started. The Prospectus is printed for signatures, and a copy sent to us. The Drawer never uses tobacco nor profane language, and has no "small vices" of any sort, and would gladly join this "Sosiety" if its members would improve its spelling somewhat. The Drawer believes in spells, though it does not use tobacco by spells, nor swear by spells; but such spells as these of the Western Prospectus gave the Drawer a spell of chills and fever when it came:

UNION SOSIETy.

Against profane language and the use of tobaco.

We the under sigened do solomney swear that we will live up to that till futher orders from the sosiety. If thoes laws are broke by us we will pay the sum of 5 cents for each time we brake the laws which is to go for books for the sosiety, words used in swearing &c. any word used in swering if the sosiety agreas tht it is swering he that use it will be liable to the fine.

We have heard a great deal of the "moral drama," but little of the "moral circus" or the "moral show;" but Mr. Dan Rice, the greatest of traveling showmen, in his last visit to our town, gave us a specimen of the ways and means by which a "dumb baste" can be made to teach the young American the best principles of morals. Perhaps you do not know that Dan Rice is a very worthy and respectable citizen of the county, which he has represented in the Legislature; and as he travels with the animals only three or four months in the year he spends the most of his time in the discharge of the duties that devolve on ordinary mortals.

When the great show was here Dan brought out a trained mule, and offered to allow any boy to ride him around the ring, promising him a dollar if he rode without being thrown off. "And now," said the great and good Dan, "this ere mule is a most extraordinary and intelligent animal: he knows more than that ass did who spoke right out in meeting the angel. You see, if a good boy, who never tells lies, never swears, but always loves to go to Sunday-school and mind his mother, gets on his back, he will carry him all the way around just as nice as can be. But let a wicked boy, one of your lying, swearing, good-for-nothing little rips, get on, and he will pitch him into the middle of next week before he gets half-way round the ring. Now, boys, who will ride?"

A meek-eyed, well-dressed lad stepped forward, and Dan and he first exchanged a few words:

"Do you love to go to Sunday-school?"—"Yes."

"Do you ever swear?"—"No."

"Never tell lies?"—"No, Sir," said the boy, very modestly, and mounting, rode round in triumph. Then forth stepped a barefooted tatterdemalion, who was put through the same category, but refused to answer. He could ride as well as swear, and wasn't afraid to mount. Off dashed the mule; then suddenly came to a dead stop, and pitched the urchin over his head, amidst the plaudits of the gathered thousands, who saw in this exhibition the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the awful danger of lying, swearing, and not going to Sunday-school.

One of the many and excellent clergymen who enjoy and contribute to the Drawer sends the two following. Though we receive more "good things" from the clergy than any other profession, we are, like Oliver Twist, greatly in want of more.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, D.D., lately extensively known through the country as publisher of the *Trumpet*, a prominent Universalist journal, was a wit, as well as a theologian of no little celebrity. He loved to give and take a good joke as well as he loved a good dinner, which is saying a great deal for him. Besides his almost Herculean labors as preacher, publisher, and editor, his great business talent made him President of the Fitchburg Railroad Company. But whatever else he did or was, his belief in universal salvation, while living and when dying, was strong and prominent.

Well, soon after he was made President of the railroad aforesaid, in order to post himself in all particulars for a thorough discharge of his duty, he concluded to walk the length of the road—about forty miles—incog, that, while unknown to the

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workmen on the road, he might personally judge of their faithfulness. At length, meeting an employé upon the road from "sweet Erin, the jewel of the *say*," who was very roughly handling some boards sent for transportation, much to their injury, the President accosted him mildly, saying,

"My good friend, are you not handling those boards too roughly?"

"Bedad," responded Pat, "an' if I be, what's all that to the like of yeez?"

"Oh, no matter what it is to me," replied the President, "you should do your work carefully."

"Oh, begone, ye botheration!" said Pat, "and lave me to do me own wurruk."

But "No," insisted the President, "you must do your work properly."

"Divil a bit do I care for ye!" returned Pat, growing irate at the persistence of the stranger. "You go to h–ll!"

"Oh no," said the Doctor; "that is the very last place I should think of going to."

"Troth," said Pat, "an' it 'll be the very last place ye *will* go to, intirely."

In the lifetime of the noted counselor, B. F. Hallett, Dr. Whittemore was on the stand as a witness in an important case. The Doctor's testimony not helping at all the case which Hallett was pleading, he took occasion to say, rather frequently, as he had been wont to do to other witnesses of less probity, "Now, Mr. Whittemore, I want you to remember that you are testifying *under oath*." This reminder was rather stinging to the Doctor's sense of right; but he submitted with as good grace as possible till the testimony was closed; when Mr. Hallett observed, rather testily, "Well, Mr. Whittemore, you have contrived to manage your case pretty well." Mr. Whittemore found his turn now, and, with a peculiar twinkle of his eye, replied, "Thank you, Mr. Hallett; perhaps I might return the compliment if I were not testifying under oath."

Atterbury, the celebrated Bishop of Rochester, who flourished in the time of Queen Anne, happened to remark in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that he had prophesied during the previous winter that the bill would again be brought forward, and he was now very sorry to find that he had been a true prophet. Lord Coningsbury, who spoke after the Bishop, in his usual abusive style, desired the House to take notice that one of the right reverend prelates had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he was at a loss what prophet to liken him to, unless it be the prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. Bishop Atterbury, in reply, calmly exposed the rude attack, concluding as follows:

"Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am content to be compared to the prophet Balaam, but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other parts of the parallel: I am sure that I have not been reproved by any body but his lordship."

While in Philadelphia, attending the recent National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, I went one afternoon, in company with a friend, to visit the beautiful cemetery at Laurel Hill. As we were admiring the fine group of statuary at the entrance by Thom, representing Sir Walter Scott conversing with Old Mortality while engaged in his labor of love, deciphering the moss-covered tombstones, three returned soldiers came up. One, who had seen it before, began to explain it to the others, who were strangers, when one of them asked who that was sitting on the grave-stone. "That is Scott," was his reply. "Scott! let's see: he was a soldier, wasn't he?" was the response, indicating that Walter and Winfield S. were somewhat mixed in his mind.

His refreshing verdancy, however, was more than matched that same afternoon, when another party of delegates, from up the river, stood at the same spot enjoying the scene which the artist's chisel has so finely reproduced. Seeing that they were evidently from a distance, a stranger stepped up and began to explain it to them. Our friends soon discovering that his knowledge was not equal to his assurance, began to draw him out. S——, who is not deficient in that line, innocently asked him who that old man lying on the tombstone was.

"Oh, that is Old Mortality."

"Well, what is he doing?"

"Why, he is going round the country carving tombstones."

"What is that book he has got there?"

"Oh, that is his order-book, in which he has the inscriptions written that he is to cut on the stones. He keeps it open there so as not to make any mistakes."

With difficulty controlling his risibles, S—— soberly continued his investigations:

"Well, who is that man sitting on that grave-stone?"

Here the voluntary cicerone was at fault, and could only reply,

"I don't just remember."

"Perhaps it was Daniel Webster?" suggested S——.

"No, it wasn't Webster."

"Well, was it Lincoln?"

"No, it wasn't Lincoln; but I guess it was one of them Revolutionary fellers."

Recently, on a Sabbath morning, Mrs. C——, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was engaged, as was usual with her, reading the Scriptures to her little children. She had chosen the first chapter of Genesis on this occasion, and was reading the account of the creation. The children were listening quite attentively; and when she read that God made the fish of the sea, her little son interrupted her by saying, "Mother, did God make the whales too?" She replied by saying, "Yes, my son, God made the whales also." "Then," rejoined little Benny, "I should like to have been there to see Him let it slip; I know it made a big splash!"

The Rev. Dr. ——, chaplain in the army, sends this admirable incident to the Drawer:

At the battle of Belmont, Missouri, in 1861, our forces made a dash into the Belmont camp, directly under the guns of Columbus, and took it. This was General Grant's first battle, and a harder one I have never seen, though many on a much larger scale. My hospital was nearly a mile in the rear, and suffered only from a heavy shelling. The first wounded man that came back I shall never forget. He did not belong to my regiment, but to an Illinois regiment farther back. He was not over twenty-one, I think. He had received a ball through the large muscle of the right arm, just above the elbow; another through the right shoulder; and another in

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the right side—a very ugly wound, making a bullet-hole behind and before. Evidently to show his wounds he had taken off his shirt, and thus exposed all the upper part of his body. Besides his own musket he had three of the best that he could pick up on the field—secesh, as he declared. These four muskets he carried on his left shoulder. About ten feet before him was a rebel prisoner whom he was leisurely driving home, directing and cursing according to his tastes; and in his right hand he held a turnip, which I should think weighed about three pounds. This he had compelled the prisoner to procure for him at a field, or turnip-patch, on his way up, and he was munching it with just as much relish as he could have done the day before. Altogether his fully-displayed wounds, with the long streaks of blood running down his naked body—his four muskets on one shoulder—his passive prisoner, whom he was cursing and telling which way to go, and where not to go—his turnip, and his laconic and devil-may-care answers to my boys as they inquired how the battle was progressing, made one of the most ludicrous incidents that I recollect ever to have seen in the war.

THE Rev. Mr. E—— had been for several weeks the guest of Dr. C——, of Franklin, Tennessee, and had, of course, daily implored the blessing of Divine grace before each meal, lengthening them out generally to the extent of a short prayer. One evening, when there was additional company at the tea-table, the weather being very cold, the grace was unusually short; when Charlie, a bright little boy of five summers, and the son of the Doctor, promptly spoke up at the conclusion of the service, and said, "It's too cold to say it all to-night, ain't it, Mr. E——?" In the explosion that followed no one joined more heartily than the worthy divine.

THE two following come from Lynn, Massachusetts:

Many years ago there lived in this city an old fellow whose "family antecedents" were none of the best—it didn't run in the family to be respectable; but he finally went West, and after an absence of some years returned in the shape of a Methodist preacher. A meeting was called in one of the big kitchens of those days, and Brother L——'s old neighbors gathered together to hear him preach—among them Sam I——, a rough customer, who hadn't the strongest faith in the returned brother's reformation. The preacher had proceeded a little way in his exhortation when he happened to say, "I am a miserable sinner." "That's true!" was responded by Sam, "and your father was a miserable one before you!" The excellent memory of one of the hearers had spoiled the effects of the meeting.

WE have among us a noted wag whose first name is Darius. He will be all things to all men, and nothing to nobody, for the sake of an argument, or, as they call it in these parts, a "trot." I could tell you a hundred stories of him, but one will suffice. Darius lately held a protracted argument with a neighbor of his who is a morocco dresser—or a "beamster"—doing that part of the work which is most offensive to the olfactories. The talk was on the miracles; and our hero maintained, as each miracle was brought forward, that it could be easily explained to any one who understood the laws of nature. At length the case of Daniel in the lions' den was brought forward as a clencher, and Darius was asked if he didn't believe Daniel was cast into the den of lions and escaped unharmed? "Of course I do," was the reply, in a peculiar squeaking and drawling voice. "Well, if that wasn't a miracle, why didn't the lions devour him?" "Why, don't you know," says Darius, "why the lions wouldn't touch Daniel?—*Daniel was a beamster*, and they knew enough to keep a good distance from him!"

IN the little village of Cadiz, Cattaraugus County, New York, it was always the custom on Sundays, between the forenoon and afternoon services, after the usual gossip and ginger-bread had been disposed of, and while the children were engaged in their Sabbath-school exercises, for the older members of the church and congregation to gather together in Bible-class, and discuss the sayings and doings of the prophets and wise men of Old Testament times. On one of these occasions the subject under discussion was, "The Jews, their Observances, Sacrifices," etc., and the question was asked by the pastor, "Why were these rites and ceremonies *imposed* on the Jews?" Brother Knapp, a worthy old deacon, one of the pillars of the church, and, as will be seen, of an inquiring turn of mind, was the first to answer. "He thought it would be well enough for to *inquire wether* the Jews *raially* considered it an imposition?" The effect upon the pastor, a young man who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, may be better imagined than described.

OUR little Johnny, who has only just passed his fourth mile-stone, sometimes picks up a strange word from the boys on the street, which he no sooner does than he takes the first opportunity to repeat it in the house. I was sitting by the window one evening reading; his mother and himself were in the next room. I fancied I heard something like swearing, and listened, thinking it must be a mistake—but no; out came a whole volley of oaths, any one of which would almost choke an Algerine pirate. Then I heard his mother exclaim, "Why, Johnny! where on earth did you learn to swear so?" I stepped softly to the door in time to see him look up and say, "Well, ma, I am going to enlist, and I will have to learn, *so that I can swear in!*"

A FRIEND writes us the following: She is a teacher in Vermont, and has a little negro boy just brought from Secessia for one of her pupils. He does not believe in moral suasion, and can not understand why he does not have the rod applied as a remedy for all his sins against the school laws. One day the teacher was talking to him about heaven and the bright, beautiful angels; when, after listening a moment, he broke out solemnly, "Wouldn't you like to keep school there?" A bright fellow that, who does not need whipping.

DOCTOR E. COLEMAN, who recently died in Northeast Ohio, was a surgeon in the war of 1812, and was stationed at Fort Meigs. Being in need of medical stores, he started for Cleveland to procure them. On his way he stopped for the night at the tavern of one Reed, on Black River, a noted place of resort at the time. In the morning the bill was presented, with an extra charge for whisky. "Whisky! whisky!" remarked the Doctor, "why, I have had no whisky." "Well, you might have had,"

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replied Reed, "as it set on the table, and you could have helped yourself if you wished." The Doctor paid the charge. On his return he put up at the same house, and on entering he noticed the decanter on the table, placed his saddle-bags by it, and helped himself liberally to its contents. After paying the usual charges the next morning, he informed the landlord that he had a bill of $5 against him for medicine. "Medicine! medicine!" answered Reed, "why, I have had no medicine." "Well, you might have had," replied the Doctor; "it was on the table, and you could have helped yourself if you wished it."

A GENTLEMAN in this city, who gives us his name and residence, writes to the Drawer:

While strolling through a small cemetery in the township of Ryegate, Vermont, I found the following quaint inscription upon a tombstone. Whether the *poetry* was composed by the recumbent I know not:

In memory of —— ——. He died in July, in the eightieth year of the American Era. He was an active, honest, and successful merchant, and a firm Democratic representative in the Legislature of Vermont. He died as he lived—happy.

Then follows the stanza:

I lived on earth; I died on earth;
In earth I am interred;
All that have life are sure of death:
The rest may be inferred.

THE two following come from South Glastonbury, Connecticut:

In the old times when the patriarchal institution existed in the land of Connecticut there dwelt here two ancient Africans, who, in their old age, were pensioners of the family of a certain Captain Brooks, a West India trader. They had been brought from Guinea, but a long residence here had civilized and Christianized them to a degree that made them extremely useful and respected members of the community. "Old Shorey" was, at the time I speak of, full eighty years of age, and "Vi'let," his wife, not much less.

One day a neighbor, happening to visit their humble dwelling at the time of the noonday meal, paused at the door and heard the old man invoking a blessing on the meal, both parties standing, as was the custom in "the early times." The thanksgiving ran as follows:

"Sometimes de Lord send us good vittley; sometimes de Lord send us poor vittley. we tank de Lord when he send us *any* vittley. Sit down, Biley; eat you' dinner."

This truly thankful spirit was always displayed by "Old Shorey," in prosperity or adversity.

OCCASIONALLY his feelings broke out in exceedingly grotesque displays, as, for instance, on the occasion of the return of his patron, Captain Brooks, from one of his voyages, under circumstances which made it a particularly joyful occasion to his family.

"Vi'let," returning one evening from her daily labors, was amazed to see their abode lighted up with unwonted brilliance, and her astonishment became dismay to find, on entering, all the candles they possessed, three in number, blazing, or more probably sputtering, in the windows, and Old Shorey fiddling and dancing.

"Why, Shorey," she exclaimed, "what is come to you?"

"Massa Brooky come home!" was the exultant reply. "Massa Brooky got home, Biley, and I'se gwine to hab a *rumilation!*"

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of conjugal affection was shown in a recent telegraphic correspondence. Mr. F. R—— was a prominent and leading public man in the western part of the State. He fell into ill health, and finally lost his reason, and was taken to the lunatic asylum. Declining still, he was by-and-by so evidently dying that a dispatch was sent to his wife, saying, "If she wished to see him alive, to come immediately." To which she replied by telegraph, "If he gets any worse, let me know." They sent her husband home dead in a day or two.

THE following is worth reading only as a specimen of the humor that our Far Western friends enjoy. It is a description of a marriage in the western part of the State of Wisconsin, taken *verbatim* from a letter written by Squire W——, a newly-appointed justice of the peace. He says:

Having been appointed to the desirable "posish" of Justice of the Peace, I was accosted a few days after by a sleek-looking young man, and in silvery tones requested to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. Here was a "squelcher." I had never done any thing of the kind; had no books, nor forms; and though having been married myself, yet having labored under great perturbation of mind upon that occasion, I did not recollect much about the ceremony. I however determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner; so I proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy Revised Statutes, one ditto Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large size Bible, a small copy of the creed and articles of faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional map of that part of the State where the victim lived.

Having placed a table in the middle of the room, I in trumpet tones called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up before me. Having sworn them upon the Bible, as I supposed (which afterward proved to have been the Dictionary), to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in Court, I thought it indispensable. He answered, if I meant the fee for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it then and there. As I did not know exactly what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the service. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do as soon as he arrived home, and I then waived that point also.

Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take that woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him I did not require haste in the answer; that he might reflect a few minutes if he wished. I told him she looked like a fine girl, and I had no doubt she was; but if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor, and obey her as long as she lived. He must not be "snappy" around the house, nor spit tobacco-juice upon the floor; all of which he promised faithfully to heed.

"Now," said I, "Georgiana" (her name was Georgiana), "you hear what Humphrey says. Do you accept of the invitation to become his wife? Will you be lenient toward his faults and cherish his virtues? Will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offenses? And will you get three meals a day without grumbling?" She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandments, and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith aforesaid, I exclaimed, "Humphrey, take her; she is yours. I can not withhold my consent. Georgiana, when safe in the

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arms of your Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world." I then read a little from the Essay on Man, and recommended the purchase of a little work on marital duties written by the venerable Jeremy Diddler, an old English clergyman. As a *finale* to the scene I delivered the following exordium: "Go in peace; sin no more." The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty cent check in my unwilling palm, I bid the happy pair a fond adieu.

THE Drawer has so many readers in the navy that the following is offered for their special entertainment:

Who in the navy during the past nine years has not heard of Ensign "Slamm?" Though more thoughtful as years pass on, still the merry twinkle of his handsome eye, and the kind, heart-felt welcome to a friend is still there. I can not forget his quiet laugh, and the eagerness with which he shook my hand a moment before the word "Charge" was given, which hurled under the bloody walls of Fort Fisher seventeen hundred "Yankee blue-jackets." But to the point.

One summer's eve the good ship F—— lay quietly at anchor off the city of Q——, waiting for a balance of crew and other fixings before plunging into "the tide of war." The ward-room mess were busy smoking their evening "brier-woods," when our Senior Engineer (a very patriotic and funny man) broke silence:

"Why so pensive, Slamm?"

"Pensive! who in thunder wouldn't be pensive in this miserable, crazy world?" growled the Ensign.

A roar of laughter followed, for Slamm had not spoken for a long while.

"You want a little stirring up, youngster," continued the Chief; "you've got the 'blue-devil tacks aboard.' I must get to windward of you; they tell me you are seldom beat."

"Fire away!" was the answer.

At near midnight, when "all hands" were fast asleep, dreaming of the dear ones who would soon be lonesome, a loud, sharp knocking was heard at the Ensign's state-room door.

"By the great horn-spoon who's that?" growled Slamm within.

"Mr. Slamm, all hands have been called to 'night-quarters.' All the officers have reported their respective divisions ready for action with the exception of yourself, and the Captain is much surprised, and desires to know the cause of your tardiness."

Slamm (who is always on hand) jumped into his slippers—on pants, jacket, and cap—seized his sword and rushed on deck bawling out, "No. 1, No. 2, No. 3!" etc., etc. No one answering the stations, our Ensign rubbed his eyes, and to his astonishment, in lieu of finding one hundred and sixty brawny sailors already at the guns, found the deck entirely deserted, with the exception of the officer on watch and the "Chief," who stood in a dark corner with his handkerchief half-way down his throat.

"Oh! you have sold me, have you?" and down dashed the Ensign to finish his "sleep in."

The breakfast-table was merry over the "sell," and young Slamm took it all with such good-humor that I was confident the Chief would suffer for it. I stated before that the Chief was patriotic; and being at times fond of his toddy, he celebrated all anniversaries by forgetting himself and how many "healths" he had drank. Some weeks had passed, and we were startled with glorious news "from the front;" and as we were on the point of sailing, the Chief proposed a run ashore. Three of us started—the Ensign, the Chief, and myself. The Chief, after landing, begged to be excused, saying he had business of importance, and would meet us at a stated place in two hours and a half exactly. The Ensign and myself started for the hotel and took our last shore-dinner. Dinner over we started for a stroll. Turning a corner who should we see but Mr. Chief! He was making "short tacks" down the street, wind "dead ahead," his "spirit-room" well stowed, and though the craft rolled heavily nothing gave way. In fact, the Chief was not himself.

At this moment young Slamm turned about, saying, 'I don't wish to meet the Chief, he will detain me, and I must go off and keep my evening watch."

The Ensign disappeared, and I took the storm-tossed Chief to a place of safety and left him.

The following morning "all hands" were present at table. The Chief looked as if he was ashamed of himself, and said nothing. Slamm was as quiet, and apparently busy counting the stitches in the end of the napkin he held.

Suddenly the sky-light above us was taken off, and the hatchway filled and the ward-room darkened by the appearance of an enormous "bass-drum." Presently a small boy appeared, holding a card in one hand and a bill in the other.

"Is this gentleman here, Sir?"

I took the card, and on it was written with a drunken scrawl;

"1st Asst. Engineer, ——
"U. S. N.
"U. S. N. Str. ——."

The bill was against the Chief for—

"One Bass-Drum.....$11 00
"Recd. payment, B—— & Co.,
"Auctioneers."

Such another roar of laughter was never heard.

"Why, I never bought the —— thing!" roared the Chief.

"Yes, Sir, you did," said the boy. "And you told Mr. B——, the auctioneer, to have it sent early this morning, as you expected to sail."

"Let me see the card" howled the Chief.

The scrawl was too much for him. He scratched his head; tried to recall circumstances:

"When did I buy this drum, boy?"

"Last evening, Sir, about six o'clock."

"Thunder!" roared the Chief. His hand went to his pocket, the eleven dollars paid, the bill was torn in a thousand pieces, a violent kick at the drum, and the Chief dashed into his state-room, making the breakfast-table jump with the concussion of the door.

Young Slamm went on deck with the boy, where the eleven dollars exchanged hands. The boy got his promised dollar.

After a few days had passed, when sides had become numb with continual pain, the affair leaked out. The Chief took Slamm's hand, saying,

"I give in; call it square."

"Not by a long shot," said Slamm. "You're beat!"

"Well, Slamm, I give in; I'm *dead* beat!"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVI.—NOVEMBER, 1865.—Vol. XXXI.

ASCENT OF POPOCATEPETL.



THE VALLEY OF AMECA.

UP the great Mexican volcano; over the wastes of lava and shimmering fields of black ashes that form its desert slopes; up above the snow-clouds, whose thunders seem to ascend to the aerial adventurer as from the

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caverns of the earth; up to the crater, into the ice-region, eighteen thousand feet above the ocean level, where the sky loses its pure azure and deepens into a blue-black, and the lungs are tasked almost to bursting in the rarefied atmosphere—well, to come down into a steady square trot with the ribbons well in hand—an ascent of Popocatepetl, a thing easily imagined but by no means as easily accomplished, after a diligence and horseback ride of nearly sixty miles under a torrid sun, for the greater part through jungles and rocky passes and over serrated mountain ranges.

The summit is undoubtedly the loftiest point in North America—tabular statistics in the Geographies to the contrary notwithstanding—refinements in science which have attempted to snatch the crown from the hoary old god of the Toltecs and place it on the brow of that other storm-monarch of the Russians, Mount St. Elias. Much might be said about the relative claims of these dizzy peaks for the honors of altitude; but at present it is only the purpose of the writer to describe for "HARPER" an ascent to the crater lately accomplished by a party of three* and their guides, leaving the savans to discuss the correctness of certain trigonometrical observations which have deposed or reinstated the King of the Mexican Andes as best suited their own figures and calculations. Whatever may be the exact height—and we shall presently consider that subject—certain it is that whoever gains the summit may well congratulate himself that he has no farther cloud-climbing to accomplish.

. Our preparations were made in the city of Mexico, and were simple enough. Sharpened hob-nails in the soles of the heavy shoes for scrambling up the ice; thick blankets and wrappers; spurs for persuading reluctant mules or horses toward the base of the mountain; goggles with green glasses and rims of thin wire for protecting the eyes from the glare of the sun; woolen mufflers for the face and neck; pistols, pocket-compass, barometer, spy-glass, note-books, tin canteens for water, a flask of brandy each, and warm gloves and stockings. For several days we had been gazing off to the eastward, where the dome of the volcano loomed white and cold among the clouds, like some giant sentinel keeping guard over the continent; and more than once we half yielded to the warnings of friends, the Arnoux's, Corwin, Otterbourg, and others, whose traditionary legends of the difficulties and sufferings incident to the trip have been indorsed by the few who are known to have succeeded; but we had heard and read that the peak had several times been reached within the last half century, and we determined to proceed.

The cathedral clock was striking six as the diligence for Ameca lumbered through the streets and out of the garita of San Lazaro. A word about that clock. Having rebelled against all rules of horology the venerable concern has acquired certain erratic habits, such as striking at discretion or not at all, as the whim suits. Malicious people say that a Mexican is stationed in the works with a club and watch, who shifts the hands and slams the hours with tolerable accuracy, save when he descends in quest of tortillas or pulque. At such times the machine goes it blind, so to speak, much to the consternation of victims who have set their time-pieces by it, and are not in the secret. But as Mexico is one of those places where time is not money, the panic is only temporary. So we started, and leaving the slumbering capital behind us, were soon rattling along the Camino Real behind eight horses, toward the reddening dawn, which gradually illumined the picturesque amphitheatre of the Valley of Mexico, tinting the towers and steeples of the city with a crimson flush, and bringing out all the glories of the tropical morning.

The road from Mexico to Chalco, which is on the route to the volcano, leads past the once celebrated Lake of Tezcuco where the Aztec city of that name was located, once larger than Mexico itself, but of which only a few melancholy ruins remain. Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, to the southward, containing yet a few of the celebrated chinampas, or floating gardens, are navigated by the same style of canoes and propelled by the same dusky race as when Cortéz wrested these strange lands from their Indian rulers. At Chalco we found lineal descendants of the tribes overpowered by the Spaniards, and still preserving the distinctive manners and language of their ancestors. An ancient canal connects the town with Mexico, a distance of some twenty miles, and here are "shipped" a large part of the fruit, vegetables, grain, fire-wood, and general supplies for the capital. A multitude of these industrious people were crowding around the embarcadero, and the place resounded with the bustle of a lucrative inland trade. Patient, toilsome, and contented to be the drawers of water and hewers of wood for Mexico, they ask for nothing better than their customary tortillas and frijoles, with now and then a frantic "drunk" on pulque to celebrate some Saint's day or other festive occasion.

From Chalco the country gradually rises to the eastward toward the foot-hills of Popocatepetl ("Smoking Mountain" in the Aztec language), and Iztaccihuatl ("White Woman"), both piercing the clouds, and holding aloft perpetual winter on their grim summits. At four o'clock, after a jolting ride over a country which might have been called mountainous but for the superior ranges always visible beyond, we reached the upland puebla of Ameca, situated about 8000 feet above the sea. The place, which is inhabited mainly by Indians, numbering some four thousand, has been long famous as the haunt of robbers, who have made this

* E. J. M'Cune of Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania, Antoine Kieffer of Strasbourg, France, and the writer hereof, William V. Wells.

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BRINGING ICE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

their point of supplies, occasionally dashing into the Plaza and helping themselves to whatever the wretched stores offered in the way of plunder. Believing us to be Frenchmen the people put themselves to no trouble to find horses or mules for the trip, until one of the party accidentally announced that we were Americans, and then half a dozen frousy-headed, barefooted aboriginals started off to bring them. It seemed that "Americanos del Norte," though formerly the invaders of the country, were decidedly preferable to the red-breeched French, who spend no money, never mingle with the natives, and assume all the airs without displaying the liberality of conquerors.

While awaiting the animals we were accosted on the Plaza by two of Maximilian's military officers, whose bearing denoted the gentleman —a specimen of the *genus homo* never to be disguised under any circumstances. Our interview resulted in their offering us horses, and as the country thereabouts was infested with bands of thieves, the addition of five well-mounted soldiers to accompany us to Tlamacas and escort us back to Ameca on our descent from the mountain, we considered a special providence. The

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Colonel assured us it would be impossible to ride through such an intricate and broken country by night, which decided us to sleep at Ameca and start by moonlight early next morning. This detention, however, was not unprofitable. We found two Indians who had made the ascent of the volcano, and who offered for a moderate price to serve as guides. Popocatepetl, in fact, is the one feature—the lion of Ameca; for it not only yields sulphur and ice, two marketable commodities in Mexico, but the fame of the mountain which advertises itself to all this part of the country by its colossal proportions, attaches also to the town, whose corporate limits extend quite up to the snow region. From the lower edge of the frozen belt, on the western side, the Indians from time immemorial have cut out blocks of ice, which, enveloped in dried grass, and packed on the backs of donkeys, are brought to the level country, and thence sent to the capital by the Chalco Canal.

The most imposing view of the two mountains is had from the Valley of Ameca. Being only twenty-five miles distant in a direct line, the towering Popocatepetl seems to spring almost from the town itself, which is prettily adorned with shade trees and traversed by rivulets fresh from the snowy deposits above. Along the margins of these streams innumerable flowers grow the year around without cultivation. The houses, however, are the usual Spanish American adobe, and about equally divided as to possessory right between pigs, fleas, Indians, and snarling curs. This elevated plateau is bounded on the western side by a hill known as Sacra Monte, whence the famous Ameca Valley sunset is viewed to the best advantage. Popocatepetl from this point bears by compass E.S.E., and Iztaccihuatl N.N.E. The intervening ranges are covered with cedar, oak, juniper, ash, and willow, all in full leaf, and presenting from the valley a variety of shades, from the tender leaves of the underbrush to the deepest gloom of the evergreen woods. A solemn stillness reigned over the whole scene, only disturbed at intervals by the sighing of the winds through the forest or the roar of some far off waterfall. Above and beyond this amphitheatre of wood and dale the whole eastern side of the sky appeared as a vast escarpment of snow and ice, reflecting faint iridescent colors in the rays of the setting sun. Rising thousands of feet above the lesser ranges, the sides of the mountain, when examined with telescope, revealed fissures in the declivities and huge gorges, down whose steeps plunging cataracts were tearing their way, carrying snow, ice, and rocks. The peak was at times curtained in clouds, but it was evident a great wind was at work there, for occasionally these would be whirled aside, displaying again the white summit in bold relief against the sky. Below the snow line we could make out with the glass lofty rocks—some upright, like foundry stacks, and others inclining as if ready to topple over among the pines in the lower valleys. Dots on the snow proved to be enormous masses of lava protruding above the frozen level, while below, bald precipices, 3000 feet high, cracked in the form of obelisks and pinnacles, seemed to stand out as grotesque pillars wrought by the Titans from the wreck of matter, in mythological architecture, to support the aspiring dome of snow that surmounted them. To many in Mexico this scene is familiar, and several local daubers have attempted to transfer it to canvas. Schoefft, a Hungarian artist, at the last accounts was preparing for a journey thither from Mexico, and will undoubtedly execute a fine painting. An American naturally wishes that our own Church might add "Popocatepetl" to his "Niagara" and "Heart of the Andes." But as the sun declined the scene became still more wonderful. Then the heights were illumined as if by supernatural light. Streaks of gold, crimson, and pale blue opened along the slanting ice-fields, painting them with wreaths of parti-colored flame, hanging and swaying among the feathery clouds that swept past the mountain peak. That peak seemed to be soaring into mid-heaven—into the very desolation of loneliness and cold, where the silence is only broken by the hurtling of hail, the sough of the wind among the frozen gullies, or the solemn thunder booming along the snowy crags. These fires lingered last upon the apex of Popocatepetl, when, as if by magic, the scene vanished like a dissolving view and gave place to the spectral volcano—ice-crowned and shrouded in dull vaporous clouds. Very soon the valley was wrapped in gloom, and the extinguishing of the lights showed that the little world of Ameca had followed the example of nature and sunk to rest. As we were to make an early start we rolled ourselves in blankets and coats on the floor of the cabilda and slept with that soundness which health and exercise generally insure, however rough the couch or primitive the apartment.

Prompt to the minute, at two in the morning, a knock at the door announced that our escort were awaiting us, and after a hasty preparation by the light of a tallow-candle, we found the little troop of five soldiers, a corporal, and two Indian guides all mounted and ready in the patio. The moon, in its second quarter, was high in the heavens, and enabled us to discern the grave faces of our companions, with carbines slung across their backs, and rigged in the dress of the Mexican national cavalry. The air was so keen that we were glad enough to get some hot coffee that had been prepared for us, and then, lighting our puros, we pulled on gloves and mufflers, gave the word and trotted out of the silent village—the guides ahead, and the cavalry bringing up the rear, and set out toward the volcano, which we could barely distinguish by the feeble moonlight.

For many leagues around the base of Popocatepetl evidences of ancient eruptions form the feature of the country. The cultivated lands along the road we were following seemed

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to be a mixture of loam, ashes, and scoria, producing, however, even at this altitude, good crops of the cereals. The village of Ameca is built upon volcanic rock, and the walls of its church and houses are of the same igneous material. The whole lower region, at least the part we traversed, is volcanic in character. In fact, the streets of the towns, in all directions for a great distance, are paved with stones thrown out by the crater; and in the garden walls at Chalco we saw masses of melted rock half a ton in weight, almost realizing those descriptions of battles in which the gods hurled the mountains at each other. Even in the city of Mexico, the great Aztec calendar, forming a part of the wall of the cathedral, is of this rock; but that may have been brought from any of the nearer volcanoes. At the foot of the eastern slope of Popocatepetl, where Humboldt determined its elevation, he found a mysterious kind of lava-field, consisting, he says, of "black partially upraised lava-blocks of a fearfully wild appearance, and only sparingly coated here and there with lichens, contrasting with the yellowish-white coat of pumice-stone which covers every thing for a long distance round." On the northern and western slopes we found deserts of sand and ashes, though broken lava, as above described, was also scattered far and wide.

Our course was through a vernal lane, extending for some two leagues along a gradually rising valley, with barley-fields on either hand, and a thick growth of poplar and willow serving as dividing fences, while the hedges of cactus and maguey, and the matted, thorny vegetation peculiar to these llanos formed an impenetrable protection for the crops. Approaching the foot-hills of the sierras, we passed the last evidences of civilization—the hacienda of Tomacoco, where are a few stone buildings and some ruins which were once a church. In less than an hour we had left the plain, and were urging our horses up the craggy hills that lie below the mountain ranges beyond. We were now in the pine region proper, which here forms in open forests—the trees averaging about two and a half feet in diameter, and perhaps eighty feet in height. The ground was covered with the cones and leaves, and the air had the peculiar aroma of the pine woods of California, Oregon, and New England. A keen breeze from the heights made us wrap ourselves closer in blankets and coats, and sometimes we dismounted and ran through the moonlit forest for exercise. Ice-cold streams, indicating their snowy origin, brawled along the path or tumbled in cascades among the roots, where sheets of thin ice could be seen on either bank. Sometimes we came to openings where the tufts of thin grass were silvered with frost.

At length morning began to purple the eastern sky, and the clouds that had collected around the higher peaks slowly dispersing, we found ourselves heading directly for the volcano. To the left was Iztaccihuatl. From this position one realizes the appropriateness of the Aztec appellation—"The White Woman." The broken surface of its crest, which is nearly 16,000 feet above the sea, extends for several miles in snowy undulations, and forms, with startling accuracy, the outlines of a recumbent female figure under a shroud, with the knees raised and the head thrown back. Even the rigid features in the repose of death are perfectly delineated, as one would imagine the profile of a corpse staring heavenward, and covered with a winding-sheet. This appearance is presented with sufficient distinctness from the Valley of Mexico; but the life-like, or rather death-like, fidelity of the apparition is best observed from the table-lands between Tlamacas and Ameca. Iztaccihuatl (or Iztactepetl, as it was called in the more remote ages of Indian civilization, before the time of the Toltecs) was once the centre of aboriginal adoration. Sahegun, the earliest of the Spanish writers, who commenced gathering the materials for his history of ancient America shortly after the conquest, states that all the nations of Mexico repaired, at stated seasons, to Iztaccihuatl to worship the God of the Mountains, and seemed to hold the "White Woman" in even greater reverence than her towering mate of Popocatepetl. The fatal zeal of the monks doomed to destruction every relic of Aztec idolatry that came within their reach, so that by the end of the sixteenth century comparatively little had survived their insensate rage; but a few zealous antiquarians were found even in that age of flame and sword, who labored to stay the general devastation, and to save some vestiges of that strange and isolated civilization so suddenly unveiled by Cortéz, and so swiftly to disappear before the fanaticism of the cross. The unhappy Aztecs saw the annihilation not only of their nationality and race, but even the gradual extinction of their literature, arts, and refinement. Some of the learned Indians sought to preserve at least the outlines of their history and sciences in neatly written maguey manuscripts, while others hid away in caverns precious sculptured tablets and curious picture-writing, with the same object in view. Within a few months an immense "pantheon," or tomb, has been discovered in the side of Iztaccihuatl among the tangled forests that skirt its western base. Its exact size or shape has yet to be ascertained, for it has been penetrated only a few hundred yards; but at that distance, the extent beyond—reaching into gloomy, vaulted caverns, resounding with solemn far-sounding echoes—seems almost illimitable. Multitudes of skeletons, placed upright against the walls, stretch in grizzly ranks into the unexplored inner darkness, and a variety of grotesque, hideous idols, beasts, birds, nondescripts, and household pottery fill the niches and cover the ground. The discovery was accidental, and may be the forerunner of others yet more interesting.

All interest was now centred in the crown-

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IZTACCIHUATL—THE WHITE WOMAN.

ing glory of the Andes, whose spurs we were slowly scaling by winding paths amidst the silence of the primeval wilderness. Whichever way this zigzag climbing turned our faces, there stood the majestic Popocatepetl—a painting in the sky—gleaming like a vast helmet of ice, and from this point of view assuming a cold, blue steel color, indescribably forbidding and dreary in its aspect. As we approached the termination of our ride—to where we must part with the escort—laughter and loud talking ceased; for each was inwardly cogitating over the nature of the task before us. Our respect for the volcano increased as we surveyed the scorious slopes and burnished snow-fields overtopping the surrounding clouds.

At this point we had the best view of the volcano proper—that is, from the true base where it rises a distinct cone from among the offshooting ranges. At a great distance the lower body of the mass is indistinguishable from the adjacent mountains, upon whose capitals the great cupola is raised; but the majestic proportions, always best estimated from afar, are lost upon a nearer approach, for the same reason that an ant crawling up the side of a castle can form but little idea of the mass he is trying to surmount. From this plateau the openings in the woods gave an uninterrupted view. If we were disappointed at not

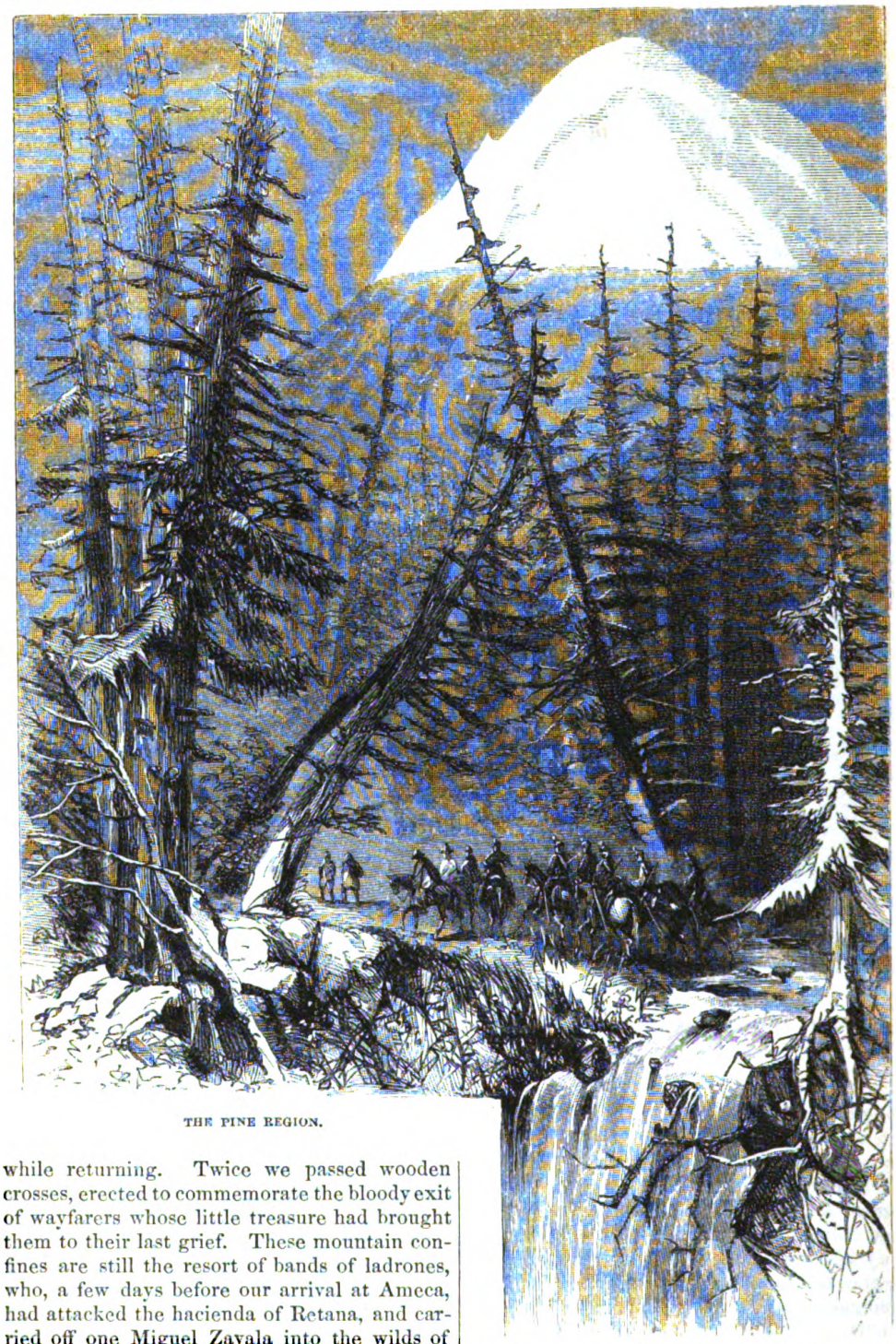
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THE DOME, FROM TLAMACAS.

being able to witness the sunrise from the summit, as we had promised ourselves in Mexico, we now enjoyed a surprise of equal beauty in the opalescent changes shooting along the ice-region; for, as the sun ascended, the heights were ablaze with light before the gloom had fairly left the deep glens and recesses of the lower country. Below the snow line we could distinguish with the glass the regular gradation of foliage, from the stunted pines down to the larger growths in the valleys, and thence to the climate where oaks, juniper, poplars, yellow cedars, and willows present a nobler form of vegetation. We were now at an elevation of about 13,000 feet above the sea, and, to commence our task, must first descend to the plain of Tlamacas, about 1000 feet below. Through all this pine region, which for several hours we had patiently threaded, we saw no evidence of animal life—not even birds. At Chalco we had been warned against packs of wolves and lions (the latter probably the cougar or panther), but we met with no traces of either wild or domestic animals. Sheep and calves, however, are continually destroyed in the haciendas around the volcano's base by wolves, whose gaunt forms are sometimes seen sneaking among the matted jungles. At certain seasons the guides told us it was necessary to keep fires burning all night at the sheep corrals to scare these prowlers away. Horses and mules tethered in lonely places are attacked by troops of wolves; and in the morning the owner finds only the riata, and a neatly-polished anatomy of what the day before was a prancing steed. As we advanced the pines gradually dwarfed into the puniest forms of trees with ugly gnarled branches and rough bark, and a variety of small underbrush, of which we cut a few specimens for examination, but lost them

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THE PINE REGION.

while returning. Twice we passed wooden crosses, erected to commemorate the bloody exit of wayfarers whose little treasure had brought them to their last grief. These mountain confines are still the resort of bands of ladrones, who, a few days before our arrival at Ameca, had attacked the hacienda of Retana, and carried off one Miguel Zavala into the wilds of Iztaccihuatl, whence he was made to write to his friends for a ransom of $2000, or be shot in default of the required money. But a rare exhibition of energy was made in this instance. A body of his friends at Ameca, headed by Francisco Nóriega, followed and attacked the bandits, and rescued the grateful Zavala. Often the thieves tie the hands of their captives together, hang them by the wrists to a tree, believing that a knowledge of these rigorous practices among their friends will hasten the ransom. Hearing of this and other adventures, we were not sorry to have the company of our well-armed escort, although we mustered, in the shape of revolvers, no less than thirty shots of our own.

About seven o'clock we reached the hacienda of Tlamacas, said hacienda consisting of two deserted huts. A heap of ashes within a circle of stones in one of these abodes showed

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that cooking had once been done there. The valley is about four miles long, and in reality is a rounded gully lying between the bases of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. Not only this valley, but all the irregular ranges of hills which, but for the vicinity of the monsters rising on either hand, could be called mountains, are formed of porous lava, sand, and pumice-stone, in which the shriveled pines eke out a scanty existence. This starved and shrunken foliage, with its withered moss drooping from the limbs, has a singularly weird aspect, as if each tree were the sprite of a crazy harridan with disheveled locks and arms wildly beating the air. It is quite in keeping with the dreary look of the surroundings. The extreme poverty of the soil, if such it can be called, would seem to offer them no nourishment; and the hopeless deserts extending up to the frozen belt can afford nothing like alluvial washings from the mountain. But these trees, which are of the yellow and pitch pine species, not only grow in the valley, but clothe all the lesser ranges crossing it to their very tops. Those that have been blown down show a depth of root penetrating not more than three feet into the dry bed of ashes, but extending two or three yards laterally, with a flat surface of twisted fibres at the uptorn butts, as if accustomed to receive moisture from the atmosphere. All of these hills or ridges were originally rifts of shifting substances, and in time have become forested. Masses of basaltic rock covered the surface of the plain, resembling the slag or vitrified refuse matter of an iron foundry. Gloomy silence and the wildest types of desolation held sway in this valley of death. Under the rocks were banks of snow begrimed with dust and ashes, which the guides explained by telling us that all the year around furious hail and snow storms whirl among these blackened solitudes—ice-tempests that swoop down without warning, and of such violence that this whole region is quickly blanched with hail and snow—the scene illumined with vivid lightning-flashes and an orchestral accompaniment of rattling thunder among the crags. The rude descriptions by our Indians were quite satisfactory, and made us thankful for our present fine weather. After we had dismounted the leader of our little cavalcade told us that his Colonel had directed him to remain in the valley with the horses until our return from the mountain, and to present us, with his compliments, a diminutive bottle of brandy each, with which to drink the health of their Majesties at the crater. Little dreaming of how distasteful the idea of food or drink would be to us, we pocketed the gifts with due acknowledgments, and did travelers' justice to the excellent breakfast which formed a part of our baggage.

All being prepared the whole troop again mounted, and set out at half past seven o'clock, resolved to save our legs the uttermost step that the horses could carry us. In ten minutes we were fairly in the sand and ashes. The ascent as yet was very gradual, and led along the brink of a profound barranca or ravine cut by the torrents from the melting snows. Its bed, which looked like an enormous chemical laboratory, was formed of what seemed to be ferruginous rock, and the sides of closely-packed coarse dust of lava, with masses of vitreous feldspar protruding. These sand-steeps indicate that the wastes of sand are of great depth; for the rocks at the bottom of the barranca were evidently underlaid by the same volcanic material. At what seemed to be the best crossing-place we descended, and reached the opposite side from among the yellow, red, and black fragments that lie heaped up in this wild gorge for more than half a league. The officer stated that the horses, in order to return to Ameca that night, must rest during the day; and proposed to go back with his men and animals to Tlamacas and await our descent. The horses were, indeed, exhausted with their efforts in the deep sands, and one had entirely given out; so bidding adieu to our military friends, and preceded by our guides, we commenced a measured, monotonous tramp along the north side of the inclined plane, and our faces turned resolutely toward the lofty object of our ambition. What at a distance had appeared as a perfectly smooth surface now proved to be thrown up into sandy billows, wave after wave, like the ground-swell of the ocean after a gale. In the trough of the sea, to carry out the nautical simile, we were shut for the time being from any extensive view. This, however, did not continue after the ascent became steeper. Masses of pumice-stone were strewn about, which may have weighed tons, and coated with rough moss. The whole expanse scintillated strangely in the sunlight; and the effect was heightened by the varying shades—some places assuming a grayish hue, and others extending in belts of bronze or dark brown, but black generally predominating. This trachyte sand, when closely examined, is found to contain fine hornblende crystals with an endless variety of angular forms. In a handful would appear minute fragments of porphyrytic rock and feldspar, ranging through all the shades of red, black, white, gray, blue, and green, but the creamy yellow of the pumice and some other porous substances was the most common. The progress was necessarily slow, for half the distance gained in a step was lost in the yielding sand, which, sliding like fine shot from under the feet, rendered our pointed staffs useless. And now we began to realize the fatigue of volcano-climbing. One after another we sank down to catch breath, and already began to estimate how far we had come from the base. In this way, in about an hour and a half after our departure from Tlamacas, we reached "La Cruz"—the guides being a hundred yards in advance. This cross, which is of wood, stands on a pinnacled rock, forming a little island in this sea of sand and a sort of resting-place. Beyond a rapid pulse, the effect of

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over-exertion, no one had thus far felt any great inconvenience. A residence of several months in the city of Mexico, which is 7548 feet above the ocean, had accustomed us to the rarefied atmosphere of that height; so that our present elevation had a less sensible effect than had we reached it directly from the coast. Still we found ourselves drawing long breaths, and making more than ordinary efforts to inflate the lungs. Far below us we could see the rancho, and with the glass observe the soldiers leading the horses across an open space in the valley.

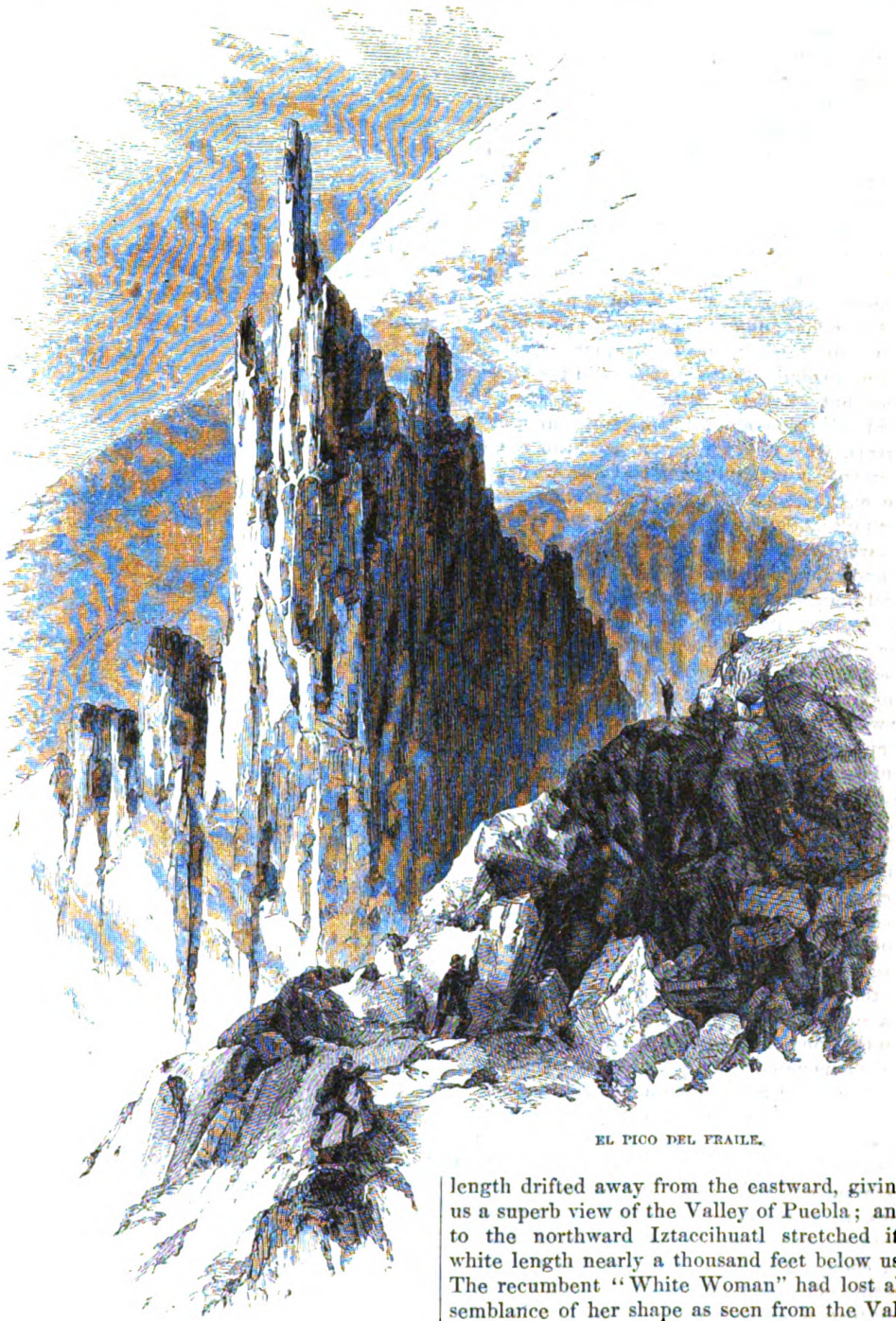
Here were the last traces of vegetation. Lichens, tufts of dried grass, and shriveled ferns had long since been passed; and now, in the rough fissures of this rock, were patches of hard, brown moss, which we could only detach with the blades of our knives. The "Alpine flora," which by a universal law seem to belong to stated elevations or temperature the world over, are unknown here, owing to the lack of the slightest means to sustain life. Currents of cold air swept down the mountain steeps, reducing the temperature to 60°; yet the glare of the sun was such as to burn our wrists, faces, and necks nearly to blistering. While resting here for a few minutes we noticed particularly the muscular build of our two guides. Straight and well formed, lithe in their movements, lean as race-hounds, and with a pectoral development that swelled almost into a semicircle at the chest, these natural athletes were the superiors of any of us in endurance; but yet we observed that at every signal to stop they were quite as ready as we to throw themselves down for a breathing-spell. Off to the right of the direction we were following were bending lines of black rock—probably obsidian. In the indentations formed by their angular ridges were snow-drifts which the sun had not reached, showing that earlier in the winter the frozen region had extended much below its present line, or that snow had lately fallen.

That line was weary hours of travel above us, and delay might lead to our passing the night on the mountain. "Excelsior" was the word, and again we started. Still the same unsightly desert, with colored pebbles rolling down the steeps, and the interminable sand gliding treacherously from under our feet. Now the clouds came rolling in from the westward; and for the first time we witnessed the curious spectacle of a reversed rain or hail storm, with thunder and lightning below us, while above the mountain's peak shone in the full blaze of the sun. To our right, but still considerably above us, stood the Pico del Fraile—a beetling porphyrytic rock shooting out of the mountain's side, and presenting from some points the appearance of a Gothic spire. Its pinnacle is dark red, as though containing iron. As the clouds opened we caught a glimpse of the Valley of Ameca, with the town and Sacra Monte faintly defined, where, the night before, we had stood and looked up at the bleak solitudes we were now climbing. Baron Gros and Von Gerolt, who made the ascent together in the spring of 1833, seem to have taken a route more to the southward, for they speak of reaching the Pico del Fraile, which they were at first unable to surmount, and were obliged to return. They describe the toil of ascending the sand-slopes as "the most agonizing they ever underwent;" and they "suffered the most excruciating agony in their eyes and faces from the reflection of the sun from the brilliant snow." It was only after we reached a much greater altitude that we experienced these inconveniences. Our ascent avoided the Pico del Fraile, and formed a curving line to the peak, giving us the advantage of a more direct line up the snow, but lengthened the fatiguing struggle through the steeps of ashes. The weariness consequent upon an increasing rarefication of air and the strain upon unaccustomed muscles at length obliged us to adopt a more systematic method. We advanced in each other's tracks ten steps at a time, which were counted by the leader. At the last step all sank down to recover breath, and the next effort commenced at the given word. Such was the exhaustion that neither of us felt equal to the last few steps, and dropped instantly at the tenth.

For some time before gaining the snow line we had looked up at the impending ice-fields, whose apparent glassiness made us remember with satisfaction the spikes in the soles of our shoes; but upon reaching the lower rim of the belt, which was at a quarter past eleven, we found the surface deeply furrowed with gullies of hard, frozen snow, lying in windrows from two to three feet high, with here and there transverse ridges extending down several hundred feet to a point, as if sharpened by the attrition of incrusted masses sliding from above. These windrows crossing our course, we were obliged to pass over them step by step, which seemed at length worse than the sand-climbing. It was now a continual striding across slippery ice-troughs, which it required a cautious step to pass; while the muscular exertion of bending forward to reach the next succeeding ridge brought a constant strain on the spinal column, and gave to the uninitiated some idea of the beauties of lumbago. The expanded atmosphere we were inhaling began to be painfully apparent. Each complained of a sensation like asphyxia, with aching eyes and smarting of the skin. One of the party, as the pressure of the air diminished, was taken with nausea, and another with severe throbbing pains in the temples. Such symptoms, however, did not surprise us, although the reality was different from what we had expected. In ten minutes we had stopped to rest half a dozen times. Through the green goggles the snow assumed a ghastly hue, as if our aerial world were in an eclipse.

At eleven A.M. we were 16,000 feet above the sea, with a temperature of 46° Fahrenheit.

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EL PICO DEL FRAILE.

Experiencing a severe palpitation, the pulse of one of the party beat at 109 per minute; and a temporary removal of the goggles revealed three bloodless faces, as wan and shrunken as though life had departed forever. Each rallied the other on his cadaverous looks; but it was a sickly sort of pleasantry, uttered in hollow tones, as though a joke were a dreary delusion, and not to be tolerated.

The veil of clouds, which in their lower strata had been muttering thunder for half an hour, at length drifted away from the eastward, giving us a superb view of the Valley of Puebla; and to the northward Iztaccihuatl stretched its white length nearly a thousand feet below us. The recumbent "White Woman" had lost all semblance of her shape as seen from the Valley of Mexico, and was now a mere tumble of snow-heaps. What had been her feet was a shapeless cliff; her head was metamorphosed into a slanting field of ice, and the rest of the body seemed to be the eastern part of an ancient crater, of which the missing rim had plainly been rent off in some mighty explosion, leaving half the circumference as a memento of its former glory. It is not improbable that Iztaccihuatl was once nearly, if not quite, as high as Popocatepetl; but all appearance of a conical form has been destroyed.

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We had yet to ascend a lofty expanse of snow. To accomplish that the work must be resolutely attacked and persistently followed. The guides pointed up to the location of the crater, which was indicated by a slight depression in the summit. Judging by our jaded condition, we had grave doubts of being able to achieve the ascent; but we resolved to persevere until warned by some alarming symptoms to desist. At the outset one is buoyed up with a feeling of ambition, and that tonic of exhilaration always attending new and strange scenery combining the elements of sublimity and grandeur; but the affair at last sobers down into a pathless, monotonous journey onward and upward, into a realm seated in the burning zone, but glittering with Arctic frost. Upward, with slow and faltering steps, and, at intervals, with half-whispered words of encouragement; now falling in the icy furrows or sinking exhausted, and angrily protesting against our mutual folly. To the right was a chasm, apparently three hundred yards wide and of unknown depth. The opening was at a lower level than where we stood, admitting of a partial view of its shape and dimensions. This our guides called "La Barranca del Muerte," because some years ago one of their companions had been lost in the yawning gulf. All of us were too much fatigued, even had we dared, to approach it. The surface of the snow sloped rapidly toward the mouth, from which peaks of rocks and ice arose on the opposite side. The Indians believe that it sinks into the heart of the volcano, but no one has ventured near its slippery edge to ascertain. As our altitude increased all the symptoms appeared that a medical friend in Mexico had predicted—including muscular trembling, bleeding at the nose and mouth, a dull aching in the region of the heart, and deathly nausea, like that of sea-sickness. Even the dusky faces of our guides, long accustomed to mountain life, became emaciated and ashy. One of them found, crawling and fluttering on the snow, a pretty insect, which he called the "mosco de nieve," or snow-fly. It has short, slight antennæ and legs, and a scarcely perceptible head, wings of extreme delicacy, like those of small butterflies, with blue and green shades on a groundwork of bronze, and six minute spots of white on each. The body, which is about as large as that of a honey-bee, radiates green and crimson tints when held to the light. So much of an unscientific description may enable some entomologist to recognize what must be a very rare, and is certainly a very beautiful insect. It is known in Mexico, and to produce it is considered satisfactory evidence of having been among the snows of Popocatepetl, where alone it is found. Whence it comes or how it subsists in these inhospitable solitudes none can tell. The specimen before me was jammed to death and out of all shape on the way back to Mexico, but still preserves its glossy colors.

With utter fatigue came at last a morose petulance and carelessness as to how any other but one's self might be faring. Each preserved a selfish, dogged silence, save the hoarse noise caused by labored efforts to inhale enough air to supply the lungs with oxygen. This rarefied atmosphere, however, has no visible effect upon the flight of the more powerful class of birds; for in the direction of Puebla, and apparently some hundreds of yards above our present level, we saw what seemed to be two vultures sailing majestically among the clouds; and our guides had sometimes observed from the crater birds soaring at such a height above them that their forms could scarcely be distinguished in the sky. These facts may serve as a contradiction of the statement that birds cast into the air at an altitude of four miles will fall, helplessly fluttering, until they reach an atmospheric consistency in which their wings meet with the required resistance.

Our adventure had reduced itself into a science of climbing—a heedful saving of each physical resource for breathing, seeing, and grasping—every movement being made deliberately, so that not a foot of distance might be lost or the least muscular power exerted in vain. The whole ascent from the lower line of the snow is a conflict between desperate resolution to continued effort and sinking despair at the increasing difficulties. Ears, hands, and feet tingled with the cold, and the skin of the face felt as though penetrated by infinitessimal needles. Pains in the head, lungs, and sides grew intense. Despite the goggles our sight got dim and confused. One of the party became terror-stricken, repented of his temerity, and hastily commenced descending. The others, however, prevailed on him to continue, and the guides pointed up to a spot above us, where thin vapors were sweeping across the summit close down to the crater. The distance did not seem great, and again we crawled along, but stopping to catch breath every few steps. Another, who was taken with intolerable pain in the lungs, now peremptorily declared against further movement, but rallied when an Indian, pulling off his sash, drew it tightly twice around the chest of the sufferer, and thus, by distending the lungs, allowed increased space for breathing; at least so it was afterward said in Mexico; but the Indian could offer no explanation of his treatment, save that it was "muy bueno," as, in fact, it proved. Those final fifty or eighty yards! The space seemed like that intervening between the shore and an exhausted swimmer, idly beating the waves in his last agony. At length—we scarcely know how—the topmost ridge is scaled, and the half-fainting climber, with bloodshotten eyes, palpitating heart, and gasping for breath, weak, trembling, and dizzy, sinks down upon the edge of the crater, and realizes that he has reached an elevation close upon three miles and a half above the sea. And there is also an irrepressible sense of sadness, born, perhaps, as much of physical prostration as of the

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frightful wildness and strange silence of the place. It is a desert above the clouds, piercing the blue ether of heaven, where no trace of living thing exists save the bewildered beings who have invaded its frozen solitude.

It was now a few minutes past two o'clock. We had been six and a half hours in making the ascent from Tlamacas. Fatigue and nausea rendered the idea of food loathsome; and for the same reason we could only so far comply with our promise to Colonel Cañedo as to merely taste his brandy to the health of their Majesties. Our course up from the valley of Tlamacas had been at first eastwardly, and thence by a curving line to the southward, so that we gained the crater on the northeast side—Iztaccihuatl bearing north-northwest, and the faintly-penciled forest around Tlamacas being nearly in a line between the two mountains. Von Gerölt and Baron Gros ascended on the southern slope, having passed through Ozumba, an Indian village to the southward of the volcano. They selected what must have been the most difficult approach, as it involved the scaling of crags not encountered on the opposite side. The perilous ascent made in the winter of 1857 by a commission consisting of four savans, of whom Sonntag, the Swedish traveler, was one, is graphically described by Laveirière, the historian of the expedition. They left Tlamacas at half past six in the morning, and reached the summit at half past one. M. Sonntag was attacked with frothing at the mouth, and all suffered intensely. At that time the water in the great barranca was frozen, and before entering the region of snow they crossed a zone of "glaciers," which had no existence in March of the present year, the snow with us terminating abruptly in the lava and sand.

On reaching the crater the scene is the more astonishing from the fact that it opens almost unexpectedly to the view. The vast gulf, with all its ghastly, savage features of misshapen crags and murky vapors, is before you the moment the edge is attained. It would be difficult to exaggerate in describing a spectacle where every thing has been rent, shattered, overthrown, and hurled into "confusion worse confounded" by mighty agencies inconceivable in their power, except by the chaos which every where presents itself—a nightmare of hideous, indescribable ruin. The lip, which is lowest on the northeastern side, is a jagged surface some twenty yards in width, sloping rapidly toward the centre, covered with scorious sand, and strewn with masses of feldspar, porphyry, and pumice, and roofed at intervals with sheets of frozen snow, more or less tinted by the drifting sands or the sulphurous clouds issuing from below. Shattered fragments of melted substances lay piled up in the wildest ruin, stretching away on either hand to the southward and westward, where the rim becomes compact, standing in perpendicular strata of gray and black basaltic and other volcanic rock, and bending into a semicircular form. The opening is about two-thirds of a mile in diameter in the widest part; but these dimensions gradually lessen until, at a depth of some two hundred feet, nearly the whole circumference can be taken in at a glance. We picked our way among heaped-up, broken lava, and under great leaning rocks, whose edges seemed to present the profiles of solemn watchers bending toward the crater and guarding the smouldering fires below, among shattered fragments, all seared and blistered with intense heat, down to a ledge where we found an old windlass—"el malacate"—placed there by the Indians in former times for the purpose of gathering sulphur. The rickety machine, of rough, unhewn wood, appeared ready to tumble into the crater, and the rope, though originally stout enough, had rotted by long exposure to the weather until no blanketed dare-devil would now be willing to tax its powers of endurance. Gazing into this infernal abyss, and estimating the chances of pecuniary gain in such an occupation, Edgar's description of the samphire gatherer's "dreadful trade" came forcibly to mind; only from Dover's chalky cliffs the fall would be on to the sea-beach; while the hapless Don Fulano who might drop from the malacate would inevitably plunge into a sulphur bath not recommended by the faculty. We did not visit or see the "Cueva del Muerte," described by Laveirière. The crater may be said to commence at this malacate, whence the horrid walls plunge apparently a thousand feet. At the lowest depths we saw rolling clouds, the lighter of which arose to a level with where we stood. These vapors, encountering the cold air, are precipitated in the form of sulphur upon the walls. This process, which has never ceased for centuries, has undoubtedly deposited a solid crust of sulphur of great thickness, and perhaps has decreased the size of the lower crater. Some of the half-melted specimens which we afterward broke open contained sulphur to the centre, showing that the two had sometimes been fused by fervent heat. A continual noise, like the slow working of Cyclopean enginery, or, more aptly, the deep breathing of Stygian monsters, came up at regular intervals, varied now and then by a smothered gurgling and hissing, which seemed to part the vapors, revealing prodigious masses of detached red, black, and gray rocks blotched with layers of sulphur. At no time was the air unpleasantly warm, nor did we observe any luminous appearance, or any other evidence of fire, than the ascending clouds, which were continually falling back when condensed by contact with the frosty atmosphere above.

Portions of the inner circumference were cracked across the regular strata into grotesque figures. With the glass we could see, on the calcined walls opposite, fissures where the heat had forced open the cliffs. Here and there, along the sides, for a distance of three or four

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THE CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL.

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hundred feet down, were banks of discolored snow, which must have fallen recently to have withstood the warmth of the crater. At the uttermost depths are pools, or reservoirs, believed by the Indians to be liquid sulphur—an appearance which the sunlight gives them at mid-day. Hence may have arisen the idea of molten gold which the Spanish conquerors imagined the crater to contain. It is not improbable that one of Cortéz's soldiers ascended the mountain and brought away sulphur, of which to make powder, as is stated in one of the great captain's letters to Charles V. The sulphurous clouds proceed from a number of openings, of which we counted nine—seven large and two small—among the irregular piles of lava-blocks and other *débris* far below. The Indians call these the "respiradores," or breathing-holes. They emit columns of hot water and steam, with a gurgling noise already described. Occasionally this monotonous process is varied by the falling of loose rocks into the profound depths; and, as experiments, we rolled down the largest rocks we could move, and listened to their plunging descent. Horizontal jets of sulphurous steam occasionally shot out from the inner walls and at unexpected places. Sulphur collecting has been abandoned by the Indians since one of their number was suffocated in this way while hanging from the "malacate."

These are the only noticeable phenomena of the crater; and this ceaseless respiration, and the seething of the caldrons hidden in the recesses of the mountain suffers no change, except when, very rarely, an ominous muttering is heard, or at intervals of years the volcano awakens with a drowsy shudder that startles the adjacent villages into at least transient activity—as it did during the earthquake in the fall of 1864, when half the towns on the Atlantic slope of the Mexican Andes were jolted to their centres. Then the mountain groaned aloud—so say the Amecans—and rocks, dislocated from around the crater, rolled down to the sand-belt with the noise of thunder.

In remote ages all these Mexican cones were in full blast, and Popocatepetl probably bellowed the loudest of all. He is sedate enough now, but time was when his explosions reverberated from sea to sea, and his lurid flames illumined all this part of the continent. This may have been the epoch of that general convulsion when the aboriginal cities of Yucatan and Guatemala were overthrown and their inhabitants destroyed; when the domes of Orizaba and Iztaccihuatl were split from summit to base, and half their craters hurled in fragments over the country; when the subterranean fires, seeking vent, burst up through the earth's crust, as in after-ages did Jorullo; and when, as the geologists say has been the case, the Antilles, which once formed across the Mexican Gulf, were rent asunder, and the Gulf stream changed its course, modifying the climate of Europe and North America. Then Cuba became an island, and the Gulf of Mexico, which had been a great plateau—perhaps as populous as Yucatan is known to have been—sunk beneath the ocean. Whatever tragedy was enacted, and whenever it happened, Popocatepetl was in for his full share of rant, and undoubtedly took the part of heavy villain.

Surrounded by the evidences of terrific destruction, such as characterize the approaches to the volcano, the mind is lost in contemplating the fearful agencies which have elevated this vast stack, serving in after-ages as a safety-valve for half a continent. Science may be all right, or all wrong. Speculations upon cause and effect bewilder the thoughts, and end in leaving the inquirer as much in the dark as ever. One learned oracle establishes premises and draws conclusions which some other pundit, with high forehead and gold spectacles, overthrows in a ponderous tome. Theology and geology clash in hot debate as to whether the six days in Genesis mean days or ages. Divinity and natural laws get by the ears, and libraries teem with dissertations and wranglings over periods of upheaval and subsidence, and mysteries of nature which will probably remain forever a sealed book. We can only recognize an Original Designer, and devoutly believe that out of chaos the Creator evolved order and beauty. These destructive forces may have been in action millions of years ago—before what the spectacled magnates term their glacial period—the era of cold and wreck and waste, of submerged lands and icy seas. But *when* that was, what chronologist shall dare to assert?

Señor Ramerez, an eminent Mexican scholar, has in his library ancient manuscripts, written on paper made of the maguey plant, which speak of eruptions of the "Smoking Mountain" hundreds of years before the discovery of America; and the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, the celebrated Yucatan explorer, now in Mexico, at the head of a French scientific commission, has equally interesting records to the same effect. At the time of the Spanish conquest a slight eruption occurred; and even now clouds of smoke and ashes are said to sometimes rise above the crater. It is clear that the monster yet lives and breathes; and as no contract has been signed restricting future eccentricities, the citizens of Mexico are liable to find him a dangerous neighbor. An eruption, such as has occurred sometime in the world's history, would not only devastate the country with lava, but the melting of the prodigious accumulations of snow would inundate all the lowlands.

But the crater of a volcano is not the coziest place for sifting geological facts, or the solution of nature's problems. Spent with the day's exertions, we remained only long enough to impress the scene on the memory and take a rough sketch, when we clambered again to the lip and gazed upon the amazing landscape opening to the east and north. It had been proposed to pass the night at the summit and

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witness the sunrise, which must be one of the grandest sights in nature; but with our increasing debility, the expansion of the blood, difficulty of respiration, and some strange symptoms of the heart suffered by two of our number, it was deemed imprudent to remain; besides, we had no means of shelter, and the mercury was even now several degrees below the freezing-point. To the eastward the clouds had entirely disappeared, leaving a crystal atmosphere in the direction of Vera Cruz. From where we stood, shivering with cold and beating our gloved hands to preserve the circulation, the vast cone sloped with fearful distinctness thousands upon thousands of feet, until its base mingled with the irregular ranges trending toward the tierra caliente. Away over boundless space lay the painted Mexican landscape, extending into distant States, and imperceptibly subsiding through the temperate regions of the pine and the cereals into horizons of perpetual summer—down to the land of the orange and palm, birds of burning plumage, and the flowering wonders of the tropics. The great central llanos, the lesser Andes with their turreted crests sharply defined, the illimitable forested districts, and the heated jungles of the lower country, were all spread out in one immense panorama, gradually losing itself in the distance—an undulating ocean of verdure glowing like cloth of gold in the sunbeams. Toward the valley of Mexico the prospect was obscured by cumulus clouds, among which we tried to distinguish the lofty volcano of Toluca, but unsuccessfully; but this was more than atoned for by the snowy crags of Iztaccihuatl, two thousand feet below us, and the still more splendid spectacle of Orizaba, a gleaming spire of burnished steel in the eastern sky.

The view from the crater of Popocatepetl can never be adequately described. Language fails to convey any conception of its extent and sublimity, or its effect upon even an unimpressible nature. No other peak on the globe higher than this has been trodden by the foot of man, although in several instances a greater altitude has been attained on other mountains without gaining the summit. An account exists of two adventurers having climbed to the top of Chimborazo in 1856; but Humboldt, who quotes the story from a California newspaper, is careful not to indorse it. No person can reach the crater of Popocatepetl with any but the most solemn emotions, for he stands above the Western world, from Atlantic to Pacific clear to the Arctic Circle. One feels not the slightest disposition to shout or laugh. If the expedition were conceived in a spirit of frolic, all such ideas will have vanished on gaining the snow region, and at the crater the most garrulous talker will become reflective and taciturn. The elevation is more than 2000 feet greater than the inaccessible peak of Mont Blanc, and the stunning confabulation between Alps and Jura, so grandly described in Childe Harold, if conducted within hearing of the great American volcano, would take place about 5000 feet below its apex. Four such hills as "Awful Ben Nevis" (the pride of the British Isles, and tiresome boast of cockney tourists), would not reach the peak of Popocatepetl by many hundred feet if piled one on top of another. There probably does not exist in nature a more favorable spot for an extensive view, owing not only to the altitude which a tropical climate enables the adventurer to reach, but to the general absence of that haziness so often obscuring the prospect from extreme elevations, particularly in high latitudes.

Several eminent travelers have reached the crater of Popocatepetl. Besides Sonntag, Von Gerolt, and Baron Gros, already mentioned, Glennie made the ascent in 1827. Humboldt did not accomplish it, but made trigonometrical measurements of its height in the Valley of Tetimba in 1804, estimating it at 17,728 feet. Glennie found it 17,884 feet; but his calculations having been corrected by Burckhardt, whose scientific attainments Humboldt highly praises in Cosmos, the original figures were made to give 18,017 feet. Science, however, has been steadily increasing the altitude of the volcano. Repeated trials, made under the most favorable circumstances, and with instruments superior to those used half a century ago, have added several hundred feet to the summit. Within a few years French savans have taken careful observations from the level country at the base, which yield a height of 18,362 feet above the sea; and two sets of measurements are said to have produced several hundred feet more than even those figures. In the present ascent we were quite unable to use instruments with any accuracy, owing to cold and fatigue.

The country around Popocatepetl is rife with stories of wild adventure, murders, hair-breadth escapes, and aboriginal legends running back into the remote ages of American civilization. When the cities of Yucatan were in their glory, a people lived here preceding the Toltecs by centuries, and whose monuments are yet the wonder of modern explorers. With these races, Popocatepetl, as well as Iztaccihuatl, was a great deity who was worshiped with awful solemnities. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg devoted an entire evening to this subject after my return from the volcano, proving that the original civilization of America flourished long prior to that of Egypt, whose arts and sciences came from the West. "Mexico," continued the learned Abbé, "thousands of years ago, was the seat of refinement and culture, until some universal catastrophe of nature convulsed the continent and overwhelmed whole nations." When London and Paris shall have passed away the wanderer among their shattered temples will see no relics of architecture comparable with those now found in the splendid ruins of Yucatan, especially those of Uxmal; and, further—the seeker after new and graceful architectural designs must visit Yucatan to study the lost art of ancient America. These condi-

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LOOKING FROM POPOCATEPETL.

tions existed equally in the uplands of Mexco; and the healthy country for many leagues around Popocatepetl was densely peopled, as is shown by the altars and idol-caves still existing on the southern and eastern slopes in the primeval forest, and the aboriginal cemeteries in the same vicinity where the remains of the once powerful Chichimaca nation are still thrown out by the shifting sands. Many of their idols, ingeniously carved in stone, I saw in Ameca at the house of the venerable Don Francisco Crespo. He and others had repeatedly carried for sale in Mexico mule loads of copal, in which bodies had been embalmed. Remains of altars, elaborately wrought in volcanic rock, have been found buried among the broken lava-blocks. To this day the worship of the mountain is observed among the aborigines, still boasting their descent from the "tlatoam" or King Acamapitzin. Toward the close of the year they make their sad pilgrimage, Druid-like, into the woods east of the volcano; and in these caves of worship the wanderer may yet hear their lamentations and see the walls piously hung with garlands. The Mexican Indian races, with their strange customs, gigantic monuments, and mysterious origin, have ever been subjects of curious interest to Maximilian and Carlotta. The amelioration of their condition, and the adaptation of their peculiar industry and ingenuity to the useful arts, has been a matter of no little study with the Emperor, who has repeatedly given audience to political deputations of their representative men. An eminent scholar himself, he invests the Indian races and their history with a scientific importance; while the scarcely less accomplished Empress has become known among even the most distant tribes for the intelligent interest she has taken in the welfare of these ruder portions of her subjects. At the time of the conquest the population of the mountain districts around Popocatepetl had been concentrated into fourteen towns under a king subordinate to Montezuma. Their original religion, customs, and superstitions did not change, but continued through three centuries of Vice-Royalty; and when the sun of Spanish empire went down

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they were the same distinct, primitive people.

Avalanches, both of snow and sand, are among the dangers of the volcano. Within a few years several Indians have been overwhelmed by the sliding of snow upon the smooth lava dome. The percolation of water during the warm months detaches the mass, which the unsuspecting native has only to tread upon to set in motion. In an instant he is flying down the declivity with frightful speed, and at last, launched into mid-air with the wreck of his ice-chariot, descends like an ærolite into the sands below and is crushed to death. Equally dangerous is the shifting of the steep fields of sand and ashes which may be started by the tread of a single person. Several hundred yards square are seen to move without any apparent cause, increasing in momentum, and gliding noiselessly, unless arrested by some slight wave or undulation. These sand-slides occur without warning, and sometimes attain a velocity sufficient to bury any party happening to be in their track. Storms of hail, often attended with terrific thunder and lightning, are common in the summer months. At such times the electricity darts in fiery fluid along the metallic sands, lighting up the declivities with fearful effect. Some years ago three Indians were descending the frozen snow, when one of them chose to follow a depression or furrow, at one side, which seemed to offer an easier route. Suddenly he shot out of sight. The others made toward the place to learn the fate of their companion, when the crust commenced sinking, and they had scarcely time to scramble away before several rods of the surface had fallen into a gloomy, unfathomable abyss. The missing man was never again seen. A curious phenomenon, often occurring in the dry season, are columns of dust and ashes, which seem to rise from the extensive sand-fields at the base of the volcano, and appear to be connected with the lower strata of clouds. From the snow line we counted several of these—some incomplete, and two perfectly formed. The nearest, which bended down from the clouds, was shaped like the inverted trunk of an elephant. It moved rapidly, swaying from side to side, and seemed to draw up sand and scoria in its path. They apparently originate in whirlwinds caused by counter currents of air among the mountain fastnesses, and increase in height and size by a process similar to that by which water-spouts are formed on the ocean.

We were shown at Ameca the grave of an amorous victim of woman's caprice, and the fair one herself, still in mourning for her lost lover. Thus runs the narrative:

Mariano and Josefa were betrothed, and the next Sunday was to see them happily united. Frijoles were prepared, fiddlers and guitarists engaged, fandangoes practiced, and the mountain village was in as great a ferment as was that in which "La Sonnambula" dreamed and walked. Three days before the nuptials were to have been celebrated, a party, including our couple, rode to the base of the volcano, and stopped to rest at a beetling precipice, where an ascent was deemed impossible. Josefa playfully announced her intention to discard her suitor if he did not place her bouquet on a certain lofty crag within a given time. No sooner said than away sprang the young Indian, and in the course of three hours reached the place indicated, where he stood a moment, a mere speck on the summit, and then disappeared. He returned no more; and after two days of anxious suspense, during which Josefa was effectually cured of coquetry, a number of their friends ventured up to seek the missing bridegroom. On the giant crag he had been commanded to crown, bolt upright sat Mariano, bouquet in hand, and staring off into the air with fixed and glassy eyes. He had died of rupture of the lungs.

We commenced the descent a few minutes before three in the afternoon, having passed nearly an hour at the crater. This is not only of itself intensely fatiguing, but the exertion must be made when the muscles are yet quivering after consecutive hours of climbing. The staves, which hitherto had done us but slight service, now came into use. Springing across the slippery ridges, sometimes sprawling at full length, or oftener assuming decidedly emphatic if not classical positions, with heels up and arms extended, we reached the lower belt of snow in less than a quarter of the time we had taken to climb the steep ascent. Here we rested a few minutes before launching into the sand-fields, and then, being in ignorance of their shifting propensities, we started into the yielding mass intent only upon reaching terra firma. At times the rapidity of the descent was alarming. To avoid pitching end over end we locked arms, and throwing the body back allowed the natural momentum to bear us onward at a quick run, but keeping pace in regular strides, sinking at each step nearly to the knees, and stopping every five minutes to catch breath. The specimens of volcanic sulphur, porous lava, and many-colored stones with which we had stuffed every pocket rather accelerated our speed. Our two Indians followed in the same order, and it was only when our mad race brought up at La Cruz that they told us of the sliding sands. But we were now past the steepest places and beyond danger. After several such spells we made out with the glass our little cavalry escort winding like a caravan of mice along the brink of the lower barranca, evidently coming to meet us. We soon gained the level plains of scoria, and in half an hour more were mounted and trotting through the moss-clad pines to Tlamacas, where we arrived at half past five, pale, haggard, coated with dirt, and trembling with sheer exhaustion. The soldiers had watched us early in the day crawling up the volcano till our forms were lost in the distance. Off to the right we heard the roar-

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ing of water at the mouth of an immense barranca leading up to a cleft in the side of the mountain; and we found that what had been frozen solid in the morning when we left was now a formidable torrent, created by the melting of the snows, dashing over rocks and precipices with a voice that echoed far and wide. During the night it would freeze again; and this alternation of melting and congealing goes on forever. We looked up toward the crater, but it was hidden in threatening clouds that were hurrying toward the peak as a storm-rendezvous; and already, muttered thunder and faint glimmerings of lightning told of the coming snow and hail tempest. It seemed as if we had fairly stolen a march on old King Popocatepetl—caught him asleep, scaled his ice-throne at an advantage, and that he was now arousing himself to an indignant consciousness of the fact. We staid not to witness his regal wrath, but drank some hot coffee which our good genius Colonel Cañedo had directed his men to have ready for us; and then, as the shadows of night began to deepen in the valley, our cavalcade started again for Ameca. At midnight, drenched with the rain and hail which had overtaken us among the mountains, we clattered into the silent village despondent and weary, thoroughly satisfied with our twenty-two hours' adventure, and fully resolved never to advise a friend to attempt the ascent of Popocatepetl.

THE MONKS OF BASLE.

I tore this weed from the rank, dark soil
Where it grew in the early time,
I trimmed it close, and set it again
In a border of modern rhyme.

LONG years ago, when the Devil was loose
And faith was sorely tried,
Three monks of Basle went out to walk
In the quiet even-tide.

A breeze as pure as the breath of heaven
Blew fresh through the cloister-shades,
A sky as glad as the smile of heaven
Blushed rose o'er the cloister glades.

But scorning the lures of summer and sense,
The monks passed on in their walk,
Their eyes were abased, their senses slept,
Their souls were in their talk.

In the tough grim talk of the monkish days
They hammered and slashed about—
Dry husks of logic—old scraps of creed—
And the cold, gray dreams of doubt—

And whether "Just," or "Justified,"
Was the Church's mystic Head—
And whether the Bread was changed to God,
Or God became the Bread.

But of human hearts outside their walls
They never paused to dream,
And they never thought of the love of God
That smiled in the twilight gleam.

As these three monks went bickering on
By the foot of a spreading tree,
Out from its heart of verdurous gloom
A song burst wild and free;

A wordless carol of life and love,
Of nature free and wild;
And the three monks paused in the evening shade,
Looked up at each other and smiled.

And tender and wild the bird sang on
And cooed and whistled and trilled,
And the wasteful wealth of life and love
From his happy heart was spilled.

The song had power on the grim old monks
In the light of the rosy skies,
And as they listened the years rolled back,
And tears came into their eyes.

The years rolled back, and they were young,
With the hearts and hopes of men,
They plucked the daisies and kissed the girls
Of dear dead summers again.

But the eldest monk soon broke the spell:
"'Tis shame and sin," quoth he,
"To be turned from talk of holy things
By a bird's cry from a tree.

"Perchance the enemy of souls
Hath come to tempt us so:
Let us try by the power of the awful Word
If it be he or no."

To heaven the three monks raised their hands.
"We charge thee, speak!" they said,
"By His dread name who shall one day come
To judge the quick and the dead—

"Who art thou, speak!" The bird laughed loud:
"I am the Devil," he said.
The monks on their faces fell; the bird
Away through the twilight sped.

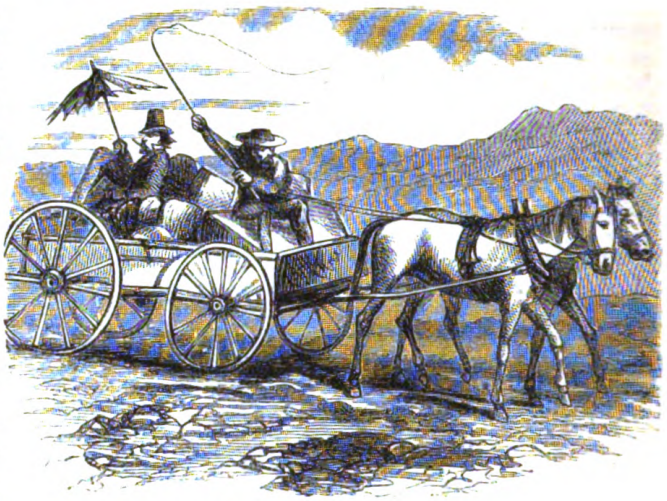
A horror fell on those holy men
(The faithful legends say),
And one by one from the face of earth
They pined and vanished away.

So goes the tale of the monkish books;
The moral, who runs may read:—
"He has no ear for Nature's voice
Whose soul is the slave of creed.

"Not all in vain with beauty and love
Has God the world adorned;
And he who Nature scorns and mocks,
By Nature is mocked and scorned."

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THE WALKER RIVER COUNTRY.



BOUND FOR WALKER RIVER.

MY preparations for the Walker River expedition were on a scale of more than usual grandeur. On this occasion I was resolved to travel in a dignified style, according with the gravity and importance of the undertaking. Certain coal and iron mines, recently discovered in that region, had aroused in me that spirit of speculation which had received so disastrous a check in Washoe. I was resolved, since gold and silver ignored my friendly advances, to try what sympathetic virtue there might be in coal and iron. Scouts were sent out all over the town of Aurora to secure the best wheeled vehicle the community could afford; preference to be given to a thorough-braced ambulance of Concord manufacture. If that was beyond the resources of enterprise an ordinary furniture wagon might be made available, or at the worst a butcher's job-cart.

It so happened that a heavy drain had been made upon the livery-stables by the recent exodus of citizens to the Montgomery district. Wagons of all sorts were in great demand for the transportation of goods, wares, and honest miners to the argentiferous paradise; and the long-continued drought, high price of forage, and constant demand for animals had nearly exhausted the whole horse-creation. Skeleton emigrant horses, scrag-tailed mustangs, galled mules and burros, were in requisition at prices that inspired in the owners sentiments of profound affection for their property.

My scout-in-chief, one Timothy Mason, was a man of unlimited genius in his way. Though small in stature he carried a large nose, which enabled him to scent out horses with unerring instinct. He penetrated the wigwams of the Aurorians; dodged into the back-yards and by-ways; smelled every spot where there was a suspicion of hay, grain, or horse-flesh; and in due course of time announced the glad tidings that he had succeeded in securing a conveyance worthy of President Lincoln "or any other man."

It was a wagon which had crossed the plains during the summer, and could therefore be recommended as thoroughly dried and not likely to fall to pieces by the action of the sun's rays. The bed was somewhat shattered; the springs broken here and there; a few spokes out of the wheels; the hubs cracked, and the tires gone in at occasional intervals; but it was a remarkably tough wagon nevertheless, capable of being stretched or contracted at pleasure without materially injuring its appearance or powers of locomotion. I rather liked Timothy's description of the wagon. There was something pleasant in the idea of traveling in such a wagon as that.

"You are sure it won't break down, Timothy?" said I, somewhat dubiously.

"Well, 'tain't likely a wagon that's just come all the way from Iowa with a family of women and children in it 'll be taken with a breakin' down between this and Walker."

Thus was every doubt removed. Horses were the chief trouble. Timothy had secured a couple of very fine bloods, rather mortifying in appearance, but of wonderful endurance, since they had lived throughout the entire drought of summer on nothing but sage-brush and alkali and were not yet dead. If I had any pride about the matter of appearance he would borrow a pair of shears and clip their wool a little before we started.

"On the contrary, Timothy," said I, "it would be a downright sin to disfigure such noble animals as you have described. I am addicted to the picturesque in nature. I like starved, galled, and woolly-skinned horses. What they lack in flesh and symmetry they will doubtless make up in spirit and variety of outline. So fetch along your nags, Timothy—and don't forget the wagon!"

When, in due time, my remarkable equipage appeared in the main street of Aurora ready for a start, I was not surprised that the entire population, without distinction of age or sex, crowded out from every door to enjoy the spectacle. Timothy sat perched upon the remains of the front seat with undisguised triumph beaming from every feature. Sooth to say, I enjoyed the sight myself as much as any body. It was a source of infinite satisfaction to me to be able to travel in such distinguished style, after having roughed it on horseback over in the Mono country. Above you have both wagon and horses—nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice.

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In addition to Timothy I had secured the services of one Dr. Fanning as guide, caterer, and purveyor-general to the expedition. An overflowing, generous, genial soul was the Doctor; an experienced mountaineer, who had roughed it all over the gold regions of Idaho; a man of intelligence, and withal as unsophisticated as a child. I liked him from the beginning. Whatever he did he did with all his heart and soul. He purveyed and catered without regard to reason, expense, or the everlasting fitness of things. When the wagon was ready to receive its cargo, I found my friend Fanning up to his neck in business at one of the principal grocery stores. He was diving into pickles, wallowing in clams and sardines, luxuriating in jellies, reveling in spiced sauces, and rejoicing in various bottles, jugs, and demijohns of brandy and whisky of the most famous brands.

When I surveyed his list of purchases I was glad my English friends, whose outfit in Iceland I had attempted to describe a few years ago, were not present. Here was a pretty catalogue of comforts and conveniences for a week's journey! Boxes of cigars, pipes, bags of tobacco, preserved meats, jellies, desiccated vegetables, brandy, wine, vinegar, and crockery without limit. I was about to ask the Doctor how many years he expected me to be absent, and what he meant by this reflection on my powers of endurance in a rough country, when I perceived, from certain undulations in his motion and an extravagantly benevolent expression in his features, that it would be no use. The fact is, his arduous labors as caterer had proved a little too much for his equilibrium. He had tasted too many strong mixtures, and his mind was becoming a little bewildered by the multitude of his responsibilities. So that when the wagon was freighted to its utmost capacity, the driver on his seat cracking his whip, and the horses fast asleep, the Doctor had taken a new kink, and was off about town in search of an additional brick to put in his hat. "Never mind," quoth Timothy, the whipster, "he will overtake us on the road. He is only taking a parting smile at the snakes. Wake up, Abe! Git along, Ulysses!"

Up the hill of Aurora we toiled and tugged, till, by the united efforts of Timothy, myself, and the two horses, we reached the summit; from which we enjoyed a parting view of the town while we stopped to regain our breath. A little below to the right, in a pleasant green flat, stands the quartz-mill of the famous pioneer, speculator, miner, and prospector, once chief owner in the Comstock ledge, John D. Winters. The mill was busily at work crushing quartz, and presented a very lively and picturesque scene.

A splendid turnpike has been made within the last two years from Aurora to the valley stretching along the base of the Sierras. Stunted pine grows on the sides of the mountains, which are otherwise exceedingly barren. A mile or two from the summit the road passes some curious lime formations, and several lime-kilns have been established close by. The rugged cliffs on each side of the cañon are diversified by a remarkable variety of colors, indicating mineral deposits of various kinds.

About a mile beyond the end of the cañon we reached the Five-mile House, a pleasant rural station, conveniently situated as a watering-place for man and beast. Here, in a desert flat, the effects of irrigation have been made apparent. It is difficult to conceive that a blade of grass could be made to grow in so barren a spot; yet, by the introduction of a small stream from the neighboring hills, the enterprising proprietor has succeeded in making quite a thrifty little farm. His vegetable garden is really a curiosity. Cabbages, beets, potatoes, and greens of various sorts flourish with a luxuriance that would do credit to California. I had seen before, in the neighborhood of Aurora, and mention it now as one of the anomalies of this strange country, some very remarkable examples of the natural fertility of this sage-desert soil. All it requires is irrigation to make it as productive as the best soil in any country. The climate seems highly favorable to vegetable products; and the time is approaching when Nevada will prove not only a rich mineral country, but be noted for its agricultural resources.

At a point called the Elbow, four miles beyond this station, we reached another oasis in the desert, where we concluded to camp for the night. A good and substantial frame-house, with stables, corrals, and various out-buildings, has been erected here for the accommodation of travelers; and the scene, upon our arrival, was lively and characteristic. Freight trains were drawn up in front of the tavern, the teams tied to the wagon-poles, with piles of hay before them which they were devouring with great relish; groups of dust-covered teamsters sitting around the glowing camp-fires; an emigrant family a little to one side, weary and way-worn, but cheered by the prospect of soon reaching the end of their journey; a stage just arrived from Wellington's, with a noisy delegation of politicians from Carson; some half a dozen stray miners on broken-down horses, from unknown parts, and bound to unknown districts; while here and there dust-covered pedestrians, whose stock in trade consisted of a pick, shovel, pan, and blanket, were scattered about on the ground, taking their ease after their dreary walk across the deserts.

While my trusty man Friday was engaged in unhitching the horses I selected a pleasant little grassy slope near some running water, fringed by willows, as a suitable place for our tent. The next thing was to gather up some dried willow-wood and make a big fire, which presently blazed and crackled with a cheerful glow, illuminating our camp in the most picturesque and satisfactory manner. At this altitude the evenings are always cool, notwithstanding the heat of the day; and a good fire after sunset is one of the chief comforts of life. We struck

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A WRECK.

our tent without delay, and then went to work and cooked such a supper of oysters, potatoes, coffee, and other luxuries as would have made old Nestor smile. I was sorry for the Doctor. At every pause in the feast we sighed for his genial presence. It was evident he had lost his way—or his equilibrium, which amounted to the same thing. He did not make his appearance during the night, nor had we the satisfaction of seeing his familiar countenance in the morning. What could have happened?

Bright and early we struck our tent, hitched up our team, packed our wagon, and set forth on our journey across a broad desert valley stretching to the eastward. It was eight miles of a dreary drag through sand and gravel to the first pass in a range of mountains which separates this district from the Walker River Country. Our poor animals, jaded and starved, had a very hard time of it. I walked most of the way rather than impose my weight upon them. Timothy laughed at my scruples of conscience, and assured me the horses were not near dead yet; that they could travel across the plains on sage-bush. Going asleep and giving out was only a way they had.

After a long and heavy pull we ascended the dividing range, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. To the right stands, in towering grandeur, a peak of the Sierras appropriately named Mount Grant, after our distinguished Lieutenant-General. Passing over the divide we entered a cañon through which the road winds for a distance of five miles. The sides are rocky, barren, and evidently of volcanic formation. Very little timber is to be seen, save here and there a gnarled and stunted pine. If ever there was a mineral country rendered attractive by a pervading spirit of desolation this was one. Every rock and tree, every ledge and fissure, looked the impersonation of strife between heaven and earth. The rich and varied colors of the mineral strata that cropped out in seams and ledges gave the whole country a strangely variegated aspect, and filled the mind with vague notions of undiscovered treasure beneath the earth's surface. Yet wild and rugged as it is, Nature seems to have formed this country with some regard for the convenience of man. In the midst of withering barrenness that sternly forbids his approach, natural roads open out through the mountains, in many places so well defined and so perfectly graded as to resemble the best turnpikes.

Slowly descending the cañon—for our load was heavy and our wagon not the strongest—we entered upon the dried bed of a stream, which formed our road during the principal part of the way through. The towering walls of rock on each side converge till they form a winding pass, almost like an irregular street of some old city in the interior of Germany. There were breaks here and there, where we had to plunge over precipices that sorely tried the shattered frame-work of our wagon. At one place we had to take out the horses and lower our precious vehicle down a rocky pitch about ten feet deep by means of ropes. It broke away from us when half-way down, and never stopped running till it came in contact with a point of rocks about fifty feet below, where it wound up in a crash of matter that caused us the most profound concern for our absent friend, the Doctor. Demijohns were smashed; brandy, whisky, match-boxes, and powder poured together in fearful conglomerate; salt and sugar, paper and ink, boiled shirts and molasses, pickles and preserves—all mixed up in the general amalgamation. I had secured a sketch of Mount Grant under the cushion of the seat. Cushion, seat, and all were pitched overboard. When I dragged forth my sketch from the wreck I was struck with its changed appearance. A bottle of whisky, a can of oysters, some lucifer matches, and the contents of a loose powder-flask had been mixed over it. Timothy was knocked speechless at the immensity of the disaster. He had the most profound respect for my genius as an

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artist, and evidently regarded the whole expedition as ruined.

"Never mind, Timothy, my boy," said I, assuming a cheerfulness which I did not feel—"never mind. This accident is doubtless Providential. So far from ruining my sketch, I think it increases the spirit. Don't you see the indomitable Grant is now blazing away at Richmond? Look at the clouds of smoke! Here's Richmond—this crushed box of lucifers; and here's Jeff Davis—a smashed oyster!"

I don't know whether he felt the force of the remark, but my trusty whipster brightened up after this, and went to work cheerily to get the horses hitched to the wagon. No material damage was done, after all—only a few small stores sacrificed to the great cause of human progress. By the same skillful system of navigation we at length reached the turning-off point, where we left the cañon, and ascended a hill to the right, from the summit of which we had a grand view of Walker's Valley and the Bullion Range of mountains to the south.

Four miles below we reached the first crossing of Walker River. Contrasted with the barren slopes of the surrounding mountains the verdure of the bottom lands was peculiarly refreshing. Even at this dry season—the dryest known for many years—the river contained an abundance of water, pure, fresh, and sparkling, from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevadas. It was a rare treat, in these hot and desert regions, to stand by the water's edge and see the generous flood dash over the rocks and flow in eddying currents over the clear gravelly bottom—so rare to me, indeed, that I quickly divested myself of my dust-covered habiliments and took a plunge in the deepest pool I could find. Talk of your Russian baths—your baths of Constantinople and Damascus! What could equal the luxury of a plunge in this mountain stream after a day's journey through scorching sands and crackling sage-brush and cañons that held the air like a bake-oven! This was luxury beyond description, bought by sweat and toil, such luxury as the indolent lounger in the Orient never dreamed of. And there were houris too; and they came and sat upon the bank and enjoyed my sportive motions in the water; copper-colored, flat-nosed, thick-lipped houris, of the Pi-Ute race, with red blankets over their bodies and fat babies in their arms. My man Timothy, without regard for the illusions of romance, or the tender influences of beauty, remarked that they were Pi-Ute squaws, on a "hogadie expedition"—"hogadie" signifying muck-a-muck, or food. There was but one way of making my escape from the water to that part of the bank upon which I had left my clothes.

"Give them hogadie, Timothy, and tell them to leave."

He gave them crackers and meat, and motioned to them to be off; but they only laughed and sat down on the bank again. It was sociable, to say the least.

"*They* don't care, Sir," said Timothy, with an encouraging smile; "you needn't be afraid to come out!"

"I know *they* don't care, Timothy; but what would Mrs. Grundy say? Deuce take it, why don't they go?"

While Timothy was casting about him for a suitable answer to this question, it occurred to me that I heard strange voices in the distance.

"What's that—who's coming?" I asked, with some anxiety.

Timothy looked up the road on the opposite side of the river. "Oh, that's only an emigrant family," said he, quietly, "two or three men and some women and children. Guess they're bound for California."

It mattered very little to me where they were bound. They had to cross the river where I was blockaded; and a painful consciousness took possession of me that there could not be a more unbecoming spectacle for an emigrant family than that of a middle-aged gentleman, with a bald spot on his head, disporting himself in the water before a bevy of Pi-Ute squaws.

"Timothy, my boy," said I, in extreme consternation, "can't you run up the road and engage the enemy while I make an effort to get my clothes on or hide in the bushes?"

"Oh, Sir," answered my trusty whipster, with a surprised look, as if he had not previously suspected me of any unusual depravity, "if you wish to be left alone here of course I'll go."

Before I could guess his meaning he had driven the horses across the river, and the last I saw of him, as he disappeared on the other side, he was shaking his head in a sorrowful manner—having evidently lost all confidence in human virtue. To rush out, grasp up my scattered clothing, and retreat into a thicket of thorny bushes, was the frantic achievement of a moment. Of course the bevy of Pi-Utes laughed. It was natural enough they should enjoy so novel a scene—a white man hopping, in a nude state, over rocks and thorns, as if for his life, with a bundle of rags under his arm. I never knew a female in my life who didn't laugh at the discomfiture of man in this its most aggravated form.

As soon as possible I emerged from the bushes, somewhat excoriated but not altogether disheartened, and proceeded on foot after my wagon and driver. I found Timothy engaged in a pleasant conversation with some ladies who had just crossed the plains. They were on their way to California. It was refreshing to meet with such enterprising females; and I was nothing loth to join in the conversation. The male members of the party occupied themselves in hunting up some of their laggard stock.

It was getting late, however, and we were forced to push on in order to reach Lawson's ranch by night.

A few farms had been started on the bottom lands, and we passed some very cozy little farm-houses and thrifty gardens. The river is fringed with willow, sycamore, and a species of cotton-

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EMIGRANT FAMILY.

wood, resembling balm of Gilead. We followed its course about seven miles through a series of narrow valleys, on the left side, till we reached a gorge in the mountains through which it passes. At this point there is a good ford, over which we crossed. Lawson's Ranch commences here. A drive of half a mile took us to the house; a frame shanty pleasantly situated near the road. Mr. Lawson was at home, and kindly offered us the accommodations of his place. He has an excellent farm, well cultivated, and a garden abounding in luxuries. Corn, beets, melons, potatoes, and many other kinds of vegetables seem admirably adapted to the soil and climate.

Lawson's Ranch may be considered the beginning of the main East Walker River Valley. The bottom gradually widens. On the right lies a sloping plain, barren in appearance but abounding in some of the finest lands east of the Sierras. A survey of this country has recently been made by Major E. A. Sherman, under the auspices of a company of Aurorians, with a view of opening it up for settlement. It is in contemplation to make a canal or acequia from Lawson's Ford for the purpose of irrigating the extensive tract of land now lying waste between the foot-hills and the river bottom. There can be no doubt that the project is feasible, and would repay the expense. The descent of the river is sufficient to give a fall of water at every point. At least a hundred thousand acres of the finest valley land could thus be redeemed. A similar system of irrigation has been successfully practiced by the early Spaniards in Sonora and Arizona: and there are now in the vicinity of Salt Lake and other parts of Utah many hundred thousand acres of sage-desert brought under successful cultivation by the introduction of water. People living on the eastern slope of the Sierras are beginning to understand that water is all they require to make the most unpromising parts of the country highly productive.

The general appearance of the Walker River Valley is barren. Very little timber is to be seen, except on the distant spurs of the Sierras. The everlasting sage-bush is the staple product of the country. A farmer from the Western States, accustomed to luxuriant pastures and endless forests, would turn away in horror from such a desolate scene; and his first impulse would be to set down any man who suggested the idea of cultivating it as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Still more absurd would he regard the assertion, often made by the old settlers in Nevada and firmly believed, that this very land, apparently so barren, is more productive than the best land in the Western States. It is a well-established fact that no such yield can be obtained in any of the Atlantic States. This is partly attributable to the difference of climate, and partly to the natural fertility of the soil in Nevada. Owing to the mineral discoveries in this Territory, and the absorption of capital and labor in the development of the mines, agriculture has been almost entirely neglected. Yet nothing has paid so certainly and so well—not even the best mines and mills.

The opening out of so large a tract of arable land to settlement and cultivation, in a country where agricultural products are in such demand, would be a most profitable and beneficial enterprise. A ready market for all the cereals and for vegetables of every kind may be found in the adjacent mining districts. At present all the fruits and most of the grain used in Nevada are imported from California at a heavy expense for transportation. The few farmers in Carson Valley have made handsome fortunes. Barley raised any where on the Eastern slope has an advantage of three to five cents a pound over the imported article; in other words, the cost of freight may be added to whatever can be produced in this region. Hay seldom rates at less than $40 a ton—often at $60 and $100; and this of a very poor and coarse quality. Few,

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if any, flour-mills have yet been established in the country, owing to the scarcity or high price of wheat. In short, it may be emphatically stated that no part of the world offers greater inducements to farmers; and the quantity of land subject to irrigation is so small, compared with the population and area of territory, that there will always be a remunerative market for agricultural products.

Other considerations claim attention in looking to the future of Nevada. The high price of labor in the mines, arising chiefly from the great expense of living, is a serious drawback to the prosperity of the country. The best mines are exhausted in paying expenses. Capitalists can not understand why it is that, with such enormous gross yields, the net results are so small. Fraud and mismanagement are of course prolific causes; but under the most favorable circumstances the mines can never be profitable where labor is so high. To remedy this the expense of living must be reduced. Agriculture must be encouraged. The heavy percentage now paid to teamsters for hauling provisions across the Sierras must be saved, or so applied as to develop the resources of the country.

Indirectly other advantages must follow the encouragement of agriculture. Schools and colleges will be established; an improved condition of society will take the place of that lawless state of things which always exists in a new country where the male population largely predominates; and employment will be furnished to that surplus of adventurers who now live upon the industry of others.

Continuing our journey down the valley from Lawson's, after a good night's rest, we encountered during the day several large bands of American horses, which had been recruiting for some time past on the luxuriant pastures of the river-bottom after their dreary journey across the plains. This was the first good grazing country on the route after passing Salt Lake and Ruby Valley. Here the way-worn emigrants and their jaded teams found rest and plenty, and here we found them, from time to time, in the full enjoyment of the abundance that surrounded them. Wagons were drawn up by the river banks in pleasant groves of willow; the lowing cattle gathered on the green pastures near by; the camp-fires sending up cheerful clouds of smoke, and the merry voices of children making a sweet accord with the lively strains of flute and violin. At one point, where the grass was luxuriant and the willow abundant, we came upon an encampment consisting of some ten or a dozen families. About twenty wagons were drawn up in lines, and several tents were scattered along the banks of the river in cozy little nooks, some of them decorated with flags. It was evidently a Union camp, which I regret to say was not the case in every instance that came under our observation. I was attracted by the merry strains of music and shouts of laughter that greeted our arrival; and soon perceived that the young men and women were enjoying a dance on the green flat in front of the wagons. A group of older members of the party were sitting on a bank, looking on with a pleased yet a thoughtful interest. Their dancing days had passed, and they were drawing toward their journey's end. There were among them some elderly ladies, who seemed to derive a sober sort of comfort from their pipes, which they smoked in the good old-fashioned style of the backwoods. To these, as the responsible members of the party, I addressed myself—hazarding the conjecture that they were just across the plains.

"Yes — been here nigh onto four weeks," said one of the ladies, puffing off a suppressed cloud of smoke from her pipe. "Our men has mostly gone across to Californy to see what's the chances for fodder. Folks tells us it's powerful dry over there."

"I'm sorry to say it's rather dry just now, ma'am; but California is a fine country when it rains."

"Wa'al, I don't know what to think," replied the talkative lady. "Some folks told us we'd better stop at Reese, and folks tell us here we'd better stop at Walker, and then again folks say Californy's the best country. I don't know. It ought to be a good country, for it takes a dreadful long time to get to it, and costs a pile of money."

I respectfully inquired if the families had enjoyed good health on the journey across the plains.

"Wa'al, only tolerable. Me and my man has been ailin' considerable. Betsy Jane, she had a spell of ager; Lovysee, she was took with a spindle-fever till her legs warn't no thicker than your thumb; Zeke, he fell out of the wagon and like to a busted his head; and the baby, he's troubled with a diary. Some of the families is wuss an' we are; and some again get along pretty peert considerin'. I tell you, stranger, 'tain't no easy trip across these sage-deserts. What with Injuns an' alkali an' dust an' one thing or 'nother, it's a powerful hard road to travel."

I consoled the old lady by telling her what a glorious country California was, and how much better the climate was than that of Missouri. Besides, it was a strong Union State, and gave every body a fair chance to live in peace and plenty.

"Stranger," said the old lady, brightening up, "what's the news about the war?"

"Good news, ma'am — good news. The Union army triumphant every where. The rebellion caving in. There won't be a fly-speck for the rebels to hang a hope on in six months."

"Hooray! durn 'em! This camp is all Union. We started pretty well mixed, but split on the way. Secesh took one road—we took t'other. Pop, he's Union to the hub. Folks told us before we came to a little town t'other side of Austin we'd better look out. Every body was secesh there. Our wagon was two days ahead of the rest. We was all

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alone. Pop he stuck out his flag, an' sez he, 'I'll stake my chances on that!' Just outside of town a fancy-looking fellow rides up an' sez he, 'Cap, take a fool's advice an' haul down your dish-rag. We don't tolerate your breed here. This is a secesh camp.' Pop, he fires up and says, 'Stranger, if you're spilin' for a diffikilty you kin hev it. The first man that lays a hand on that flag *I'll drop him sure!*' Chiv he looked black, but Pop had his turkey-buster well in hand; and Chiv changed his base and fell back on the town. Pop cracked his black snake, and we all rid in with flyin' colors. The gals jined in a chorus, and all of us, big an' little, peeked out of the wagon and giv 'em, as we rid along the main street, 'Rally round the flag, boys, rally round the flag!' which stirred 'em up considerable."

"Did they molest you?" I asked, with much interest.

"You bet they didn't. They looked mighty hard at Pop as he sot with his rifle in one hand an' his black-snake in t'other; but something in his eye didn't please them. 'Let him rip!' said they, and we ripped. We gave them a partin' stare as we left the town, 'Hurrah for Abe Linkeln!' Oh, you bet the country's all safe so far as we're concerned."

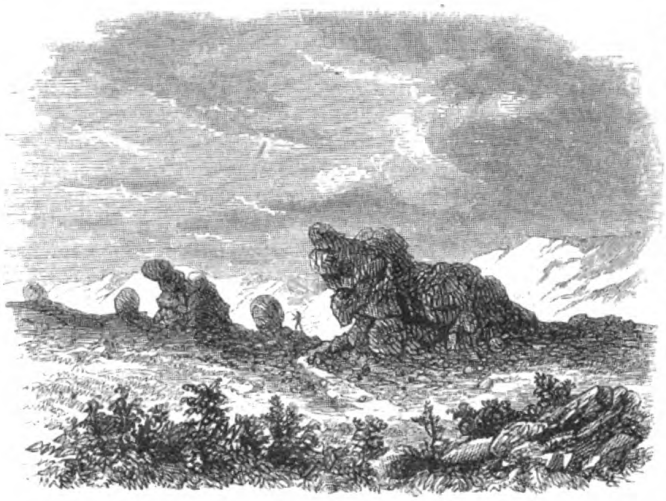
I thought it was, and having expressed my satisfaction, gave Timothy the wink to drive on.

We stopped for the night at a comfortable farm-house belonging to a Mr. Shimmens, an emigrant, who on crossing the plains last year was so much pleased with the Walker River Valley that he determined to locate a claim and try what he could do at farming and stock-raising in this isolated part of the world. Nothing can be more characteristic of American enterprise and the progressive spirit of the age than the daring hardihood with which families from the Western States settle themselves down amidst the wilds of Nevada, surrounded by sage-deserts and Indians. Often they go to work plowing the land and putting in crops before they have so much as a shanty to cover their heads, or even the slightest assurance that the climate is suitable for farming purposes. The risk of the undertaking seems to give it a charm, and they go ahead with an easy confidence that would astonish the people living in older and more settled countries. It is no uncommon thing to see men in this part of the world turning up the virgin soil and whistling cheerily at their work, while their wives and children are dwelling in all the luxury of unlimited freedom under a bunch of willows or a brush-wood wigwam. A few cows, a sack or two of beans, a small supply of flour and groceries, and such other remnants of their original outfit as may be left constitute the bulk of their worldly possessions; yet they are hopeful and happy. It is seldom they fail to make a good living. I have met families just from the Western States with no better outfit, who in the course of a year or two were as comfortably situated as any reasonable people could desire; having good houses, thrifty farms, plenty of stock, and all the accessories of civilized homes. It was thus we found Mr. Shimmens. His dwelling is pleasantly situated at the base of Lookout Mountain, with a broad alluvial valley in front, beautifully watered by the river and its numerous "sloos" and branches; and although this was only his second year he has now a fine farm, well fenced, and a garden abounding in vegetables of the best quality. His pastures yield excellent hay, and afford an unlimited range for his cattle. It was altogether a pleasant scene—this homestead in the wilderness; and I shall not readily forget the kindness and cordiality with which I was greeted by this worthy family. For here again, to my surprise and gratification, I found that *Harper's Magazine* had preceded me, and paved the way to a very pleasant acquaintance. At the hospitable board of Mr. Shimmens I enjoyed many a luxurious meal; and the evenings were rendered delightful by the reminiscences of our host, whose adventurous career across the plains would furnish material for a romance. Nor were we without the refinements of music and song. A melodeon, slightly cracked and somewhat wheezy after its long journey, was one of the institutions of the house. The daughter of our host, a young lady of sweet sixteen, favored us with several popular airs, such as "Lucy Long," "Old Dan Tucker," the "Arkansas Traveler," etc., and a number of patriotic songs of more recent origin.

One of the notable features of the country is the Gold Hill Range, situated about two miles from Shimmens's Ranch. Some very promising auriferous veins were discovered here in 1862, and there was, as usual, a great rush to the Walker River country. Claims were staked off for a circuit of ten miles, and companies were organized without regard to reason, facts, or possibilities. Several hundred veins were opened; most of them yielding a fair show of gold and silver. Assays were made rating at $50 to $100 to the ton. A worthy Professor of my acquaintance living in Oakland was attracted thither by the noise of the discovery. It was his ambition to make a fortune, and devote the remainder of his days to the study of Plato and Aristotle. He knew nothing about quartz-mines or quartz-mills; but he was a classical scholar and a gentleman of varied scientific attainments. Of what avail was all this knowledge if he could not build a quartz-mill? He was poor, but he had friends and credit. Like a brave man he went to work, and by dint of algebraic equations, trigonometry, geometry, and an occasional reference to Plato and Aristotle, he built a quartz-mill. On the banks of Walker River the wreck of that mill stands to this day. I saw it myself, and made a sketch of it from the Granite Bluff.

I refer to that mill as a solemn warning to Professors. There was no trouble about getting the ores. Wagon-loads came pouring down from the Gold Hill Range. The Professor was in ecstasies. His mill-wheels flew around with a tremendous clatter; his battery battered up

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GRANITE BLUFF.

the quartz at an amazing rate; his amalgamating pans made the finest of suds! all went ahead smashingly—only the machinery was new and required grease. The Professor greased it—greased the water-wheel, the battery, the amalgamating pans, every thing that was worried by friction. Then the machinery worked to a charm; then the Professor gazed admiringly through his spectacles at the result of his skill, and was pleased to think that he would soon be able to retire into the quiet shades of his Academical groves. Well, the Professor is a kind friend and a good neighbor. I must deal gently with him. When the great day came to determine the result of all this working—to test the wonderful advantages of education and intellect over vulgar prejudice in matters of this kind—the wheels were stopped, the pans were cleaned up, and the result was—I would be sorry to hazard a conjecture where it was. People said it was in the tailings. Back of the mill was a sluice which was found to be rich in gold. At all events the gold was nowhere else. Some hinted that grease and quartz have no amalgamating affinities, that the grease carried the precious metals with it; but this I consider a thoughtless fling at the Professor. The trouble was in the machinery. A few thousand dollars would remedy it. But thousands of dollars were getting scarce.

Then came the disastrous flood of '62. It swept down the valley from the gulches and cañons of the Sierra Nevadas, carrying with it haystacks, cabins, and even farms. I knew a man whose entire farm was swept clean off—soil, house, barns, haystacks, fences and all. There was nothing left of it but a desert sand-bottom. The honest miners were nearly starved out. The roads to Aurora and Carson were cut off by impassable torrents and lagoons. There was no such thing as travel, except on the rugged ridges of the mountains. The Professor was forced to abandon his mill and seek refuge in a hole which he and his friends burrowed in a neighboring hill. Here a happy coterie of hardy adventurers lay blockaded nearly all the winter. Sometimes the Professor read his beloved Plato, or philosophized to his fellows like Diogenes in his tub; sometimes he looked out upon the dreary expanse of water, and saw with sorrow his mill and his hopes of the Academical groves vanish day by day. Spring came at last; the country dried up; the Professor cast a long lingering look at the wreck of his mill, girded up his loins, and with a heavy sigh wended his way homeward, serious but not subdued. He is still an enthusiastic believer in that mill and the Walker River country. All he wants now to make it a grand success is capital. And, indeed, to do strict justice to his discernment, nobody questions the richness of the lodes in the Gold Hill Range, though many doubt whether they can be successfully worked by mills built on the Professor's plan.

In the mean time attention was attracted elsewhere by new discoveries, and before any thing could be done in this district it was abandoned. It fell by default rather than from any want of confidence in its resources.

Upon a somewhat cursory view of the lodes in the Gold Hill Range, which I visited with Mr. Shimmens and some of his neighbors, I am inclined to believe there is good ore in them. Some of the specimens I saw taken out present very fair indications. The lodes are not wide, but they are numerous, and easy of access either from the surface or by means of tunnels. Curious chimney-like formations of quartz crop out all over the Gold Hill Range. Flag-staffs had been erected in the most prominent of these by Major Sherman, who had recently made a survey of the district.

I had erected my tent on a pleasant little flat by the river-side, within a few hundred yards of Shimmens's house. Here, with my man Timothy, I kept a sort of bachelor's hall, entertaining all visitors in the most hospitable style. On the second morning after our arrival I was rejoiced to see the familiar face of my friend Fanning peering through the willow bushes. He had walked all the way from Aurora. It was a source of genuine happiness to me to find him well and sprightly after his heavy siege in Aurora. Not a word was said on the subject. The Doctor shook hands as kindly and cordially as if we had never deserted him. He had lost all the bricks out of his hat, and was now clear of head and steady of hand.

Among the wonders still to be seen was the Iron Mountain—a discovery recently made by the Doctor, upon which, in common with myself and others, he founded his most sanguine

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hopes of future wealth. I was to have a share in it. I was to be the owner of feet—none of your flimsy gold and silver feet, but rough, hard, honest feet of iron. Henceforth I would spurn the groveling world with the iron heel of despotism; I would rule my fellow-beings with an iron rod; I would enjoy the best books of travel and romance till seduced to repose by the iron tongue of midnight.

On a bright, glowing morning—a morning such as the unhappy dwellers in the Atlantic States rarely see; when the sun rises from his couch of gold, and fills the universe around him with a flood of glowing light; on such a morning I arose from my blankets by the willow-shaded banks of the Walker, and listened to the music of cooing doves and rippling waters, till my soul was touched with inspiration. I called aloud to my trusty followers—"Ho, merry men of Walker! Up, my brave fellows, and shake off the feathers of sleep! Arouse thee, Timothy, my boy, and strike the culinary fires! Get thee up, Fanning, my beauty, and let us prepare for triumph! Rejoice, and ho! for this very day we visit the Iron Mountain—that wonderful work of Nature, wherein lies your wealth and mine, and that of our children's grandchildren!"



GOLD RANGE.

"You bet!" said the Doctor, slowly unwinding himself from his blankets, and gazing at me with an affectionate smile. "Bet your life on that lay-out!" And I "betted" internally—not my life, but an old horse down in Oakland, which I was anxious to dispose of at some approximation to cost.

Happy is he who can breakfast with relish by the rays of the rising sun; whose only bitters are sound sleep and fresh air; whose sense of the beautiful in nature has not been blunted by the vexations of business or the frivolities of life in crowded communities! By the banks of the Walker, to the sweet harmony of running waters and singing birds, we enjoyed our morning repast. When all was ready the Doctor and I set forth in fine spirits on our expedition to the Iron Mountain.

I was sorry to be obliged to leave Timothy in camp. Some Pi-Ute Indians had been prowling about since our arrival, and, although harmless and inoffensive otherwise, it was evident they were not scrupulous about the means of satisfying their appetites. We gave them food and tobacco, which of course attached them to us by the strongest ties of friendship. It would not do to leave them alone in camp, and thus Timothy had to stand as a rear-guard over our precious "hogadie."

Fanning knew the country well. He had spent two years in exploring it, and was familiar

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with every rock and gulch. To his guidance I committed myself, confident that he would never lose his way so long as we had nothing but water as a beverage.

Crossing the river a little below our encampment, we made a bee line for the Iron Mountain, which is clearly visible from Shimmens's Ranch; standing out like a huge cone, isolated from the adjacent mountains, and easily recognized by its reddish color.

The first part of our journey lay across Walker's Valley. At this point the arable lands embrace a width of about two miles, gently sloping from the river to the foot-hills. To all appearance the earth is utterly barren. No sign of vegetation, save the everlasting sage-bush, greets the eye; yet upon a close inspection the soil is found to be composed of a rich alluvial deposit, which only requires irrigation to make it highly productive. Dry as the season now is, the sage-bushes are green, indicating the proximity of water. This is the valley claimed and surveyed by the Walker River Company.

We soon reached the first of a series of foot-hills, or rather a rolling plain, which extends all the way to the Bullion range of mountains, distant about ten miles from the river. Following a deep winding arroya for several miles, we ascended upon a ridge where we struck an Indian trail. The whole surrounding country was fearfully wild and barren—nothing but gravelly deserts and rugged mountains ahead, and deep gorges in the desolate plain around us. I noticed along the trail projecting carboniferous strata indicating coal, and unmistakable evidences of the proximity of iron. The earth in many places was covered with rust. Boulders of ferrugiferous stone cropped out at intervals; and at one point of our journey we traveled nearly a mile over broken beds of iron, resembling pot-metal. It was light and porous, but strongly metallic, and jingled under our horses' hoofs like the waste fragments of cast-iron lying about a foundry yard.

Seven miles from the river we reached the foot of the Iron Mountain—a rough, barren, conical peak, rising about five hundred feet above the level of the surrounding hills. Deep gorges and ravines render the approach somewhat difficult; but Fanning knew the way, and we encountered no serious obstacle. Rusty boulders and broken masses of iron grew more and more abundant, till we merged into a complete labyrinth of iron ledges. Evidences of floods and drifts and volcanic fires lay around us in chaotic desolation. A few hundred yards back of the main cone we came upon a black ledge, cropping out of the earth to the height of several feet, in sharp points, presenting a smooth, polished surface that glistened in the sun like glass.

Now I beg the reader to understand that I am prejudiced in favor of this magnificent enterprise. I am a thousand feet, more or less, in this mine, but will endeavor to tell as much truth as can be expected under the circumstances. When I saw the pure iron thus crop out of the earth and stare me in the face I returned thanks to Providence that the Apaches had spared my life in Arizona; that I had survived all the disasters of travel in that region to see this blessed day. For here surely was a substantial reward for all my sufferings; here was iron enough to make any reasonable man jingle along merrily through the remainder of life's journey.

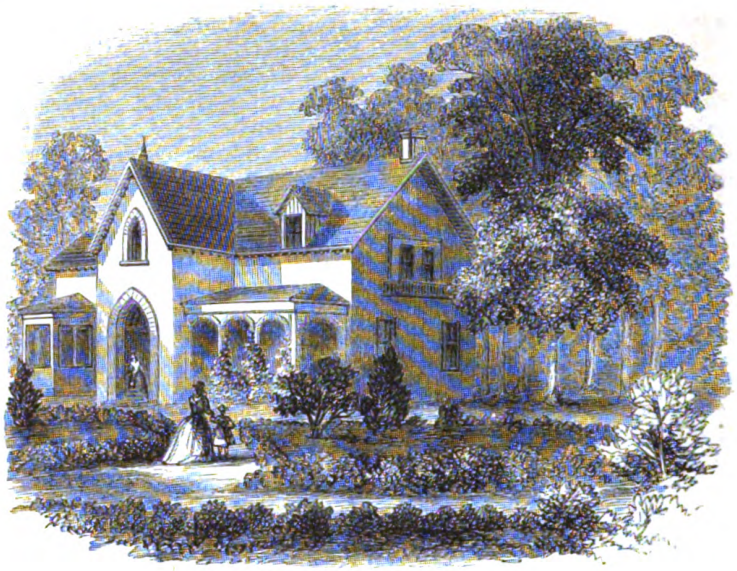
I dismounted; fastened my horse to a solid boulder; took a pick, and went to work vigorously to dislodge a mass of the ore. Aided by the energy and muscle of my friend Fanning, it was not long before I had a specimen that would astonish the iron-men of Pennsylvania. There was no room for doubt. It was the purest kind of magnetic iron. I crushed a portion of it with my hammer, and found that it adhered to the face of the hammer in flakes like feathers. A shingle nail which I had in my pocket furnished the next test. The mass of ore bore the weight of the nail without difficulty. I believe this is considered a very valuable quality of iron, but requires to be mixed with inferior ores before it can be made available for use.

The vein is about four feet thick where it crops out. From its dip on each side I should judge it must rapidly increase as it descends. I traced it over the surface of the earth for a mile or more, and do not know how much farther it may run. At the top of the mountain it assumes a broken form, appearing over an area of several hundred feet. The probability is the chief deposit lies in the depths of the main cone. As yet no excavations have been made.

We gathered up as many specimens as we could pack on our horses, and, having concluded our inspection, ascended the peak of the Iron Mountain for the purpose of enjoying the view, than which nothing can be finer. Mount Butler lies to the east; Mount Grant to the west. To the south stretches a rugged range of sierras, dotted with pine-trees; and to the north the rich alluvial bottom of Walker River. A fine spring of water is seen about two miles distant, in the Gold Cañon range; rich outcroppings of gold and silver quartz ledges mark the face of the hills; but this part of the country has been but little explored. The day must come when it will be thickly settled by an industrious community of miners.

Should the iron and coal veins of Walker River prove valuable, no estimate can be formed of their importance to the industrial interests of Nevada. The cost of freight across the mountains is now a serious drawback. Machinery must be transported at enormous expense. The price of labor is high, owing to the cost of provisions, and it is clear to my mind that mining will never be profitable in Nevada until it can be carried on with greater economy. At present "it costs a mine to work a mine." The products of the best mines are consumed in expenses.

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DESIGN FOR RESIDENCE.

HOW TO REDEEM WOMAN'S PROFESSION FROM DISHONOR.

IN this Magazine for November, 1864, it was shown that woman's *distinctive profession* includes three departments—the training of the mind in childhood, the nursing of infants and of the sick, and all the handicrafts and management of the family state. With perhaps the exception of the school training of children, it was claimed that the profession of woman is *socially disgraced*, so that no woman of culture and refinement, in the wealthy classes, would resort to cooking, chamber-work, or nursing infants and the sick for a livelihood, scarcely any more than their brothers would resort to burglary or piracy.

It was shown also that women are not *trained* for their profession as men are for theirs; that there is no provision made for it in public or private schools; and that every school, as well as other social influence, tends at once to disgrace woman's profession and to destroy her health.

Woman, as well as man, was made to *work;* and her Maker has adapted her body to its appropriate labor. The tending of children and doing house-work exercise those very muscles which are most important to womanhood; while neglecting to exercise the arms and trunk causes dangerous debility in most delicate organs.

Our early mothers worked and trained their daughters to work, and thus became healthy, energetic, and cheerful. But in these days, young girls, in the wealthy classes, do not use the muscles of their body and arms in domestic labor or in any other way. Instead of this, study and reading stimulate the brain and nerves to debility by excess, while the muscles grow weak for want of exercise. Thus the whole constitution is weakened.

In consequence of this there is a universal lamentation over the decay of the female constitution and the ruined health of both women and girls. At the same time vast numbers are without honorable compensating employment, so that in the wealthy circles unmarried women suffer from aimless vacuity, and in the poorer classes from unrequited toil and consequent degradation and vice.

It is believed that the remedy for all these evils is not in leading women into the professions and business of men, by which many philanthropists are now aiming to remedy their sufferings, but to train woman properly for her own proper business, and then to secure to her the honor and profit which men gain in their professions.

A young man finds endowed institutions all over the land, offering a home and a good salary for life for teaching only one or two branches to only one class for one or two hours a day. Is there any reason why his highly-educated sister should not have similar opportunities if she does not marry or is a widow?

The public and private high schools have filled the country with women of high culture. The unequal distribution of the sexes and a dreadful war must enforce a single life on many thousands. Many are widows with families; many others would gladly rear the orphan children of relatives and friends or of our slaughtered heroes. Why should not such have as good advantages to do so as if they were men?

Each department of woman's profession is a science and art as much as law, medicine, or divinity. They are equal also in importance. Why should they not be equally honored by a liberal course of training and competent emolument?

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When men seek to elevate their own profession they endow professorships so as to secure men of the highest culture to study and teach it as a science and art.

At one time the farmer's profession was without skill, honor, or liberal reward. To raise it to an honored art and science, *endowments* have been given to sustain men of culture and learning to lecture, practice, and teach; and now this business is taking rank as an honorable and remunerative profession.

Let woman's profession be thus honored and its disgrace would speedily be ended. Let endowed institutions be provided to sustain women of high culture to study, practice, and teach all the branches included in woman's profession *properly*. Let each of our large cities and towns have at least one institution so endowed, and then there would be created *a liberal profession* for highly-cultivated women suited to their nature, and meeting the wants of those who are unmarried or widowed; such a profession as their brothers and fathers now enjoy as college professors in educating men.

Woman's business being thus honored and taught in the higher institutions the lower schools would follow, and thus women of the poorer classes also would be properly trained for their proper business. And when thus trained they would find abundant and compensating employment; for the universal complaint of all who try to find employment for poor women is, that they are not trained to do any kind of woman's work properly, and that this is the fatal difficulty.*

There is as much need for *training* women for the distinctive duties of the family as there is of training boys for their different trades. A housekeeper or a cook, who has been taught to economize in using and preserving family stores and fuel, can supply a table at half the expense incurred by an untrained, inexperienced hand.

A properly trained nurse for young children would relieve a mother of half her care as to the health and training of her children; while an ignorant, unfaithful one rather adds to her responsibilities.

A well-educated, gentle, and faithful nurse for the sick is a treasure in any community as rare as it is valuable.

A woman of education and refinement who can cut and fit dresses, make bonnets, make and mend all household stuffs economically, and at the same time help in cooking, and in keeping chambers and parlors in tasteful order, is a treasure that wealth rarely can command at any price.

Women of good sense and culture, if highly qualified for such domestic duties, could soon command prices equal to artists in music, dancing, and drawing, and an equal social position.

To secure all this, there needs only systematic plans and efforts such as American women are fully competent to organize and carry into successful operation. Institutions should be established where women will be trained to be scientific, healthful, and economical cooks; to be intelligent, loving, and careful nurses of young children; to be skillful seamstresses and mantua-makers, and yet prepared so to aid in the *active* family work as not to injure their health by exclusive sedentary employments.

So, too, there should be institutions to educate women not only as physicians for their own sex, but to be skillful and tender nurses of the sick. And when all these important offices of women are filled, and our school-rooms well supplied, there will be few women remaining to urge into the professions of men.

This project will, of course, be met with the inquiry, How can this kind of training be carried on in schools? Is it not the part that belongs to mothers in the family, and not to the school?

To this it is replied that mothers have not been trained themselves, and so can not teach *properly*. Moreover, with poor servants, feeble health, and multiplied cares, they can not do it. If a house is built for servants, and servants employed, it is as much as a woman can do to superintend all the complicated duties of wife, mother, and housekeeper, without attempting to teach what she herself never was properly taught to do. Moreover, when there are servants enough to do the work, the daughters of a family can not be made to take their places. How can the parents turn off the servants and put the daughters in their places? Every mother who superintends a family of children and servants in the present style of living in the more wealthy classes, will say it is impossible for her to train her daughters *properly* in all branches of woman's business.

But whatever *ought* to be *can* be done, and American women, if they undertake, can discover the best way.

Queen Victoria set up schools for young women to be trained not only to read and write, but to perform all the work of woman in a thorough and proper manner. Her nobility followed her example, and with success.

American women can do the same, and in a way adapted to our democratic system, as the Queen's is adapted to the aristocratic. In an aristocracy it is assumed that one class is to work for the benefit and enjoyment of an upper class. In a democracy it is assumed that every class is to work for their own welfare and enjoyment. In an aristocracy *work* is dishonored, in a democracy it is honored. In an aristocracy it is assumed as a distinctive mark of rank not to work, but to live to be waited on and worked for by a subordinate class. In a democracy it is assumed that both rich and poor

* A lady at the head of one of the largest mantua-making establishments in New York, employing over one hundred and fifty women and girls, informed the writer that her greatest difficulty is in finding women taught to work properly, and that, in her finishing-room, of twenty-five of her best hands not more than *four* could be trusted to complete and send off a dress without her standing by to oversee.

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are *to work*, and that to live a life of idle pleasure is disgraceful.

When, therefore, the attempt is made to introduce industrial training into our schools, we are simply aiming to carry out practically the true democratic principle.

But there is a still higher aim. It will be found that the democratic principle is no other than the grand law of Christianity, which requires *work and self-sacrifice for the public good*, to which all private interests are to be subordinate.

Children are to be trained to live not for themselves but for others; not to be waited on and taken care of, but to wait on and take care of others; to *work* for the good of others as the first thing, and amusement and self-enjoyment as necessary but subordinate to the highest public good. The family is the first commonwealth where this training is to be carried on, and only as a preparation for a more enlarged sphere of action.

Jesus Christ came to set the example of self-sacrificing labor for the good of our race; and family training and school training are democratic and Christian only when the great principle of *living for others more than for self* is fully recognized and carried out.

It is clear that great changes are to be made in all the customs and habits of our nation, especially among the wealthy, before the true democratic and Christian principle will triumph over the aristocratic and unchristian.

One of these changes will be in the style of *house building*.

When houses are built *on Christian principles* women of wealth and culture will *work themselves, and train their children to work*, instead of having ignorant foreigners to ruin their food in a filthy kitchen, and ruin their children in the nursery.

When houses are built to honor woman's profession, and to secure the beauty, order, and comfort of a perfected house, the kitchen, as it usually exists, will be banished. Instead of the dark and comfortless room for family work, there will be one provided with sunlight and pure air, and well supplied with utensils and comforts in tasteful and convenient forms. So woman's dress will be not only neat and convenient but tasteful, as much so in the working-room as in the parlor.

Woman's work will be honorable and tasteful and agreeable when *cultivated* women undertake to make it so.

And when women of refinement and culture build houses on the Christian and democratic plan, work themselves, and train their children to work, they will never suffer for want of domestic helpers. Instead of coarse and vulgar servants, who live in the cellar and sleep in the garret, they will have refined and sympathizing friends to train their children, nurse their sick, and share in all their comforts, joys, and sorrows.

American women have abundant power to remedy all the wrongs and miseries of their sex, by simply *educating them properly for their proper business.*

Many wealthy ladies would as readily endow institutions for their own sex as for men, were they aware of what might thus be accomplished. Few know what woman has done to aid men in elevating their professions. To gain authentic information on this point, the writer wrote to the Treasurers of only six colleges and professional schools, and gained these facts:

Miss Plummer, to Cambridge University, to endow one professorship, gave	$25,000
Mary Townsend, for the same	25,000
Sarah Jackson, ditto	10,000
Other ladies, in sums over $1000, to the same, over	30,000
To Andover Professional School of Theology ladies have given over	65,000
And of this $30,000 by one lady.	
In Illinois, Mrs. Garretson has given to one Professional School	300,000
In Albany, Mrs. Dudley has given for a Scientific Institution for men	105,000
To Beloit College, Wisconsin, property has been given by one lady valued at	30,000

Thus half a million has been given by women to these six Colleges and Professional Schools, and all in the present century. The reports of similar institutions for men all over the nation would show similar liberal benefactions of women to endow institutions for the other sex, while for their own no such records appear. Where is there a single endowment from a woman to secure a salary to a woman teaching her own proper profession?

But a time will come when women will give as liberally to elevate the true profession of women as *the ministers of home*, as they have to elevate the professions of men.

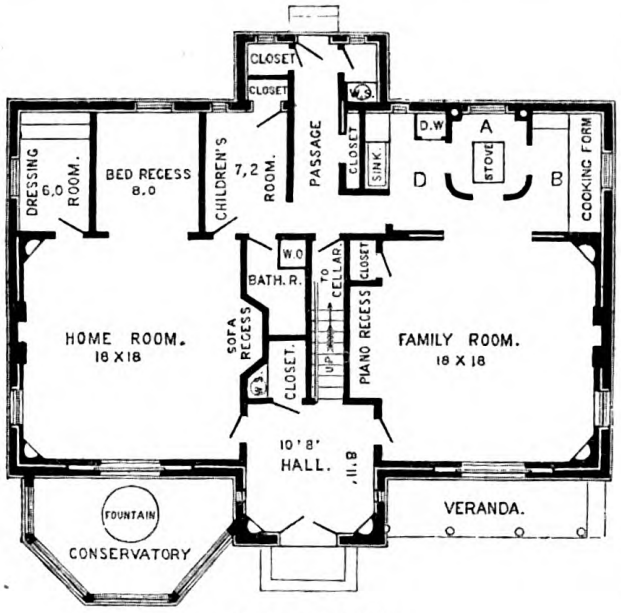
The remainder of this article will give drawings and descriptions to illustrate one house constructed on democratic and Christian principles. It is designed for persons in easy circumstances, who begin housekeeping with the true Christian idea of training a young family *to work* as well as to practice all the other social and domestic virtues.

Every family, as the general rule, includes the parents as the educators, and the children to be trained to Christian life. To these are added aged parents or infirm and homeless relatives. These are preserved in life after their active usefulness ceases, and often when they would gladly depart, for the special benefit of the young, as the only mode in which, in early life, they can be trained to self-sacrificing benevolence, to reverence for the aged, and to tender sympathy for the sick and unfortunate. Instead of regarding such members of a family as a burden and annoyance, the wise and Christian parents will welcome them as suffering helpers aiding to develop the highest Christian virtues in their children.

This house is planned for a family of ten or twelve, which may be regarded as the average number in healthy families.

The *site* is a dry spot with a cellar well drained, in an open space, where the health-

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PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

giving sun falls on every part, and the house so placed that the rooms in common use shall have the sun all day.

A *form* nearest a square best secures sunlight, perfect ventilation, and economical arrangement. Every projection increases expense and diminishes the chances of sunlight, proper warming, and ventilation.

The *close packing of conveniences*, so as to save time and steps, and contrivances to avoid the multiplication of rooms to be furnished, cleaned, and kept in order, is indispensable to economy of time, labor, and expense. In many large kitchens, with various closets, half the time of a cook is employed in walking to collect her utensils and materials, which all might be placed together.

The plan given above is rather a hint to be farther wrought out than a completed effort.

The house is fifty by thirty on the outside (excluding the projections of the back and front entrance). It faces south, giving to the two large rooms the sun all day.

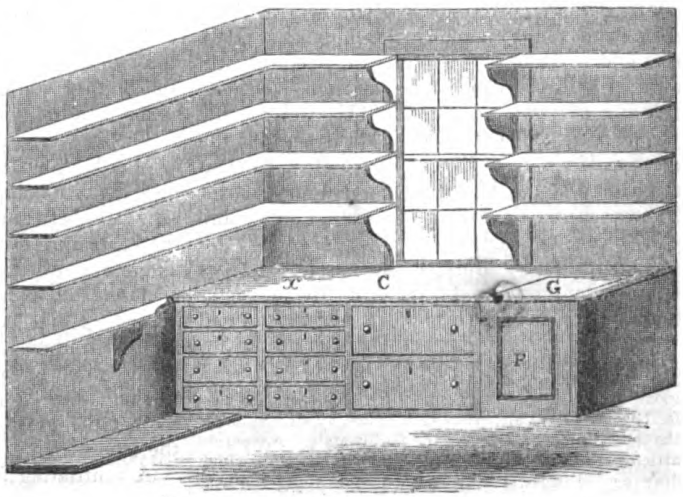
The entrance hall is finished with oiled chestnut and black walnut mouldings, being handsomer, cheaper, and easier to keep in order than painted wood. All the inner doors of the hall finished with Gothic arches to correspond with the outside door. Niches for busts and flowers, each side of the front-door, with small closets under the niches for over-shoes and the like. Small windows open on one side to the conservatory, and on the other to the veranda. A close staircase, and under it a large closet for overgarments.

When the house has bathrooms and water-closets in the second story there is no need of back stairs. But if they are desired, a narrow flight can descend from the broad stair to the back entry by giving up the recess and the closet of the Family Room.

The East Room, called the Family Room, is for the family eating and sitting room. A working room should always have the pleasant *morning* sun. It is 18 feet square, and opens with sliding-doors to the *cooking-stove* A, *cooking closet* B, with the cooking-form. In the drawing of the cooking-closet, given below, is an illustration of the *close packing of conveniences*.

In front of the window is the cooking-form. The door, F, admits a barrel of flour, and a lid on the top, G, is to raise when using flour. In the barrel a scoop and sieve. On the left of this is the moulding-board C, where bread is made, and other articles for baking prepared on a board which may be turned on one side for cooking, and the other side for other uses. Next to the flour closet are large drawers, the under ones running on rollers, in which are stored the Indian and Graham flour, the rye, tapioca, rice, etc., and two kinds of sugar used in cooking. On front and at the side are shelves, on which are stored every utensil and every article used in cooking.

Still farther to the left hand of the flour closet is the form, *x*, for preparing meats and vegetables, on the top a board turned on one side to



COOKING FORM.

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cut meat and vegetables, and the other side for other uses. On shelves in front are stored all the utensils and articles used in cooking meats and vegetables, and in preparing them for the table. In this cooking closet, by an economic arrangement, is stored all the family stores and supplies, and all the utensils for cooking and taking care of food. The shelves should reach to the ceiling, and the highest have small closets to hold articles not often wanted.

In the dish closet, D, is the sink, near both to the stove and the eating-room. Over it, and each side, are stored all the dishes. Thus two or three steps bring the dishes to the table, and from it to the sink and shelves. The sink to be of marble, with plated cocks to furnish hot and cold water. Nice small mops for washing dishes hung over the sink, and a convenient contrivance for drying towels over the stove.

The *stove* is placed between the dish and cooking closet, inclosed by partitions to the wall, with rising or sliding doors. A sliding closet, D W, to raise wood and coal from the cellar. Thus the stove can be entirely open in cold weather, and in the warm season closed tight with a contrivance to carry off the hot air and the smells of cooking into a ventilating flue.* In warm weather the stove is used for baking by moving the sliding-door, to be immediately closed after using the oven. These sliding partitions or doors, hung like windows, are made of wood, and lined with tin next the stove.

By this arrangement when the folding-doors of the Family Room are open there is a large and airy room for work-hours, and every article and utensil close at hand. When work is over and the folding-doors closed the room is a cheerful sitting-room for the family. It is furnished with a cheerful green carpet, and the appended work-closets are covered with a light green oil-cloth to match the carpet. On one side is a closet, for china, glass, and silver, with a small sink for washing them. In two corners are niches for busts and flowers, with small closets under them for working conveniences. A fire-place and mantle ornaments tempt the family gathering around the social hearth. The room opens to the piazza by sliding-doors. Glass roof and partitions in winter can turn this into a green-house, warmed by a register. On one side is a recess for a piano. This and the adjacent room to have *deadened* walls, so that the mother, if weary or ill, can find perfect quiet in the Home Room below or the Library above. The wearisome practicing of children on a piano will be thus escaped.

The stationary dining-table has appendages and conveniences *under* it, as do the *ottomans* with lids, which serve to store newspapers and other matters. By such arrangements many steps are saved and order promoted. The *covers* of the sofa, ottomans, and table, and the wall-paper should match in color and design with the carpet, as also the window-shades. Such arrangements as these save the labor and expense of separate kitchen and dining-room, and also the expense of wasteful domestics. In such a house parents could train their children to be their happy associates in both work and play.

The West Room is specially for parents and children, and is named the *Home Room*. On the north is a bed recess concealed by folding-doors or curtains. On one side is the parents' dressing-room, with drawers on one side to the ceiling, and a clothes-press. The other side is the children's room, with drawers and clothes-press, close to the bath and water-closet and back outside door, so that children can run out and in without using other parts of the house. On one side of the back-door is a closet for garden tools and shoes, and on the other side a wash-bowl and towel, with a towel closet at hand, near both to this and to the bath-room.

The Home Room opens to a south conservatory and small fountain. Here parents can train their children to love and rear flowers, *not for themselves* alone, but for those who are less favored. Every child can not only give flowers to friends, but save seeds to give to some poor children, and *teach them how* to adorn their own homes with such blossoms of love and beauty. A sofa recess is in this room, and two niches in the opposite corners with work-closets under, while the centre-table and ottomans are provided with hidden places for storing conveniences. The bed recess and dressing-rooms are so provided with drawers and closets, *reaching to the wall*, that every article needed by parents and children may be stored close at hand. Windows in each division, and openings over partitions, secure ventilation.

At night, the parents and two little ones have a large and airy bedroom. In the day, these doors being closed, the same room is a nursery or a parlor at pleasure.

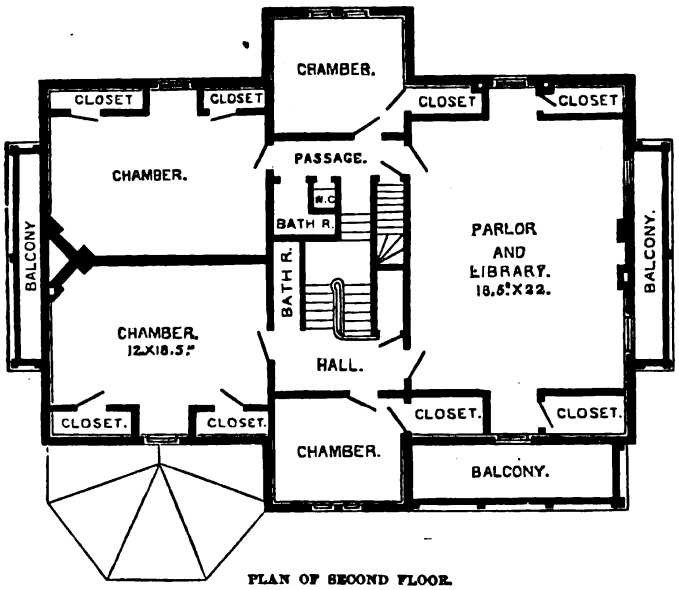
The carpet, wall-paper, covers of furniture, and window-shades, all are in harmony—blue and buff, or white and green, or gray and pink, as the taste may lead.

The drawing on the top of page 715 gives the second-floor, with its dormer-windows and balconies, the roof being so contrived that a current of air passes between the walls of the chambers and the roof, preventing excessive heat in summer. There are five good sized bedrooms, each with a closet. The largest can be finished with an arched ceiling, and furnished as a drawing-room and library, where parents and guests can retire from the work and children below. A method of *deadening* the walls also is provided, so that the noise of one room will not pass to the others.

A ventilating flue may be made, with a current of warm air from the stove in summer, and

* In these drawings there are no arrangements to secure *perfect ventilation*, besides the open fire-places in every room, except the two small chambers. The securing perfectly pure air in all rooms in a house, at all seasons, is the most difficult problem of the family state. A separate article will be devoted to this object hereafter, in which drawings to illustrate this method of escaping the heat and smells of cooking will appear.

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PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

the furnace and stove in winter, and connected with every room, securing perfect ventilation, *without care and in spite of false notions*, in all seasons, and by day and night. Fire-places in every room but two give these sources of comfort and health.

There is only one stair-case, with a broad stair and two landings; to which, by giving up a closet below, may be added a narrow stair from the broad stair to the back-door, under the narrow stairway to the garret. There are two bath-rooms and a water-closet, with easy access from the chambers. In the country water can be gathered on the roof, or raised by a forcing-pump to a reservoir in the garret, for the use of the water-closet.

The annexed drawing gives the cellar, with its white plastered walls and hard water-cement floor. The south front portion is fitted up with tubs for a *laundry and drying-room*, having windows admitting sun and air. Should it be wanted for a kitchen, the cellar should be extended under the veranda, arches being used to support the wall of the room above. The windows of thick glass placed in the floor of the veranda would admit sunlight, and if made to rise would also admit air. The outside door to this room also could be made of glass to admit light.

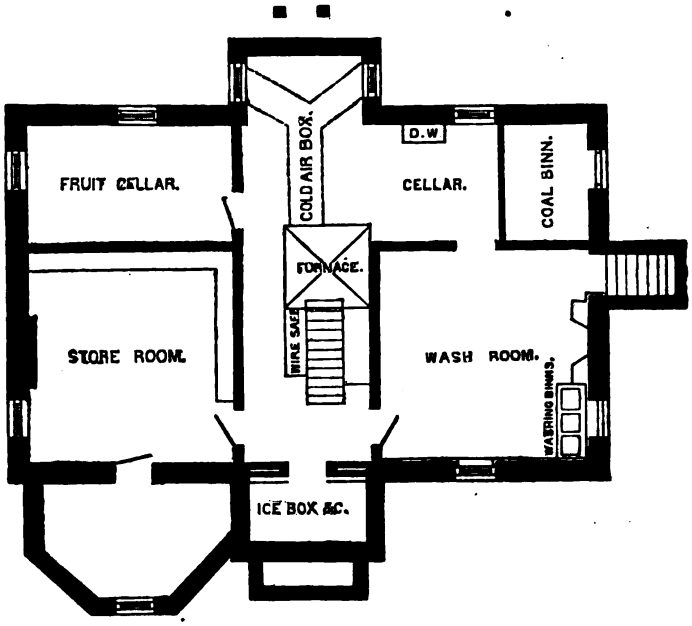
The north part receives the wood and coal, and a sliding closet, D W, close to the stove, filled once a day, and easily raised (like a dumb-waiter), supplies fuel with little labor. A room is parted off for vegetables that should be shut out from the light and warmth of the furnace, a safe being close to the cellar stairs, and a form raised close by these stairs to hold articles to be kept in a cellar, which save steps and waste.

All the inner wood-work to be combinations of chestnut, walnut, white wood, black walnut, or pine—oiled or varnished.

The engraving which heads this article gives a perspective view of the house and grounds, with trees, etc. The trees are in a thick clump, to make a dense shade *near* the house, but not so as to shut out the sun from all parts of the roof.

A house on this plan will accommodate a family of ten, and afford also a guest-chamber, and it offers all the conveniences and comforts and most of the elegances of houses that cost four times the amount and require three or four servants.

If a new-married pair commence housekeeping in it, the young wife, aided by a girl of ten or twelve, could easily perform all the labor except the washing and ironing, which could be done by hired labor in the basement. The first months of housekeeping could be spent in perfecting herself and her assistant, whom she could train to do all kinds of family work, and



PLAN OF CELLAR.

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also to be her intelligent and sympathizing helper when children come.

While it should be the aim to render woman's profession so honorable that persons of the highest position and culture will seek it, as men seek their most honored professions, there must still be the class of *servants*, to carry out a style of living and expenditure both lawful and useful, where large fortunes abound. For this class the aim should be to secure their thorough preparation and to increase their advantages. Should both aims be achieved, then a woman who prefers a style of living demanding servants, will be so trained herself as not to be dependent on hirelings at the sacrifice of self-respect. On the other hand, a woman who chooses another style of living, so as to work herself and train her children to work, can do so without fear of losing any social advantages. Or, in case more helpers are needed, she can secure highly cultivated and refined *friends* to share all her family enjoyments, instead of depending on a class inferior in cultivation and less qualified to form the habits and tastes of her children.

But it is not the married alone who are privileged to become ministers in the *home church* of Jesus Christ. A woman without children, and with means of her own, could provide such a house as this, and take one child and a well-qualified governess to aid in training it. Then, after success inspires confidence, a second child might be adopted till the extent of her means and benevolence is reached.

There are multitudes of benevolent women, whose cultivated energies are now spent in a round of selfish indulgence, who would wake up to a new life if they thus met woman's highest calling as Heaven-appointed ministers of Christ, to train his neglected little ones for that kingdom of self-denying labor and love of which he is the model and head.

Thousands and thousands of orphans are now deprived of a father's home and support. Thousands of women, widowed in the dearest hopes of this life, are seeking for consolation in the only true avenues.

A great emergency in our nation has occurred, in which thousands of women are forever cut off from any homes of their own by marriage. Of these many are women of wealth and influence among Protestants, who in hospitals and battle-fields have been learning the highest lessons of self-sacrificing benevolence. Such will not return home to be idle, but will press toward those avenues that offer the most aid and sympathy; and if it is not provided by Protestants they will seek it in the Catholic fold.

Catholic convents provide their inmates with a comfortable home and opportunities of benevolence toward neglected children, the sick, and the poor. But they are burdened with a round of observances and rules involving the sacrifice of reason and conscience, and of personal independence. For complete submission to the Superior is the first duty. Moreover, this is not the family state designed by God, with its simple and natural duties, where two, united in love, or sometimes the widowed one alone, has an independent home and a small flock all under her own control, with none but God and her own conscience to rule.

There have been various attempts made to form *communities* on various modifications of the Fourierite plan, which brings individuals of all ages, tastes, and habits into one family, with no parents or superior or bishop to control. Such are, and ever must be, failures.

So the boarding-school system, which takes children from parental love and close watch of the family state, giving them to strangers amidst new and multiplied temptations, this is, and ever must be, a failure.

The true Protestant system, yet to be developed and tried by women of wealth and benevolence, is the one here suggested; based not on the conventual, nor on the Fourierite, nor on the boarding-school systems, but on the Heaven-devised plan of the family state.

One aim of this article is to attract the notice of conscientious persons commencing the family state with means sufficient for a much more expensive establishment.

Many such really believe themselves the followers of Christ who have seldom practiced that economy which denies self to increase the advantages of the poor, especially in deciding on the *style of living* they adopt. Most wealthy persons provide houses, equipage, servants, and expenditures that demand most of their income, while the waste in their kitchens alone would, by careful economy, such as we see in France, feed another whole family.

When houses are built on Christian and democratic principles, and young girls in every condition of life are trained to a wise economy, thousands of young men, who can not afford to marry young ladies trained in the common boarding-school fashion, will find the chief impediment removed; and thus healthful and happy homes will multiply with our increasing wealth and culture.

FRANKLIN'S TAN.

I AM now at liberty to tell a story I have ached to tell for years.

My mother prepared me for college, and at sixteen I was ready for Yale. Our arrangements were all completed, and my father had satisfied himself that they were the best that could be made, when he received a letter from a friend, who took that means of announcing his failure in business. The failure involved my father in ruin—he had signed paper for Franklin to an amount that was startling to think of. In giving and in using confidence they had acted like two crazy men.

Ruin is a little word to write, but a great load to walk under. It is not a pleasant recollection, still I would not lose my remembrance of what passed under our roof the night on which that letter was received.

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I can see my father as he sat there in the library of the old-fashioned stone-house we had taken for the summer. The letter was addressed to him at Tappan, and had been waiting for him all day, while he was hard at work in his city office. It was written by Mr. Franklin himself. It said that he had made a great experiment in business, and had failed, and that he was a bankrupt. He made no effort to gloss over or abate the fact, but stated it in so many round words. There it was—he was ruined. He didn't intend to stay ruined, however. He was going to begin again—he hoped never to rest until he had recovered what was lost; and, principal and interest, the debt of honor owing to his dear friend Hageman should be paid. My father, he said, was almost his only creditor; and though it distracted him to think of the injury he might have inflicted upon him, still he should live by his determination to right all this mischief and evil.

His side of the business seemed brave and honorable enough. As to *our* side, if friendship failed to serve us a great turn now, it would fail of a glorious opportunity.

My mother was the first to say, when my father had been surprised into letting us know the contents of the letter, "Jacob will do all he promises." And that was a heroic speech for her to make, for Franklin was my father's friend, not hers. I mean by that he was hers only by adoption, though he might naturally enough have been hers by election also. There was sufficient confidence and sympathy between them for that. I can see yet the look my father gave her when he said, "Yes, Harriet; that is true. He will do all he promises if he only lives."

"He will live," said my mother. She had that way of speaking. She had the clearest, most decided convictions of any person I ever met. She held by Providence, and believed in Destiny. I used to consider her promises, which certainly were not intended for oracular utterances, as words of authority, to be received with simple faith—action, of course, to be in accordance. She had the power of seeing through things as we see stars through the auroral cloud.

Later in the evening I perceived my parents were looking at me in a way that made me get up and leave the room. I went out of that heroic atmosphere like a coward; for I saw, well enough, that their chief thought in their trouble concerned me. I said to myself, when I walked out into the garden, "I never will go to Yale. I will learn business, and stand by father. After I graduated I should have to get a profession—if I were older I could pay my way—but who would hire *me* as a tutor? Four or five years from now I might hope to support myself, if I should go to college—not before. No, no."

But those "angels in the house" decreed otherwise. I was obliged to yield. I yielded for three months. Then I went back home. When I got there I found why I had returned. There was no hiding the fact that they were in a hot furnace of afflictions. I said to them, "I wish to live, but I shall die if I go back. God has said the days of the man who honors his father and mother shall be *long* in the land. I do not deserve to be a martyr, nor to make martyrs of you."

I carried that point. And so I am not learned. School-boys in these days would find it easy enough to trip me up; but God knew what was best, and He made us all see it. He has given me a full cup, pressed down, and running over. I have missed brilliant success, barely possible perhaps, but nearly probable to every youth that lives; and, comparing my own quiet fortunes with some more splendid and honorable in the world's view, I am quietly content.

But this is not the story I have desired to tell for years.

I had been in business with my father for some time, and we had found a great deal of up-hill work to do—little, indeed, besides; were living, in fact, as you might say, from hand to mouth, but with a near prospect of a better state of things—we always kept *that* prospect in view—when, one day, we were astonished by a letter from Jacob Franklin, inclosing a check for the amount of his debt, together with the interest, which also dated from the time of his failure!

Never was money so unlooked-for; never could it have been more welcome. We received it as from God. Adversity had not greatly harmed us; what would prosperity do?

I say adversity had not greatly harmed us, and by that I mean it had not soured my father's heart, though his hair had grown gray and his countenance very grave in the stern fight he had kept up with poverty for ten long years. It had not daunted my mother's faith; but it *had* been able to write some lines on her face which told of solemn struggles and of hard-won victories.

I never gave them any peace till the ocean rolled between us, after Franklin's letter came. Rest and change of scene and of life would make them young again, the doctor told them and me. So it was accomplished, and that experience was to all of us the nearest exemplification of miracle we shall ever be likely to know.

After they had sailed, that same week, I packed my portmanteau and set out on a pilgrimage. I had all along regarded Jacob Franklin as something less than honorable, if any thing less than base. Now I wanted to express to him gratitude for more than the restitution he had made—for justifying the faith my father had always preserved in him.

I was never more surprised in my life than by my drive through the crooked street of Little Carrington. Franklin's reputation and his letter had led me to suppose that his works would justify and repay the visit of a stranger, and as such I presented myself at the gate of his factory-yard. But such an odd jumble of sheds and mean wooden buildings as were congregated within the stakes and fences which inclosed his works! I was so surprised at the

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broken-down appearance of the place that I asked the first man I met on the grounds if there was any mistake; hadn't the lad who undertook to be my guide misunderstood me? I wanted to see Mr. Jacob Franklin and his tannery.

The person I addressed was a little, dark-faced, Spanish-looking fellow. He answered, with a smile, that I could see the works; but as to Mr. Franklin, he was not at home, and wouldn't be for a month yet. But if I had any business, he was Joshua Crowe. It took half an hour for him and me to understand each other. But in that time the work of years had been accomplished, and we were intimate.

After he had shown me about the works and the town—a mere dependency—he had his team brought round, and we drove among the mountains.

I had said, "The works are not exactly such as I expected to see." He had answered, "Because there was one thing Jacob would attend to before he made any repairs, except such as were absolutely necessary to carrying on operations. We are going to begin at the new buildings this fall; the machinery is all ordered. Next year there will be a tannery in the country which will do all the business worth the doing. FRANKLIN AND CROWE'S."

"But what was it that made him put off building so long?" I asked, perfectly aware of the answer I'd have.

"The debt owing your father," said Crowe. And I blushed.

Our talk all the way was less of scenery than you might suppose it would be, seeing I was for the first time in my life among the mountains. But I doubt whether either of us failed to see the glorious beauty of those folding hills, or the glow of great fields of golden rod and purple aster, under a heaven of the deepest blue. There were secret things and facts, which science knew and was revealing, more fascinating than this visible beauty of nature.

David, the king, knew a great deal, and was fully alive to all he knew—perhaps no man in this day of *living* men much more alive. But when I think of this great American continent, such a vast mine of treasure, a land full of riches, I wish that he had known of it and the glory God has given it. What would he have thought of our gold mines and silver mines, our mountains of ore, our lakes, seas, and rivers of oil, our unfathomed beds of coal? "O Lord!" he said, "the earth is full of Thy riches; so is the great wide sea." But I wish that he and Solomon could have emigrated to America out of poor little Judea. Forgive me, oh world! We are to-day looking to the end of our great struggle; we are looking to the future of this nation, and the heart of the country is almost breaking with gladness. Yea, it behooves us to say little of the glory of man, but all things, all things, indeed, of the greatness, of the riches, of the glory of God.

"This reminds me of the day *that* happened," said Joshua, taking off his old straw-hat and wiping his forehead, over which a continuous stream of perspiration was flowing. "I came near going off bodily that time."

We had climbed to the top of South Mountain and sat there, looking down on a scene the like of which you will not discover if you go from one end of the world to the other, in all probability. I supposed he referred to some slip somewhere; for I had just drawn him up by the shoulders through a break in the rocks, I believe they call it the "Lemon Squeezer," and the expedients to which there was need of resorting in his behalf might remind that man of much experiment of no doubt many an extreme and perilous experience. But looking at him for further explanation, I saw him with his left hand extended looking at it. He held it up before me.

"When I lost those fingers," said he, "it was a miracle I didn't lose my whole body. Frozen, you see. But if any of us had known any thing I shouldn't have lost the fingers."

"Be so good as to tell me what there is in this August heat to remind a man of freezing," said I.

"It's a long yarn," he answered.

"If I get tired I can count the farms in the valley. Are those the Berkshire hills over there, eighty miles away?"

"Berkshire hills," said he, with dreamy affirmation. Then he roused up: "I'll tell you. We were in the very thick of the heaviest business that was done in this part of the country, when a man came to Carrington who was an old college friend of Jacob's. He had known him there as the most brilliant student of the class or the college. He was, in fact, a glittering fellow. We showed him over the works, and he got very much interested in the business. Well, he was a plausible fellow, he was. Had a way of telling a thing that wasn't within a gun-shot of truth as if it were gospel, and he had a theory that set Jacob wild. Lord a' mercy! He had a theory about every thing. And so he had to fit one for tanning, though you know he didn't know any more than a babe about the business when he set foot in Carrington—but then he was a philosopher.

"Now, young fellow, you needn't think because I'm a hard-working practical man, and speak that way about science and philosophy, that I despise them. I think, as sure as time rolls on, the world will *all* be in the hands of science, and philosophy will have the great throne among temporals. I mean scientific philosophy. I'm not afraid of that, or of God being dethroned by his glorious ministers and servants—no danger! What I'm powerfully afraid of is your dabbler and theorist, who isn't afraid, who's positive before he thinks his way clear through a thing, and has proved his right to theory by successful practice.

"Well, as I said, he looked into our affairs, asked a good many questions, and began to say what a wonderful good thing it would be if a

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method could only be hit upon, as of course there might be, when a man would save time, and the interest on his money, and secure besides incredible profits by shortening the process by which hides were prepared and the tanning effected. French, English, and Russian methods, now in operation, were well enough for those slow old countries, but science in our time had labor by the right hand, and, let labor only consent to be led by it, we should see a revolution in every department of production in the world. He told the truth, of course, but he told it like a fool. I thought then, however, that he told it more like knave than fool. For I hadn't any confidence in him, Sir; his way of talking took me just across the grain. He was one of those dare-devils who I suppose *can't* appreciate the fact that science don't do things at a venture and hap-hazard. If you don't *absolutely know* that your way of doing a thing is the best in the world, for goodness' sake speak modestly when you're with practical men who may take you at your word.

"There was nothing for it but Jacob would put some of this fellow's projects into practical operation. It was perfectly clear to see. All the way through the tanning we had in hand he was getting more and more impatient, and by the time we had the hides out of the vats, and hung up, and vats emptied, and ready to begin again, and were getting our hides through the sweating process—*that* was a great discovery! we were about the first to use it, so you see we weren't likely to be behindhand taking suggestions, and I believe in that sweating process yet —but *you* don't care any thing about that."

"I do," said I. "Tell me." You may smile when you think it was only about getting the hair off of hides he was talking, but every trade and business has its poets and enthusiasts, and you must be a wooden affair if you can hear one of these men go over the details of their occupation without for the moment catching something of their spirit, or at least feeling in some degree the force of their magnetic influence!

"I had to go down to Chester one day. The day this one reminds me of. When I was nearly through the Clove such a blinding snow-storm came down on me I had to stop my horse, great as the hurry was, and look at it. Besides, it was probably only a squall, and would blow over. But after a few minutes it became evident that there wasn't any squall about it—it wasn't going to blow along. I might sit there if I chose, but before three hours I'd be buried up and done for. So I whipped along and got out of the Clove and up on the ridge-road, and I can tell you, bad as it was up there, it was better to have the open country about me than those great tremendous and straight walls of rock shutting me up. They look very fine to you such a day as this, with all those pretty trimmings hung about, vines, ferns, and what not, but take the walls without any of the festooning, and you have something awful.

"We ran a race with the storm for about an hour after we had got up on to the road. I was in a terrible strait to get home. How could a man know what mischief would be brewing there between those young fellows shut up together (with me at a safe distance) smoking before a comfortable fire, and talking about tannin, and acids, and alkalies in general!

"Before I got along near Troop's, though—Troop keeps a tavern now, he didn't then; he lived on the road and about half-way to Carrington (I forget that you don't know the region as well as I do)—I saw it would be as much as my life was worth to attempt getting through that night. By the time I got to his house I thought I was about done for—frozen almost solid—but then he couldn't keep me."

"Couldn't *keep* you!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you take possession, and done with it?"

"Why, there was poor Ned, worse off, if any thing, than I was, and what could I do? I couldn't take him into the house with me, and the stable was crowded. No, there was really nothing to be done but to drive on to Nott's. Live through it, if we could—die, if we couldn't. When a man makes up his mind to a course like that most likely he'll live to see it carried out!

"Nott was a man who would have taken Ned under his roof, too, before he would have let me go one step further such a night as that was. Well, Sir, I stood up those three miles. Afraid to sit down. I swung my arms, and stamped my feet, and did my best to keep alive, and I can tell you it wasn't any fun, for after all I wasn't thinking so much of myself as I was of Mr. Franklin. I was young then, and had the old tannery hanging like a millstone round my neck, for you see I had been with Jacob's father when things were managed different, before we got to be so scientific, and I felt like flying, as I may have said before. It sets me into a perspiration always when I think of those days. But by the time I came to Nott's I wasn't thinking much of any thing except myself, for I was as stiff as a poker, and covered with frost—ears frozen, hands like ice, and feet too, for that matter. But this hand had the worst of it. So the fingers had to come off. But I'm getting ahead.

"Nott's house was pretty full, and he'd been working like a nig—beast himself, getting travelers comfortable who'd come in and taken possession in the way folks will when they get desperate. He went out and groomed Ned himself, and worked over him for an hour to keep him from freezing. But after I was once under shelter I found out what women mean by being nervous. Bless your stars, you're not a woman! I began to worry—and was there any thing in creation I didn't worry about? There was the new grinding machine—wouldn't some of the hands get hold of that, possessed of an itching to see how it would work? Then I got to thinking about Blake Tafft, and of what a time Jacob and I had about the sweating business; and it wasn't a consolation I could bring

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to bear on the shape affairs seemed to be taking that the old experiment we ventured upon with fear and trembling had turned out such a success. I knew that whenever I said any thing about Tafft it was in Jacob's mind that I was against the sweating. And now, when I was for sweating, I made a stand against the new tannin mixture! He had got a notion that I was an old slow coach, always hanging fire, cautious and safe in ways not creditable to a man. And now, shut up by this snow-storm, away off in the woods—Jacob and Tafft speculating by a great wood-fire, talking half the night, no doubt, and dabbling with chemicals—it was enough to make a man get up and blow his brains out.

"I broke the road next morning for folks going my way. I was out before sunrise. The storm was over, and the sky, with its sun-dogs that clear it, looked perfectly awful: every breath a man drew in that air seemed like the sharp cut of a razor. When I got home the first man I met was one George Peters, to whom I had been in the habit of giving orders every day of my life—he didn't know me!

"I was shut up in the house nearly a week after I got back; but I felt easy—easy—from the moment Ned stepped out on the Carrington pike. I shouldn't be haunted any longer by the ghost of my old master; I should know what his son was about, with all his itching for experiment, and his confidence in Tafft.

"Perhaps you think it's a comfortable thing to feel like a spy about premises where you've been in the habit of going round free and easy, giving confidence and taking it—dealings all fair, square, and open!

"Jacob didn't like it any better than I did that matters had got into that shape between us. Still it wasn't an easy thing for us to come to a good understanding. Some men might have acted like wards shaking off their tutors. He might have said he was going to do as he liked, and I might have answered, 'Of course, for all I care. Ruin yourself as soon as you choose—it's no fault of mine.' But that wasn't the kind of talk for men who had been together as we had, through thick and thin, of fortune and misfortune. I never shall forget how he looked when he came into my room the afternoon I got back. He had heard about my state and condition through Peters.

"He came up to the chair where I sat, feeling more dead as to body and alive as to mind than ever before or since, perhaps, and stood looking at me in perfect surprise a moment before he spoke.

"'Joshua, what a time you have had!' said he. Then I saw tears in his eyes. 'I never expected you back in such a storm. I believe you would have pushed through if you had thought you wouldn't live a minute after—kicking up such a bobbery about nothing! But you got the books?'

"They were volumes of chemistry which I had been talking about for a month or more. Part of my errand down was to get them; for I was determined he himself should know something about chemistry, as applied to arts, before he went one step further. 'Open the bundle,' I said; and he did, but only glanced at the title of the work, then he dropped the wrap into a corner, laid the books on the shelf, and sat down by the fire. 'If you lost so much as a joint of a finger I'd never forgive myself,' he said.

"If I hadn't always felt toward him as I *knew* a woman must toward a son, I should have felt my heart open when he looked at my hand. He didn't say any thing after that, but got up and walked to the window; and you don't know Jacob, if you did you would understand how he swung out of the room the next minute, and in less than five came back with Tafft. He wouldn't argue with me about consulting him. His own faith in him was sufficient to warrant this action. Like it or not I must submit, it was for my poor body's sake!

"Tafft looked at my hand, and his face had a different expression from any I had ever seen it wear before. We'll see about it," said he.

He didn't say any thing more at that time. But the next day when he came in again to see how his treatment was working—of course he prescribed—he saw there was no help for the fingers. They had to come off in the course of a few days.

"It seemed to me during those few days, when I was recovering from the effects of my exposure, as if perhaps, and probably, I had been brought down to the humiliation that I might be compelled to render justice in a direction where I had withheld it. I went out of my room not feeling toward Tafft as I did when I went in. Was that justice? No, it was weakness. I let my convictions fritter themselves away when I should have held faster than ever to them. You get to be a judge once, and then, when you're set on the bench, grant a general jail delivery—you'll do a wise thing, and the world will be likely to thank you for it.

"Tafft was my surgeon. Think of that! It was a nice place to be put in, for I couldn't help liking the fellow when I began to know him. He didn't mean to be a deceiver. He was honest enough in his fool-hardiness and temerity. And where was the use of arguing? There was nothing for it but that the experiment must be made.

"I saw that when I opened my eyes, after keeping them close shut as long as I dared to do. It had got to be made, too, on a large scale. Jacob was all enthusiasm. His courage had revived and grown monstrous from the moment when he saw my hand in Tafft's with the fingers off at the joints.

"When it came to the point that I must know it and give an opinion, I said: 'You're going into the business whether or no—that's clear enough to see. It makes no difference what I think. But you know, and you needn't talk about my countenancing the business, for I can't. I'll have no hand in it.'

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"I was about among the works the same as ever after the new process was set in operation. I didn't ask any thing about it. It was their own secret; and I suppose Jacob did rejoice about as much over the prospect of my approaching discomfiture as over any other thing that ever happened to him. And I can tell you it was an easier thing to fall in with him, and believe with him, than it was not to do it, for he has spirits that ride over the dismal swamps of this world like an eagle, and there isn't a tree tall enough growing in the lowlands for him to perch on, nor a branch strong enough. When he had decided on a step he *took* it, and there wasn't any looking back. I began to pray for him, I felt so desperate. Prayed that his experiment might not ruin him. But I am not the kind of man Providence works miracles for."

"But," said I, "you prayed him clear of ruin, I should think. You don't consider him any thing but a success in these days, do you?"

Crowe looked at me a moment, his face brightening and brightening, until it was perfectly illuminated.

"I was only thinking," said he, "that I lacked faith, not being able to change determined chemical effects."

"Well," said I, "Mr. Crowe, *how* did you come out of it?"—for he sat there poking with the handle of his riding-whip at a pebble which was imbedded with countless pebbles of its kind, I suppose ages on ages ago. He looked up at the question.

"I reckoned I could tell it by this time as I would any other yarn," said he. "Tafft had gone off to town. He got a letter the day after we got the vats filled. But he said he should come right back before it would be time to look into the ooze, and he went off. Well, he didn't come back. He wrote that he couldn't say when he would come, somebody was very ill, dying, he thought. Well, of course we knew as much as he did about getting hides out of ooze; and one day, when the time had expired they had reckoned it would take, Jacob came to me. 'Crowe,' said he, trying to speak as if he didn't feel a grain of concern, 'I'm going to have those vats of ours looked into this morning.'

"'What,' said I, 'without Tafft?'

"'Yes, for there's no knowing when he will be able to get here. It isn't safe to wait. I don't care about his being here as long as you are. I can do without him, Crowe, but not without you.' Those were his very words.

"'Oh,' I said; and was nigh to saying on the top of that, 'you've got to care though, if you expect to get those hides out.' But how could I say such a thing as that to him? It would have been a great deal easier to shoulder the whole blame and responsibility if any thing wrong came of the great experiment.

"Well, Sir, I put myself to it. I uncovered those vats—one after another I uncovered them. I began at the beginning. He and I were there alone. It wasn't to get out the whole batch exactly. We didn't know quite what it *was* to do. But we meant to survey the ground, I suppose, and see how things were going to work. I took the long hook and went at it; and I don't know whether it would have racked me more to have poked through a pond with it where I expected to touch every minute on the corpse of the thing I liked best. Lord a' mercy!—they'd used the pumps to good purpose, the boys had! The hides were as well soaked and swelled as ever I saw. But Franklin swore right out when I brought up one hide after another, and let that nasty, whitish drip run off—yes, Sir! there they were—all alike, half-tanned, or rather no tanning about it—and rotten! Lord a' mercy! rotten as punk—yes, Sir! the whole heap of 'em.

"Actual fact, Sir," he continued; "there'd been a devilish work of neutralizing kept up, and so there was the lot on our hands not worth one red cent."

"He had made his experiment though," said I.

"Yes, yes," Crowe answered, "and I don't know but 'twas just as well for him to be put through such a course to see how he would stand it. He had ruined himself, to be sure, but then he had learned a lesson. He looked at me with his eyes opened to their widest, with a droll expression that was always in them when he found himself worsted, and about to disarm criticism by frank and full confession.

"'What has poor science got to do then?' said he. 'Must men poke along in the slow way forever as their grandfathers did before them? Their grandfathers found out the best way for *them*. But there has been an advance—must have been. These times abhor dullness and ignorance more than any other times ever did since the world began.'

"'Don't slander science,' said I, all my wrath breaking out into undisguised rage; for the thought of that imposition in the name of a scientific man flashed across me. 'When science has a suggestion to make I'll act on it as quick as another man. I've learned something here this day; and any body but a fool or an ignorant man might have predicted precisely what has happened. It's the acid that did it.'

"But when I had relieved myself by saying that, I had to go further, for Franklin's sake. Never was a fellow so cut up as he was for a while till he could rally. 'You ought to make experiments, of course,' I said. 'I'm going to make some myself. I've got two hundred dollars in the bank this moment, and I'm going into the hide-tanning business and shall conduct it scientifically.'

"We both laughed. That was our safety-valve. Jacob had got rid of his property and was as free as I was to begin life again—and we both had the courage. Besides, he had a sense of honor which this pressure of debt was likely to quicken and not blunt.

"We were alone together many an hour of that day. Sweet counsel we took! You needn't smile. I don't remember that I ever felt par-

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ticularly like a giant before that time; but for then I did feel like one; and equal—*felt* so—it amounts to about the same thing in a well man—to do any work required of me.

"I got Powers in after Franklin gave his consent and showed him the hides. He looked the blankest creature, and perfectly scared. He whispered to me as we were going along the edge of the vats, poking among the hides, and investigating here and there, as if the fact were not a settled one, and settled, too, on scientific principles, so that they could not be gainsayed, 'Why, Mr. Crowe, we're ruined.'

"'Hides, may be, but we're not. We've got something *inside* our hides, I hope, that's proof against this deuced acid. What do you really think about those hides?' I said.

"'Think! why they ain't worth as much as good brown paper,' said he. There it was!

"'I thought so!' said I. 'You did!' said he, as if he had supposed I was in favor of the experiment. Well, I *had* kept my thoughts about it pretty well to myself.

"'Never mind,' I said—'never mind, Powers; we'll get the vats emptied, and hang up the hides, and see what can be done. It's clear there's no use of leaving them in here. They've swallowed all they need of that high mix.'

"So Powers and I alone got up the hides. He was as shy as I was about having 'em fished out and talked over by the men. We worked like a couple of cowards, and got rid of any help by that means, to be sure; but as if such a thing were to be kept to ourselves by gaining a little or a good deal of time!

"Franklin came in and stood and looked at us while we were at work. Pretty soon he caught up a hook, and I thought he was going to plunge with us into the thick of work. But after he had stood there just about a minute he dropped the hook again and walked away. I felt for him when he did that as I never felt for any other fellow in this world. I supposed he couldn't stand it to help us in that work, and that was the reason why he went off; but, Sir, in about five minutes I heard the tramp of a dozen men, and I looked up. Franklin had got the men together and was marching 'em in. 'Twas a brave act!

"'Here, Crowe,' said he, 'come out of that: just quit that business. Go in, my men. We'll get through as quick as possible and begin again.'

"I laid down my hook. He took my arm, and we walked off together.

"'It's nothing but ignorance,' said he. 'We'll learn a little more, Crowe, before we go on in that direction.'

"We did learn considerable more. For ten years we kept on doing business in a small enough way, I can tell you; on the old plan too. But three years ago we hit on another method—*scientific* this time, Sir—and it has placed us at the head of our business, *I* think, throughout the world. Pretty soon we shall do as much work in a year as the best French company will do in ten."

"That's only saying, in other words, that you're a scientific American," said I.

Whereupon thoughts and visions uprose within me to the exclusion of this question, which has sometimes since, in idle moods, returned upon me, never getting an answer, "What became of Tafft?"

For who associates in his thought those two words, Science and America, and does not see uprising from the heart of Time a national destiny so absolutely glorious as to bring him, if a patriot worthy of the name, humbly to his knees, convinced that he has seen in vision the Great Day of "the coming of the Lord?"

ANNA MARIA ROSS.

MORE than eighteen months have passed away since the public journals of New York and Philadelphia chronicled the death of Anna Maria Ross, one of the most earnest and self-sacrificing of that "noble army" of champions in the cause of humanity, who, in every age, have devoted time, talents, even life itself, to deeds of charity and works of mercy. By constant effort for the good of others, in early youth, and in the yet more entire consecration of maturer life, she was eminently fitted for the important service to which her last, best years were unreservedly given. It is in connection with this work, which has called forth so much patriotic energy and activity from the women of our land, that her loss is most deeply felt. To many of those who went out from our midst at their country's call the tidings of her sudden death must have come with the poignancy of a personal grief. To hundreds in the distant West and among the granite hills of New England must it have brought the tearful remembrance of patient watchings, and tender offices, and gentle ministerings.

Anna Maria Ross was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1813. Her father, William Ross, was a native of the County of Derry, Ireland. He emigrated to the United States about the year 1788, and in 1794 married Mary Root, of Chester County, Pennsylvania. The marriage was solemnized at the Swedes' Church, now known as Gloria Dei. The business of William Ross was that of an accountant. It would seem that the spirit of noble patriotism, which was so marked a characteristic in the subject of this sketch, was hers by rightful inheritance. Her maternal relatives were largely identified with the war of American Independence. Her mother's uncle, Jacob Root, held a captain's commission in the Continental army, and it is related of her great grandmother that she served voluntarily as a moulder in an establishment where bullets were manufactured to be used in the cause of freedom.

It is unnecessary to linger upon the early years of Miss Ross. The wonderful powers which she developed in mature womanhood possess a greater interest for those who knew her chiefly in connection with the labors which gave

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her so just a claim to the title of "The Soldier's Friend." Endowed by nature with great vigor of mind and uncommon activity and energy, of striking and commanding personal appearance and pleasing address, she was remarkably successful in the prosecution of those works of charity and benevolence which made her life a blessing to mankind. Well known to the public-spirited and humane of her native city, her claims to attention were fully recognized, and her appeals in behalf of the needy and suffering were never allowed to pass unheeded.

"I have little hope of success," she said once to her companion, in going upon an errand of mercy; "yet we may get one hundred dollars. The lady we are about to visit is not liberal, though wealthy. Let us pray that her heart may be opened to us. Many of my most earnest prayers have been made while hurrying along the street on such errands as this." The lady gave her three hundred dollars.

On one occasion she was at the house of a friend, when a family was incidentally mentioned as being in great poverty and affliction. The father had been attacked with what is known as "black small-pox," and was quite destitute of the comforts and attentions which his situation required, some of the members of his own family having left the house from fear of the infection. The quick sympathies of Miss Ross readily responded to this tale of want and neglect. "While God gives me health and strength," she earnestly exclaimed, "no man shall thus suffer!" With no more delay than was required to place in a basket articles of necessity and comfort she hastened to the miserable dwelling; nor did she leave the poor sufferer until he was beyond the reach of human aid forever. And her thoughtful care ceased not even here. From her own friends she sought and obtained the means of giving him a respectable burial.

The lady to whom the writer is indebted for the above incident, relates that on the day when all that was mortal of Anna Maria Ross was consigned to its kindred dust, as she was entering a street car, the conductor remarked, "I suppose you have been to see the last of Miss Ross." Upon her replying in the affirmative, he added, while tears flowed down his cheeks, "I did not know her, but she watched over my wife for four weeks when she had a terrible sickness. She was almost an entire stranger to her when she came and offered her assistance."

It is not strange that the warm heart which could resist no appeal of suffering humanity was stirred to its inmost depths at the breaking out of the rebellion in behalf of those upon whom the calamities of war fell most heavily. The association which was formed soon after the commencement of hostilities for the purpose of supplying food to the numerous regiments which passed through the city of Philadelphia desired to meet the additional need of medicine and rest for those whom sickness or exhaustion rendered unfit to proceed. A room generously offered by William M. Cooper, Esq., containing at first only five beds, was comfortably fitted up, and from this small beginning grew the Cooper Shop Hospital (so named from the character of the building itself), which has since so widely extended the field of its operations, and which has been supported solely by voluntary contributions from the patriotic and charitable. "Miss Ross was appointed "Lady Principal" of this institution, and five months after its opening issued a stirring appeal which found a ready response among those to whom it was addressed. The closing words breathe all the earnestness of her loyal spirit.

"The defenders of our bleeding yet glorious Union implore your help. The cause of humanity begs you for assistance, and the soldier sick and a stranger among us asks you to give, and he knows that to ask will be to receive."

From the hour that Miss Ross assumed the responsibilities of the position above-mentioned she devoted all her energies to the interests of those under her charge with a zeal and efficiency which have seldom been surpassed. Night and day she was at her post. With wonderful powers of endurance she watched while others slept, dressing with her own hands the most loathsome wounds, and winning the love and admiration of all with whom she was associated.

Her quick sympathies were largely drawn upon by successive partings with those for whom she so ceaselessly labored. It was her wish that the last evening at the hospital should, when practicable, be spent with her, and many whose eyes may rest upon these pages will bear witness to the moving appeal and urgent entreaty which marked these closing hours, and made them the starting-point of a new existence of higher motives and loftier aims. Very many could join in the noble testimony of an officer in a Massachusetts regiment who, after the unwilling farewell had been spoken, returned to grasp the hand of this faithful friend and say: "Miss Ross, I came here careless, indifferent, and heedless, but I go away determined, with God's help, to be a better man. You have done it all." Who can wonder that tears of grateful joy were her only reply? Who can doubt her richness of reward?

Ever ready to take advantage of an opportunity for serving her Divine Master, it seemed as if she dared not permit even the smallest occasion to pass unimproved. She was fearless in the cause she loved.

"I should never have got my discharge if it had not been for you," said a grateful soldier, who had left the hospital for his own home, and who, with returning health, had come to express his thanks to his kind nurse. "Oh no!" was the reply; "it was the Lord's will that you should be restored to your family. I was only the instrument."

"Is A—— all ready to go to-night?" asked one of his companions, as a noble-looking fellow crossed the outer ward, and approached

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Miss Ross. "Yes, A—— is ready," she answered. "Ready inwardly as well as outwardly. That is the true preparation."

It was within the walls of the Cooper Shop Hospital that the writer of this sketch first met Miss Ross. The benevolence expressed in her glowing countenance, and the words of hearty welcome with which she greeted a humble coadjutor in her loving labors, will never be forgotten. It was impossible not to be impressed at once by the tender earnestness with which she engaged in her self-imposed duties, and her active interest in every thing which concerned the well-being of those committed to her charge. When they were about to leave her watchful care forever a sister's thoughtfulness was exhibited in her preparations for their comfort and convenience. The wardrobe of the departing soldier was carefully inspected, and every thing needful was supplied. It was her custom also to furnish to each one who left a sum of money, "that he might have something of his own" to meet any unexpected necessity by the way. And if the donation-box at the entrance of the hospital chanced to be empty, her own purse made good the deficiency. The writer well remembers the anxious countenance with which she was met one morning by Miss Ross, when about taking her place for the day's duty. "I am so sorry!" was her exclamation. "When C—— left for Virginia last night I forgot, in the confusion, to give him money; and I am afraid that he has nothing of his own, for he had not received his pay. I thought of it after I was in bed, and it disturbed my sleep."

The tenderness of Miss Ross's nature was never more touchingly exhibited than in the case of Lieutenant B——, of Saratoga, New York. He was brought to the hospital by his father for a few days' rest before proceeding to his home. Mortally wounded, he failed so rapidly that he could not be removed. During two days and nights of agonizing suffering Miss Ross scarcely left his side, and while she bathed his burning brow and moistened his parched lips she mingled with these tender offices words of Christian hope and consolation. "Call me Anna," she said, "and tell me all which your heart prompts you to say." And as life ebbed away he poured into her sympathizing ear the confidences which his mother, alas! could not receive. With tearful eyes and sorrowing heart this new-found friend watched by him to the last—then closed the heavy eyes, and smoothed the raven locks, and sent the quiet form, lovely even in death, to her who waited its arrival in bitter anguish.

To those who best knew the subject of this sketch, it seems a hopeless task to enumerate the instances of unselfish devotion to the good of others with which that noble life was filled. It was the same tale again and again repeated. Alike the pain, the anxiety, the care; alike the support, the encouragement, the consolation. No marvel was it that the sinking soldier, far from home and friends, mistook the gentle ministry for that which marks earth's strongest tie of love, and dying, whispered, "Mother."

Perhaps no characteristic of Miss Ross was more strongly marked than her perseverance. She had much to contend with in the discharge of her duties as Lady Principal of the hospital, but she *would* not be discouraged.

On the occasion of one of her visits to the office of a Government official, for the purpose of presenting a petition in behalf of an inmate of the hospital, she was told "that she could not be waited upon on account of the press of business which demanded immediate attention." "General ——," she laughingly replied, "you know me well enough to believe that I will remain for any length of time that is necessary, and I shall not leave until you have granted my request." She kept her word, and after waiting for several hours had the satisfaction of obtaining the desired furlough.

A young man belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment was lying dangerously ill at Newport News. His only sister came to Miss Ross and implored her aid in securing her brother's discharge. She at once offered to go to his relief, and having obtained the necessary papers started upon her mission, accompanied by a friend who was ready to assist to the utmost in this humane undertaking. The result was successful, and poor W—— was soon restored to his afflicted sister. This journey gave Miss Ross the opportunity of visiting several hospitals in Baltimore and Washington, and so desirous was she to speak a word of encouragement or consolation to each sufferer that she could with difficulty tear herself away. "I *will* not go," she said to her friend, who urged the necessity of their immediate departure. "But you *must* go," was the reply. "W—— is ready. *I* shall go by the four o'clock boat, and you will go with me." This she related with great animation, and added, "If it had not been for Captain H——, I do not know that I should ever have come home."

The case of D——, a member of a New Hampshire regiment, is one of singular interest. He was left at the hospital when on his way to the seat of war, and suffered for many months from the consequences of the exposure incident to camp life. Miss Ross watched over him with sisterly tenderness, and when he was pronounced by the surgeon unfit for active service retained him as steward of the institution. After the terrible battle of Gettysburg, when the wards were filled to overflowing, and hundreds of sufferers lay stretched on mattresses upon the floor, the broken constitution of D—— yielded to the excessive fatigue resulting from his arduous labors, and he was again prostrated by illness. As soon as it could be done with safety he was removed to the house of Mrs. B——, whose interest in the feeble invalid was only second to that of his faithful nurse. For a time he seemed to rally; but the death of a beloved child, and intense longing to behold his distant home, so wore upon his drooping spirits that he sank into

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almost hopeless depression. With her accustomed energy Miss Ross directed all her efforts toward restoring him to his family. After the preliminary steps had been taken she applied to the captain of a Boston steamer, but he refused to receive a sick passenger on account of the want of suitable accommodations. The case was urgent. He must go or die. "There is no room," repeated the Captain.

"Give him a place upon the floor," was the rejoinder, "and I will furnish every thing needful." "But a sick man can not have proper attendance under such circumstances," persisted the Captain. "I will go with him if necessary," she replied, "and will take the entire charge of his comfort." "Miss Ross, I am sorry to refuse you, but I can not comply with your request. This answer must be final."

What was to be done? The unsuccessful pleader covered her face with her hands for a few moments; then raising her head said, slowly and sadly, "Captain ——, I have had many letters from the friends of New England soldiers, thanking me with overflowing hearts for restoring to them the dearly loved husband, son, or brother while yet alive. From D.'s wife I shall receive no such message. This is his only chance of life. He can not bear the journey by land. He must go by water or die. He will die here—far from friends and home." This appeal could not be resisted. "I *will* take him, Miss Ross," was the answer; "but it must be only upon the condition that you will promise not to ask such a favor of me again whatever the case may be." "Never!" was the quick reply, "never will I bind myself by such a promise while an Eastern soldier needs a friend or a passage to his home! You are the first man to whom I should apply." "Then let him come without a promise. You have conquered; I will do for him all that can be done."

Could such friendship fail to win the hearts of those to whom this inestimable woman gave the cheerful service of her life's best days? "Do you want to see Florence Nightingale?" said one, who had not yet left the nursing care which brought him back to life and hope, to a companion whom he met. "If you do, just come to our hospital and see Miss Ross."

This was the only reward she craved—a word of thoughtful gratitude from those she sought to serve; and in this was lost all remembrance of days of toil and nights of weariness. So from week to week and from month to month the self-consecration grew more complete—the self-forgetfulness more perfect. But the life spent in the service of others was drawing near its end. The busy hands were soon to be folded, the heavy eyelids forever closed, the weary feet were hastening to their rest.

The spring of 1863 found Miss Ross still occupied in the discharge of her ceaseless round of duties at the hospital, and at the same time engaged in promoting the interests of a large fair for the purpose of aiding in the establishment of a permanent Home for discharged soldiers who were incapacitated for active labor. She canvassed the city of Philadelphia, and also traveled in different parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey in order to obtain assistance in this important undertaking. "Is it not wrong," a friend once asked, "that you should do so much, while so many are doing *nothing?*" "Oh, there are hundreds who would gladly work as I do," was her reply, "but they have not my powers of endurance." Upon these powers she drew too largely, and her remarkable strength and vigor of constitution were yielding to the pressure.

The fair in which she was so actively interested took place in June, and a large sum was added to the fund previously obtained for the benefit of the "Soldiers' Home." The work now progressed rapidly, and the personal aid and influence of Miss Ross were exerted to forward it in every possible way. Yet while deeply absorbed in the promotion of this object, which was very near to her heart, she found time to brighten, with characteristic tenderness and devotion, the last hours of the Rev. Dr. Clay, the aged and revered minister of the ancient church, in which the marriage of her parents had taken place so many years before. With his own family she watched beside his bed, and with them received his parting blessing.

The waning year found the noble undertaking, the object of so many prayers and the goal of such ardent desire, near a prosperous completion. A suitable building had been obtained, and many busy days were occupied in the delightful task of furnishing it. At the close of a day spent in this manner, the friend who had been Miss Ross's companion proposed that the remaining purchases should be deferred to another time, urging, in addition to her extreme fatigue, that many of the stores were closed. "Come to South Street with me," she replied. "They keep open there until twelve o'clock, and we may find exactly what we want." The long walk was taken, and when the desired articles were secured she yielded to her friend's entreaties, and at a late hour sought her home. As she pursued her solitary way came there no foreshadowing of what was to be? no whisper of the hastening summons? no token of the quick release? Wearily were the steps ascended, which echoed for the last time the familiar tread. Slowly the door closed through which she should pass on angelic mission nevermore. Was there no warning?

"I am tired," she said, "and so cold that I feel as if I never could be warm again." It was an unusual complaint for her to whom fatigue had seemed almost unknown before. But it was very natural that exhaustion should follow a day of such excessive labor, and she would soon be refreshed. So thought those who loved her, unconscious of the threatening danger. The heavy chill retained its grasp, the resistless torpor of paralysis crept slowly on, and then complete insensibility. In this utter helplessness, which baffled every effort of human skill,

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night wore away and morning dawned. Still there was no change, and days had passed before the veil was lifted.

"Can this be death?" asked the weary pilgrim, whose feet even then had reached the brink of the dark river. "I did not think my work was done, but God has willed it otherwise —His will be done." A few words of fond farewell were calmly spoken, those most near and dear were folded in her outstretched arms, and consciousness had fled forever.

Those who watched beside the prostrate form saw there no struggle. Only the gentle breathing came more slowly, the sinking pulse grew fainter, and all was still. The shadowy vale was safely passed, and light had dawned once more. Silently had the Death Angel brought the calm loveliness of perfect rest to her

> "Whose life so sweetly ceased to be,
> It lapsed in immortality."

On the twenty-second day of December, 1863, the day which witnessed the completion of the crowning work of her life—at the very time when the sharers of her labors were assembled for the dedication of the "Soldiers' Home," this faithful guardian of the interests of the poor and suffering closed forever her gentle ministry. The sorrowing multitude who participated in the solemnities of her burial bore witness to the reverential affection with which she was regarded by all who knew her. One of the daily journals of her native city contains the following paragraph:

"The vast assemblage of weeping friends who gathered to pay their last tribute of affection gave evidence that this was more than an ordinary bereavement. So great was the assemblage that it was almost impossible to gain access to the apartment where, arrayed in the habiliments of the tomb, reposed the earthly remains of one who, from childhood, had devoted herself to alleviating and ministering unto the necessities of the widow, the orphan, and the friendless. In her best days she devoted her Christian benevolence and philanthropy to the care of our sick and wounded heroes returning maimed and distressed from hard-fought battle-fields and lonely camps." A personal friend writes: "I think there is scarcely a case where a person holding no public position was so universally known and beloved."

The last lingering look was taken, and the mournful train moved slowly on, bearing the precious remains to Monument Cemetery. Nature itself, in the barren desolation of advancing winter, seemed in perfect harmony with the solemn scene, as if she too joined in sad lament that so much worth and loveliness should pass away.

Beneath the shadow of a stately cedar, whose branches are melodious with the earliest songs of birds, rests what was mortal of Anna Maria Ross. Roses, planted by loving hands, unfold their clustering blossoms, and fall in fragrant showers above the grassy turf. The sacred spot is marked by a monument—the gift of those who hold in sweet remembrance her who sleeps beneath. The base is of blue marble. The tomb is of pure white marble, surmounted by a tablet which bears an alto-relievo, representing a female figure ministering to a soldier, who lies upon a couch. Beneath is the inscription:

ERECTED BY HER FRIENDS,
In Memory of
ANNA M. ROSS,
DIED DECEMBER 22, 1863.

Her piety was fruitful of good works. The friendless child, the fugitive slave, and the victim of intemperance were ever objects of her tenderest solicitude.

When civil war disclosed its horrors she dedicated her life to the sick and wounded soldiers of her country, and died a martyr to Humanity and Patriotism.

So closes the brief and imperfect record of a beautiful life; but the light of its lovely example yet remains. And the work so lovingly begun, and faithfully carried on, by the noble-hearted subject of this sketch, is still unfinished. "Dead and yet speaking" by the consecration of lofty talents to the highest uses—"speaking" by the broad sympathy which embraced all who needed help or consolation—"speaking" by countless acts of service to her fellow-men, which will be fully known only in the "great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed"—she bids us follow wherever is heard the cry of suffering humanity, or the wail of the "children of sorrow." Amidst the doubts and discouragements of our country's darkest hours she labored patiently and courageously, in faith and hope. Shall our hearts fail, and our hands droop, who see the heavy storm-clouds lifted, and hear once more, in sweet accord, the silver notes of Peace?

THE CHIMNEYS.

FACING the western sky, Ruth Bowen caught the sight of two chimneys in the sunset glow, on the edge of the wooded horizon, which belonged to a house whose inhabitants had long been hateful to her. Ezra Clark lived there, and his mother, the "Widow Nabby." She had rejected Ezra twice, and had included his mother in the rejection. Why she should stop and ponder over those chimneys, with that basis of remembrance, seems inconsistent; but she stood as one taking a fond leave—like the soldier upon the hill. At that moment Ezra was eating his supper of bread and milk, thickly dashed with huckleberries, and avowing there was nothing equal to them in their season; but his mother, who was watching him, pretended to make moan over the necessity she was under of going into the swamp to pick more for him.

"Rheumatic fever and colic would not keep you from picking every darned one, mother," Ezra said.

"Now, Ezry, you know you lie; why, I haven't dried one yet."

"Folks are crazy in huckleberry time; they are ferocious to get into the woods and swamps, where a cat-bird would be ashamed to squall."

"What do you think of them Florida swamps,

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Tory party, owning, substantially, the House of Lords, and wielding a large minority in the Commons, was at least able to keep the Government perpetually on the defensive, and to prevent any real movement. Lord Palmerston, who seems to have a political as well as a physical gouty leg, sensitive to all changes of the atmosphere, probably fearing the "Conservative reaction" which the Tories confidently predicted, and knowing certainly that a storm would follow the dissolution of Parliament, shrank from it until so late in the season that Mr. *Punch* wiped his forehead and said, "Pam, if you don't dissolve I shall!" The evil day could not, however, be put off forever, and the Parliament reached at length its constitutional term of existence. The real predominance of Liberalism in the country might be at once seen in the swarms of Liberal candidates, which indeed constituted the danger of that party. Wherever there was a contestable seat, there was a preliminary contest among possible (Liberal) candidates as to who should stand for it, too often ending in the seat itself being endangered by internal dissension, whereas the Tories generally managed to have their forces united upon one man, or two if the borough or county offered any chances of success. This is indeed the usual Tory tactics, and that it is so is due to the fact that the educated young men who aspire to political life and influence in England are rarely Tories. It is probable that every superior and cultivated man in England desires to have a seat in Parliament; the Laureate himself is reported to have declared that he would regard that as the most tempting earthly honor that could be made to him. When lately the candidatures were arranged it was found that the struggle was to be unusually interesting, apart from the great questions involved, by reason of the large numbers of young and independent thinkers and radicals who had entered the lists. The addresses to the various constituencies which were put forth did not break the truce of the Parliament; the reticence and the spirit of postponement which had marked the dealings with vital questions in Westminster Hall were reproduced in the long columns of generalities and platitudes which appeared in the *Times*. The Whigs took their stand on the general prosperity of the country and the financial successes of Mr. Gladstone. The Tories deplored the spirit of innovation characterizing the Government, but declared that they would not oppose any "judicious and well-considered measure of reform." The infra-gangway supporters of the Government believed that "the time had now come when, in the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, every Englishman not incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or of political danger should be admitted to a share of political power." The enterprising reader who journeyed over these deserts of commonplace was indeed rewarded now and then with an oasis of wit and individuality, but as a general thing the candidates did not venture beyond the trenches of party. There was good reason for this A salient or novel point will at once be seized upon by an antagonist, and made the basis of misrepresentation which he knows can not be fully met before the yelling crowd on the hustings. No shrewd candidate will encumber himself with any thing that requires explanation, for explanation is precisely the one impossible thing during elections. Lord Palmerston was so averse to saying any thing material in his address to Tiverton, that after announcing himself a candidate he filled out the paper by reminding his constituents that under the prosperous administration of which he had been the head no fewer than two new princes had been born in the Royal Household. But presently the wars of the canvassers began in good earnest, and the fortresses of platitude became smoking ruins. The candidate must stand under hurtling volleys of questions; and woe to him if he have not on a coat of mail—wrought of iron or of brass—from which each one will rebound in the shape of a sufficient answer.

The elections just closed have shown that the England of to-day includes every age of humanity, from the savage worshiping his fetich, or tomahawking his foe, up to the idealist, as Chimborazo stretches from tropic to arctic, and is traced with the growths of every latitude between them. It is idle to speak of England as doing this or that: *which* England? There is one represented by the constituents which demanded of their candidate, 1. Whether he believed in the Book of Genesis; and, 2. When he last partook of the communion. There is another which defends John Stuart Mill's finest religious and social radicalism, and elects him thereon. And between these what worlds roll on side by side, in these little islands, each with its own interests! It would require volumes to give the proofs furnished by the recent elections that England is an epitome of the Eastern hemisphere, and of ages past and present, dark and luminous; but there was one contest which may be regarded as supplying a fair epitome of England; and of that I propose to give some account, chiefly from personal observation, before passing to any considerations concerning the political significance of the elections generally.

The nomination of John Stuart Mill for Westminster is the most practical reply which this English generation has given to Burke's famous declaration that the age of chivalry is past. The City of Westminster is nearly all of the west portion of London, has a population about one-third in number to that of New York City, and sends two members to the House of Commons—the same number, it may be remarked, in passing, as are sent by dozens of places which have not a fiftieth of its population. In this ancient city is represented every degree of wealth and of poverty. One may start from that region of hovels and filth from which the towers of the new Houses of Parliament and of Westminster Abbey rise and pass by Whitehall, with its offi-

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ces of the Privy Council, the Treasury, and the Board of Trade; then along Pall Mall with the opera and the clubs; past Marlborough House, and superb mansions of St. James; by the residences of Palmerston, and the Marquis of Westminster (England's wealthiest nobleman), and the magnificent shows of Piccadilly; under those windows which, to the day of the Iron Duke's death, bore the bullet-proof shutters which had defended them from a mob, retained as his witness to the ingratitude of the populace, and then pause at St. James or Buckingham Palace, to reflect that without going out of the limits of Westminster he had seen the glory and the shame of England. Who should represent such a city? Plainly one of our set, said the palaces; and so the first man who announced himself as a candidate was one who might naturally be considered a representative, in a sense, of Westminster. One needed only to glance at the Hon. Mr. Grosvenor to know what that sense was. A young man of twenty-five, with a heavy sensual face, and an eye that seemed as if it were parboiled; a complexion in which pink-white had already been overlaid by a muddy red, he stood up to declare to the electors of the ancient city his opinions—the most emphatic of which was that "England should kick Brother Jonathan into the middle of next week." Young Grosvenor stood up and said this as a liberal, but a liberal who was the son of the Marquis who owned more of Westminster City than any other man, and consequently felt as if its twenty-five thousand electors were in the bottom of his papa's pocket. But young Grosvenor was mistaken. The electors growled at his words about America in a way which would have made him turn pale had his complexion admitted of it, and he was at once thrown overboard. It was rather a bold thing for the liberals—who were led by James Beal and Dr. Lankester—to beard even this cub of aristocracy on the American question, especially as Richmond was then still defiant, and Lee supposed strong. But if that was chivalrous, what was it to fix upon a candidate who had not only taken up vigorously the Northern side of the American struggle, but had advocated in quotable black and white every political and religious heresy of whose existence the constituency was likely to have ever heard? To lift up among the hereditary grandeurs of Grosvenor Square the standard of anti-primogeniture! To object to the phrase "*manhood* suffrage" as too narrow! These were watch-words to make the dry bones in the graves of Westminster, and out of them, rattle, as rattle they did from the time of the nomination to the quietus given them three months later at the polls.

When Mr. Mill was spoken to on the subject of the Westminster candidature, he said that he did not aspire to the place, but that, if elected, he would serve. The truth was, Mr. Mill was deeply moved by the motives which urged on the young men who sought and obtained his nomination. They were men who had been inspired by the study of his works to crave a nobler life for England. They were ready to inaugurate an effort for the New England, and trust that even its failure—were it destined to fail, as then seemed probable—would be a truer success than any mere party triumph. Mr. Mill scarcely anticipated other success than this, and he at once told them of the difficulties: he could not expend money in the canvass, nor electioneer, nor, if elected, could he study their local interests. They were not disheartened at this, but determined to raise the money necessary for the legitimate expenses of an election by subscription, and to nominate their candidate. It soon became evident that they were to have a severe struggle. Young Grosvenor, it now appeared, had no idea of being set aside by the Millites, and he now came forward to do whatever money could do to secure the seat for himself. He had apologized for his language about America, and stood on the liberal platform. Then there came forward a certain W. H. Smith as the Tory candidate. Of all opponents Smith was the most formidable. He had entered upon the great newspaper business which his father had bequeathed him, and enlarged it until he held a monopoly of all the contracts and arrangements for supplying the railway stations throughout the kingdom with papers and magazines. Smith is the newspaper man, as Reuter is the telegraph man, of England. Nay, he must be stronger than Reuter; for the *Times*, which did, in one single case, manage to break through the monopoly of Reuter, struggled vainly against that of Smith. It is well understood that if Smith were so to determine he could ruin many newspapers, and even seriously injure the *Times*, by retarding its delivery at important stations, or rendering it irregular. Nor was he a man who might be supposed above making the most of his power; and consequently there was not a single journal in London which did not put on gloves when dealing with the Tory opponent of Mr. Mill. But as this Magazine is not dependent upon Mr. Smith for its circulation, I may here say that he was the personification of Oily Gammon, and also an exasperated case of *nouveau riche*. Once, indeed, he put down his name at the Reform Club with such flourishes that he was blackballed as soon as he was discovered to be the newspaper man; whereas had he come without disguise his election would have been secure. A plausible speaker, an olive-complexioned and hard-faced man, with a stereotyped smile, the possessor of an interminable purse, it was evident that Mr. Smith would bring out all the Tory strength of Westminster. The lowest estimate of his expenditure in the canvass which I have heard is $50,000, and the highest $100,000.

Let me here say a word about these expenses, which so puzzle Americans who have watched the course of English elections. The average cost of the 658 elections may be safely put at a thousand pounds. This $3,290,000 comes out

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of the pockets of the candidates.* It must be borne in mind that the candidate, who will pay money to any extent almost rather than be defeated, has no salary whatever for his services in Parliament, though he gives from four o'clock P.M. to midnight four days of the week, and from twelve to six on Wednesdays—and this, generally, from February 5 to August 5 of each year. It may be judged that a poor man would find it easier to go through the eye of a needle than to enter Parliament. And yet so ardent is the desire to attain this honor, that the race is much more exciting than it is in a struggle for a seat in our Congress, where the members are paid. Before the Commonwealth members of Parliament were paid for their services—borough members two, and county members four shillings *per diem*, sums which Froude estimates to have been equal to a pound and two pounds at the present day. The expenses of candidates are divisible into necessary, legitimate, and illegitimate; and one of the legitimate expenses is to retain a lawyer to advise with the committee of the candidate, and take care that they do not transgress the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act. The necessary expenses are the payments for the erection of the plank platform for the hustings, or the place where the nominations are made before the people. In any contested election this is a mere form, for a poll is always demanded by the candidate or candidates against whom the show of hands has gone. Then there is the expense of building several polling-booths. The polling-clerks have, strangely enough, to be paid by the candidates. The legitimate expenses are those made for bringing the candidate before the people, which involves the employment of public halls, placards, newspaper advertisements, and circulars. Legitimate also, perhaps, and legal certainly, are the large sums paid for conveyances used by the candidate's committee in visiting electors and soliciting their votes, and the employment of large numbers of the same to bring voters to the polls on election-day (which will be rather formidable items when the suffrage is extended). But when we come to the payments made to publicans—what we should call rum-sellers in America—for keeping placards in their windows and for imaginary committee-rooms in their grog-shops, we draw near to the shadowy and movable line which divides the legitimate from the illegitimate. The time was when bribery and the sale of votes was so common in England, that a gentleman of my acquaintance says that he remembers to have seen notices put by tradesmen into their windows: "*Not voted yet!*" Much has certainly been gained in decorum since then; but it is less than doubtful whether the large sums constantly paid the publicans for simply showing posters do not relate to much more questionable services. There is little reason to doubt that candidates often employ roughs to be present at the hustings and give them the show of hands. On leaving the hustings, when the show of hands had been declared to be for Smith and Grosvenor, I myself heard one man say to another, "We first tried to get men, but we had to pay two bob apiece for men; and so he told us to get boys for one bob."* The treat to beer is considered somewhat venial, I fear, among candidates, though very distinctly illegal. During Tom Hughes's canvass in Lambeth one of his advocates, speaking of the pure principles upon which they had conducted the contest, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Hughes has not even treated an elector to a glass of beer!" Upon which the soul of a beery brother in the crowd poured itself into the exclamation—"*Brute!*" And doubtless he was not alone in his disgust at such ethical severity.

It is easy to see how all these sources of expenditure (leaving entirely out of the case any estimate of those small boroughs where every vote is purchased by pounds) mount up during a canvass lasting from two to three months. It certainly seems as if there should be an "Act for the relief of Candidates," though it is said that a large majority of the governing class has determined that it shall always be beyond the power of any poor man to run for Parliament.

Mr. Smith and Captain Grosvenor depended in their canvass, the one upon the power of money, the other upon that of money *plus* family alone. At least none ever heard of any claim for either of them based upon grounds of intellectual superiority or services to the country; while there was scarcely a public house or an old wall in London that did not admonish the public to "vote for Grosvenor" or to "plump for Smith:" these mottoes superseding for the time the undying problem of the personality of "Griffiths," and even depriving the world of the valuable knowledge that "the *Standard* is the largest daily in the world." Mr. Mill, on the contrary, declared in his letter to his committee (March 7): "It is neither suitable to my circumstances nor consistent with my principles to spend money for my election. Without condemning those who do, when it is not expended in corruption, I am deeply convinced that there can be no Parliamentary reform worthy of the name so long as a seat in Parliament is only attainable by rich men, or by those who have rich men at their back." The general skepticism as to the ability of Mill and his friends to succeed in such a contest was well expressed by the *Times*. "It would be indeed," it said, "creditable to the electors of Westminster to choose a man of Mr. Mill's mental powers and faculty of lucid explanation, even though they might not agree with all his opinions; but it may unfortunately prove that not even in classic Westminster, with its traditions of Fox and Hobhouse and Burdett, and many another worthy, is a utilitarian philosopher able to stand against those practical utilitarians who know that the greatest happiness of the greatest number in a

* The total cost of an election in Great Britain is roughly estimated at £2,000,000.

* The English *Argbt* for shilling.

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borough at election time is promoted by putting a round sum into the hands of an active agent." Nevertheless, there is no reason to believe that any of Mill's friends swerved from the spirit of their candidate's position. It was, indeed, with much regret that the Committee regarded it as expedient to advise the liberal electors to "split"* their votes between Mill and Grosvenor; but unpalatable to the friends of Mill as Grosvenor and his lavish expenditures were, the liberal platform upon which he stood rendered his election far preferable to that of the Tory.

The Committee of Mill soon received enough subscriptions for the legitimate expenses of the election. They put out a modest placard which ran as follows:

Mill and Purity of Elections.
Mill, the People's Candidate.
Mill and Extension of the Franchise.
Mill and Civil and Religious Liberty.
Mill and Social Progress.
Mill and Financial Reform.
Mill and Free Trade.

The Philosopher's entrance upon the canvass with this simple banner might well recall the boy who came with his mantle to King Arthur's Court—that mantle which refused to cover any but the virtuous, and which made such sad revelations among the knights and ladies who tried it on. It was shown that after all the vaunted spread of education and the labors of the penny press there was a vast number of well-to-do tradesmen that had never heard the name of England's chief political economist. This ignorance was so great that the story may be regarded as true in spirit if not in letter that a bookseller put a card in his window announcing:

FOR SALE HERE.

Mill on Political Economy.
Ditto on the Floss.

But this ignorance extended upward as far as it did downward. There were large numbers of editors and ecclesiastics, presumably belonging to the higher and to the educated classes, who roared out their sudden discoveries of Mr. Mill's religious heresies, with the manifest impression that they were entirely unknown. When, after their uncongenial researches into the great thinker's volumes—volumes of whose existence they had been plainly ignorant before, and in which every reader of them knew there were far more heretical things than they fished out—they found that they produced no panic among his followers, they kindled fire and fagot for him throughout Westminster. It was hard to believe that as much religious malignity still existed in England as Mr. Mill's innocent mantle revealed. Mill's friends did not try to cover up the candidate's views; but, on the contrary, a cheap "People's Edition" of his works was at once printed, and had so enormous a circulation that, even if Mr. Mill had not been returned to the House of Commons, the campaign would have secured the important victory of thoroughly introducing to the English people the works of their broadest and truest master. Mr. Mill, convinced that constituencies should solicit their candidates and not they the constituencies, had gone off after his nomination to pursue his studies in the quiet French town of Avignon, where he has passed a large part of each year since it has held the grave of the noble wife to whom one of his finest works is inscribed. But meanwhile he was in London the centre of a three-months' theological war, the bitterest I have ever witnessed. The Evangelicals of the *Record* and the *Morning Advertiser* screamed like elderly fishwives at the audacity of putting up for Parliament a man who did not believe in eternal torments; but when, following the Bishop of St. Davids, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, and Mr. Maurice came forward to indorse as the "ethical sublime" the sentiments quoted for execration, they simply shrieked *Anathema Maranatha* against the whole concern. While this was occurring in the high up-stairs ecclesiastical drama a corresponding controversy was going on at the street-corners. Never shall I forget the dismay of a poor street-preacher who had been talking himself hoarse with warning a crowd of the wrath to come, when some one started forth and said: "See 'ere, pars'n, Jonstote Mill says as how that ere's oll bosh!" "Hear, hear!" cried several voices. "Mill's a more learnt man 'an any here," said an accomplice of the first speaker, "and he says he won't wusship no sech a God as 'll dam folks, and burn 'em 'tarnally" "Hear, hear!" cries the crowd again. "Well," stammered out the parson, "hain't we told that Hantichrist must come? The Prince hov the power hov—" "'Old hon there, boss!" cries another, "do you know that Bishop Thulwall and the Dean hov Whestminster says that wut Mill says is true Christen doctorin'? Do you mean to set yourself up 'ginst them?" The poor preacher was hopelessly floored, and instead of a benediction he closed by shouting above the jeering crowd, "Ef there be any survant hov the Lord Jesus here who hez ha vote in Westminster I hope he'll remember thet Hantichrist his habrod seeking whom e may devour, hand cast is vote hon the Lord's side!"

But now as the battle waxed warmer a new influence, it was whispered, was beginning to make itself felt in the struggle, even that of

"Those sweetest logicians in bliss
Who argue the point with a soul-speaking eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss."

Equally effective with those of whom Tom Moore sang, though employing less demonstrative figures, were the brilliant ladies who espoused the cause of Mill, as the beautiful

* It may be necessary to explain the terms "split" and "plump" in America, where fortunately the facts represented by them do not exist. In England every voter has as many votes (if he chooses to vote for various candidates) as his borough or county sends members. Thus, in the city of London proper, which has four members in Parliament, every elector has four votes. When a man votes for a single candidate he is said to "plump," and when he distributes his vote he is said to "split" it. When he "plumps" he has only one vote.

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Duchess of Devonshire, Georgina, once did for Charles James Fox in the same borough. I do not mean that they fell into that very ordinary kind of female electioneering which here and elsewhere leads a candidate's wife or daughters to patronize certain shopkeepers whose politics are measurable by the yard-stick or the pint-cup; but that honorable and cultivated ladies were kindled with an enthusiasm by the hope of having in Parliament a man whose election was endangered, next to his religious views, chiefly by his convictions in favor of reforming the laws which relate to the rights of women, and of extending the suffrage to them. When Mr. Mill reaffirmed, at the opening of the contest, his faith in universal suffrage, as distinguished from manhood suffrage, some papers said that the question raised was not one that would be practical for some centuries; others that Mill had at least better wait until the women themselves desired enfranchisement. Such wiseacres may find some new light in the ardor with which some at least of the ladies of England entered into the spirit of the great Westminster canvass. Mr. *Punch* had good reason for his cartoon of the gentleman in the croquet-lawn surrounded by a bevy of bewitching electioneerers, who asks whether there is not an act of Parliament to protect him from that kind of intimidation.

It was about a week before the day of the election that Mr. Mill returned from Avignon to England, where his presence was considered necessary. His prospects were considered doubtful by some, by others gloomy, though the eloquent young man, Mr. James Beal, who had originally proposed him, declared that his election was certain. "The stake is too great," he said, "for Mill to be defeated." I was fortunate enough to have a seat on the platform on the occasion of Mr. Mill's first appearance before a public meeting. The great hall of St. James was crowded at an early hour by people eager and curious to see and hear the man whose name had been for some months more prominently before the public—Smith's posters to the contrary notwithstanding—than that of any other Englishman. Constitutionally reserved and modest, Mr. Mill had been content to stand in the quiet shadow behind the thoughts which had gone forth from Blackheath or Avignon to educate his countrymen. On the evening of this first public meeting the Committee were, after the usual fashion, ready in their room behind the platform. Mr. Mill's friend, Professor Cairnes, was placed at the outer door to watch for him and show him to the Committee-room. Meanwhile a delicate, blue-eyed stranger entered the house with the stream of people, and, slowly edging his way to the platform, took his seat upon it. The people thought that it was some adventurous individual unable to find a seat below, but not one in the building knew that it was John Stuart Mill, on whose innocent mind the vision of a candidate entering with a procession of "distinguished gentlemen," and bowing hat in hand to applauding fellow-citizens, had not gleamed. Mr. Beal, however, discovered him, sitting there all alone on the platform, and whisked him off through a back-door. At length the procession entered, and the ovation took place. There was something in the first glance which passed between the simple, unworldly scholar and the English crowd which electrified them, and caused an effusion of genuine emotion to his face and eye.

While the chairman—a good hearty Englishman, with the voice of an enlightened Stentor—was making his speech, denouncing the kind of opposition with which they had been met in no measured phrases, I had the opportunity of studying the *personnel* of the man who had been one of my teachers for many years. Mr. Mill is a man of nearly sixty years of age, though he looks younger. He is about six feet in height, of slender make, but of good proportions, erect and elastic in his movement. He has the reddish color of the sanguine temperament, the definite chin which physiognomists connect with an active mind, and a nose which in Boston would be called Emersonian. But, speaking in all soberness, his forehead is the best I ever saw. If it were not for the clear blue eyes which light it up, the brow might be called Websterian. (Webster's brow was a great dark cloud whose gloom was intensified by flashes from those white eyes which one loved not to look upon.) Broad and high, with an undulating surface, and a bump on one side, which Nature would seem to have extemporized to hold a surplus of brain, the forehead was merged into a noble dome of a head whose fine outline was disclosed by the baldness. When he arose there was a breathless eagerness to hear. He spoke without gesture, except that of the eyes and the inclination of the head forward when he was especially earnest in making any point. He has also a nervous way of shutting and opening his eyes as if to clear his mental vision. His speech was smooth and unhesitating, though he spoke without notes, and the right word was always in the right place—in which respect he excelled the majority of English, and especially of parliamentary, speakers, who are continually stopping to cross out and change what they have said, as if they were always thinking of the reporters rather than of their hearers. Those who sat in the lower part of the hall may have had some difficulty in hearing all that he said; but to us who sat on the platform the voice was singularly musical and the enunciation impressive. Indeed there was a surprise at Mr. Mill's power as a public speaker as general as it was pleasant; and it was at once recognized that he would prove in every respect a master of that kind of eloquence which is adapted to the House of Commons. It was, too, a strange audience that surrounded Mr. Mill. Other political meetings here are generally composed of a motley crowd of noisy roughs, but on this occasion there were large numbers of men of letters and of science, and, what was still more peculiar, several hundreds of ladies.

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The speech itself could scarcely have been surpassed for its purpose. It was a clear statement of important principles, sparkling with fine aphorisms, and replete with humor. I can only give here a few of its characteristic passages. Alluding to his own course in the canvass he said: "I might have made out a long list of political questions on which I have the high satisfaction of believing that I agree with you all. I might have passed gently over all subjects of possible difference, and observed a discreet silence about any opinion that might possibly have startled any body.....What compelled me to say any thing about women's votes or the representation of minorities? Is it likely that any one would have questioned me upon these points? Not one of you probably would; but you asked what my opinions on Reform were, and I did not think it consistent with plain-dealing to keep back any of them. I dare say I lowered myself prodigiously in the eyes of those who think that the cleverest thing in a candidate is to dissemble, to finesse, and to commit himself to nothing if he can possibly help it. 'How injudicious!' said one; 'How impractical!' said another; 'How can he possibly expect to be elected on such a programme!' thought even sincere friends. In answer to all that I beg them to consider—1st, that perhaps, if I had the choice, I would rather be honest than be elected; and 2d, that perhaps the electors of Westminster may think that the man who deals honestly with them before he is elected is the more likely to deal honestly by them after he is elected." There is another passage in the address for which I must find room here—that which draws a distinction between Liberalism and Toryism—that is likely to become classic in English politics. "A Liberal," he said, "is one who looks forward for his principles of Government; a Tory looks backward. A Tory is of opinion that the real model of Government lies somewhere behind us in the region of the past, from which we are departing further and further. Toryism means the subjection and dependence of the great mass of the community, in temporal matters, upon the hereditary possessors of wealth, and in spiritual matters upon the Church; and therefore it is opposed to every thing which could lead us further away from this model. When beaten, the Tory may accept defeat by a necessity of the age, but he still hankers after the past, and still thinks that good government means the restoration in some shape or other of the feudal principle, and continues to oppose all further progress in a new direction. The Liberal thinks that we have not yet arrived at the perfect model of Government—that it lies before us and not behind us—that we are too far from it to be able to see it distinctly except in outline, but that we can see very clearly in what direction it lies—not in the direction of some new form of dependence, but in the emancipation of the dependent classes—more freedom, more equality, and more responsibility of each person to himself." Simple and grand as these words are, they must lose much to one who did not feel the cumulative electric charge which came with them from the fiery calmness, the quiet enthusiasm of the orator, and which was presently returned upon him from the overfilled audience in prolonged cries of "Hear," "Good," "Bravo," "That's it," the separate expressions gathering at last into round upon round of applause.

When Mr. Mill had concluded his address it was announced that he would answer any questions as to his opinions which persons in the audience might put to him. It really seemed as if no voice could have the courage to follow that eloquent one which had just ceased, and truly it would have required a very high question to be in keeping with the impression left upon us. Nevertheless, a man rose to put a question, and his gravity of manner caused a general hush in the room. The question put by the man was in these words, which were given in a stentorian voice:

"*I wish to ask Mr. Mill what is his opinion as to the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?*"

Never was there a more precipitous descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. After the first roaring surge of laughter had swept over the crowd some thought that the man had been sent there by the enemy to turn the meeting into a farce. But no; there he stood, solemn and imperturbable, awaiting the answer to his question. This added to the grotesqueness of the whole affair, and it seemed for a while that the crowd would never be able to recover its gravity. Mr. Mill, who saw at once that he was dealing with a man's hobby, answered, when quiet was restored, in a manner which did much credit to his heart. He rather shielded the man from the laughter of the crowd by the respectful tone with which he said: "Without having considered all the outs and ins of the question proposed, yet on the principle that liberty should be allowed except where reason to the contrary can be shown, and as I know of none against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, I should be in favor of freedom in that respect."

Another elector asked: "What is Mr. Mill's opinion of the Irish Church?"

Mr. Mill. "I would do away with it, root and branch."

Third Elector. "Is Mr. Mill in favor of the Permissive Bill (*i. e.*, the Maine Liquor Law)?"

Mr. Mill. "I sympathize warmly with the temperance reformers. I believe drunkenness to be the bane of the working-classes, and one of the greatest obstacles to their political advancement. But I can not violate a principle, and do not think it right, because some persons abuse a benefit, that others should be deprived of it. I rely on moral means, and chiefly on education, to improve the habits of the working-people."

"But," persisted the questioner, "would you sell a man liquor when he was half drunk?"

This question was so drolly put—bringing up

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the image of the refined scholar on the platform selling liquor across a counter to a half-drunken man—that the audience again was convulsed with laughter, and Mr. Mill's *bonhomie* was again apparent shielding the embarrassed questioner. "The question," he said, "relates to matters of police regulation, and I will say that I think that public houses should be subjected to more especial inspection than they now are." In answer to other questions Mr. Mill said that he was in favor of the infliction of capital punishment in extreme cases—as where murder was aggravated by brutality—and that he was in favor of opening the British Museum on Sundays. He would regard, he said, the man who should pass a part of his Sunday in the British Museum as performing a truly Christian act.

When the questions were over speeches were made by various gentlemen, and the meeting was about to close, when up rose—angels and ministers of grace!—a *woman*. Here, then, was a prefiguration of England's *Mill*-ennium; a well-dressed and good-looking young Englishwoman rising to speak in a public political meeting! She arose in the body of the hall, and was received with a singular mixture of cries. Some cried, "Order;" others, "Sit down," other some, "Hear her;" while near me one old man rubbed his eyes, and, having made sure that it was a *bona fide* woman, expressed the emotions of a British paterfamilias in the words, "Good God!" But the lady stood quite firmly, and had no idea of being suppressed. The crowd saw determination in her eye. She laid aside her bonnet, as the Quakeress does when she is about to preach, and stood calmly until the audience, whose good-humor was enhanced by her saying, "I'm not an elector, you know," became quiet. In a clear and musical voice this "sweet logician" began: "In several of the speeches to which we have listened there have been mysterious hints of some views of Mr. Mill which this audience is supposed not to agree with. There is a secret, and where there is a secret it is generally a woman who tells it. Now all these dark hints mean simply Mr. Mill's belief that women should have the right to vote. One of the speakers has brought the candidate for Westminster before us as a magnificent luminary; but on this sun there are, it seems, spots. But what if it should turn out that those apparent spots were really its brightest parts! At least it may be said that there is something new in having a candidate against whom the only charge is that of an excess of virtue. Mr. Mill knows, what all should know, that the free and enlightened manhood of England is to come of the free and enlightened motherhood of England." Every one of these well-put sentences was received with warm applause; and if the lady had only then sat down it would have been in triumph. But she was, I fear, slightly intoxicated by her success; for she was evidently going on with a set speech, of which neither the mood of the audience nor the lateness of the hour admitted. She had fortunately the instinct to perceive the impatience of the audience, and sat down, leaving with some of us a regret that she had just failed of giving the meeting its fittest climax.

The account which I have given of this first meeting must suffice, although there were equally interesting and successful ones held night after night up to the day of the election. One of these was a meeting of workingmen, and was presided over by Thomas Hughes, who, in an admirable opening address, gave an account of how many years ago he (Hughes), in company with Kingsley, Maurice, Lord De Grey, and some other young men who were called "Christian Socialists," went to Mr. Mill to get him to use his influence in having some of the legal disabilities of co-operation among workingmen removed, and how through Mr. Mill's arguments before the Home Department they were removed. At this meeting a man, who had evidently been sent there by Smith's Committee, arose and asked if Mr. Mill had not said in one of his works that "the workingmen of England were habitual liars." "No, no; of course he didn't," sounded on all sides. Mill arose and said, calmly, "Certainly I *did*, and you know it to be true. Lying is the resort of weakness. And it is because I believe that by being made stronger the workingmen of England will be made better and truer that I claim for them a share in this Government." No sentiment which he uttered in that meeting was received with heartier applause than this. Cries of "You're right!" resounded through the room. When another question was asked a workingman said to the questioner with some scorn, "What's the use of asking that? Turn to page 40 of 'Mill's People's Edition,' and you'll find all about that." The last meeting at which Mr Mill met the electors was held at St. Martin's Hall, where the ladies were in full force again. There had been much excitement during the day, which was that of the nomination, and the candidates were every where collecting their forces for the struggle at the polls on the morrow. As this meeting progressed it seemed that a plan had been formed for its disturbance. This was defeated by a young gentleman not unknown in America—the Hon. Lyulph Stanley—whose slight body was so reinforced by his enthusiasm for Mr. Mill that he took the ringleader, just as he was beginning the disturbance, in his arms, and, carrying him over some fifteen yards of the platform, kicked him down the stairway behind the organ. It was all done so quietly that Mr. Mill did not have to pause in his responses. At this meeting the questions were handed up in writing. When the meeting was over I obtained all the questions that were sent up from the crowd, only about half of which were read or answered—the meeting having voted that the questions should cease and the speeches begin. But I give the questions—answered and unanswered—here, as some revelation of the thoughts and interests of a large English electoral body.

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What is Mr. Mill's opinion of the Permissive Bill?

Is Mr. Mill in favor of Tenant Right for the Irish people, who are at present ground under the operation of a merciless Land-code?

Is Mr. Mill in favor of the abolition of the tolls on bridges across the Thames?

Is Mr. Mill in favor of universal suffrage?

Will Mr. Mill support through thick and thin the inspection of convents?

Would Mr. Mill endeavor to get a better administration of the officers of the army, and justice and fair trial for officers and men?

Will Mr. Mill support a graduated Income Tax?

What is Mr. Mill's opinion on the Duration of Parliament?

Does Mr. Mill consider the Rate-paying clauses of the Reform Bill a just law—will he propose their abolition if he gets into Parliament? Many of my neighbors are prevented from voting this year by not having paid their taxes soon enough. Taxes can always be recovered.

What are Mr. Mill's views of the Game Laws?

Can you recommend any system of Personal Representation by which those electors, who will not accept the favorites of a local majority, may combine to support other candidates like yourself, appealing to the intelligence and conscience of the whole country?

Would you do any thing to mitigate, if not avert, the evil arising from the extensive demolition of the dwellings of the working-classes of this metropolis?

Would Mr. Mill support the Affirmation Bill for relieving persons whose religious opinions leads them to doubt the efficacy and justice of an oath?

Would the Hon. candidate be in favor of a motion against the maintenance of the Irish Church Establishment?

If the upper classes be liars, and the lower classes habitual liars, will it be a lie to-morrow if they say you are a man fit to represent them?

Does Mr. Mill consider that a gigantic *government-assisted* emigration would at present tend to a permanent improvement of the working-classes?

Do you intend to try to get the Crystal Palace and other places of public amusement opened on the Sunday, and as far as you can to render the day like a civil rather than a religious holiday?

Are you in favor of the separation of Church and State?

My reader will no doubt know that Mr. Mill's reply to such questions would be always on the side of freedom and humanity, and so I need not give them. But with reference to the question which I have placed last in the list he made some peculiar and suggestive remarks. Though in favor of the separation of Church from State as an abstract principle, he should very much question whether the present were a good time to apply that principle. At the present time the State is the more liberal and powerful of the two, and is liberalizing the church and protecting Colenso and others in their freedom of inquiry; and while he would favor an immediate abolition of church rates he was not sure but complete separation might throw the great institutions of learning wholly into the hands of such bigots as those who were at that moment driving Mr. Gladstone away from Oxford.

The Hustings "view" is presumably the election. The people are collected in front of a sheltered platform, where the candidates take their stand like so many prisoners awaiting sentence. Each in turn is nominated by some adherent, who makes a speech in favor of his candidate; this nomination is seconded by adherent No. 2, who makes speech No. 2; and the candidate then makes a speech. This form having been gone through with each of the candidates, the people present are called upon to indicate by a show of hands which of these candidates they prefer. The officer then declares the name or names of those in whose favor the show of hands has gone, and (unless a poll is demanded) announces that they are duly elected to sit in Her Majesty's Parliament. The defeated candidate or candidates, however, always demand a poll, which is set for the following day. This form of the "view," which in all contested elections is a mere form, may be regarded as pointing to an embryonic period of the English Government, when a popular assemblage thus informally gathered were the actual electors. Only gradually was this crowd filtered through ten-pound rentals and the like. It now reappears at every election as preliminary to the poll, just as the crab is a trilobite before it is a crab. The manhood-suffrage reformers may therefore well claim that they are only seeking to restore a very ancient English institution.* At present the hustings is chiefly valuable to us who are apprehensive that our votes will not be well received at the polls, and wish to preserve a proud memory that our hats, our hands, and our heels have all voted for Mill, or some other favorite candidate.

The Westminster hustings was held at Covent Garden. By the kindness of one of the Committee I got a place on the platform commanding a fine view of the back of Captain Grosvenor's head. Surrendering, however, to the persuasions of many elbows, I moved on until I was lodged in a corner from which I could see all three candidates, and the vast heaving mass of roughs below. I could not but think of Walt

* There is no trace of any property qualification being required in voters for county members prior to the statute of Henry VI., in the year 1429, which limited the right of voting for Knights of the Shire to persons having freehold land of the clear annual value of 40 shillings. The preamble of this Act indicates how extensive the franchise had previously been, for it states that elections of Knights for shires had of late been made by very great, outrageous, and excessive numbers of people, for the most part of small substance and no value, and goes on to recite that riots are thereby likely to arise (not that they had arisen). It is worthy of remark that the election-riot has arisen since the populace has been deprived of the more legitimate method of expressing its feelings at the polls.

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Whitman, poet of roughs, as I looked upon them: from this point he might have written many poems of "the bodies of men and of women who engirth me and I engirth them;" of the "shapes of turbulent manly cities;" and, above all, the "barbaric yawp sounded over the roofs of the world." The great market-house seemed flooded and floated by the people; and their one object there seemed to be to prevent any word uttered by any person on the hustings, about any thing whatsoever, from being heard. The arrangements for yelling were perfect. when one rank had to take time to recover its voice the duty was intrusted to another, and thus there was no cessation of the din for any instant. The returning officer, the nominators, the seconders, all spoke in a ludicrous dumb show. The candidates filled up my idea of how the Christians of old must have looked when thrown to wild beasts. When any candidate began to speak there were reinforcements of noise which one could not have suspected in any limited number of human lungs; and though I will not undertake to say that the crowd was not heard in the moon, I do affirm that, though within two or three yards of every speaker on the hustings, I did not hear one single word uttered by either of them. While gazing on the roaring multitude a friend turned to me and said, gravely, "These scenes get more orderly every year." "You don't mean to say"—I gasped. "Why, Sir," he replied, "this is a gentle zephyr compared with what it used to be. Formerly the candidates had each their array of drummers and fifers, whose business it was to drum and squeak at all times except when their employers were speaking. The laws now forbid that, and forbid also the use of banners and devices, which used to be signals for perpetual fisticuffs." A week had not passed before I found by reading the *Times* that the tumult at Covent Garden was indeed a "zephyr," compared with the storms which raged at other hustings throughout the kingdom. How it should be that only three or four men lost their lives by election riots I can not understand. At Belfast, Castle-Blayney, and other places in Ireland there seems to have been nothing different from civil war. At a half dozen places in England the polling booths were utterly destroyed, and elected members had to fly the boroughs which had just voted them into Parliament. I remember that when the last Presidential election was about to occur in the United States the English newspapers predicted that there would be bloody rows from one end of the Union to the other. These predictions seemed to me very silly; but the surprise of the same papers, and of the English people generally, when such riots did not occur, was so unfeigned that it was plain that their anticipations had been genuine. I now understand why people should look forward to such scenes at our elections, occurring in time of war and the highest party excitement, who were accustomed to such scenes as attend many elections here in times of peace. To give graphic accounts of these bloody scenes is a part of the reportorial business of the press, and it is done with artistic finish. Here are one or two sentences from the reports: "Well-dressed, well-looking girls, one a perfect Amazon, bared their arms, wound their shawls tightly around them, and rushed into the *melee*." "That woman there with black chenille net and lilac muslin gown is a perfect maniac. See that fine-shouldered, handsome fellow, his shirt torn open, and his broad, heaving chest red with the strain of muscular excitement; he is a prisoner; they are dragging him toward the door; they tear at him and clutch him by the throat, as if to strangle and stifle in his throat the cheers for O'Beirne." "There is a girl of sixteen, her features distorted, and her whole frame quivering with frenzied agitation—how she beats the wooden planks, and bites every thing within her reach!"

But let it not be supposed that the English hustings presents a mere monotony of riot, or that the alternative is a mere continuous characterless din like that of Covent Garden. Through the occasional riot and the normal noise crop out various local customs and associations quite worthy of study. In some places the parties represent themselves by certain colors; generally, I believe, blue for the Tories, and yellow for the Liberals. The humor at the hustings is to cover the candidate with yellow or blue powder according to his principles; which certainly was better than the throwing of rotten eggs, which was carried to such an extent in one or two places that the candidates had to address the people from behind umbrella fortresses; or than at Carlisle, where "bags of soot, flour, blue and yellow powder, pieces of alabaster, lumps of coal, leather, crackers, etc., flew about in every direction." At Leicester there seemed to be much more good sense in the scenes, the crowd criticised its candidates by various pantomimes. Now it was a man lifted up and another making a show of lashing him which indicated that some member had voted for flogging in the army and navy. Then the lashing of a handcuffed man reminded the Tory of his advocacy of the Southern cause. The Tories in turn exhibited a great wooden screw to typify the pressure used by Liberals. At another borough a number of boys were sent to the front with their jackets turned inside out to symbolize a candidate's having changed his principles. "Why did you turn your coat like mine?" shouted one of the boys. "Because I was once a fool like you," replied the candidate, who thus succeeded in turning the laugh on his opponents

It is a nipping and an eager air that blows about the hustings, and few candidates stand it so well as he who made the reply to the boys with their turned coats. Even at quiet Tiverton, which has for so many years returned Lord Palmerston without opposition, when some speaker said, "Lord Palmerston must one day give up the control of the reins," a voice added, "Yes, and of the drag too!" At Hertfordshire Mr. Surtees, the Conservative candidate, had

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every point of his speech taken out of his lips by some individual in the crowd. When he declared that Mr. Gladstone "had not devoted one shilling to the benefit of the agriculturist," this terrible auditor asked, "Don't farmers pay income tax then?" Mr. Surtees ignored the questioner, and declared that the policy of Conservatives was non-intervention; but he was met with the cry, "Is helping the South non-intervention?" "When," continued Surtees, "the Conservatives were in power in 1852 and 1858 what did they do?" "Jolly little good!" shouted the man in the crowd, drowning at once the candidate's voice and intended catalogue of Tory services in a roar of laughter. Mr. Horsman, who struggled with Mr. Ponsonby for Stroud, was more self-possessed and more successful when he was confronted with an effigy of himself, a head surmounted by a white hat, such as Mr. Horsman generally wears, and painted one half with the Tory and the other with the Whig color. "That hat," said the right honorable gentleman, "is like my own; but under it is a block of wood without any brains and with a shut mouth—*that* I interpret to mean Mr. Ponsonby's head." Among the young men who entirely wilted under the keen winds of the hustings was Lord Uffington, eldest son of the Earl of Craven, and Captain in the Guards, whose speech in Berkshire the reporters were cruel enough to take down verbatim. It runs thus:

Gentlemen, I am in favor of the Government that have governed the country for the last six years, and I am of opinion—I am of opinion—should be upheld. [Here he stopped and looked steadily into his hat, and it being observed he was endeavoring to read something, a voice cried out, "You have got more in your hat than you have in your head, guv'nor!"] The Conservatives have been opposed for six years to every thing which has been for the public good. The foreign policy [a voice, "Fetch it out of your hat," followed by roars of laughter]. Here it is [the honorable candidate, taking a piece of paper out of his hat, held it up, which was followed by roars of laughter]. It's all very fine; if you think it's an easy thing, you just come up and try [roars of laughter]. At all events, they maintained peace, but if they had had it their own way, this inestimable blessing would have been sacrificed, and —and—[a voice, "Oh! do help the poor young man, pray," roars of laughter]—at all events they maintained peace. As to America, they evidently wanted to fight with the Southern States. [A voice, "Who's your hatter?"] Who's yours? [Loud laughter.] On these grounds, gentlemen, I shall support the present Parliament [roars of laughter]. I hope you will do the same [renewed laughter]. Lord Uffington had during these remarks been prompted by the Right Hon. E. Bouverie and Mr. Barrett, and his own party put their hands up to their faces, and seemed very uncomfortable. After some minutes had passed the honorable candidate said: I don't care [laughter]; I don't want to speak [shouts of laughter, and a voice: "Give us a song, then, governor;" "Send him back to school, Barrett;" "Let us have a fellow that's got some little brains"]. If you had had three Conservative members, where would have been the treaty with France? [loud laughter]—one of the best things out—ever so long, for the last, I should say, hundred years [this sentence was brought out in such a hesitating manner, a word at a time, that it produced roars of laughter]—which not only preserved peace with the two nations, but developed, developed [the noble candidate here turned round to those behind him and inquired, "What is it?" which inquiry produced convulsions of laughter]. Well, gentlemen, I am not a speaker, but I intend to vote straight [cheers and loud laughter].

I went early on the day of election to visit the polls, which are kept open from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. At Charing Cross I found a long booth of plank, covered with electioneering placards, chiefly those whereby Mr. Smith invited the electors of Westminster to plump for him. One placard significantly reminded them that Mill had admitted that he could not attend to the local business of Westminster. Another was a mysterious one which bore at the top a cut representing three cards—a knave between two aces—with this sentence beneath: "Why did Captain Grosvenor bolt from Old Hearts after three days' successful canvassing? An Independent Elector. Guards Club." Some one had written in pencil under this: "A cowardly insinuation." This doubtless referred to some alleged trickery at cards on the part of the Captain. It is said indeed that when on the hustings some one threw a pack of cards at him. In front of the booth there was a crowd kept at bay by policemen, who "chaffed" every one they saw. They were especially pitiless toward a buxom young woman who happened to pass by in a cab marked "plump for Smith." On the front of the booth was placed a printed statement of the state of the poll, which was evidently going against Smith. A few of Smith's "runners" stood gloomily around, and I asked one of them what he thought of Smith's chances. He thought them "thin," and asked me for whom I had voted. I told him that I was a stranger and had no vote; but that I came from a country where Mr. Mill was much read and admired, and that for the credit of England I hoped he would be returned. "Why, Sir," ejaculated the man, "John Stuart Mill is certainly crazy!" "Horrible!" I cried, "when did it happen?" "I mean that his opinions are insane." "Which?" "Why now, he says that next to drunkenness the worst thing for a poor man is to have a large family of children." "Well, does not that show his sense? You needn't go further than Seven Dials, or watch the children there more than an hour to find out that." "But, Sir, he thinks that a woman ought to take part in the Government!" "Are you in favor of taking the Government away from the Queen because she's a woman?" My man came fluttering to the ground. He proved himself a "runner" by running off. I then made my way to Covent Garden, where I found as large a crowd as had on the day before attended the nomination. It employed itself cheering or hissing every man who came up to deposit his vote, and fighting a little in the intervals. Passing along the market I found an old fruit-seller trying to persuade a man who had a vote that he ought not to vote for Mill "It's a shame to return such a man," he said "May I ask why?" I chimed in. "Why, Mr. Mill says that no workingman ought to have more than eight-pence a day." "Would you like to have five pounds?" said I. "Yes, I would," replied the rustic, with hearty sincerity. "Well, if you'll show me where Mr. Mill says

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a workingman ought only to have eight-pence a day I'll give you five pounds." "Well," said the man, somewhat stupefied at the idea, "when I find it, I'll save it for you." I had the satisfaction of seeing the voter go and do what he had evidently preserved his purpose of doing—vote for Mill:

The scene as the hand of the market-clock verged upon four beggars description. The Smithites were rushing in every direction and bringing in their recruits; but it was now a forlorn hope. The crowd saw that the Tory was defeated, and many of them who had shouted yesterday and this morning for Smith were vanishing from one spot and reappearing in another as enthusiastic Mill-and-Grosvenorites. In fact at half past three few Smithites could be found; at 3.55 none; and when at four Smith himself appeared on the hustings any thing but plump he was jeered by his own employés. It was the old, old story:

> "The farmer when he heard the same,
> What answer did he give?
> 'The dog *that's lame* is much to blame,
> He is not fit to live.'"

As the great clock struck four there was a terrible rush; a smashing of crinoline; a shrieking of women; a series of arrests by policemen; a snatching at the printed statements of the result; and the great Westminster Election is over. I went off with the prize of one of the statements, and to the music of those chimes which once spoke so plainly to Dick Whittington read a nobler future for England in these figures: "MILL, 4539; GROSVENOR, 4544; SMITH, 3832."

The most stirring scenes of that day, however, occurred in that great borough of London (larger than Westminster even), just across the Thames, called Lambeth, where Thomas Hughes with 200 unpaid canvassers—all workingmen—for his body-guard had fought gallantly, and came out at the head of the poll with 4960 votes. It was in Lambeth that Hughes had worked with the Workingmen's Trades' Unions, and nothing could exceed the loyalty and even devotion with which they now gathered around him. He was the champion of the workingmen as distinctively as Mill was that of the women. When at four o'clock his triumph was announced, Hughes appeared with his handsome wife and lovely children in an open carriage, which was speedily surrounded and accompanied by thousands of men and women with pæans as loud and enthusiastic as ever attended the triumphal chariot of a Roman conqueror. All must shake his hand, and that of his wife and children. Arrived at the hustings he spoke a few manly words of thanks which, eloquent as they were, moved the crowd less than his beaming handsome face. Then the unpopular member, Mr. Doulton, spoke for one minute; but how could he speak longer, considering that a pole crowned with bread and vigorous onions was held up close to his nose by way of reproach for some remark that he was rumored to have made to the effect that fifteen shillings a week was enough to support a workingman's family in plenty of the vegetable now abundantly offered him. Then the defeated Alderman Lawrence spoke as well as he could just under a big key which symbolized his participation in the great lock-outs. Better received was Mr. Haig, the Tory candidate, who confessed that he had passed many hours in his committee-room, his solitude unbroken by electors, and whose handbills had been seen chiefly as posted on various parts of a donkey, which was driven about by a monkey. I doubt if the success of any man at the English polls ever filled more hearts with joy than that of Tom Hughes. This was very apparent at the celebration of the event which took place at the Workingmen's College on the evening of August 2. Besides the workingmen who crowded the room on that occasion there were present Mr. Maurice (who occupied the chair), Mr. Layard, Mr. Ruskin, Professor Cairnes, Louis Blanc, and others representing all classes, and each speaker regarded the return of Hughes as an important victory in the great battle of English liberty; nay—as Louis Blanc finely said—as a victory for humanity, in which foreigners had reason to rejoice as well as Englishmen.

I have already mentioned the "Conservative reaction" which the Tories had so long declared to be going on in the country, and of which the Whigs showed their fear by imitating the Tory administrations as much as possible. But now, day after day, came in the tidings that not the liberals only, but the radicals were winning the day. Now Young England rejoiced that Professor Fawcett had conquered at Brighton, under the very shadow of old King George's pavilion; and then Young Italy, Young Poland, Young America—all devotees of Progress, who know the welcome of Aubrey House—rejoiced that Peter Taylor had won on the hard-fought field of Leicester, by force of his own truth and eloquence, against those who joined hands to unseat the "pantheist in religion and idealist in politics." But when it was plain that the liberal victory was complete throughout the kingdom, all eyes were drawn to one ancient, almost phantasmal battle-field, where the Past had gathered up all her forces to clutch and tear one proud laurel at least from the brow of the Present. When Mr. Henley had been proclaimed at Oxfordshire an elected knight of the shire, much amusement was caused by the difficulty with which the belt with the old sword was buckled around him. Mr. Henley is by no means a Falstaff, but he had to apologize for having outgrown the belt, which had been used perhaps some centuries. What happened in Oxfordshire might have suggested a symbol for Oxford, where the Sir Launcelot of English politics was found to have outgrown the old bands of bigotry which still wished to bind upon him that sword which is as sharp for Professor Jowett to-day as it was for Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, whose monument stands under

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the windows of that Professor's study in Baliol College. Very far indeed was William Ewart Gladstone from being a robust, eupeptic statesman: by many a narrow vote on ecclesiastical questions had he pained his truest friends, that he might conciliate the University which he represented; yet, do what he could, Nature would approximate the noble outlines she had marked for him. Mr. Gladstone, born and reared under Tory auspices, and with many shreds of Toryism about him yet, has for many years been slowly traveling forward. He clasped the hand of the Past with a warm grasp, but he had steadily set himself to go to the larger England. Fondly, passionately did he desire to take Oxford along; and no doubt, had the real heart of the University been felt, it would have gone with him; but, unfortunately for Oxford, her every living graduate has the mortgage of a vote upon her, and the true academic heart was smothered by those who know and represent the Oxford of from twenty to sixty years ago, and have never been quickened by the flood of thought which has swept away the old landmarks. The Tories saw their chance for an Encyclical against all the tendencies of the age. It was unwittingly put into their hands by Mr. Dodson's bill, which enabled persons at a distance to vote by "voting papers." Mr. Gathorne Hardy—a country squire, a sincere and active Tory, not without some vigor of mind, but a sorry picture to put beside Gladstone—was put forward to unseat the leading statesman of England. Of course none feared that Gladstone would be left out of Parliament—he had already the unusual honor of standing before another borough—but it produced much pain with all enlightened men to see narrow churchmen and ignorant parsons spawning their voting-papers from every little village and rectory upon the Old University. But Oxford can not keep her cake and eat it too; she can not rest upon the old red sandstone and reach to the nobler miocene forms. The true knight of today is too large for the belt of Alfred's day. The jokes of the young Oxonians who this year gathered around the hustings when the High Bailiff read the election writ, *in Latin*, meant something; so did the smile of the voter when he had to give in his name as "Johannes" or "Gulielmus," when the great issues before England (and not ancient Rome) were in his thoughts. Five days the polling went on, and at last this too-faithful servant was dismissed (though he polled 500 more votes than ever before), through the same door by which Sir Robert Peel had been expelled when he gave the first sign of sympathy with the millions groaning under the corn-laws. Mr. Gladstone was expelled entirely by religious bigotry. The Broad Church was for him; the High Church was for him. It was that great, impenetrable, characterless mass between right and left, and which has been well called the *Hard* Church, that managed to rule at Oxford. Indeed, one of the watch-words at Oxford of this *Hardy* party was "the dethronement of intellect." One squire is known to have said, unctuously, as he left the poll, "I thank God that I have always voted against that d—d intellect, and I always shall!"

When the not unexpected defeat of Gladstone was announced, and the nation had given a suitable number of groans for Oxford and Hardy, the whole country showed a consciousness of relief. With a singular unanimity the liberals agreed that if Oxford had lost a great representative, England had gained a leader. As poor Carl the dwarf, under the gash of Sir Gawaine's sword, had the evil spell broken and arose to the noble height of Sir Carleton, so did Gladstone stand before his new constituency of South Lancashire higher by a head and shoulders than before. The very crowds perceived this transformation, and expressed their sense of the fitness of things at the shop-windows, where Mr. Gladstone was represented as a schoolboy dismissed by an ancient, sharp-featured school-ma'am with—"You *forward* boy, you!" and taken by the hand by Britannia; or as Pegasus just released from an ox-cart. Mr. Gladstone—though deeply wounded by his defeat, and disposed to defend Oxford—acknowledged himself "unmuzzled;" and, by a series of more outspoken speeches than he had ever made before, justified the anticipations of the Liberals, and suddenly checked the pæans of the Tories. It may be now easily predicted that the Liberals will build their highest battle-monument—as the Americans have that of Bunker Hill—on the spot of their apparent defeat; for there was slain the last fear of the liberal Premier of the future plodding on in old Oxonian ruts.

The new Parliament has what may be called a working majority of about sixty for the Government. Mr. Disraeli thinks that this will be reduced by setting aside corrupt elections. More credit is perhaps to be given to his declaration that the Tories who have been returned are more out-and-out men, and that the Conservative party in the next House will wield a greater influence with their more compact minority than they did with a larger but less trust-worthy number. But Mr. Disraeli is likely to find that the causes which demoralized his ranks in the last Parliament will act upon them in the next more strongly. It is always the few who are really made strong in the ratio of the increase of opposition. The Tory party has but little hope of ruling England directly: its plan is always to reduce the game, if possible, to a perpetual check, with the hope that occasionally (as in 1858) the Government—normally Whig—may by some enormous blunder enable it to snatch a stale-mate. And, moreover, though it is true that there is a hard set of Tories in the new Parliament, it is also true that they will find much more than an offset in the powerful array of Radicals who have been returned. The party "below the gangway" will be far stronger than it has ever been within this generation; and it is almost certain that the centre of balance in

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the House, which every Ministry instinctively seeks, will naturally fall a good degree to the left of any position which a Government has yet occupied. On that bench, whence Cobden has departed, leaving behind only three or four real Radicals—as Bright, Forster, Stansfeld, and Taylor—will now sit Mill, Hughes, Fawcett, Trevelyan, and Pim. But not one drop of new blood has been transfused into the Tory party. We may then at least predict that the franchise will be extended to a six-pound, possibly to a five-pound rental, which will make a hole big enough to help all England through after a little. It is a most hopeful sign that the tendency should so plainly be to wear away the colorless middle-party, the "rest-and-be-thankfuls." There will be a far sharper line between Conservatism and Progress than ever before in the next Commons; all will have to go *somewhere;* and when that is done the conflict, of which the issue is not doubtful, can not be far off.

There is one regard in which the new Parliament is especially interesting to Americans. It is certain that the attitudes of parties upon the late American war entered prominently into the elections, and it is equally true that the friends of the North were generally returned, and that the ranks of the "Southern sympathizers" were thinned. While the American cause has not lost a single prominent champion, it has gained many—as Mill, Hughes, Fawcett, Cowan, Potter, and Pim—who have been from the first its distinguished supporters. On the other hand, among the fallen Confederates are now to be numbered Lindsay, Hennessy, Cox, Fitzgerald, Lawrence, Heygate, and others who might be named—one who must be especially named, Walter, owner of the London *Times*.

The number of literary men in the new Parliament is greater than in any preceding one. In addition to Earls Russell and Grey, Lords Derby, Stanhope, Dufferin, Houghton (R. Monckton Milnes), Brougham, Dr. Thirlwall, the Bishops of London and of York, and the Duke of Argyll of the Peers, and E. Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Kinglake, Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Gladstone, and one or two of less distinction in the world of letters, who were in the last Parliament, there will be John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hughes, Mr. Fawcett (Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and author of a fine work on Logic), Mr. Trevelyan (the "Competition Wallah"), Lawrence Oliphant (author of various books of travel), Mr. Forsyth (author of the best "Life of Cicero"), Mr. Torrens (author of "The Industrial History of Free Nations," the candidate, by-the-way, who was returned by the largest majority received by any in the late elections), Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Gosepen, Viscount Milton (whose valuable work on Western America and the Indians has just been published), and others known in more limited circles for literary ability. This introduction of scholars and men of genius into the Legislature is the best feature of the electoral rule of England; and it is one which we may hope will appear in the United States when the organic law permits a district to select its Member of Congress from any portion of the Union, and not exclusively from within its own limits.

On the whole, the recent elections need only to be studied well to convince us that neither Ledru Rollin nor Emerson have quite reported the whole fact in intimating that England has reached her solstice or is in *decadence*. One England has indeed just shriveled like a snake-skin, and will presently be sloughed off, just as one Union has been cast by the living form of America; but it now seems to me, who once shared the hopeless theory about England, that although the movement is still slow and earth-bound there is in her the germ of a noble transformation.

THE SILENT.

MUSIC, in all ages of the world, has been a favorite theme with the poet. The songs of the morning stars, the music of the spheres and of growing things—of these he has written. But much of this is imaginary—music addressed to the soul rather than the ear—for all do not hear with the poet's sensitive organs.

> "The poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above."

And of that sound which is real much becomes insignificant when relatively considered. The greatest agencies are noiseless; the grandest results are wrought in silence.

The position might be maintained by ingenious argument that on the morning of the creation the great Master-Workman spoke no word as He called the universe into being; that in obedience to a thought, amidst universal silence, the myriad worlds rolled into space as noiselessly as soap-bubbles float on the wind. But it is not necessary to embark upon this sea of speculation to demonstrate that the domain of Silence is great.

Astronomers have calculated that of the worlds of our system some are so far removed from earth that light, traveling at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, would consume three millions of years in traversing the distance. Admitting the theory of sound as generally received, and granting to each world an atmosphere a thousand times the extent of ours, there yet remains a stretch of space almost infinite where no sound is ever heard.

"Silence! the great empire of silence! that alone is great; all else is small."

But we design to narrow our views, and consider the silent as it exists around us—the silent of which we are cognizant. You stand beneath the smiles of a spring morning. You remember that two days since the earth was naked, and cold, and brown; now a carpet of the purest emerald is stretched over hill and valley. But did you hear the hum of the wheel as the warp and woof of this perfect carpet were being spun? Was the sound of the busy loom in which it was woven borne to your ear during

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the stillness of some winter's night? Heard you any thing of the ceaseless flying shuttle? Did the murmur of the weavers' voices ever reach you?

Where yesterday the bare branches of the wood lifted themselves clear and cold, checkering the chilly clouds, you see green leaves unfolding, as though on fleecy canvas some great picture is growing beneath an artist's pencil. In a single day a hundred million "leafy banners" have been floated upon the wind. What ear heard the footsteps of those who unfurled the vernal pennons? Whence came and whither have flown the noiseless workers?

Myriads of flowers, blue-eyed and snowy-bosomed, are opening around you. Go to that unfolding bud; stoop down; place your ear close; listen: do you hear it breaking its winter casing? Do you hear the life-blood throbbing through its subtle veins? Does your ear catch its perfumed breathings?

Six thousand times has that emerald carpet been spread; six thousand times have the woods waked into life and beauty; six thousand times have bursting corollas sweetened the air; but in what history is it recorded that the seal of silence which God set upon these works was ever broken? When were these things done noisily?

Have you ever stood on the banks of the Mississippi and looked away across the vast ocean of trees until their tops melted into the blue distance? Then, mind out-traveling the eye, have you not been lost in the thought of the millions of trees which must have stood on the earth since God said, "Let the earth bring forth the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind?" And now think of it, if you have not before, in silence the forests are formed.

"His dew drops mutely on the hills." It comes to the earth as a physician, bearing healing to the seared hearts of flowers. It visits the roots of the scorched plant, creeps up its veins, and lo! the crisped leaves expand in smiles, and put on a fresher green. Even the king of the forests, lifting his royal head to the stars, is stronger and more beautiful for the ministry of the silent dew, reminding us that every nature, however high, is indebted to trifles.

The frost is a silent worker. He visits the window of the invalid, and her wakeful eye observes the frescoing by the moonlight growing, but her sensitive ear catches no sound of the workman's coming or going. The murderer at his victim's grave, whose guilty ear wrests from the night air its faintest sound, hears not the sprite as he weaves a net-work of pearls over the freshly-turned sod. He steals some night into a fair garden, and the flowers droop beneath his Judas kiss; he touches the green leaves, and they die; he breathes upon the brook, and its laughter is hushed; he looks upon the rivers and lakes, and the tide of commerce is staid; he waves his wand over the fields and orchards, and gaunt famine stalks through the land.

All that is grand in nature is achieved in silence; all her great forces work silently. One of the most wonderful among these is chemical affinity. This brings together and unites the component parts of every animal, mineral, and plant. By this agency the coal-beds are formed. What powerful action was necessary for this is seen from the following estimate: "Were the present consumption of the world quadrupled, and the enormous amount of four hundred million tons of coal used annually, the amount of this material in our own country would supply the demand for ten thousand years."

The silent sunbeam, the source, perhaps, of all the forces of nature, visits the earth, and she is transfigured—clothed with beauty as a garment. It paints the woods and meadows; it gives to the fields their gold, and to the orchards their crimson and yellow. It causes the flow of the brook which turns the mill, and of the ocean which beats the cliffs. It steals among the particles of air quietly dreaming on the plain, and the sleeping atoms awake; they move lazily among themselves, murmuring sullenly. Then their movements quicken; they play among leaves and flowers, and caress the fevered cheek. Then their voices swell; they move wildly:

> "——They take the cataract's sound;
> They take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
> The mountain shudders as they sweep the ground;
> The valley woods lie prone beneath their flight
> The clouds before them shoot like eagles past;
> The homes of men are rocking in the blast;
> They lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast
> Skyward the whirling fragments out of sight."

Through the influence of the sunbeam the wonderful trade-wind is born, which, in a perpetual circle, sweeps from tropic to pole and from pole to tropic, softening the severities of these two regions. Nor is this all. It bears on its broad wings the oxygen evolved—likewise through the influence of the sunbeams—from the orange orchards and magnolia groves, from the citron and banyan and palm of the tropics, exchanging it in the temperate and polar regions for poisonous carbonic acid, the nutriment of plants; thus furnishing man with food for his lungs prepared by fragrant-mouthed flowers a thousand miles removed.

In what a glory does the golden sunlight, falling upon church and turret and tower, enrobe them! And yet it is a philosophical fact that the sunbeam rests on nothing without producing on its surface a chemical and molecular change. The granite mountain, the strong Rock of Gibraltar, the pyramids of Egypt, the white shafts which point out the homes of the dead, are all wasted by the sunbeams, and would soon crumble beneath their silent, irresistible influence but for the beautiful arrangement for their reparation under the darkness of night. During its silent hours the molecular changes, like Penelope's knitting, are all undone, and the destruction of the day silently and mysteriously repaired.

The sunbeams resolve themselves into artists, outstripping all others in celerity and accuracy

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of delineation. Yet these artists are silent. They offer no suggestions as to attitude or expression; they hold no pleasant chat with their sitters that they may catch the light of thought upon the face. With steps as noiseless as an angel's footfall on empty space they come and go from their studio.

The sunbeams furnish man with all his available mechanical force. They lift the waters from the oceans and lakes, and return them to the earth in springs, in brooks, and rivers which drive the busy wheels of manufactories. The coal which energizes the appliances of steam-locomotion owes its power to the sunbeams. In the remote ages, when the atmosphere was reeking with carbonic acid, the sunbeams, as the plants absorbed the gas, "gave them the power to store up the carbon in their tissues." That carbon is our coal. We have shown that the sunbeams make the winds which propel ships across the ocean. The thought has occurred to few, perhaps, outside of the scientific world, that the sunbeams, causing, according to received theory, the magnetic currents which circulate around the earth parallel to the magnetic equator, form the force which keeps the needle, the mariner's guide, true to the pole. Even all animal force, sustained as it is by vegetable food, may be traced to the sunbeam.

There is a messenger, rivaling the light in fleetness, which in silence runs his course. Over unbroken prairies and through forests where broods the silence of the grave his flying steps awaken no sound. No force can wrest his message from him, no bribe tempt to its betrayal. He passes the solitary traveler on the highway, the lonely laborer in the field, but loiters not to gossip of the message he bears. By train after train of crowded cars he dashes without a word of greeting. Through village and crowded city, bearing the tidings of an empire's fate, he speeds, but in silence. No sigh escapes the lightning post-boy though charged with a message of woe, no glad song, though joy be the burden

When the microscope came into man's possession it was as though a second Columbus had appeared, announcing the existence of a new world. And not of one merely. It reveals in a single drop of water a globe peopled, according to Ehrenberg, with five hundred millions of living creatures different from any thing which man has seen before. It shows every bit of clay and stone, every leaf and flower, a world crowded with its busy multitudes. Is it not an interesting thought that all around you, on every object, as it were, which meets the eye, are millions of creatures, living, moving, and working in silence. From this silent but mighty world Paley, and Ray, and other theologians have drawn some of their finest arguments for the Christian religion.

And this brings us to consider the works of this silent animal world. Not to mention the silk-worm, which in silence spins its beautiful fabric, by which £200,000 is said to be annually circulated, the most wonderful geographical changes on our globe have been wrought in silence by little creatures, the largest of which are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. We refer, of course, to the *polyparia*. There is, according to Mr. Mantell, in the Indian Ocean, to the northeast of the coast of Malabar, a chain of coral reefs and islets four hundred and eighty geographical miles in length; on the east coast of New Holland an unbroken reef three hundred and fifty miles long; between that and New Guinea a coral formation extends upward of seven hundred miles; and the Disappointment Islands and Duff's Group are connected by six hundred miles of coral reefs, over which the natives can travel from one island to another. Thus, in the language of Dr. M'Culloch, "the labors of a worm, which man can barely see, form mountains like the Apennines, and regions to which Britain is as nothing. The invisible, insensible toil of an ephemeral point, conspiring with others in one great design, working unseen, unheard, converts the liquid water into solid rock, the deep ocean into dry land, and extends the dominion of man, who sees it not and knows it not, over regions which even his ships had scarcely traversed. Thus is the great Pacific Ocean destined at some future day to be a world."

The beauty of this little animal's work was well expressed by Ehrenberg as he exclaimed, on beholding the coral reefs of the Red Sea, "Where is the paradise of flowers that can rival in variety and beauty these living wonders of the ocean?"

Volumes might be written on the silent in nature. No one can study nature without feeling that in this domain God achieves his great ends in silence. But other departments await us.

Man's burial-places have never been more beautifully described than as the "cities of the silent." All over the sad earth, side by side with the thronged marts of men, rise the white shafts and columns of these peaceful cities, from which there is no emigration, and whose vast population is momently increasing. From their crowded subterranean streets there rises no sound of wheels, no tramp of busy feet. From their myriad houses there come no sounds of social gatherings, no morning prayer or evening hymn. Children are there, but no laugh or cry of gladness; parents are there, but they tell the children no pleasant stories, offer no word of counsel or warning. Husbands and wives are there, but no syllable of endearment; enemies are there, but no bickerings; preachers and people, but no sermons; musicians, but no music; paupers, but no alms-asking. "Silence, deep as that before the worlds were," reigns through the populous streets.

We have seen how in nature the domain of silence is over all that is great; how all grand results are wrought out in quiet. But there are other departments in which this is more apparent. Any single faculty of a single mind, located we know not where, existing we know not

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how, working silently, mysteriously, ceaselessly, is more wonderful than any thing we have contemplated. Consider the Imagination, for instance. Having its seat in silence, noiselessly and in an instant of time it spreads out ocean and sea, and sprinkles them with green islands and white sails. It paints sky and landscape; it rears cities and lays them in ruins; it peoples the earth, water, and air with beautiful creations. It transforms this everyday world into a fairy-land of beauty. Yet this is but one of a dozen faculties, as wonderful, of a single mind among the countless millions that have existed since the creation of Adam. Oh! those silent but busy work-shops! Who shall number or measure their products? These are seen in every thing which distinguishes the abode of man from the wilderness. They have caused "the desert to blossom as the rose." From them have issued cities, homes, and libraries. In them science has been made and art created. These silent workers—the intellects of men—have built the nations with their laws. In brief, they have made civilization.

We have thought a hundred times, and each time with fresh wonder, of the silent growth of a thought or a principle. A thought, dim, scarcely defined, born one knows not how, coming one knows not whence, finds a lodging in some mind. Fed silently and mysteriously, it grows. Like the seed planted under the stone fence, the tree from which lays in ruins the strength which had sheltered its tenderness, it slowly but surely overturns the walls of prejudice and ignorance, and grows to a mighty power which revolutionizes the world. Christianity, a little seed planted in the hearts of a few ignorant fishermen, has gone on noiselessly taking in life, putting forth bud and leaf, sending down its roots, outstretching its mighty boughs, spreading abroad its giant branches, until it overshadows the land.

Liberty, in some heart conceived perhaps from the carol of a bird, as its free wing cut the ether, or from the laugh of the storm, how has the beautiful child in silence grown and strengthened, until to-day "she looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Consider the growth of character. At the birth of the infant there is somewhere in the tender, palpitating form the germ of a character, which, as years pass, silently swells and grows, strengthening, solidifying, sending out root and branch, until it stands a matured tree. Or, to change the figure, there is in your nature, which stands as the type of all others, the corner-stone of character laid by the hand of God. We read of a house in which neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron was heard while it was in building. So in the building of your character no sound is heard. In silence the work goes on. The materials are gathered from every quarter—from science and art, from nature and philosophy, from heaven and earth, from God and man. No human being comes within your circle without contributing something to the growing edifice. You hear no sound, your eyes open upon no scene, you read no sentence, you neglect no intuition, you obey no law of right, you resist no temptation—indeed you can not act, or speak, or think without adding a stone to the rising structure. Silently the work goes on, until the building stands forth beautiful and fair as Solomon's Temple, or a miserable failure. Consider the millions of such buildings which since Adam have been reared. What are the piles of brick and mortar, raised with noise and tumult, one stone of which shall not be left upon another, to these edifices, reared in silence, enduring throughout eternity?

We can not dismiss the subject of the Silent without one other thought. There is a silent preacher, more eloquent than all the eloquent men that ever lived, more patient and tender than all the tender mothers since Eve. He visits the poor slave in his cabin, the Hottentot in his tent; goes to the poor and degraded, the sorrowing, every where cheering, comforting, uplifting, as no earthly preacher can. No heart has ever throbbed which he has not visited. The world should know the name of this silent preacher. Hear it, O children of men! write it upon your hearts, engrave it upon the palms of your hands: The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, is his name. Verily God worketh in silence. Especially in his dealings with the hearts of men is the Lord not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice.

THE WIFE'S THANK-OFFERING.

IT was but a very trifle—the mere beat of a child's drum upon the highway—but it came near being of very serious consequences. Dr. Austin Raimond, a physician in middle life, and of high standing alike in his profession and in his social position, was returning from a medical consultation in the country, to which he had been called, and driving quietly homeward to the city, his thoughts engrossed by the peculiarities of the case which had just been submitted to his medical acumen, he had become so involved in the consideration of the subject as to entirely forget that the horse he was driving was a young and spirited animal, which he had recently purchased in place of the old, steady, and well-trained servant that had been his trusted companion through many years of professional visiting, and upon whose discretion he had confidently relied.

A loud, sudden, and most unexpected tattoo upon a toy-drum, given gratis by a very juvenile drummer, startled both the horse and his driver. The former reared for a moment upon his hind-feet, then springing forward, shied suddenly across the road, and, turning, struck the wheel of the carriage against the stone-wall with such violence as to tear off the wheel and upset the vehicle, sending the astonished M.D. flying through the air with a velocity as undesirable as it was unusual to him; and his first distinct consciousness was a confused finding of himself

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all in a heap upon a pile of loose stones upon the edge of the wayside.

Never for a moment indulging in the hope that he was not "kilt entirely," as the Irish patois expresses it, and gathering himself up with exceeding care and caution, as if he fully expected to find some of the pieces missing, the worthy man was fairly amazed to find himself really unhurt, though somewhat unsettled by his hasty flight; and, adjusting his glasses and replacing his fugitive hat, he took a good self-congratulatory shake, and finding that all his limbs worked as well as before, he next proceeded to look after his horse and buggy.

To his farther satisfaction he found the horse too was unhurt. Some men who chanced to be passing at the moment had secured him; and, the first error over, he certainly behaved uncommonly well, looking round at his master with a trembling and deprecatory intelligence which seemed to say that he was sorry he was so foolishly nervous, and would not do so again—but he really couldn't stand that boy with the drum any way!

The carriage and harness had, however, sustained considerable injury; but as there was a blacksmith's shop close at hand, Dr. Raimond proceeded thither, and had the pleasure to learn that one hour and a half would repair the damages. As this time, though not long for the needed work, would inevitably prove tedious to the detained gentleman if spent pacing up and down in the heated air of the smithy, the master of the shop asked him to walk into the house and rest, where it was cooler, and where, in fact, he would be less in his way.

This offer the Doctor gladly accepted, and was shown immediately into a neat little sitting-room, and introduced to the mother of his conductor, a tall, thin, gaunt, raw-boned looking old woman, who, dressed in a shabby black alpaca, and close but soiled white muslin cap, was sitting by the window in a tall rocking-chair, rocking and knitting with slow but persistent industry.

As the blacksmith, having performed his duty as master of ceremonies, immediately withdrew to give his personal attention to the needed repairs, the old woman seemed to feel it was incumbent upon her to entertain the gentleman thus thrown upon her good offices; and stopping her rocking for a moment, and holding the immeasurably long stocking she was engaged upon suspended in mid-air with one hand, while with the other she pulled out yard after yard of coarse blue yarn from the ball hidden in the depths of her pocket, she coolly surveyed him over the top of her glasses, and then commenced her labors of love with the somewhat hackneyed inquiry of,

"Good deal of sickness about now, Doctor?"

"No," the Doctor replied; he thought not more, if indeed so much, as usual at that time of the year. There was usually a greater amount of illness in that month than in the two or three preceding ones, especially among children. To which she replied, "Do tell! I want to know!" and recommenced her rocking and knitting

After a few moments' silence she again stopped, and scratching up her hair with her knitting-needle, as if trying to stir up the dormant ideas, renewed the attack:

"Don't you think there has been a sight of sudding deaths this year, Doctor—say now?"

"I do not think I was aware of it," said the Doctor. "There have been none in the circle in which I visit, and I do not remember to have heard of many."

"You don't?" she answered. "Well! that's good now; but I suppose you've been a doct'rin' a good while now, and it's likely you've got to be pretty considerable knowledgable by this time, ain't yer? Do you live any wheres round?"

"No," the Doctor told her; he was only passing through the town.

"And where do you come from then?"

The Doctor named the country town he had just left.

"Law! did you? Why, do you live up there? Why! I want to know!"

"Oh no," said the unwilling catechumen, "I said I *came* from there; I *live* in Boston"

"Boston, do you? Well, now, that's sort of curious; why, that was where I orig-gi-nated."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes. Well, that was where I was born. Yes, and it was my place of residence when I was a gal; indeed I lived there till I was married, but I haven't been there since—no, not for these forty years and more, far's I know."

"Really!" said the Doctor. "And how does that happen? I should think, if it was your native place, you would like to visit it now and then."

"Well! *like* it? yes, so I should: and I do keep a meaning to go; but lor, there! I tell our folks 'tain't no use in life; there never comes a time for me to go nowheres; there's allers something to keep me at home; if it ain't this it's that, and if it ain't that it's t'other. But there! I mean to go, I do really *mean* to go, if I break right off, and I s'pose I'll have to if I go at all. I want to—why! I suppose there's been a sight of repairs there since I come away, ain't there?"

The Doctor said yes; in the last forty years there had been a great many alterations, and he thought probably some improvements in the place.

"Like as not—shouldn't wonder. Why, do you know I heer'd tell they had tore down the old bake-house just at the corner of our street? Only think of that now!"

"I dare say; a great number of old buildings have been removed in that time. In what part of the city did you live?"

"'Twant no city, I guess, when I lived there; laws, no! nor for years afterward; but, you see, I lived in Ruggles's Lane; I s'pose you know where that is well enough."

"No, I do not think I do; I do not remember the name."

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"Well, like as not they've been and changed the name on't by this time; I shouldn't wonder if they had. But I lived with old Mr. Smith, of Ruggles's Lane; you knew *him*, Doctor, didn't you? Lors! no; I don't suppose you did nuther; you couldn't have, come to think on't, for the Smiths they were all dead or gone afore ever you cum to yer senses. But I guess you've heard tell of him often enough, hain't you?—old Mr. Smith, of Ruggles's Lane—why, he was a man much know'd."

"No, I think not; I do not remember ever hearing of him. Who was he?"

"Why, he was Mr. Smith, of Ruggles's Lane; I told you so."

"Yes, I know; but *what* was he?"

"Well, he was Miss Smith's husband, and a great, rich man. Why, he owned the house they lived in (and it was a real nice one, too), and the one round the corner (that warn't quite so good), and he kept a horse and shay, and he was one of the s'lectmen! Why, Doctor! you must have heard of him often and often, time and agin, only maybe you disremember it."

"But what was his profession? Can you tell me that?"

"Oh laws! he wa'n't a professor—at least not as ever I heard tell of. He was a Baptist, I guess, but I can't say punctually; and a good enough sort of a man he was; but he wa'n't a *professor*, nor nothing like that—oh my goodness gracious, no!"

"Well, then, what did he *do?*"

"Do? Why, he didn't do much of any thing amiss as I know of; he did use to smoke a good deal, and sometimes he did use to take something spiritual like when he went to bed a-nights in cold weather, but not very often, and not very strong; and I declare I don'no as it hurt him any, Doctor. Do you s'pose it did, now?"

"Oh no; all right, I dare say; but what was his *calling?* Can you tell me that?"

"His calling? Oh yes; that was John E. Smith—John E.—and his wife, Miss Smith, she used allers to laugh and call him Johnny Smith, don't you see?—John E.—Johnny—just for the joke, you know; and it used to make him as mad as a hop. Warn't it good?"

Very, indeed—a capital jest. But I meant what *business* did he do?"

"Oh laws! Well, why did not you say so before? I didn't sense your meaning. Well, he kept a provision store, and we allers had the very best of every thing in the house; he would have it. Miss Smith she used to tell him he was a terrible epicack, and I don'no but that he was. That was how I cum to stay there so long—nobody else couldn't make the coffee to suit him, and he was awful perticular about his veal cutlets. Miss Smith she used to laugh and say to me, 'Salome, if you should ever get married, and go away and leave me, I guess I should have to be disvorced, for nobody else in the world couldn't suit him; and I'm sure I do not know how you do, he is so tedious and pernickity about his vittles;'—and so he was, sure enough. But still, for all that, he was a real good man, too, and I liked him, and I coule suit him; and so I used to laugh and tell her I guessed there warn't no danger of *me* getting married."

"And what became of him after you did leave them?"

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't leave him; I staid by till he died, poor man! He died sudding. Well, there, I don't justly know how it is, Doctor, but I've allers minded this one thing—there's some folks dies kind of sudding, and there's other folks kind of hangs on longer than you'd expect 'um to. Now there was my husband, Mr. Blaney, he hung on nigh upon two years, up and down, up and down, nigh upon two years; but Mr. Smith (as I was saying) he died real sudding—he died of the cholera, they said."

"Indeed! and how long was he ill?"

"Well, after his death Miss Smith she said he had had the monitorial symptoms for two days; but I'm sure I never knew nothing of it if he had. I'm sure I thought he ate his dinner with the very greatest veracity that day. But jest as I was cleaning my knives Miss Smith she run out, all wild and sort of flabbergasted like, and said he had got the cholera, and that he had collapsed; and so I went right away after the doctors. The last words he ever said in this world—he looked up at me as I was wringing out the hot flannels for him, and he says to me, 'Salome,' he says, 'too much onion in that stuffing' (you see, we'd had potted pigeons for dinner that day; laws! I remember it jest as well as can be). The doctors they all thought he was *out*, but I knew better; he knowed what he was saying well enough, poor man! And then he died."

"And what became of the widow?"

"You mean Miss Smith, don't you? Oh well, I think she would have held up in a most uncommon Christian manner if she had been left well-to-do in the world; but you see, she was left poor, and of course that sort of disquentled her, and aggravated her feelings."

"But I thought you said he was a man of property, did you not?"

"Well, so I did, and so he thought, and so every body used to think; but didn't you ever mind, Doctor, that some folks die and leave more than folks expected 'um to, and other folks die and they don't leave so much? Well, then, sometimes I think—and then agin I declare I don't know!"

"Had Mr. and Mrs. Smith any children?"

"No, not when he died; I guess they never had but one, and she died young. Miss Smith had her picture, and she set a sight by it; she showed it to me more than once, and she said it was her dear little Sairy-Mary who had gone to glory. And I'm sure I can't say but what she had, but she did not look like it a mite (not in her picture), for she had a terrible humor and was cross-eyed. But then, you see, the picture

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was taken before she got there, and that might make a difference far's I know."

"And have you never heard from Mrs Smith since you left her?"

"Yes, indeed! Oh laws, yes! ever so many times I know first she went into a community, and then she went into a consumption, and then she went into the hospital. I went over to see her there once, but it wasn't no sort of satisfaction to me; for you see she had become a mediator by that time."

"A *what?* She had become a *what?*"

"Well, a mediator; you know, Doctor, a spiritual mediator they call 'um. One of them spirit folks who rap up dead people, and turn tables, and all that. She seemed to be happy enough, poor creature; she said she often heard from Mr Smith, and had letters and messages from him. I said I hoped he was well, and she said, Yes, he was quite well, she thanked me. And then I asked her how he looked, and she said she hadn't never *seen* him yet; she supposed she was not enveloped far enough for that yet. And then I asked if she ever see her little Sairy-Mary? But she said, No, she hadn't actually *seen* her yet, for she was not enveloped far enough for that nuther; but that she often heard her round, sort of flopping her wings like, and she did hope soon to get a sight of her. Do you believe in them spiritual folks, Doctor? Some folks does, and more don't. My son's wife and Mandany they go in for it, and they do tell some mighty queer things to be sure John he don't believe in it, not a mite. Well there, sometimes I think, and then agin I don't know."

As the old woman reached for the second time this very logical, and to her evidently satisfactory, "conclusion of the whole matter," and while the wearied Doctor was mentally wondering if human dullness and tediousness could reach a height nearer the sublime, a sweet, timid female voice just outside of the open door behind them, said softly, "Grandmother, are you here?"

"Well, Helun, child," said the person thus addressed, and without turning round, "and what do *you* want this time of day, hey?"

Instinctively the Doctor turned his eyes in the direction of the new-comer, and having done so he as instinctively kept them there; for the object upon which they rested was not one to turn away from with indifference.

The speaker, who stood outside of the low door, leaning lightly in, supporting herself by one hand upon the side of the vine-hung doorway, which framed her like a picture, was a young girl of sixteen or possibly eighteen years of age.

In figure she was tall and slightly made; slight even to fragility, yet it was evidently not the fragility of disease or weakness, but seemed rather an ethereal lightness, as if the spiritual element in her composition had outstripped the growth of the physical or material nature.. But it was the face of the girl which fixed the attention of the good Doctor, for he felt he had never before beheld a human face so winning and lovely. Her features were all regular and good, her complexion of marble fairness, yet with a freshness about its coloring which seemed to give assurance that though perhaps habitually pale when at rest, an aroused feeling, a passing thought, a quickened movement, a mere heart-throb of accelerated motion even, would flush the sweet young face and make it like the face of the young Aurora. And this sweet face, attractive as it was in color and outline, was fitly framed in soft, loose, gleaming curls, which fell in rich abundance over her ivory neck and shoulders in the unstudied but graceful order which we always observe in pictures or casts of the gentle Evangelist, the beloved John. But yet beautiful as it was the observer felt that the fair face upon which his gaze was riveted owed its greatest charm to its expression, which seemed to denote a strangely mysterious blending of the child and the woman. It had all the trusting love, the appealing tenderness, the innocent sweetness of childhood; but blending with it, and overshadowing it, and giving to it a loftier character, was the intelligent purity of maturer thought. And over all was the look of holy earnestness and calm contemplation which rests upon the faces of the pictured cherubim.

But even in the hasty survey he took the good Doctor noticed, with his habitual and perhaps professional observation, one marked peculiarity; he could not catch the glance of her eyes, for she never raised them—even when she turned her face toward the old woman whom she addressed she never raised the deeply fringed and snowy lids but kept her downcast eyes upon the ground.

"Well, Helun," said the old woman, impatiently, "why under the sun don't yer come in and tell what you've come for? What in the world are yer 'fraid of? Nobody ain't a going to eat you, I guess. Come in, can't yer, and not stand simpering there?"

In quiet answer to this comforting assurance and very courteous invitation the young girl glided into the room, and was crossing it slowly in the direction of the old woman's chair; but before she reached it she stopped abruptly in the middle of the floor, suddenly raised her hand, and lifted her head as if intently listening; and then, while the rich blood rushed tumultuously in a vivid blush over her brow, cheek, bosom, and even hands, she said, trembling violently,

"Grandmother, you are not alone!"

"Well, who said as I was?" said the old woman, bruskly and derisively. "I didn't, did I? But do come along child, and don't be such a fool! The gentleman won't want to run away with you, I'll be bound. Come along, can't ye? The poor creeter's as blind as a bat!" she added, in explanation to her guest, while poor Helen, hurt and abashed at having herself and her sad infirmity thus coarsely thrust upon the notice of an entire stranger, shrunk timidly into shelter behind the chair of the old woman.

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"Blind! and at her age! Is it possible?" said the pitying observer. "Oh, my poor girl, that is hard indeed!"

There was very little in the words thus uttered, but their tone of genuine, earnest, heart-felt sympathy went straight home to the heart of the poor girl, to whom sympathy was rarely offered.

"Who is it, grandmother?" she said, whisperingly, from behind the chair where she had vainly endeavored to hide herself from observation. "Who is it, grandmother? Oh, please tell me—*do!*"

"Come out of that, can't yer?" said the grandmother, angrily; and reaching out her hand behind her she clutched vaguely at the skirts of the girl's dress, endeavoring to drag her forward. "What in the world are ye skeered of? Ar'n't yer ashamed of yourself, you great goose, you! I declare you're too old and too big to act so like a nat'ral fool. I only wish Harr'ot or Mandany was here; they'd know how to behave; they wouldn't act so like fools, I guess."

"Grandmother! who is it? please tell me who it is?" pleaded the sweet voice.

"I am a gentleman from Boston, my dear," said the Doctor, kindly. "I have met with a little accident upon the road, and am waiting until my carriage is repaired; and as it was very warm in the smithy I came in here to sit; but if my being here annoys you in any way I will go out at once."

"Oh, no, no. Sir!" said the girl, eagerly; "it does not—I do not wish it; please do not go, I beg of you."

"There, now, Helun, you great goose, I told you so. What's the use of you being so scarey always? I told yer the Doctor wouldn't eat yer, didn't I?"

"*The Doctor?*" said Helen, eagerly. "Is the gentleman a *doctor*, and from *Boston?* Oh, grandmother, my dream! my dream! Don't you remember? Is he indeed a doctor, and from Boston? Oh! please tell me that."

"Is this young girl your grandchild?" asked the Doctor, turning to the elder woman, for he was struck with the wide disparity between the two—the one being a very clod, "of the earth, earthy"—the other looking as if she had just walked out of the gates of Paradise.

"Law, sakes! no, indeed!" said Mrs. Blaney. "She isn't not the least mite akin to me in the world; she is my son John's wife's first husband's child. I never knew her parents from Adam. I never see either of 'um—not to my knowledge—father or mother. Laws no; she's no relation in life to me or any of my folks."

The Doctor nodded, secretly pleased to find it was so.

"Grandmother," again pleaded the young girl, with trembling earnestness, "won't you tell me? Is the gentleman a Boston doctor?"

"Yes, my child," said the Doctor, answering the question the old woman teasingly had evaded; I am a doctor, and I am from Boston; can I do any thing for you?"

"Yes, Sir; oh yes; you can indeed," said the girl, whose whole manner seemed suddenly, under some strong and overmastering influence of feeling, to change from childish timidity to womanly self-possession; and leaving her retreat behind the chair of the old woman, who gazed upon her thus transformed in stupid wonder, she glided forward, guided by a quick sense of hearing, and the unerring instinct which a fatherly Providence so often bestows upon persons thus afflicted, and stood in quiet dignity before the Doctor.

"May I take your hand?" she said.

The Doctor put his broad firm hand into her little outstretched pink palm; she held it for a moment with quivering lip and flushing cheek; then she said, half timidly, half assured, "May I read your face?—my fingers are my eyes, you know."

The Doctor silently raised her right hand and laid it upon his own brow. With light, rapid manipulations the slender finger-tips perused the kind, honest face before her; and then a bright, beautiful smile flashed like sunlight over her own.

"I am satisfied," she said. "I liked the voice; I liked the hand, I like the face. I am sure you are true. I may trust you. I want your aid; will you give it to me?"

"Yes, my child," said the good Doctor, fairly taken captive by her confiding innocence. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to examine my eyes, and give me your opinion of them. But first I should like to tell you my little history; may I?"

"Certainly, my child, you shall, but not here," said the Doctor, glancing round at the watchful old woman, and naturally inferring the girl would speak more freely out of her presence. "Come with me, my dear. I see a nice bench out there under the apple-trees yonder. Suppose we go there, and I can examine your eyes better than in the house;" and drawing her hand within his arm he was leading her from the room, when the old woman exclaimed,

"Well, Helun! I declare if you don't beat all! Ten minutes ago yer was scared to death; and now yer jest as bold as the dickens. What yer up to *now*, I should like to know?"

"No mischief at all," said Doctor Raimond, quietly. "I am going to take her out into the light and examine her eyes, and ask her all about them;" and carefully guiding her, he led her to the seat he had indicated. "And now," he said, when he had seated her and himself, "tell me all that is in your mind to say to me, my poor child."

"It is not a long story," said Helen. "In the first place, I am, as you have just been told, in no way related to the family I live with; indeed, I am not related to *any body*, I think," she said, sadly. "These people keep me out of charity, I suppose; at least they say they do." Her lip quivered; she paused a moment, recovered herself, and went on: "They are very good to keep me at all, I suppose; for I am a great

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burden to them—I must be—and I can make them no returns.

"My own father was a physician and a *gentleman*," she said, making an emphasis on the word "gentleman" by a slight pressure of her fingers upon the hand which still held hers. "My mother died when I was very young; I am not quite sure if I really remember, or only imagine her. And soon after her death I had some childish illness, and it settled in my eyes (it might have been for want of a mother's tender care—I don't know about that), but I lost my sight. My father always said he was confident the sight was not destroyed, and he had hopes it might be restored; but I was then a delicate, feeble child, very timid, and very much indulged; and I so dreaded any talk, even, of an operation on my eyes that he put off from day to day consulting other advice, in pity to my weakness, and hoping, I suppose, that as I grew older and stronger I should see and yield to the necessity. Alas! mistaken and self-willed child, and too indulgent father! the opportunity I then lost has never come within my reach again.

"When I was about eight years old my father married again; a young woman, I think, wholly unsuited to him; but he did not live to find it out. He died suddenly within a year after this second marriage, and of course I was left in her care. After his death my step-mother very soon married the son of the woman I call Grandmother; he is a lawyer, and lives near. Thus, while I have those whom I *call* Father and Mother, I have in reality neither; I am nothing to them; they have children of their own, and I have no real claim upon them; I am a dependent upon them for the clothes I wear and the bread I eat. I am a burden to them; and oh! my dependence, which I am daily made to feel, is a still heavier burden to me. I have dreamed repeatedly of late that a Boston doctor came here, examined my eyes, and said they could be cured. That is nothing, I know; but still—but still—" She hesitated.

"No!" said her companion, smiling, "I don't think much of dreams myself, and you mustn't."

"No, no! of course you do not," said poor Helen, blushing painfully; "and I know myself that it is all folly. I ought not to have taken up your time with such nonsense; but you will forgive me, won't you? Oh! I know you would if you could know how wholly lonely, dark, and sad I am. I have no one to care for me, or talk to me, and of course my thoughts dwell too much upon my own affliction. I try to be patient, and submissive to the will of God—submissive I *must* be; but I try to be cheerfully and patiently submissive. I know if it is God's will it must be best for me; but it is hard to do nothing—to be nothing!"

In her strong excitement of feeling she had unconsciously risen, and now stood before the Doctor in her graceful earnestness—her sweet face uplifted, and eloquent with her deep emotion; her small white hands crossed lightly upon her bosom, and her slight figure swaying and bending as if a breath might waft her upward to the celestial city, from which she seemed an innocent exile. The Doctor gazed silently at the fair young creature before him, pity and admiration mingling in the gaze; and at last, half-musingly, he quoted the beautiful words of Milton,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Yes," said the girl, her quick apprehension catching the force of the sentiment at once. "Yes; that is beautiful! and it may be so—I trust it is; for to *wait* is all I have ever been able to be; but if I could *see*—think! only *think* for one moment what sight would be to me—poor, dependent, helpless." She clasped her hands fervently. "Oh, if you could help me, if you could restore my sight! Yet, understand me fully—I have not a dollar in the wide world, nor a friend but the Almighty God to be my security; but if you *can* cure me, if you can enable me to see, so that I can work for my own living, I will solemnly promise to give you my services in any capacity, however humble, until I have fully paid you—I mean as far as money can do it, for I should still be your debtor for life."

"That all sounds very well, my child!" said the Doctor, "and I have not the least doubt you mean it; and I am entirely satisfied with the security you offer. But, my dear little girl! you have forgotten one thing entirely: if you are a physician's daughter, do you not know that you have a claim upon my time and skill without any payment whatever? Do you not know that we never charge for our attendance upon the family of a professional brother? I would gladly aid you if you were not a physician's daughter; but, as it is, you have an hereditary right to my services. So you see that part of the business is all settled up beforehand. But now, let me ask," he said, kindly, "how comes it that you have the courage *now* which you were so wanting in before? can you tell me how that is?"

"Alas! yes," said the blind girl, meekly; "it is easily explained—the case is very different; then I was a little, happy child—blind, to be sure, but all the more petted, indulged, and cared for—so constantly amused and caressed that my affliction was light to me, and I shrunk from the pain; now I am a lonely, helpless, dependent woman, and I have learned to bear suffering. I think," she said, speaking sadly and slowly, "I can not suffer more under the operation than I experience every day of my life. I think the knife can not wound deeper or more keenly than words have done. But it is wrong in me to say this," she said, checking herself; "for they have at least kept me from the alms-house, as they say, and clothed me, and that is much. And then, too, I shall have hope to sustain me, you know. Oh! I will try to be firm, and give you as little trouble as I can."

"You say they have kept you from the alms-

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house and clothed you," said the Doctor, dryly, as he noticed her shabby dress. "Did then your father leave no property at all?"

"I do not know. I was but about eight when he died—when my step-mother married again she came here to live, and I know nothing of his affairs. I have never dared to ask any questions, and my blindness has rendered me helpless to communicate with any of his old friends. But they are so continually telling me how much they have done for me that I suppose he did not leave any property."

"Humph!" said the Doctor, "that does not prove it, to my mind: the matter must be looked into one of these days; but no matter now—we have other things to attend to first. And now, my dear, if you please, let me see these troublesome eyes of yours?"

A careful examination of the injured organs, and a close questioning of their owner, served to convince the Doctor that there was, as the girl's father had believed, great hopes of a cure. He was, however, too old a practitioner, and too guarded a man to hold out a certainty of hope to the trembling and sensitive being before him. He contented himself with telling her that the needed operation would be a very trifling affair, and that he had hopes of its ultimate success.

"And now," he said, rising, "I see they are leading out my horse, so I conclude my carriage is repaired and I must go; I shall make arrangements to take you into town and have you under my own care; but remember, if I do my part, you must do yours."

"And that is—?" faltered Helen.

"To keep yourself very quiet, or I can not do you the good I wish and hope to do. Some time in the course of a week I will come out and see you again and complete our arrangements; but remember now," he said, pressing her hand, "no excitement, no dreaming, you understand; tears and nervous excitement will put us all back, remember that." And hushing her earnest gratitude, he was leading her back to the house when a tall, showily-dressed girl, with a mass of red hair inclosed in an elaborate net of blue and steel beads, large hoops, and trailing but soiled skirts, came daintily mincing down the little garden path.

"Well, Helen," she said, "and so here you are. What in the world have you been about I should like to know? Mother says she sent you into gran'mother's most an hour ago to get some eggs and she's beat out waiting for you! You *are* a good hand to go of an errand when a body's in a hurry, certain!"

"Oh, Mandany!" said poor Helen, "I am so sorry! but I forgot all about the eggs. I hope mother has not waited for them, has she?"

"You had better go home and ask her," said Mandany, spitefully. "You can tell her, you know, that you was talking to a gentleman and forgot all about it."

"Of course you will, my dear," said the Doctor, gravely. "And Miss Mandany, I'll thank you to give my compliments to your mother, and tell her I shall do myself the pleasure to call and see her next week." And bowing courteously to the bewildered Mandany, he left the blind girl at the door from which he had led her, regained his gig, and turned his horse's steps homeward.

As he had no one to converse with during his ride, it is not to be wondered at that he made no remarks upon his new acquaintance: but that he did a considerable amount of thinking might possibly be guessed from the significant fact that he whistled the first part of "Yankee Doodle" all the way back to town and never remembered to turn the tune, which, if his horse was as fastidious in regard to vocal as to instrumental music, must have been, to say the least, rather wearisome. The result of all this thought he never revealed, unless it could be inferred from a remark he made to himself as he drove up to his own door. "By George! I shouldn't wonder if she did! Most women wouldn't, to be sure; but then Kitty she's a nonesuch. Well, we shall see."

As he entered his own comfortable and even luxurious home his wife, a pleasant-looking little woman, richly and becomingly dressed, who, seated beneath the light of the gas, was trifling with some gay-looking embroidery, rose affectionately to receive him.

"You are late to-night, Austin," she said, giving him her hand; "has any thing happened?"

"Of course there has, my dear; something or other is always happening; is there not, Kitty?" he said, laughingly. "If nothing had happened, I suppose I should never have got home at all, should I?"

"I should think something *had* happened to your glasses, Austin," said the observant wife; "why! what in the world has bent them so?"

"Bent them?" said the Doctor. "Bent them? I did not know they were bent," he said, taking them off and regarding them ruefully. "Why, so they are, I declare; they are all out of shape—I did not know it; it must have been when they struck against the stones."

"A stone?" said the bewildered little woman. "What do you mean? how came a stone to strike against your glasses? I don't understand."

"I did not say it did, my dear," calmly replied her husband; "in fact it did not. The mountain did not come to Mohammed, but, as usual, Mohammed went to the mountain. My glasses were the aggressors in this case clearly; the stones did not rise up against us."

"Austin, what are you talking of? what do you mean? how did your glasses strike the stones—did they drop off? I never knew them to."

"Drop off! no, my dear; the fact is I was getting out of my gig—well, we'll say in a hurry."

"There, now!" said Mrs. Raimond. "And what did you do that for? You will always be in such a hurry! I wish you'd remember you are fifty years old, every day of it."

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"Oh don't, Kitty, my dear. How dreadful! somebody might hear you."

"I don't care if they do; you are old enough to know better. What made you get out so quick? what were you in such a hurry for?"

"Couldn't help it, my dear; case was imperative—gig was going over; had to hurry."

"Going over! What made it go over, I'd like to know?"

"Wheel came off."

"Your wheel? And what took it off?"

"Struck the stone-wall, my dear."

"And how did that happen?" said the wife, with forced calmness. "How came your wheel to strike the stone-wall? Can't you drive better than that?"

"No, my dear; not when my horse bolts and runs away with me."

"Austin!" said the really terrified wife, bursting into tears, "do you mean to tell me that new horse ran away with you, upset, and threw you out?"

"No, I did not mean to tell you; but it was exactly so, my dear Kitty. Pshaw! don't cry about it *now*—it's too late. Threw me out, and bent up my glasses—wasn't it dreadful?"

"Austin, how can you? Do be serious—do tell me the whole story, from the beginning."

"I will, my dear, with all my heart; but remember that it was not my fault that you chose to begin at the wrong end, and work your way backward from effect to causes. I only answered your questions, as an obedient husband should do."

"Well, then, tell me now."

"Oh yes, bless you; yes, indeed, every thing. Well, let me see. Small boy beat a drum—horse did not like music—shied, and wheeled round—wheel took the stone-wall—stone-wall gave tit-for-tat, and took off wheel—gig upset, and your husband, the excellent and well-known Austin P. Raimond, M.D., etc., etc., came flying out through the air, like a venerable and slightly gray cherub, or a bald eagle, made a somersault upon the ground, and bent his gold spectacles—and that was the worst of it. I did not break my neck or my back, my arms or legs, my nose or my teeth; but I bent my glasses! And now, my dear, will you order tea, or do you intend to appoint a fast, in view of this our great personal calamity?"

"I should like to appoint a thank-offering," said the lady, rising to ring the bell, "only I am afraid nobody but me would value such a harum-scarum sort of person."

As they sat at their liberally-spread board the Doctor, refreshed by his cup of fragrant tea, entered upon the subject of his new patient, giving his wife a full account of all relating to Helen, except the girl's marvelous beauty. This he did not enlarge upon, thinking it better to leave that to speak for itself.

Mrs. Kitty listened, and inquired with due interest, and then sank into meditative silence. After the meal was over, and they had returned to the fire, she came behind her husband's chair and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Austin, I have something to say to you. I said just now I should like to make a thank-offering for your escape. I think I see the very way to do it. You must have this poor girl under your care while her eyes are attended to. You *could* send her into the hospital, I know; but from your account she is not a fit person to send there, and she is evidently as much out of place where she is. You know I have long wanted to have a young lady companion. I can not have either of your nieces or my own; they are too well off at home, and can not be had. Let us adopt this poor deserted child, bring her here at once, and let me be as a mother to her."

"But Kitty, my darling, consider—this poor girl is blind and helpless."

"The more in need of our good offices. Besides, you hope to cure her; but whether you do or not, let us give her the home and protection she so much needs. Will you consent to this, and then she as well as I will give thanks for the life God was pleased to spare this day?"

"My dear Kitty," said the Doctor, "you are one of a thousand! Pshaw!" he said, pulling off his glasses and polishing them, "I do believe these glasses got scratched as well as bent. Kitty, my dear, I believe you was made of the best of materials without regard to expense! I have only one little suggestion, or amendment, to make: you must not bind yourself to what may make you uncomfortable. The girl may have faults or peculiarities of temper which may make her an uncomfortable inmate, and I will not have you subjected to any such annoyance. You shall go out with me and see her, and if you are as favorably impressed as I was, we will bring her here for the time required for her eyes. This will give you an opportunity to judge of her; for if there is any vulgarity or ill-temper in a person, sickness is sure to bring it out. If she stands this test, and you like her, we will then arrange to keep her. Say, does this suit you?"

This did suit; and a few days afterward the Doctor and Mrs. Raimond drove out into the country town. They were joyfully welcomed by Helen, and very coldly met by the rest of the family, who manifested a singular and suspicious unwillingness to have her leave them; but the Doctor was firm, and Helen was hurried up stairs to collect her small change of garments.

"Why, Austin, she is an angel!" whispered the enthusiastic Mrs. Kitty; "you did not say half enough about her—not half!"

"Wait, my dear," said the Doctor, "wait until you have proved her, and see if she is."

A slight and very successful operation gave back to the deeply grateful Helen the inestimable blessing of sight; but even before the cure was completed the mind of Mrs. Raimond was made up.

"I can not part with her," she said in confidence to her husband. "She is an angel in

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mind and temper as well as in person. Her temper is perfect—she is really a godsend to me; no daughter could be to me more than she is already, and no mother could love her better than I do. There is only one trouble· you know I took her as a thank-offering for your safety—but it won't do; I must look out two thank-offerings now—one, that the life of my precious husband was spared; the other, that this sweet daughter has been given me."

POZZUOLI AND VESUVIUS.

AMONG the bugaboos of my childhood was, I regret to say, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. His serene image was never conjured from the vasty deep of tractarian literature for my special admonition and imitation without inciting me to more frantic rebellion. Of course this naughtiness has been utterly put away with other "childish things;" nevertheless I confess to a firm conviction that this admirable Shepherd could not have been in Naples last January, with only ten days at his command, in which, if ever, he must see Herculaneum, Pompeii, Pæstum, Capri, Sorrento, Ischia, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, etc., without uttering a mild protest against the simultaneous outpouring of the early and latter rain, in a daily unintermittent drizzle.

Morning after morning we found ourselves driven to the Museum as the only refuge from internal ennui and the universal deluge. Now, although this Museum is excessively rich in its treasures of Art, yet four or five days of intense enjoyment within its walls satiated us, and we began to pine for the free air and a vision of the beauties of Nature which have rendered the environs of Naples so famous. Pictures and statues lost their charm as day after day the clouds gathered deeper darkness, and all below deeper dampness. Hungry for Pæstum, it was heart-rending to receive instead only the stones of Herculaneum. The Venus Callipyge, the Fauns, and the Cupids, become tiresome, Agrippina a solemn old prig, and the everlasting Balbus girls, with their rampant, couchant, and sedent male relatives, unspeakably odious.

Moreover, our home-comforts were abridged by the *mauvais temps* without, which detained the Scotchman, before-mentioned, within, where he found our presence, with all its pronounced loyalty and republicanism, preferable to the solitude of his own room, and the grand piano of the *salon* to his own dolorous accordeon. It was refreshing to see the generous hospitality with which he did the honors of this public apartment; beaming on us graciously as he interposed his Don Quixote figure, with extended coat-tails, between us and the very necessary fire which other francs than his had kindled, and pouring forth copious streams of instructive and entertaining conversation, or rather monologue. Still more exhilarating was it when, ceasing to be a screen, he seated himself at the piano, and continued his discourse with a stammering accompaniment thereon.

"Were you at San Carlo last evening? (*tum tum*). No? Ah, you should hear La Favorita. It's me favorite opera (*tum tum*). Five times I've heard it within ten days (*tum tum*). Perhaps I can give you an idea of it." This benevolent proposition reminded me of a youth in whose hearing a friend mentioned the opera of Norma, and was amazed by the remark from him in reply: "Norma? Norma? Let me see —I don't remember Norma: hum it!" So our self-appointed host proceeded to "hum" La Favorita upon the reluctant piano: laboriously picking out note by note with long intervals of anxious search between, and saying, "No! I am wrong," or "Yes! that's it," in self-rebuke or gratulation according to the result. "Ah! it is a sweet air that! Words of me own are set to it. You'll find them among me published poems. Do you believe in the Evil-Eye, Madam?" (Possibly the young woman addressed had added this to her *credo* during the last five minutes, during which she had become painfully aware that the mad poet, satiated with his own sweet notes, had discontinued them, and was peering at her through his gaunt fingers). "I wear a charm against it; there it is"—exhibiting a jagged fragment of coral. "Remarkable physiognomical resemblance between you two! Did you ever meet with a theory in regard to the exact resemblance of native animals to the native population of a given country? I should think not! It is all me own."

Somebody murmurs a suggestion relative to the preponderance of donkeys in Naples, but doubts whether these are altogether native; to all of which our tormentor deigns no reply, but dilates instead upon the folly of becoming a nun, ending in a declaration of his profound approval of Hindoo Philosophy, and driving us all from the room.

After three or four sessions like this we were ready to catch at the dimmest promise of endurable weather, and seized a half-day, during which only a half-dozen showers fell, for an excursion to Pozzuoli—dearer to us under its sacred name of Puteoli.

Before a carriage could be secured there was of necessity the usual prelude of extortionate demand, indignant protest, with every imaginable variation of pantomime, during which the non-combatants retired to the shelter of the arcade in the Chiaja. A sudden flurry of thunder and hail brought us motley society. Our interest specially centred in a "harp of solemn sound" played by a picturesque old man; in a venerable little rat of a dog, decrepit and *blasé*, led by an immense Dowager whose whole soul seemed absorbed in its welfare; but chiefly in a highly cultivated monkey, who danced solemnly to the clatter of his own castanets; performed marvelous acrobatic feats with a hoop and rope; manufactured imaginary butter in a real patent churn; concocted mysterious doses with noisy mortar and pestle; loaded and discharged a wicked little toy-musket; concluding his repertoire by passing around the crowd his own ab-

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surd little hat for contributions, and departing on his master's shoulder, leaving me, to whom a monkey is unspeakably fascinating, disconsolate. But consolation reappeared speedily in a vehicle adapted to our excursion, and we set forth in gay spirits. The play of the sunshine, as it coquetted with the sullen clouds and the passionate sea, produced charming effects in the skies above and the waters beneath. The Mediterranean was in its angriest mood, running hither and thither, chafing, foaming, pursuing us through all our course with wild complaint. Even the spiteful little showers, which fell frequently, could not damp the ardor of our enjoyment of this glorious sea-view, with its beautiful line of coast and its matchless islands. Capri and Ischia were isles of light in the midst of surging darkness, while on the landward side towered volcanic hills picturesque in their barrenness.

Cicero's "*Pusilla Roma*" has apparently dried up and blown away like the historic beldam of our nursery rhymes, and there remains only a straggling, sombre, filthy village. St. Paul himself could not have received a more cordial reception than that tendered to us upon our entrance of that very city which, after the "south wind" had blown the illustrious guest to its shores, had power to detain him "seven days" upon his journey Romeward. Its chief fascination to-day lies in the faint aroma lingering still of that holy week of communion; but, alas! the amplest Christian charity would be unable to recognize "brethren there" after 1800 years of abuse and declension.

Selecting from the overwhelming crowd of friendly Puteolians the least vociferous as guide, we made our way to the Temple of Serapis. This wonderful ruin has fought its way bravely not only against the great "Unconditional Surrender" who has held it in close siege for many centuries, but also against the elements in fierce league. Three Corinthian columns still stand erect in royal disdain, but Time and his confederates—most of all the insatiate sea—have insolently chronicled in the very substance of these pillars their successes, scrawling the sad record in rude hieroglyphs over half their stately height. Although the great usurper long ago retreated, and "went to his own place," yet he left behind petty parasites, who still cling spitefully to the brave old columns. Twenty feet above the pedestal even the marks of their evil hands may still be seen; and indeed many of them yet remain entire, embedded in the stone. The descendants of these boring bivalves still abound in the Mediterranean, but have learned peaceful domesticity from the result of their elders' suicidal ambition. It was marvelous indeed to stand looking down upon the sea, so far below us, and up those lofty columns, and reflect that these had once been submerged in the raging waters below, and again in the sixteenth century been lifted far above their present altitude, from which their foundation has been for three hundred years slowly sinking.

Contenting ourselves with bearing away only the frieze (more or less of it) as a souvenir of this most interesting old Egyptian temple, we turned our attention for a moment to the mineral springs near its site. But the unmedicated waters which at this juncture fell so abundantly upon us from above sufficed us, as far as that element was concerned; and we turned away, with an indifference that disgusted him, from the youth who had rushed gallantly in to the cavernous dark of the famous *acqua dell' Antro*, and emerged with a dripping handful of the painfully familiar liquid for our inspection.

When the skies again smiled treacherously we emerged from the carriage, our ark of refuge, and recommenced our search for ruins. From the site of that temple in which the Triumvir Octavius offered sacrifice before he went forth to the battle of Actium we had a glorious view of sea and land. The sea has here retained its conquest made centuries ago, and only fragments of the ancient ruins are discernible above the surface of the water.

Our next visit was to the amphitheatre, which is larger, and quite as well preserved, as that of Pompeii. Opera and theatre habitués will be interested to know that the *noli me tangere* privileges of private boxes and reserved seats date from this spot, where an outraged senator, whose toga was profanely plucked by the eager populace, appealed to Cæsar not in vain, who arranged a code of laws in regard to the sittings.

Here also that immortal fool Nero was wont to slake his savage fury in fratricidal combat with bulls and tigers. "De bedrooms of de leons," already referred to in a previous article upon Pompeii, are as perfect in their massive masonry as they could have been one thousand years ago. From these dens it was that the furious beasts rushed forth into the arena where knelt San Gennaro and his fellow-Christians, whose saintly mien transformed the savage kings of the forest into fawning slaves, so that the martyrdom was postponed to another time, and transferred to a different place. It was at Solfatara that the saint finally shed his blood, a portion of which, piously preserved in a vial, miraculously liquefies twice every year before a superstitious multitude.

On our way up to the cathedral we passed over a portion of the ancient pavement, which we scrutinized in vain for some trace of the heroic feet of him who "so went toward Rome." But it was comforting to find that, in memory of St. Paul, the main entrance of the cathedral is still in the rear, on the spot where tradition says in ascending from the sea he paused at the gateway of the temple of Augustus. Portions of this temple still remain, incorporated into the foundation and ornamentation of the cathedral. There are even six Corinthian pillars from the Pagan temple embedded in the walls of the more modern Christian church. We made our way, through great tribulation, down the precipitous cliffs to the shore; and this we did rather because St. Paul must have landed at that very

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spot, than from admiration of the Emperor Caligula, whose famous bridge once spanned the bay.

Our friends who visited this spot on the next day were so fortunate as to encounter a brace of Englishmen in search of lions. After a prolonged stare at the massive mole, which stretches far out into the sea, they were retreating up the hill with a very puzzled and disgusted air, obviously not understanding for what they had come. Seeing their need, one of the Americans obligingly explained to the last of the flying Britons that this breakwater had been regarded as the bridge of Caligula, and added some further information with reference to its biblical associations. Upon this a gleam of comprehension appeared in our cousin's countenance, and he shouted after his more agile companion:

"John! John! come back and see the bridge it tells about in the Bible—when there was a war!" His friend reluctantly returned, muttering as he came, "I don't remember any thing about a bridge in the Bible."

Whereupon the first speaker remarked, severely, "Well, you ought to search the Scriptures, and then you would know about such things!"

Gathering a little sea-weed from the tangled masses which the restless waves tossed to us as we passed, we returned to our carriage. Our way lay up the steep ascent through filth and squalor. Innumerable beggars assailed us. One ancient beldam, so old that it seemed almost as if she might have felt the shadow of Paul passing by ten centuries ago, lay on her bed in a little cell and challenged attention with the aid of a pole ten feet in length. This ingenious angling was the cheerfulest thing visible in all Pozzuoli.

Before entering upon a recital of our experiences in ascending Vesuvius, I feel impelled to state that my preference would be to treat this subject with silent contempt. If the aloe in blossom proved a disillusionator (as set forth previously), what shall be said of a mountain, which, having set itself up to be a volcano of the most virulent species, and having burned, and howled, and growled, and raged to that extent in one's fancy that it was supposed to be in a state of chronic eruption, to say nothing of having pictured itself in the geography of one's school-days as a perennial fountain of burning lava (fittingly illuminated by the entire contents of the paint-box of one's big brother), what shall be said of such a cold-blooded impostor of a mountain, I ask, which, after all this pyrotechnic pomp and circumstance, should present itself to one's actual vision wrapped in a thick surtout of snow a fortnight old?

However, to avoid the cavils of unsophisticated stayers at home, a traveler must allow no personal prejudice against any individual lion to prevent him from bearding it in its den. Accordingly providing ourselves with a substantial lunch, and with sufficient wrappings for an Arctic excursion, we sallied out into the court-yard. The porter of our hotel speedily brought a carriage in which we arranged ourselves, our guide-books, our field-glasses, and our luncheon comfortably. No sooner was this done than the driver coolly demanded twenty-five francs. We summon the padrone of the hotel. He appeals to the Jehu, who is inflexible. We descend in a body and in minute particular. The padrone and driver fall into an animated discussion, conducted mainly by their shoulder-blades, eye-brows, and wrist-joints. Finally the padrone boxes the driver's ears sportively, and orders us peremptorily into the carriage again, with the remark that on our return we are to disburse to him, and he will attend to the driver's demands in our behalf.

Wearied with perpetual bickering, we resign ourselves to this double certainty of imposition, and drive on. Our course lay through the densest filth and wickedness of Naples. Misery, lying, wrangling, cheating, surged in horrid waves out to meet the pure blue Mediterranean, along whose shore we drove. But there was no mingling—the purity of the ocean was unsullied, and the filthy populace were filthy still. If we turned away our eyes from afflicted and afflicting humanity it was only to see brute-suffering in some aggravated form. The draught-horses, in addition to the heavily-laden wagons, bore upon their galled necks a ponderous structure of wood, leather, iron, and brass, of no conjecturable use unless it might be the mortification of equine flesh. Not unfrequently we passed great loads drawn by cows and horses unequally yoked together, and pulling sullenly away from each other as they were goaded on both by the vanity and cruelty of their drivers. Every few rods we encountered a "great Birnam Wood" coming against us, which, on closer inspection, proved to have for its motive power the spindle legs of some miserable little donkey. Often the "impressed forest" consisted of Brobdignagian cabbages instead of fagots; but in either case scarcely an inch of the animating power was to be seen, only an occasional glimpse of the tip of a dejected tail, or a cracked and mangled hoof.

An occasional scene of low comedy relieved our eyes and hearts. One of these may perhaps prove suggestive to moral-reformers at home. The Neapolitans have developed an ingenious device for the governance of such fractious young women as disobey St. Paul's maxim in regard to being "keepers at home." These recusants are consigned to the charge of mature porkers, who lead their several damsels about whithersoever they will by means of a stout rope running from the porcine waist to the feminine wrist. As we were passing a species of vegetable drying-yard, with its long lines hung with newly-manufactured *maccheroni*, a little farce was enacted for our entertainment. One of these novel chaperons became inexplicably affected by an unbecoming friskiness of spirit. With a caper, a whisk, and a most defiant quirk of the

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tail, this renegade Mentor plunged wildly into the midst of the hardening *maccheroni*, utterly mindless of the damsel tied to his apron string as he dragged her helpless after him. The scene which ensued baffles description. The entire neighborhood marshaled to the fray, and were divided perhaps equally into sympathizers with the joy of the pig and the dismay of the *maccheroni* makers. The air was filled with the exultant squeals of the hero, the shouts of the spectators, the crackling and dust of the shattered staff of Neapolitan life, and the blows and curses of its manufacturer and his assistants. The issue we could not wait to see, but to our final vision the pig bade fair to clear the field, although the flying foe were eagerly solacing themselves with fragments of the national dainty.

The view which unfurled before us as we neared Resina was glorious, with Vesuvius as its central figure, its snows all ablaze in the sunlight. But all our senses were speedily engrossed by objects nearer at hand.

Driving through the filthy village street in search of the *Gonzolino* commended by Murray, we had at last given to us the sign of a certain other "*Gonzolino, son of the late Vincent Gonzolino.*" Of course our first thought was, that, with the fall of him so beatified by Murray, you and I and Vesuvius fell down; but encouraging ourselves in the faith that the son of one so distinguished must excel ordinary humanity we requested his presence. He came, wrapped in awful dignity, combined of his own perfections and his father's immortality.

In reply to deferential inquiry he calmly demanded ten francs for his august self, five francs each for the horses, including one for himself. Having been forewarned that this horse for the guide was entirely unnecessary, the man's proper place being at the bridle of the most timorous mortal of the party, to which *rôle* I boldly aspired, we protested in our choicest composite of Italian, French, English, and German. In response this heir of paternal glory produced a ponderous folio of MS. recommendation—the grateful outpouring of the master-minds of British nobility and the lights of lesser lands, bowing to Murray.

Inasmuch as the bearing of these indorsements of the sainted "Vincent" upon the qualifications of his Jew son were not obvious to our obtuse American minds we drove on to the office of Master of Guides, with an ever-widening wake of beggars, saddle-horses, barking dogs, and counseling men. Number One, accompanied by the one of our two Methodist clergymen who had hitherto exhibited the most sharpness in Neapolitan encounters, entered the office to bargain for the horses and guide, leaving the other and myself in the carriage, which was instantly overwhelmed by floods of mendicity and audacity.

My sensations at the apparition of a side-saddled horse upon the return of our spies can never be described. My only experience in equestrian exercise heretofore had been on this wise: Four years before, during a memorable ascent of Killington Peak, I had been induced to scale the heights of a mighty horse, falsely so called, being rather of the camel species. Being perched on his fifth vertebra, my fears were assuaged by the fact that he was to be led upward by the good genius of our company (may his parochial blessings never be less than his deserts!)—was to be, I say; but this good genius had a chum in the divinity-school against whose native or acquired goodness I allege nothing but the following: To him were committed in trust the ten umbrellas of the camping-party. Just as I was setting forth on my novel venture this umbrella-man became suddenly possessed by the spirit of oratory, and in a declamatory burst bayoneted my innocent mammoth with the ten several points of his burden. The consequences were a galvanized steed, a howling maiden, a compassionate knight, a flying leap, and a registered oath against a second mounting—Vesuvius being then invisible.

Therefore it was that the advent of the Resina side-saddle brought upon me fainting of heart. I wailed forth an entreaty to be left behind to cultivate the acquaintance of the fascinating townspeople around me. I affirmed stoutly the converse of a proposition submitted to Fanny Forrester, the author-missionary, while a teacher of composition in Utica, by an inspired pupil: "How weak and irresolute is man when compared with the beauties of nature!" (*En passant*, let me say that the truth of this bold sentiment was argued by a gallant youth to whom I repeated it, on the ground that, by "beauties of nature," the originator intended to indicate *woman.*) I suggested further to the young ministers the obvious need of missionary work among the vociferous heathen around us, and proposed to engage in it. Failing in my metaphysics and morals I fell back upon physical inability for the ascent, and was met by the benevolent proposition of the three divines to renounce the excursion and return to Naples. Of course this miracle of compassion caused me to forget my oath and resign myself to the mercy of the waiting charger.

Satisfactory arrangements having been made with a guide who was not of the sacred tribe of *Gonzolino*, and therefore consented to walk all the way, leading my steed, in consideration of the sum of five francs, we set forth; the order of my going seeming like the signature of my own death-warrant. I sat erect upon the awe-inspiring saddle, determined, if I must ride to destruction, to do it as much after the style of superb Di Vernons in picture-books as my feeble powers would permit. However, I shut my eyes tightly, and clutched the saddle-horns by way of precaution; and fearing that the friction of my foot in the stirrup might not be perfectly agreeable to the horse, I sought to propitiate him by carrying the offending member at a sharp right angle some inches removed from his body.

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As we led the way up through a gate, cutting off all hope, the guide loosed my bridle a moment in order to remove his coat, when I ruffled his Italian calm by a shriek of terror. Recovering himself and my bridle, he remarked, reassuringly, "*No dange; no dange*"—English speaking being one of the perquisites accruing from our five francs.

As we climbed upward between stone-walls and through a little crystallization of huts around the inevitable church, the road was good, and I dared lengthen my breathing by an inch or so, but presently the ascent steepened and narrowed, and I heard the gentlemen behind, who were offensively at ease upon horseback, beginning to speak of fine views behind and below them. This fairly sickened me. I tightened my eyelids, stiffened my body, clutched the saddle-horns more desperately, and would not have glanced behind me to see the Garden of Eden. Indeed, so apprehensive was I of the least shifting of position, that although I saw the extra shawls and scarfs which had been intrusted to my care slipping from my lap, yet I suffered them to fall under the horse's feet rather than relax in the least my grasp of the pommel and bridle.

But at last I heard behind me what smote my heart as a thrice-repeated groan of anguish. My sympathy overcome my terror, and, turning my head, I discovered that our most invalided divine was urging on his reluctant steed by means of what he regarded an excellent imitation of the Neapolitan "*Eh! eh! eh!*" by which horses and donkeys are *yanked* (I beg pardon) through their miserable existence, the tenderest intercourse with their master which they ever know. To a solitary traveler this monosyllabic charm is no mere show-accomplishment. An acquaintance of ours who for years had been unable to speak aloud, occupied for many months a villa at the foot of Vesuvius. After he became voiceless he was once making the ascent, as sole guide to a party of lady-friends. By way of precaution he sent them before him up the narrow path, and in their zeal, which he was unable to curb with his voice, they unconsciously left him far behind. His donkey, of course, seized this moment of isolation to wax obstreperous, and insist on a return to Resina. Bridle and spur proved worse than useless. The magic "*Eh! eh! eh!*" was painfully familiar to the rider, but his larynx refused the mingled snarl and grunt by which alone the syllable can be potently ejected. Nothing remained for this unfortunate but an ignominious submission to his donkey's whim for descent until his good angel (*i. e.*, the rider's) sent an Italian tourist to intercept his forced retreat, who, at his whispered entreaty, speedily "*Eh'd*" the perverse animal back to his duty and party.

But our difficulties increased. The rocks grew bolder, the horses plunged on, and all my compassion became self-centred. The faithful guide encouraged me over every pitch, "*No dange! good horse!*" with no variation except a little burst of self-praise, on one occasion, "*No dange! good horse! good man!*"

My horse inclined to balk and had to be slightly whipped, whereupon I utterly expired. Being revivified by the combined apostleship of our party, I was riding desperately on, when Number One, who had pushed forward, called out encouragingly, "Come on, little trump!" to which conjugal plaudit I responded modestly, "No, I am not a trump at all, but the guide is." To our surprise this second-hand compliment roused the hitherto imperturbable Italian to a red heat, and shaking his head and fists violently, he protested, "No! not any *trump—good man!*" But after a laborious polyglot explanation that it is good to be a trump, peace was restored.

Then we came to a great expanse of lava. Leaving on the left hand a broad stream of it wandering toward the sea, our path lay up a narrow line lightly creasing the lava from the eruption of 1858. Those who refrain from Vesuvius because they feel unequal to its entire ascent are ignorant, as I had been, of the wonders to be seen even below the Hermitage. Wrestling Cyclopean figures, saurians in rude sport, interlaced serpents, cordage as regularly woven and twisted as the manufactures of the deftest rope-walker, acres upon acres of lava congealed into numberless and indescribable forms.

My constrained equestrianism became intolerable, so I dismounted and completed on foot the ascent to the Hermitage. Whirling around in my joy at regained liberty, I rejoiced in the superbest view possible of the Bay of Naples, Capri, Ischia, etc. But toil was not yet over. The gentlemen continued in the bridle-path leading my riderless horse.

"Take off coat!" said the guide, at the same time tugging at my water-proof cloak by way of explanation. Having relieved me of this embarrassment, he proceeded to push, pull, throw, roll, trundle, pitch and toss me up the jagged declivity until my survival of these processes almost convinced me that I was the gutta percha doll which he obviously considered me. At intervals he mercifully allowed me to recover breath and survey the weird scene around me. Horrid griffins and supernatural snakes hissed out hot vapor and mephitic gases at our approach. The path burned beneath our feet, and when at the guide's instigation I boldly thrust my gloved hand into a yawning fissure, the shrivcling of the kid as the hand was snatched away told that fiery billows rolled below—not so far below as to insure safety. This consoled me for the snowy crater; no flake dare venture near the fiery heart of the monster in spite of his hoary head.

At last we reached the Hermitage, which is perched on a green knoll—a happy island in a sea of desolation. Far above us towered the cone of Vesuvius, shrouded in threatening clouds; so, reluctantly, we renounced our cherished purpose to see the head, front, and interior of this offending monster, and devoted ourselves to the

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magnificent view which rewarded all my toil and fears in the ascent.

When eyes and souls were weary with admiring, we turned to our haversacks for relief till not a crumb remained to tell the story of our *padrone's* bounteous provision. Then warned by the advance pickets of the storm, which was stealthily creeping down upon us from the cone, we began a rapid descent. This I accomplished almost entirely on foot. Having imitated the faith of the pious old woman who "trusted Providence till the breechin' broke," I was content to return to native locomotion.

In the midst of the lava-fields we met three lone women with their guide. Lone but not lorn, for they pressed fearlessly on in spite of the ominous clouds and our warnings, declaring they should not return until they had thrust their heads into the very mouth of the crater. It is unnecessary to add that they were the countrywomen of the author of "EXCELSIOR."

Reaching Resina safely, and discharging our guide with an extra fee on account of his faithfulness, we were whirled back to our hotel in Naples at fearful speed, our driver having drunk himself into an uncontrollable Jehu during our absence.

The influence of climate upon the disposition, as well as the complexion, being a matter of such interest, I must be suffered to note a remarkable instance. On arriving at our hotel we found the padrone, who had assumed the responsibility of disposing of our driver, absent. Number One, and the more Boanergian of our pair of friends, relying upon this arrangement, had left the other and myself to drive the distance of two or three blocks alone while they transacted some business. It therefore devolved upon the gentle invalid, whose refinement and quiet courtesy were our delight, to hold at bay this ravenous Neapolitan coachman, and dismiss him, satisfied, to his kennel. But mark the result of climate. The temperate mimosa was transformed into a tropical prickly pear.

"Twenty francs!" cried Jehu, with an insolent crack of the whip.

"We never pay *forestiere* prices," was the unexpected rebuff, accompanied by such a shrug as only the hot-house pressure of Naples atmosphere could have forced from shoulders not at all to that manner born.

The animated discussion which followed was, as before set down, principally expressed by quivering shoulder-blades, flashing fingers, and vehement head-shakings, wherein, to my admiration, the young minister seemed the most adroit. As coachee's ill-luck would have it, he let slip the suggestion that Pompeii and Pozzuoli were also situated within driving distance, and that he himself was the only reliable guide thither. The newly-fledged Machiavel saw and seized at once the advantage, and uttered the curt interrogative, "*Quanto?*" In his eagerness to secure the two birds in the bush the guile-forsaken extortioner blundered into his own trap, and replied that all should be according to the dictates of his Excellency's own good heart. The consequence was the dismissal of Jehu, complacently jingling a fee of only twelve francs for the day that was past, with the vague impression that the innocent stranger was his to have and to fleece for indefinite days to come. But when he sought his prey on the morrow the lamb had fled to cleanse away all Neapolitan taint in the waters of the Jordan.

It was with hearty regret that we separated from these clergymen, whose Southern birth and rebel kinship made their unflinching loyalty doubly significant; and in whom imperturbable good-nature, sunny unselfishness, and Christian culture combined to produce the rare virtue of a comfortable traveling companion. But although our souls hungered for the milk and honey of Canaan, our hearts cried out resistlessly for the little crib under the elm-shadows far away; therefore we said God-speed to our pilgrim friends, and gladly turned our faces Westward, confident that when we should come where the young child lay, the living Christ would be as near to us as to them who were privileged to lodge in holy Bethlehem.

OUR CONSECRATIONS.

FROM out each yesterday of life
All have some precious store to keep:
Some little store of golden worth,
Some treasure rescued from the deep
Of those gone hours, ere yet the waves
Of time have closed their quiet graves.

Thrice dark of all dark days that one
Which leaves no brightness from its hours,
No nightingale to sing at eve,
No after fragrance from its flowers,
No holy dew distilled from Heaven,
To consecrate it fresh at even.

Bless'd art thou, heart that yearnest (though
The tears that dim thine eyes be vain)
To call back something from thy past,
Some yesterday to life again.
The gladdest summer of our years
We consecrate by autumn tears.

Each consecrates some precious part,
Some secret store of hidden worth:
We garner each our harvest sheaves,
Our golden memories of earth,
Against the winter time of need;
That we may after come and feed.

And when the yesterdays of life
Shall all be numbered, still I deem
Each one shall have his store to keep,
His fadeless relic of earth's dream:
Some shadows softened by God's light,
Some star that made his journey bright.

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LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL ROUSSEAU.

BELONGING to the class of "fighting generals," of which Hooker and Sheridan are brilliant graduates, are Major-Generals John A. Logan, of Illinois, and Lovell H. Rousseau, of Kentucky. Each of these four men is constituted mentally, and endowed bodily by nature, to be a leader of men. Hooker and Sheridan have been confirmed generals by education. Rousseau and Logan owe every thing to nature, and are generals intuitively. The first two have been educated at West Point into being good directors of armed battalions; but it goes "against the grain" with either to confine himself solely to the direction of a battle, and hence they are often seen in battle obeying the dictates of nature and leading charges which they should direct. Rousseau and Logan never enjoyed the advantages of West Point, and, as nature is unchecked in them by education, he who hunts for them on the battle-field must look along the front line, and not with the reserves. Neither Logan nor Rousseau would be content—it can not really be said that they are competent—to direct a battle on a grand scale; it would simply be an impossible task on the part of either, for they are neither educated nor constituted nat-

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urally to be commanders, in the technical sense of the term. They are neither strategists nor even tacticians. Both are bold, daring, enthusiastic in spirit; one has a commanding presence, and the other an inspiring eye, and the natural and most effective position of each is at the head of forlorn hopes, or leading desperate charges to successful issues.

The same contrast in person between "Fighting Joe Hooker," tall, towering, and always graceful, and "Little Phil Sheridan," short, quick, and rough, can be traced between Rousseau, a huge, magnificent, ponderous, and handsome figure, and "Black Jack Logan," a somewhat short but graceful figure, in whose forehead is set the finest pair of eyes ever possessed by a man. The *personnel* of the four warriors differs very much. Hooker and Rousseau are very different types of the tall and elegant "human form divine," and Logan and Sheridan illustrate the graceful and the graceless in little men; but the great hearts of each beat alike, and on the battle-field the daring and boldness of each are equally conspicuous and effective.

Of all these heroes, however, Rousseau is most naturally a leader. His whole career, civil and military, illustrates him as such; and only in a country of the extent of ours, with such varied and complex interests existing within each other, could any man attain the success with which he has been rewarded, without at the same time gaining such fame as would have made his name as familiar in every home as household words, and invested him with a national reputation. It is a fact illustrative of the vast extent of the late war, and of the existence of the various sectional interests which were second to the great, absorbing feeling of devotion to the whole Union, that there are thousands of people in the East who do not know aught of the geographical position of Western battle-fields, or the history and military career of the more distinguished officers of the Western armies. The case is also reversed, and such distinguished men as Meade, Hancock, and Sickles, and hundreds less renowned, are hardly known at the West. The people of the East, naturally absorbed in the interests which are nearest and dearest to them, are intimately acquainted with the history and achievements of the chosen leaders of their sons and brothers of the Potomac armies, but know little in detail of the leaders of the Western armies. To the people of the East Rosecrans is a myth of whom they remember only that he met disaster at Chickamauga; and of Thomas they know little more than that he was the hero of that same defeat. They know little of M'Pherson, M'Clernand, Dodge, Blair, Oglesby, Osterhaus, and others, save that they "were with Grant" at Vicksburg and elsewhere. Indeed the whole army of the West enjoys in the East a mythical existence, and Logan and Rousseau live in our memories as undefinedly, though as firmly, as many of the characters of romance. Nine out of every ten who are asked to tell who and what they are will be puzzled for a reply, and will state much that is pure romance, and nothing illustrative of their characters. And yet no two men have been more prominent or more popular in the armies with which they were connected than these two rising men of the West.

General Rousseau, of whom it is proposed to speak in this paper, is not a strategist nor a tactician according to the rules of West Point, in whose sciences he is uneducated save by the practical experience of the past four years of war. He makes no pretensions to a knowledge of engineering or strategy or grand tactics, is not even versed in the details of logistics; but of all those who have won reputation as hard, pertinacious, and dashing fighters none more deserve their fame than he. His battles have been brilliant if short; desperate and bloody contests, in which more has resulted from courage and the enthusiasm imparted to the men than from strategy and tactics. If examination is made into Rousseau's career it will be found that he has ever been in the front line of battle, not only at Buena Vista, in our miniature contest with Mexico, at Shiloh, Perryville, and Stone River, but in every aspect and under all circumstances of his career, always ahead and leading his people in politics as in war. A self-educated and self-made man, of strong intellectual and reasoning powers, quick to resolve and prompt to act, he appears at all times in that noble attitude of one who has led instead of following public sentiment. In youth he was left the junior member of an orphaned family of which his habit of decision made him the head and chief dependence. Emigrating in early manhood to Indiana, he made himself by his talents the leader of a party which had never attained success before his advent, and never won it after his retirement. Returning to Kentucky in 1849 he was one of the very few of her sons who were prepared to second or adopt the views then agitated by Henry Clay in regard to emancipating the slaves. In 1856, when "Know Nothingism" had swallowed up his old party—the Whig—and held temporarily a great majority in his city, county, and State, Rousseau became the leader of the small minority which rejected the false doctrines of the "American" party. His bitter denunciation of its principles, and his persistent opposition to its encroachments on individual rights, nearly cost him his life at the hands of a mob who attacked him while defending a German in the act of depositing his vote. He was shot through the abdomen and confined for two months to his bed, but had the satisfaction to know, when well again, that the party he had fought almost single-handed had no longer an organized existence.

In 1861 his bold opposition to Kentucky neutrality brought Rousseau prominently before the country. The rebels under the leadership of Simon Bolivar Buckner, then at the head of the militia of the State, had failed in every effort to engage Kentucky in actual secession, but had succeeded in committing its authorities and

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citizens to what was called "a strict neutrality." John J. Crittenden, James Guthrie, Leslie Coombs, Judge Bramlette, and other prominent Unionists, stood hand in hand with Buckner, Powell, Breckinridge, and Magoffin in support of this position, ridiculous and visionary as it now appears to have been. Many of these "neutrals" still claim that neutrality was the proper policy for Kentucky at the time, but as nearly every one of them afterward became confirmed rebels, their opinion on the subject is not very valuable. A large majority of the Unionists of the State were committed to the policy also; so that when Lovell Rousseau denounced neutrality as a mask of the secessionists on the one hand, and a disgraceful subterfuge of the Unionists on the other, he found few who agreed with him, and less who seconded him in his avowed purpose of abolishing neutrality and placing the State, at all times, in her proper position as a member of the Union amidst the disasters of war as well as in the prosperity of peace. The public were not prepared to follow him, and he was forced to accept neutrality, as a compromise between Union and Secession, between right and wrong, but doing so under public protest in the Senate of the State, and declaring on every occasion which offered that it was a debasing position which he intended to abandon as soon as he could induce the State to follow him. He found no support in this honorable war upon neutrality until the secessionists went a step further, and proposed, after hostilities had begun at Fort Sumter, to make the neutrality of Kentucky an "armed neutrality," urging that the State troops be armed to resist encroachments from either rebel or Union troops. Against this scheme, which proposed the appropriation of three millions of dollars to arm the "Kentucky State Guard," Rousseau at once began a crusade as earnest as it was untiring. He saw in it actual aid to the rebellion. He denounced the State Guard and its leaders as secessionists and traitors, stormed at them in Senate halls and on the stump, and not only defeated the bill but succeeded in dividing the State Guard into two rival organizations known as the "Home Guards" (Unionists) and "State Guardsmen" (rebels). He called it at the time "separating the sheep from the goats." It was a most fortunate achievement; for it not only saved thousands of young men belonging to the State Guard from being unwittingly drawn into the rebel army, but precipitated the designs of the rebels and hastened the defection which was inevitable. This was accomplished under personal difficulties, opposition, and dangers which only made the labor more delightful to a person of Rousseau's temperament. He delights in opposition; is in his element only when in the minority and strongly opposed; and his belligerent disposition led him to gladly accept not only the numerous stump and street discussions and disputes, but even street quarrels and fights with the secessionists. The rebel sympathizers seldom dared attack him openly, his bold front, at all times maintained, making them prefer to exercise their strategy and trickery against him rather than come to open warfare.

No sooner had the work of dividing the State Guard been accomplished than Rousseau hastened to Washington to obtain permission from the President to raise troops in the State for the United States service. While on the way to Washington he had an interview with General M'Clellan, then commanding the Western Department at Cincinnati, and found him opposed to his scheme. M'Clellan sent his aid, Colonel Key, to Washington to represent Rousseau's scheme as rash and ill-advised. At the same time others were sent to Washington by the "mild mannered" Unionists to urge the President not to grant Rousseau permission to raise troops, arguing that it would at once precipitate the invasion of the State by the rebels. Rousseau consequently found great difficulty in obtaining the required authority, but went at the question boldly. He represented to the President what he had done in the way of defeating the schemes of the rebels to arm themselves at the expense of Kentucky, and in dividing the State militia into two classes. He had inspired the loyal Home Guards with an *esprit du corps*, which would save the greater part of them from any connection with the secessionists; but he represented also that there were thousands of young men in the State who had not decided to follow either the rebel or loyal banner, and that knowing this, the rebels were recruiting in every part of the State. Thousands of the young and thoughtless would be, and hundreds were being, drawn into the rebel army by this means, and he argued that the Government ought to recruit in this neutral State as an encouragement to the young men to join the loyal army.

The authority was eventually obtained, and Rousseau returned to Kentucky authorized to raise twenty companies of Union soldiers. Every paper in the State ridiculed the project and laughed at the projector. The Unionists, such as Garrett Davis, Governor Bramlette, General Boyle, Leslie Coombs, James Guthrie, did even worse than this. They did all they could toward nullifying the scheme and rendering it abortive by insisting that the recruits gathered should be encamped outside of the State; and so strong was their influence at Washington, that an order was sent to Rousseau to encamp the squadron, which he had soon enlisted, on the Indiana side of the river opposite to Louisville. Greatly humiliated and angered, but not disheartened, Rousseau obeyed, cursing the weak-kneed Unionists for their cowardice and their interference. He went heartily to work, however, and his squadron soon increased to two regiments, which were sworn in, uniformed, and armed.

At last growing weary of delays, no prospect of active work in Kentucky presenting itself, having his brigade filled up, and anxious for

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work in which he might win promotion and reputation, Rousseau asked to be sent to Missouri, and his request was granted. The order had no sooner reached him than he determined to invade Kentucky soil at least once, and at all hazards, and so announced his intention of parading his corps through the streets of Louisville. A delegation of rebel and Union citizens waited on him and begged him to forbear his intention, representing that the indignant citizens would rise up in their anger and attack his soldiers.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Rousseau, "the damned scoundrels shall have enough of it then before I am done with them."

The march of the brigade through the city was undisturbed, and it returned to camp without having received any more deadly volley than a few curses from the neutrals and secessionists. One of the effects of the parade, and the announcement of the intention to send Rousseau to Missouri, was the presentation of an appeal to the President, signed by the principal of the "Weak-knees," as the "Neutrality Unionists" were contemptuously called by the "Coercionists," protesting against the removal of Rousseau from the vicinity of the city. A copy of this protest was shown by a friend to Colonel Rousseau. When he read it he grew furiously enraged, cursing the protesting individuals as a set of marplots who had opposed him at every turn; and he immediately took steps to break up camp and be on the march to Missouri before the countermanding order could come. He was stopped in the midst of his preparations, however, and ordered by President Lincoln to remain in camp at "Camp Joe Holt." It was a fortunate order for the fair "City of the Falls." A few nights after the rebel General Buckner advanced with a large force on the city, and Rousseau, the rejected, with the "Home Guards," which he had preserved from the defection which seized the State Guard, were the only defenders of the city to be found. On the night of September 16, 1861, Rousseau crossed the Ohio River, and marched through the uproarious streets of the excited and endangered city to meet the invader. With this little band he penetrated forty miles into the interior of the State, hourly expecting to meet the enemy, and intending to fight him whenever and wherever he did meet him. He made the passage of Rolling Fork River and occupied the heights of Muldraugh's Hills, where Buckner was reported to be, but found the rebel had retired.

On the occasion of the passage of this stream an incident occurred which is illustrative of the view which we have taken of the character of Rousseau as a natural-born leader. When giving the command to cross the river, which was then flood-high—it was a bitterly cold morning besides—Rousseau rose in his saddle and crying out to his men, "Follow me, boys! I expect no soldier to undergo any hardship that I will not share!" he sprang from his horse, entered the ford, and waded to the other shore. His men followed, with cheers and bravos, and the brigade followed, soon disappearing on the wood-lined road which leads to the summit of Muldraugh's Hills.

His late contest with slavery—his race for Congress at Louisville was nothing more nor less than a crusade against the remnant of slavery left by the war in Kentucky, probably as a punishment for her attempted crime of neutrality—was another brilliant triumph won by the exercise of the same decisive action which has always characterized him. The convention which nominated him was in political parlance merely a "pocket convention," and its nominee found, on leaving the military field to examine the political course, that he had really no party to back him. He had to build up a party, and without hesitation he decided that it should be an avowedly abolition party in principle and purpose. He began by announcing that he favored the adoption by the State of Kentucky of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and denounced slavery as unjust, unwise, and impolitic—a curse and blight on the State. When he first made the speech in which he declared this the people wildly stared at him, and when he had done they pronounced him insane. They were so completely blinded by their prejudices that they could or would not see the truth of his arguments, and at last he resorted to ridicule with better effect.

"I wish to say again," he said on one occasion, "that slavery, thank God! is dead. Its own friends have destroyed it. They placed it at the foundation of Jeff Davis's government and invited, nay, forced us to assail it. They forced the whole liberal world to make war upon it, and presented to us the alternative to destroy slavery or see our Government perish. Our duty was a plain one, to kill slavery and rebellion with it, and let the Government live. Both of these things are accomplished facts, and in the whole Christian world there remain but three slave States—*Cuba, Brazil, and Kentucky!*"

This climax, so ridiculous to every Kentuckian with any State pride in his soul, was hailed wherever heard with shouts of laughter; and Rousseau once remarked that it was a curious fact that the laughter generally began with the returned rebel soldiers, who possess less pro-slavery prejudices than the rebels who staid at home. Rousseau generally followed up this effective ridicule with what he called his "special argument against slavery." "We in Kentucky," he would say, "are in the habit of arguing the slavery question more from the economical than the moral stand-point;" and he would then go on to show how the institution had curtailed the prosperity of Kentucky and of the South. "But," he would add, "I wish to add a little argument of my own. I want to tell you why slavery will not pay. It is because we have a God in heaven, who has arranged the affairs of men in such a way that wrong and injustice won't pay, and don't pay. Has not the South lost more in the destruction of houses, and fences, and railroads, and crops, and other

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property, and expenditures for munitions of war, etc., in the last four years of a rebellion, carried on for the benefit of slavery, than it wrung out of the sweat of the slave in the forty years preceding? Add to this the half a million of her brave sons, who died or were crippled in battle and in camp, half the entire arms-bearing population of the rebel States, and tell me if slavery was a paying institution to them? And do you think it can be restored now and not lead to a bloodier and fiercer war? And why is this? Simply because God in his wisdom has arranged the world so, that in the long-run a system of wrong will not and can not pay."

After four weeks active canvassing of the district Rousseau was returned to Congress by a heavy majority, although the opposition pro-slavery party employed a former United States officer to make the race in order to split the Union or amendment vote. The scheme failed. Rousseau's personal popularity, and his positive, determined, and patriotic stand carried him successfully through, and he was shortly after nominated for the Senate, which position he will doubtless attain. In these crusades against neutrality and slavery Rousseau has established a character for firmness and persistence which have made him a most popular leader and the first man of his State; and he is already accepted as the true successor in principles, purposes, and patriotism of that late great leader in Kentucky, Henry Clay.

His military career has had much to do with Rousseau's popularity at home and in the army. His principal achievements were at Shiloh, Perryville, and Stone River, the defense of Fortress Rosecrans, and in the admirably conducted and highly successful raid into Alabama. At Shiloh his post was subordinate, and he will not occupy the fore-ground of the pictures which history will paint of that field; but at Perryville the glory is all his own, while no story of Stone River can be truthfully written that does not give him much of the credit for that very desperate "rough and tumble" fight, where, holding the reserve line, he sent word to Rosecrans that, "though the right wing was gone," he "would not budge a step—not a damned inch, Sir."

During the engagement at Perryville he displayed great courage, and inspired his men with the same spirit. He laid no claim to tactical ability, and did not endeavor to manœuvre his troops, but by his presence with them kept them well together, and retained his organization during the whole day, although withstanding with a single division the repeated attacks of Cheatham's, Buckner's, and Anderson's divisions of Bragg's army, under the latter's personal direction. Perhaps like a reckless general, but certainly like a brave man, he was always with the front line, and as he rode among the men encouraging them, they hailed him with enthusiastic cheers. Seeing preparations making on the part of the rebels to repeat an attack on Harris's brigade, by which they had just been repulsed, Rousseau dashed up to the commanding officer of the Second Ohio, Major Anson M'Cook, who was on foot fighting his regiment, and was warning him of the approaching attack when the men of the regiment with shouts and hurrahs gathered around him, hugging his legs and grasping his hands, throwing their caps in the air, and swearing to die with him. It was one of the most singular scenes ever witnessed on a battle-field, and was subsequently alluded to by rebel officers who had witnessed it, and who stated to our prisoners taken during the day that they frequently saw and recognized Rousseau riding up and down the line during the battle.

Rousseau's great popularity with the troops may be said to have dated from this day; and it grew still greater after the battle of Stone River, where, though commanding the reserves, he was among the first engaged. The love of the men became so intense that it broke out on every occasion. On the march, in camp, on parade, their admiration grew demonstrative, and cheers greeted him wherever he went. During the winter of 1862–'63, while the troops were in camp at Murfreesborough, great numbers of rabbits were frequently frightened from their burrows, when an entire regiment would start in pursuit with noisy yells. The demonstrations of admiration for Rousseau and these noisy pursuits of the rabbits became so frequent that it was a common remark, whenever the cheering of the soldiers was heard, that they were either after "Rousseau or a rabbit." His popularity among the Union people of Kentucky had a rather pleasing illustration in October, 1862, when on the march to Perryville. At Maxville the mountaineers from the district gathered around his quarters in great numbers, and almost every family of the many which visited the General had with it an infant named after him, either "Lovell" or "Rousseau." When the first infant was presented, instead of blessing it in the usual patriarchal style, the General picked out one from among a number of silver half-dollars he had and gave it to the child's mother. Several of the other infant Rousseaus received other half-dollars, until the General began to suspect that the infants would be produced as long as the money lasted, and so he announced a suspension of specie payment. The children, however, continued to make their appearance until it became apparent that the name was never likely to die out among the mountaineers. Rousseau used to tell with great glee how two blind and deaf brothers presented themselves at his quarters, and said that they "had walked five miles to *see* Rousseau and *hear* him talk." The demonstrations of the poor mountaineers of Chaplin Hills, as the region was called, greatly affected the General, and as a singular mode of expressing his gratification, he always insisted on calling the battle of Perryville, which he fought next day in the vicinity of Maxville, "the battle of Chaplin Hills."

His predisposition to excitability under fire

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did not detract from Rousseau's administrative power. He was as clearly administrative in danger as the more phlegmatic Thomas or Grant, but in a different way. Rousseau made very little if any use of his aids. If he had an order to give he galloped across the field and gave it himself. If he had an advance to order it was done by leading the troops in person. During the battle of Perryville General M'Cook sent Rousseau, who was on the extreme left of his line, information that his right was being turned and was falling back. Rousseau galloped to the endangered part of the line and rallied the troops in retreat, beating and cursing them into line, and actually breaking his sword over the head of one demoralized individual, who was thus brought to a stand. He was once, and only once, known to betray any considerable nervousness under fire. It was during a brief engagement fought at Chehaw Station, when on his famous Alabama raid. He had sent forward Colonel Thomas Harrison, of the Eighth Indiana Cavalry (better known as the Thirty-ninth Mounted Infantry), to destroy a part of the railroad in his rear—the expedition then being on its return, having performed its principal purpose. Colonel Harrison unexpectedly became briskly engaged with the rebel forces under General James H. Clanton. Rousseau was some distance in the rear of the fight, and the extent of the engagement was only known to him by the amount of the firing and the number of wounded men brought to the rear. One of his aids—Captain Elkin—observed Rousseau's nervousness gradually increasing, as evinced by his twirling his long black mustache, and repeating aloud, but evidently communing with himself, "I shouldn't have got into this affair. I'm very much afraid this isn't judicious." Elkin penetrated through the swamps to Harrison's front, and returned with the information that the enemy were being driven, and that the result was not at all doubtful. "There's no reason," he said, "to be uneasy about Harrison, General."

"Uneasy about Harrison!" exclaimed the General. "Tom Harrison can whip all the militia in Alabama. But what shall I do with my poor wounded boys? We are a thousand miles from home, and no way to carry them comfortably."

He had to leave his wounded, but he took rather odd but effective means to have them well cared for. Having succeeded in capturing a company of Montgomery Cadets, the members of which were all young men of less than seventeen years of age, he had them drawn up near his quarters, and released them unconditionally, with this suggestion:

"Boys," he said, "go home and tell your parents that Rousseau does not war on women and children; and, mark you, do *you* see that they don't make war on wounded prisoners."

The Cadets were modest enough to be glad to be considered and laughed at as boys on condition of their release, and on returning home showed their gratitude to Rousseau by taking as good care of his wounded as they were permitted to do.

Although one of the most aristocratic of men in person, manners, and taste, Rousseau is proud of being self-made and self-educated, and, like Andrew Johnson, refers with pride to what his enemies call his "plebeian extraction." The secessionists of Louisville, in 1861, called him a "wharf-rat"—a rather indefinite term of contempt given him because he had always been the champion of the poor who lived about the city wharves, and whose rights he often defended in court without promise or hope of pay. Though he made little money by such practice, it served to introduce him to the bar, and subsequently he won great reputation by some of these cases. As a criminal lawyer Rousseau has had no rival in his district since 1855; and the present Attorney-General of the United States, James Speed, Esq., acknowledges himself indebted to him for several of his very worst defeats in criminal trials. It is understood that the legal talents of Rousseau will be called into action by the General Government in a most important case which will soon come up for judicial decision.

During the same period alluded to—1861—the southern rebel papers always alluded to him and his Union recruits as "Rousseau and his ragamuffins." Rousseau's parents were very poor. His father tilled a small, mountainous, unproductive farm in Lincoln County, and taught school. On his death the family, which was very large, depended on the labors of the sons, Richard and Lovell, for the necessities of life. These two tilled the farm during the day, and studied law or worked for the neighboring farmers at night. This latter employment embraced the chopping of wood and shelling of corn for such farmers as owned no negroes. It was a species of labor generally performed by the slaves of the richer planters for the poorer farmers, and was a custom lately prevalent all over the South. Young Rousseau was thus often thrown among the negroes as a co-laborer, and his observance of the great regularity and energy with which the slaves worked during these hours when the reward for their labor was their own, made him an admirer of Henry Clay as an emancipator in 1849, and of Salmon P. Chase as an abolitionist in 1864. He has long been convinced that it would be better alike for state, slave, and slave-owners if the measures of the Abolitionists had long since prevailed in Kentucky, though he is not now prepared to adopt or second the universal suffrage views of Mr. Chase. He looks on universal suffrage as at present a somewhat visionary scheme. In 1863, when the army of General Buell was being taught by his successor, Rosecrans, the changed tactics of the Administration in regard to freeing and arming the slaves, Rousseau, unwittingly perhaps, furnished the army with its new creed of advanced faith. One day at dinner he remarked in the presence of the writer, who was then a "chiel"

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in the army "taking notes," that "No law, human or divine, justified slavery; that the negro was entitled to his freedom if he could win it—'Who would be free themselves must strike the blow;' and that all that could be asked of the United States army was that it should not stand in the negro's way." He now appears to think that the negro, having won his freedom, must educate himself to the proper standard to rightly appreciate the privilege of suffrage.

The very close intimacy existing between Sherman and Rousseau is a fine illustration of the rule that opposite natures are often kindred spirits. Two natures in greater contrast can hardly be conceived. Rousseau has none of Sherman's nervousness of thought or action, while Sherman has nothing of the excitability of Rousseau under fire. Rousseau is a most conspicuous—perhaps *the* most conspicuous officer in the United States army, while Sherman is among the most commonplace in appearance. Yet their friendship, which began early in the war, is hardly less remarkable than that existing between Grant and Sherman, and is much more demonstrative, because Rousseau and Sherman are of affectionate and demonstrative dispositions, while Grant is rather cold and formal. Rousseau is fully six feet two, perhaps three inches high, and otherwise Herculean in build and strength. When mounted—he always rides great, ponderous, and invariably blooded horses—he displays to great advantage, and no more graceful and impressive figure can be conceived than Rousseau mounted. He was born a gentleman, and his elegant manners are as natural as his bravery and high sense of honor are intuitive.

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER V.

PEDGIFT'S REMEDY.

AFTER waiting to hold a preliminary consultation with his son, Mr. Pedgift the elder set forth alone for his interview with Allan at the great house.

Allowing for the difference in their ages, the son was, in this instance, so accurately the reflection of the father, that an acquaintance with either of the two Pedgifts was almost equivalent to an acquaintance with both. Add some little height and size to the figure of Pedgift Junior; give some additional breadth and boldness to his humor, and some additional solidity and composure to his confidence in himself—and the presence and character of Pedgift Senior stood for all general purposes revealed before you.

The lawyer's conveyance to Thorpe-Ambrose was his own smart gig, drawn by his famous fast-trotting mare. It was his habit to drive himself; and it was one among the trifling external peculiarities in which he and his son differed a little, to affect something of a sporting character in his dress. The drab trowsers of Pedgift the elder fitted close to his legs; his boots in dry weather and wet alike were equally thick in the sole; his coat-pockets overlapped his hips, and his favorite summer cravat was of light spotted muslin, tied in the neatest and smallest of bows. He used tobacco like his son, but in a different form. While the younger man smoked, the elder took snuff copiously; and it was noticed among his intimates that he always held his "pinch" in a state of suspense between his box and his nose when he was going to clench a good bargain or to say a good thing. The art of diplomacy enters largely into the practice of all successful men in the lower branch of the law. Mr. Pedgift's form of diplomatic practice had been the same throughout his life, on every occasion when he found his arts of persuasion required at an interview with another man. He invariably kept his strongest argument, or his boldest proposal, to the last, and invariably remembered it at the door (after previously taking his leave), as if it was a purely accidental consideration which had that instant occurred to him. Jocular friends, acquainted by previous experience with this form of proceeding, had given it the name of "Pedgift's postscript." There were few people in Thorpe-Ambrose who did not know what it meant, when the lawyer suddenly checked his exit at the opened door; came back softly to his chair, with his pinch of snuff suspended between his box and his nose; said, "By-the-by there's a point occurs to me;" and settled the question off-hand after having given it up in despair not a minute before.

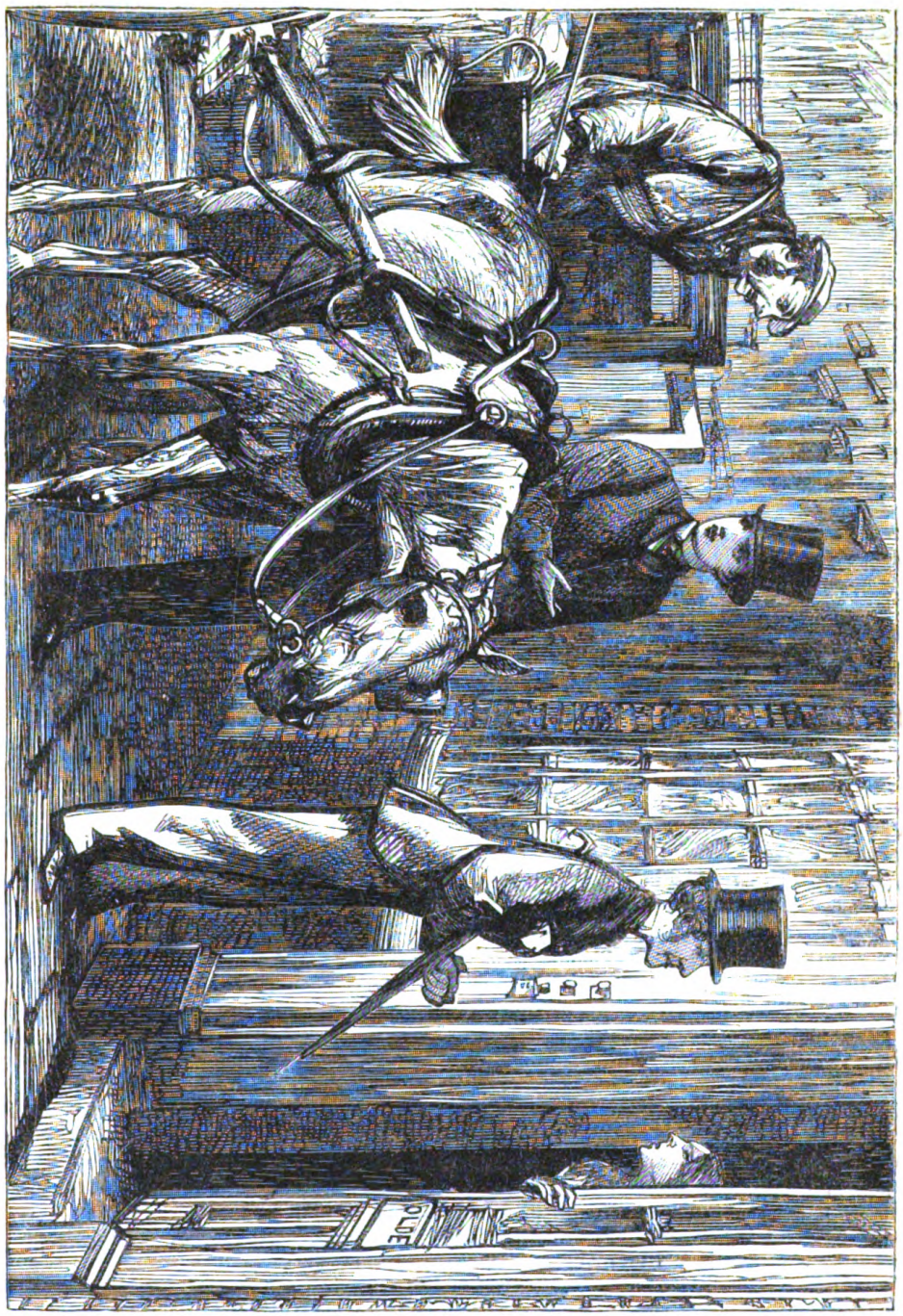
This was the man whom the march of events at Thorpe-Ambrose had now thrust capriciously into a foremost place. This was the one friend at hand to whom Allan in his social isolation could turn for counsel in the hour of need.

"Good-evening, Mr. Armadale. Many thanks for your prompt attention to my very disagreeable letter," said Pedgift Senior, opening the conversation cheerfully the moment he entered his client's house. "I hope you understand, Sir, that I had really no choice under the circumstances but to write as I did?"

"I have very few friends, Mr. Pedgift," returned Allan, simply. "And I am sure you are one of the few."

"Much obliged, Mr. Armadale. I have always tried to deserve your good opinion, and I mean, if I can, to deserve it now. You found yourself comfortable I hope, Sir, at the hotel in

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PEDGIFT AT FAULT.—[SEE OCTOBER NUMBER, PAGE 690.]

London? We call it Our hotel. Some rare old wine in the cellar, which I should have introduced to your notice if I had had the honor of being with you. My son unfortunately knows nothing about wine."

Allan felt his false position in the neighborhood far too acutely to be capable of talking of any thing but the main business of the evening. His lawyer's politely roundabout method of approaching the painful subject to be discussed between them rather irritated than composed him. He came at once to the point in his own bluntly straightforward way.

"The hotel was very comfortable, Mr. Pedgift, and your son was very kind to me. But we are not in London now; and I want to talk to you about how I am to meet the lies that are being told of me in this place. Only point me out any one man," cried Allan, with a rising voice and a mounting color—"any one man who says I am afraid to show my face in the neighborhood, and I'll horsewhip him publicly before another day is over his head!"

Pedgift Senior helped himself to a pinch of snuff, and held it calmly in suspense midway between his box and his nose.

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"You can horsewhip a man, Sir; but you can't horsewhip a neighborhood," said the lawyer, in his politely epigrammatic manner. "We will fight our battle, if you please, without borrowing our weapons of the coachman yet a while, at any rate."

"But how are we to begin?" asked Allan, impatiently. "How am I to contradict the infamous things they say of me?"

"There are two ways of stepping out of your present awkward position, Sir—a short way and a long way," replied Pedgift Senior. "The short way (which is always the best) has occurred to me since I have heard of your proceedings in London from my son. I understand that you permitted him, after you received my letter, to take me into your confidence. I have drawn various conclusions from what he has told me, which I may find it necessary to trouble you with presently. In the mean time I should be glad to know under what circumstances you went to London to make these unfortunate inquiries about Miss Gwilt? Was it your own notion to pay that visit to Mrs. Mandeville? or were you acting under the influence of some other person?"

Allan hesitated. "I can't honestly tell you it was my own notion," he replied—and said no more.

"I thought as much!" remarked Pedgift Senior, in high triumph. "The short way out of our present difficulty, Mr. Armadale, lies straight through that other person, under whose influence you acted. That other person must be presented forthwith to public notice, and must stand in that other person's proper place. The name, if you please, Sir, to begin with—we'll come to the circumstances directly."

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Pedgift, that we must try the longest way, if you have no objection," replied Allan, quietly. "The short way happens to be a way I can't take on this occasion."

The men who rise in the law are the men who decline to take No for an answer. Mr. Pedgift the elder had risen in the law; and Mr. Pedgift the elder now declined to take No for an answer. But all pertinacity—even professional pertinacity included—sooner or later finds its limits; and the lawyer, doubly fortified as he was by long experience and copious pinches of snuff, found his limits at the very outset of the interview. It was impossible that Allan could respect the confidence which Mrs. Milroy had treacherously affected to place in him. But he had an honest man's regard for his own pledged word—the regard which looks straightforward at the fact, and which never glances sidelong at the circumstances—and the utmost persistency of Pedgift Senior failed to move him a hair's-breadth from the position which he had taken up. "No" is the strongest word in the English language, in the mouth of any man who has the courage to repeat it often enough—and Allan had the courage to repeat it often enough on this occasion.

"Very good, Sir," said the lawyer, accepting his defeat without the slightest loss of temper. "The choice rests with you, and you have chosen. We will go the long way. It starts (allow me to inform you) from my office; and it leads (as I strongly suspect) through a very miry road to—Miss Gwilt."

Allan looked at his legal adviser in speechless astonishment.

"If you won't expose the person who is responsible, in the first instance, Sir, for the inquiries to which you unfortunately lent yourself," proceeded Mr. Pedgift the elder, "the only other alternative, in your present position, is to justify the inquiries themselves."

"And how is that to be done?" inquired Allan.

"By proving to the whole neighborhood, Mr. Armadale, what I firmly believe to be the truth—that the pet object of the public protection is an adventuress of the worst class; an undeniably worthless and dangerous woman. In plainer English still, Sir, by employing time enough and money enough to discover the truth about Miss Gwilt."

Before Allan could say a word in answer there was an interruption at the door. After the usual preliminary knock one of the servants came in.

"I told you I was not to be interrupted," said Allan, irritably. "Good Heavens! am I never to have done with them? Another letter?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man, holding it out. "And," he added, speaking words of evil omen in his master's ears, "the person waits for an answer."

Allan looked at the address of the letter with a natural expectation of encountering the handwriting of the major's wife. The anticipation was not realized. His correspondent was plainly a lady, but the lady was not Mrs. Milroy.

"Who can it be?" he said, looking mechanically at Pedgift Senior as he opened the envelope.

Pedgift Senior gently tapped his snuff-box, and said, without a moment's hesitation, "Miss Gwilt."

Allan opened the letter. The first two words in it were the echo of the two words the lawyer had just pronounced. It *was* Miss Gwilt!

Once more Allan looked at his legal adviser in speechless astonishment.

"I have known a good many of them in my time, Sir," explained Pedgift Senior, with a modesty equally rare and becoming in a man of his age. "Not as handsome as Miss Gwilt, I admit. But quite as bad, I dare say. Read your letter, Mr. Armadale—read your letter."

Allan read these lines:

"Miss Gwilt presents her compliments to Mr. Armadale, and begs to know if it will be convenient to him to favor her with an interview either this evening or to-morrow morning. Miss Gwilt offers no apology for making her

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present request. She believes Mr. Armadale will grant it as an act of justice toward a friendless woman whom he has been innocently the means of injuring, and who is earnestly desirous to set herself right in his estimation."

Allan handed the letter to his lawyer in silent perplexity and distress.

The face of Mr. Pedgift the elder expressed but one feeling when he had read the letter in his turn and had handed it back—a feeling of profound admiration. "What a lawyer she would have made," he exclaimed, fervently, "if she had only been a man!"

"I can't treat this as lightly as you do, Mr. Pedgift," said Allan. "It's dreadfully distressing to me. I was so fond of her," he added, in a lower tone—"I was so fond of her once."

Mr. Pedgift Senior suddenly became serious on his side.

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that you actually contemplate seeing Miss Gwilt?" he asked, with an expression of genuine dismay.

"I can't treat her cruelly," returned Allan. "I have been the means of injuring her—without intending it, God knows! I can't treat her cruelly after that!"

"Mr. Armadale," said the lawyer, "you did me the honor a little while since to say that you considered me your friend. May I presume on that position to ask you a question or two before you go straight to your own ruin?"

"Any questions you like," said Allan, looking back at the letter—the only letter he had ever received from Miss Gwilt.

"You have had one trap set for you already, Sir, and you have fallen into it. Do you want to fall into another?"

"You know the answer to that question, Mr. Pedgift, as well as I do."

"I'll try again, Mr. Armadale; we lawyers are not easily discouraged. Do you think that any statement Miss Gwilt might make to you, if you do see her, would be a statement to be relied on, after what you and my son discovered in London?"

"She might explain what we discovered in London," suggested Allan, still looking at the writing, and thinking of the hand that had traced it.

"*Might* explain it? My dear Sir, she is quite certain to explain it! I will do her justice: I believe she would make out a case without a single flaw in it from beginning to end."

That last answer forced Allan's attention away from the letter. The lawyer's pitiless common sense showed him no mercy.

"If you see that woman again, Sir," proceeded Pedgift Senior, "you will commit the rashest act of folly I ever heard of in all my experience. She can have but one object in coming here—to practice on your weakness for her. Nobody can say into what false step she may not lead you, if you once give her the opportunity. You admit yourself that you have been fond of her—your attentions to her have been the subject of general remark—if you haven't actually offered her the chance of becoming Mrs. Armadale, you have done the next thing to it—and knowing all this, you propose to see her and to let her work on you with her devilish beauty and her devilish cleverness, in the character of your interesting victim! You, who are one of the best matches in England! You, who are the natural prey of all the hungry single women in the community! I never heard the like of it; I never, in all my professional experience, heard the like of it! If you must positively put yourself in a dangerous position, Mr. Armadale," concluded Pedgift the elder, with the everlasting pinch of snuff held in suspense between his box and his nose, "there's a wild-beast show coming to our town next week. Let in the tigress, Sir—don't let in Miss Gwilt!"

For the third time Allan looked at his lawyer. And for the third time his lawyer looked back at him quite unabashed.

"You seem to have a very bad opinion of Miss Gwilt," said Allan.

"The worst possible opinion, Mr. Armadale," retorted Pedgift Senior, coolly. "We will return to that when we have sent the lady's messenger about his business. Will you take my advice? Will you decline to see her?"

"I would willingly decline—it would be so dreadfully distressing to both of us," said Allan. "I would willingly decline, if I only knew how."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Armadale, it's easy enough! Don't commit yourself in writing. Send out to the messenger and say there's no answer."

The short course thus suggested was a course which Allan positively declined to take. "It's treating her brutally," he said; "I can't and won't do it."

Once more the pertinacity of Pedgift the elder found its limits, and once more that wise man yielded gracefully to a compromise. On receiving his client's promise not to see Miss Gwilt he consented to Allan's committing himself in writing—under his lawyer's dictation. The letter thus produced was modeled on Allan's own style; it began and ended in one sentence. "Mr. Armadale presents his compliments to Miss Gwilt, and regrets that he can not have the pleasure of seeing her at Thorpe-Ambrose." Allan had pleaded hard for a second sentence, explaining that he only declined Miss Gwilt's request from a conviction that an interview would be needlessly distressing on both sides. But his legal adviser firmly rejected the proposed addition to the letter. "When you say No to a woman, Sir," remarked Pedgift Senior, "always say it in one word. If you give her your reasons she invariably believes that you mean Yes."

Producing that little gem of wisdom from the rich mine of his professional experience, Mr. Pedgift the elder sent out the answer to Miss Gwilt's messenger, and recommended the serv-

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ant to "see the fellow, whoever he was, well clear of the house."

"Now, Sir," said the lawyer, "we will come back, if you like, to my opinion of Miss Gwilt. It doesn't at all agree with yours, I'm afraid. You think her an object of pity—quite natural at your age. I think her an object for the inside of a prison—quite natural at mine. You shall hear the grounds on which I have formed my opinion directly. Let me show you that I am in earnest by putting the opinion itself, in the first place, to a practical test. Do you think Miss Gwilt is likely to persist in paying you a visit, Mr. Armadale, after the answer you have just sent to her?"

"Quite impossible!" cried Allan, warmly. "Miss Gwilt is a lady; after the letter I have sent to her she will never come near me again."

"There we join issue, Sir," cried Pedgift Senior. "I say she will snap her fingers at your letter (which was one of the reasons why I objected to your writing it). I say, she is in all probability waiting her messenger's return, in or near your grounds at this moment. I say she will try to force her way in here before four-and-twenty hours more are over your head. Egad, Sir!" cried Mr. Pedgift, looking at his watch, "it's only seven o'clock now. She's bold enough and clever enough to catch you unawares this very evening. Permit me to ring for the servant—permit me to request that you will give him orders immediately to say you are not at home. You needn't hesitate, Mr. Armadale! If you're right about Miss Gwilt, it's a mere formality. If I'm right, it's a wise precaution. Back your opinion, Sir," said Mr. Pedgift, ringing the bell, "I'll back mine!"

Allan was sufficiently nettled when the bell rang to feel ready to give the order. But when the servant came in past remembrances got the better of him, and the words stuck in his throat. "You give the order," he said to Mr. Pedgift—and walked away abruptly to the window. "You're a good fellow!" thought the old lawyer, looking after him, and penetrating his motive on the instant. "The claws of that she-devil sha'n't scratch you if I can help it."

The servant waited inexorably for his orders.

"If Miss Gwilt calls here, either this evening or at any other time," said Pedgift Senior, "Mr. Armadale is not at home. Wait! If she asks when Mr. Armadale will be back, you don't know. Wait! If she proposes coming in and sitting down, you have a general order that nobody is to come in and sit down, unless they have a previous appointment with Mr. Armadale. Come!" cried old Pedgift, rubbing his hands cheerfully when the servant had left the room, "I've stopped her out now, at any rate! The orders are all given, Mr. Armadale. We may go on with our conversation."

Allan came back from the window. "The conversation is not a very pleasant one," he said. "No offense to you, but I wish it was over."

"We will get it over as soon as possible, Sir," said Pedgift Senior, still persisting as only lawyers and women *can* persist, in forcing his way little by little nearer and nearer to his own object. "Let us go back, if you please, to the practical suggestion which I offered to you when the servant came in with Miss Gwilt's note. There is, I repeat, only one way left for you, Mr. Armadale, out of your present awkward position. You must pursue your inquiries about this woman to an end—on the chance (which I consider next to a certainty) that the end will justify you in the estimation of the neighborhood."

"I wish to God I had never made any inquiries at all!" said Allan. "Nothing will induce me, Mr. Pedgift, to make any more."

"Why?" asked the lawyer.

"Can you ask me why," retorted Allan, hotly, "after your son has told you what we found out in London? Even if I had less cause to be—to be sorry for Miss Gwilt than I have; even if it was some other woman, do you think I would inquire any further into the secret of a poor betrayed creature—much less expose it to the neighborhood? I should think myself as great a scoundrel as the man who has cast her out helpless on the world if I did any thing of the kind. I wonder you can ask me the question—upon my soul, I wonder you can ask *me* the question!"

"Give me your hand, Mr. Armadale!" cried Pedgift Senior, warmly; "I honor you for being so angry with me. The neighborhood may say what it pleases; you're a gentleman, Sir, in the best sense of the word. Now," pursued the lawyer, dropping Allan's hand, and lapsing back instantly from sentiment to business, "just hear what I have got to say in my own defense. Suppose Miss Gwilt's real position happens to be nothing like what you are generously determined to believe it to be?"

"We have no reason to suppose that," said Allan, resolutely.

"Such is your opinion, Sir," persisted Pedgift. "Mine, founded on what is publicly known of Miss Gwilt's proceedings here, and on what I have seen of Miss Gwilt herself, is, that she is as far as I am from being the sentimental victim you are inclined to make her out. Gently, Mr. Armadale! remember that I have put my opinion to a practical test, and wait to condemn it off-hand until events have justified you. Let me put my points, Sir—make allowances for me as a lawyer—and let me put my points. you and my son are young men; and I don't deny that the circumstances, on the surface, appear to justify the interpretation which, as young men, you have placed on them. I am an old man—I know that circumstances are not always to be taken as they appear on the surface—and I possess the great advantage, in the present case, of having had years of professional experience among some of the wickedest women who ever walked this earth."

Allan opened his lips to protest, and checked

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himself, in despair of producing the slightest effect. Pedgift Senior bowed in polite acknowledgment of his client's self-restraint, and took instant advantage of it to go on.

"All Miss Gwilt's proceedings," he resumed, "since your unfortunate correspondence with the major, show me that she is an old hand at deceit. The moment she is threatened with exposure—exposure of some kind, there can be no doubt, after what you discovered in London—she turns your honorable silence to the best possible account, and leaves the major's service in the character of a martyr. Once out of the house, what does she do next? She boldly stops in the neighborhood, and serves three excellent purposes by doing so. In the first place, she shows every body that she is not afraid of facing another attack on her reputation. In the second place, she is close at hand to twist you round her little finger, and to become Mrs. Armadale in spite of circumstances, if you (and I) allow her the opportunity. In the third place, if you (and I) are wise enough to distrust her, she is equally wise on her side, and doesn't give us the first great chance of following her to London, and associating her with her accomplices. Is this the conduct of an unhappy woman who has lost her character in a moment of weakness, and who has been driven unwillingly into a deception to get it back again?"

"You put it cleverly," said Allan, answering with marked reluctance; "I can't deny that you put it cleverly."

"Your own common sense, Mr. Armadale, is beginning to tell you that I put it justly," said Pedgift Senior. "I don't presume to say yet what this woman's connection may be with those people at Pimlico. All I assert is, that it is not the connection you suppose. Having stated the facts so far, I have only to add my own personal impression of Miss Gwilt. I won't shock you, if I can help it—I'll try if I can't put it cleverly again. She came to my office (as I told you in my letter), no doubt to make friends with your lawyer, if she could—she came to tell me, in the most forgiving and Christian manner, that she didn't blame *you*."

"Do you ever believe in any body, Mr. Pedgift?" interposed Allan.

"Sometimes, Mr. Armadale," returned Pedgift the elder, as unabashed as ever. "I believe as often as a lawyer can. To proceed, Sir. When I was in the criminal branch of practice it fell to my lot to take instructions for the defense of women committed for trial from the women's own lips. Whatever other difference there might be among them, I got, in time, to notice, among those who were particularly wicked and unquestionably guilty, one point in which they all resembled each other. Tall and short, old and young, handsome and ugly, they all had a secret self-possession that nothing could shake. On the surface they were as different as possible. Some of them were in a state of indignation; some of them were drowned in tears; some of them were full of pious confidence; and some of them were resolved to commit suicide before the night was out. But only put your finger suddenly on the weak point in the story told by any one of them, and there was an end of her rage, or her tears, or her piety, or her despair—and out came the genuine woman, in full possession of all her resources, with a neat little lie that exactly suited the circumstances of the case. Miss Gwilt was in tears, Sir—becoming tears that didn't make her nose red—and I put my finger suddenly on the weak point in *her* story. Down dropped her pathetic pocket-handkerchief from her beautiful blue eyes, and out came the genuine woman with the neat little lie that exactly suited the circumstances! I felt twenty years younger, Mr. Armadale, on the spot. I declare I thought I was in Newgate again, with my note-book in my hand, taking my instructions for the defense!"

"The next thing, you'll say, Mr. Pedgift," cried Allan, angrily, "is that Miss Gwilt has been in prison!"

Pedgift Senior calmly rapped his snuff-box, and had his answer ready at a moment's notice.

"She may have richly deserved to see the inside of a prison, Mr. Armadale; but, in the age we live in, that is one excellent reason for her never having been near any place of the kind. A prison, in the present tender state of public feeling, for a charming woman like Miss Gwilt! My dear Sir, if she had attempted to murder you or me, and if an inhuman judge and jury had decided on sending her to a prison, the first object of modern society would be to prevent her going into it; and, if that couldn't be done, the next object would be to let her out again as soon as possible. Read your newspaper, Mr. Armadale, and you'll find we live in piping times for the black sheep of the community—if they are only black enough. I insist on asserting, Sir, that we have got one of the blackest of the lot to deal with in this case. I insist on asserting that you have had the rare luck, in these unfortunate inquiries, to pitch on a woman who happens to be a fit object for inquiry, in the interests of the public protection. Differ with me as strongly as you please—but don't make up your mind finally about Miss Gwilt until events have put those two opposite opinions of ours to the test that I have proposed. A fairer test there can't be. I agree with you, that no lady worthy of the name could attempt to force her way in here after receiving your letter. But I deny that Miss Gwilt *is* worthy of the name; and I say she will try to force her way in here in spite of you."

"And I say she won't!" retorted Allan, firmly.

Pedgift Senior leaned back in his chair and smiled. There was a momentary silence—and in that silence the door-bell rang.

The lawyer and the client both looked expectantly in the direction of the hall.

"No!" cried Allan, more angrily than ever.

"Yes!" said Pedgift Senior, contradicting him with the utmost politeness.

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They waited the event. The opening of the house-door was audible, but the room was too far from it for the sound of voices to reach the ear as well. After a long interval of expectation the closing of the door was heard at last. Allan rose impetuously and rang the bell. Mr. Pedgift the elder sat sublimely calm, and enjoyed, with a gentle zest, the largest pinch of snuff he had taken yet.

"Any body for me?" asked Allan, when the servant came in.

The man looked at Pedgift Senior with an expression of unutterable reverence, and answered—"Miss Gwilt."

"I don't want to crow over you, Sir," said Mr. Pedgift the elder, when the servant had withdrawn. "But what do you think of Miss Gwilt *now*?"

Allan shook his head in silent discouragement and distress.

"Time is of some importance, Mr. Armadale. After what has just happened do you still object to taking the course I have had the honor of suggesting to you?"

"I can't, Mr. Pedgift," said Allan. "I can't be the means of disgracing her in the neighborhood. I would rather be disgraced myself—as I am."

"Let me put it in another way, Sir. Excuse my persisting. You have been very kind to me and my family; and I have a personal interest, as well as a professional interest in you. If you can't prevail on yourself to show this woman's character in its true light, will you take common precautions to prevent her doing any more harm? Will you consent to having her privately watched, as long as she remains in this neighborhood?"

For the second time Allan shook his head.

"Is that your final resolution, Sir?"

"It is, Mr. Pedgift; but I am much obliged to you for your advice, all the same."

Pedgift Senior rose in a state of gentle resignation, and took up his hat. "Good-evening, Sir," he said, and made sorrowfully for the door. Allan rose on his side, innocently supposing that the interview was at an end. Persons better acquainted with the diplomatic habits of his legal adviser would have recommended him to keep his seat. The time was ripe for "Pedgift's postscript," and the lawyer's indicative snuff-box was at that moment in one of his hands as he opened the door with the other.

"Good-evening," said Allan.

Pedgift Senior opened the door—stopped—considered—closed the door again—came back mysteriously with his pinch of snuff in suspense between his box and his nose—and repeating his invariable formula, "By-the-by, there's a point occurs to me," quietly resumed possession of his empty chair.

Allan, wondering, took the seat, in his turn, which he had just left. Lawyer and client looked at each other once more, and the inexhaustible interview began again.

CHAPTER VI.

PEDGIFT'S POSTSCRIPT.

"I MENTIONED that a point had occurred to me, Sir," remarked Pedgift Senior.

"You did," said Allan.

"Would you like to hear what it is, Mr. Armadale?"

"If you please," said Allan.

"With all my heart, Sir! This is the point. I attach considerable importance—if nothing else can be done—to having Miss Gwilt privately looked after, as long as she stops at Thorpe-Ambrose. It struck me just now at the door, Mr. Armadale, that what you are not willing to do for your own security you might be willing to do for the security of another person."

"What other person?" inquired Allan.

"A young lady who is a near neighbor of yours, Sir. Shall I mention the name, in confidence? Miss Milroy."

Allan started, and changed color.

"Miss Milroy!" he repeated. "Can *she* be concerned in this miserable business? I hope not, Mr. Pedgift; I sincerely hope not."

"I paid a visit, in your interests, Sir, at the cottage, this morning," proceeded Pedgift Senior. "You shall hear what happened there, and judge for yourself. Major Milroy has been expressing his opinion of you pretty freely; and I thought it highly desirable to give him a caution. It's always the way with those quiet addle-headed men—when they do once wake up, there's no reasoning with their obstinacy, and no quieting their violence. Well, Sir, this morning I went to the cottage. The major and Miss Neelie were both in the parlor—miss not looking so pretty as usual; pale, I thought, pale, and worn, and anxious. Up jumps the addle-headed major (I wouldn't give *that*, Mr. Armadale, for the brains of a man who can occupy himself for half his lifetime in making a clock!)—up jumps the addle-headed major, in the loftiest manner, and actually tries to look me down. Ha! ha! the idea of any body looking *me* down at my time of life. I behaved like a Christian; I nodded kindly to old What's-o'clock. 'Fine morning, major,' says I. 'Have you any business with me?' says he. 'Just a word,' says I. Miss Neelie, like the sensible girl she is, gets up to leave the room; and what does her ridiculous father do? He stops her. 'You needn't go, my dear; I have nothing to say to Mr. Pedgift,' says this old military idiot, and turns my way, and tries to look me down again. 'You are Mr. Armadale's lawyer,' says he; 'if you come on any business relating to Mr. Armadale, I refer you to my solicitor.' (His solicitor is Darch; and Darch has had enough of *me* in business, I can tell you!) 'My errand here, major, does certainly relate to Mr. Armadale,' says I; 'but it doesn't concern your lawyer—at any rate, just yet. I wish to caution you to suspend your opinion of my client, or, if you won't do that, to be careful how you express it in public. I warn you that our turn is to come, and that you

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are not at the end yet of this scandal about Miss Gwilt.' It struck me as likely that he would lose his temper when he found himself tackled in that way, and he amply fulfilled my expectations. He was quite violent in his language—the poor weak creature—actually violent with *me!* I behaved like a Christian again; I nodded kindly, and wished him good-morning. When I looked round to wish Miss Neelie good-morning too, she was gone. You seem restless, Mr. Armadale," remarked Pedgift Senior, as Allan, feeling the sting of old recollections, suddenly started out of his chair, and began pacing up and down the room. "I won't try your patience much longer, Sir; I am coming to the point."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pedgift," said Allan, returning to his seat, and trying to look composedly at the lawyer through the intervening image of Neelie which the lawyer had called up.

"Well, Sir, I left the cottage," resumed Pedgift Senior. "Just as I turned the corner from the garden into the park, who should I stumble on but Miss Neelie herself, evidently on the look-out for me? 'I want to speak to you for one moment, Mr. Pedgift!' says she. 'Does Mr. Armadale think *me* mixed up in this matter?' She was violently agitated—tears in her eyes, Sir, of the sort which my legal experience has *not* accustomed me to see. I quite forgot myself; I actually gave her my arm, and led her away gently among the trees. (A nice position to find me in, if any of the scandal-mongers of the town had happened to be walking in that direction!) 'My dear Miss Milroy,' says I, 'why should Mr. Armadale think *you* mixed up in it?'"

"You ought to have told her at once that I thought nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Allan, indignantly. "Why did you leave her a moment in doubt about it?"

"Because I am a lawyer, Mr. Armadale," rejoined Pedgift Senior, dryly. "Even in moments of sentiment, under convenient trees, with a pretty girl on my arm, I can't entirely divest myself of my professional caution. Don't look distressed, Sir, pray! I set things right in due course of time. Before I left Miss Milroy I told her, in the plainest terms, no such idea had ever entered your head."

"Did she seem relieved?" asked Allan.

"She was able to dispense with the use of my arm, Sir," replied old Mr. Pedgift, as dryly as ever, "and to pledge me to inviolable secrecy on the subject of our interview. She was particularly desirous that *you* should hear nothing about it. If you are at all anxious on your side to know why I am now betraying her confidence, I beg to inform you that her confidence related to no less a person than the lady who favored you with a call just now—Miss Gwilt."

Allan, who had been once more restlessly pacing the room, stopped, and returned to his chair.

"Is this serious?" he asked.

"Most serious, Sir," returned Pedgift Senior. "I am betraying Miss Neelie's secret in Miss Neelie's own interest. Let us go back to that cautious question I put to her. She found some little difficulty in answering it—for the reply involved her in a narrative of the parting interview between her governess and herself. This is the substance of it. The two were alone when Miss Gwilt took leave of her pupil; and the words she used (as reported to me by Miss Neelie) were these. She said, 'Your mother has declined to allow me to take leave of her. Do you decline too?' Miss Neelie's answer was a remarkably sensible one for a girl of her age. 'We have not been good friends,' she said, 'and I believe we are equally glad to part with each other. But I have no wish to decline taking leave of you.' Saying that, she held out her hand. Miss Gwilt stood looking at her steadily, without taking it, and addressed her in these words: '*You are not Mrs. Armadale yet.*' Gently, Sir! Keep your temper. It's not at all wonderful that a woman conscious of having her own mercenary designs on you, should attribute similar designs to a young lady who happens to be your near neighbor. Let me go on. Miss Neelie, by her own confession (and quite naturally, I think), was excessively indignant. She owns to having answered, 'You shameless creature, how dare you say that to me!' Miss Gwilt's rejoinder was rather a remarkable one—the anger on her side appears to have been of the cool, still, venomous kind. 'Nobody ever yet injured me, Miss Milroy,' she said, 'without sooner or later bitterly repenting it. *You* will bitterly repent it.' She stood looking at her pupil for a moment in dead silence, and then left the room. Miss Neelie appears to have felt the imputation fastened on her in connection with you far more sensitively than she felt the threat. She had previously known, as every body had known in the house, that some unacknowledged proceedings of yours in London had led to Miss Gwilt's voluntary withdrawal from her situation. And she now inferred, from the language addressed to her, that she was actually believed by Miss Gwilt to have set those proceedings on foot to advance herself, and to injure her governess, in your estimation. Gently, Sir, gently! I haven't quite done yet. As soon as Miss Neelie had recovered herself she went up stairs to speak to Mrs. Milroy. Miss Gwilt's abominable imputation had taken her by surprise; and she went to her mother first for enlightenment and advice. She got neither the one nor the other. Mrs. Milroy declared she was too ill to enter on the subject, and she has remained too ill to enter on it ever since. Miss Neelie applied next to her father. The major stopped her the moment your name passed her lips: he declared he would never hear you mentioned again by any member of his family. She has been left in the dark from that time to this—not knowing how she might have been misrepresented by Miss Gwilt, or what falsehoods you might have been led to believe of her. At my age and in my profession I don't profess to have any extraor-

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dinary softness of heart. But I do think, Mr. Armadale, that Miss Neelie's position deserves our sympathy."

"I'll do any thing to help her!" cried Allan, impulsively. "You don't know, Mr. Pedgift, what reason I have—" He checked himself, and confusedly repeated his first words. "I'll do any thing," he reiterated, earnestly—"any thing in the world to help her!"

"Do you really mean that, Mr. Armadale? Excuse my asking—but you can very materially help Miss Neelie if you choose."

"How?" asked Allan. "Only tell me how."

"By giving me your authority, Sir, to protect her from Miss Gwilt."

Having fired that shot point-blank at his client, the wise lawyer waited a little to let it take its effect before he said any more.

Allan's face clouded, and he shifted uneasily from side to side of his chair.

"Your son is hard enough to deal with, Mr. Pedgift," he said. "And you are harder than your son."

"Thank you, Sir," rejoined the ready Pedgift, "in my son's name and my own for a handsome compliment to the firm. If you really wish to be of assistance to Miss Neelie," he went on more seriously, "I have shown you the way. You can do nothing to quiet her anxiety which I have not done already. As soon as I had assured her that no misconception of her conduct existed in your mind, she went away satisfied. Her governess's parting threat doesn't seem to have dwelt on her memory. I can tell you, Mr. Armadale, it dwells on mine! You know my opinion of Miss Gwilt; and you know what Miss Gwilt herself has done this very evening to justify that opinion even in your eyes. May I ask, after all that has passed, whether you think she is the sort of woman who can be trusted to confine herself to empty threats?"

The question was a formidable one to answer. Forced steadily back from the position which he had occupied at the outset of the interview by the irresistible pressure of plain facts, Allan began for the first time to show symptoms of yielding on the subject of Miss Gwilt. "Is there no other way of protecting Miss Milroy but the way you have mentioned?" he asked, uneasily.

"Do you think the major would listen to you, Sir, if you spoke to him?" asked Pedgift Senior, sarcastically; "I'm rather afraid he wouldn't honor *me* with his attention. Or perhaps you would prefer alarming Miss Neelie by telling her in plain words that we both think her in danger? Or, suppose you send me to Miss Gwilt, with instructions to inform her that she has done her pupil a cruel injustice? Women are so proverbially ready to listen to reason; and they are so universally disposed to alter their opinions of each other on application—especially when one woman thinks that another woman has destroyed her prospect of making a good marriage. Don't mind *me*, Mr. Armadale—I'm only a lawyer, and I can sit water-proof under another shower of Miss Gwilt's tears!"

"Damn it, Mr. Pedgift, tell me in plain words what you want to do!" cried Allan, losing his temper at last.

"In plain words, Mr. Armadale, I want to keep Miss Gwilt's proceedings privately under view, as long as she stops in this neighborhood. I answer for finding a person who will look after her delicately and discreetly. And I agree to discontinue even this harmless superintendence of her actions, if there isn't good reason shown for continuing it, to your entire satisfaction, in a week's time. I make that moderate proposal, Sir, in what I sincerely believe to be Miss Milroy's interest, and I wait your answer, Yes or No."

"Can't I have time to consider?" asked Allan, driven to the last helpless expedient of taking refuge in delay.

"Certainly, Mr. Armadale. But don't forget, while you are considering, that Miss Milroy is in the habit of walking out alone in your park, innocent of all apprehension of danger—and that Miss Gwilt is perfectly free to take any advantage of that circumstance that Miss Gwilt pleases."

"Do as you like!" exclaimed Allan in despair. "And, for God's sake, don't torment me any longer!"

Popular prejudice may deny it—but the profession of the law is a practically Christian profession in one respect at least. Of all the large collection of ready answers lying in wait for mankind on a lawyer's lips, none is kept in better working order than "the soft answer which turneth away wrath." Pedgift Senior rose with the alacrity of youth in his legs, and the wise moderation of age on his tongue. "Many thanks, Sir," he said, "for the attention you have bestowed on me. I congratulate you on your decision, and I wish you good-evening." This time his indicative snuff-box was not in his hand when he opened the door, and he actually disappeared without coming back for a second postscript.

Allan's head sank on his breast when he was left alone. "If it was only the end of the week!" he thought, longingly. "If I only had Midwinter back again!"

As that aspiration escaped the client's lips the lawyer got gayly into his gig. "Hie away, old girl!" cried Pedgift Senior, patting the fast-trotting mare with the end of his whip. "I never keep a lady waiting—and I've got business to-night with one of your own sex!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MISS GWILT.

THE outskirts of the little town of Thorpe-Ambrose, on the side nearest to "the great house," have earned some local celebrity as exhibiting the prettiest suburb of the kind to be

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found in East Norfolk. Here the villas and gardens are for the most part built and laid out in excellent taste; the trees are in the prime of their growth; and the heathy common beyond the houses rises and falls in picturesque and delightful variety of broken ground. The rank, fashion, and beauty of the town make this place their evening promenade; and when a stranger goes out for a drive, if he leaves it to the coachman, the coachman starts by way of the common as a matter of course.

On the opposite side, that is to say, on the side farthest from "the great house," the suburbs (in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one) were universally regarded as a sore subject by all persons zealous for the reputation of the town.

Here Nature was uninviting; man was poor, and social progress, as exhibited under the form of building, halted miserably. The streets dwindled feebly as they receded from the centre of the town into smaller and smaller houses, and died away on the barren open ground into an atrophy of skeleton cottages. Builders hereabouts appeared to have universally abandoned their work in the first stage of its creation. Landholders set up poles on lost patches of ground; and, plaintively advertising that they were to let for building, raised sickly little crops meanwhile, in despair of finding a purchaser to deal with them. All the waste paper of the town seemed to float congenially to this neglected spot; and all the fretful children came and cried here, in charge of all the slatternly nurses who disgraced the place. If there was any intention in Thorpe-Ambrose of sending a worn-out horse to the knackers, that horse was sure to be found waiting his doom in a field on this side of the town. No growth flourished in these desert regions but the arid growth of rubbish; and no human creatures rejoiced but the creatures of the night—the vermin here and there in the beds, and the cats every where on the tiles.

The sun had set, and the summer twilight was darkening. The fretful children were crying in their cradles; the horse destined for the knacker dozed forlorn in the field of his imprisonment; the cats waited stealthily in corners for the coming night. But one living figure appeared in the lonely suburb—the figure of Mr. Bashwood. But one faint sound disturbed the dreadful silence—the sound of Mr. Bashwood's softly-stepping feet.

Moving slowly past the heaps of bricks rising at intervals along the road; coasting carefully round the old iron and the broken tiles scattered here and there in his path, Mr. Bashwood advanced from the direction of the country toward one of the unfinished streets of the suburb. His personal appearance had been apparently made the object of some special attention. His false teeth were brilliantly white; his wig was carefully brushed; his mourning garments, renewed throughout, gleamed with the hideous and slimy gloss of cheap black cloth. He moved with a nervous jauntiness, and looked about him with a vacant smile. Having reached the first of the skeleton cottages, his watery eyes settled steadily for the first time on the view of the street before him. The next instant he started; his breath quickened; he leaned trembling and flushing against the unfinished wall at his side. A lady, still at some distance, was advancing toward him down the length of the street. "She's coming!" he whispered, with a strange mixture of rapture and fear, of alternating color and paleness, showing itself in his haggard face. "I wish I was the ground she treads on! I wish I was the glove she's got on her hand!" He burst ecstatically into those extravagant words, with a concentrated intensity of delight in uttering them that actually shook his feeble figure from head to foot.

Smoothly and gracefully the lady glided nearer and nearer, until she revealed to Mr. Bashwood's eyes what Mr. Bashwood's instincts had recognized in the first instance—the face of Miss Gwilt.

She was dressed with an exquisitely expressive economy of outlay. The plainest straw bonnet procurable, trimmed sparingly with the cheapest white ribbon, was on her head. Modest and tasteful poverty expressed itself in the speckless cleanliness and the modestly-proportioned skirts of her light "print" gown, and in the scanty little mantilla of cheap black silk which she wore over it, edged with a simple frilling of the same material. The lustre of her terrible red hair showed itself unshrinkingly in a plaited coronet above her forehead, and escaped in one vagrant love-lock, perfectly curled, that dropped over her left shoulder. Her gloves, fitting her like a second skin, were of the sober brown hue which is slowest to show signs of use. One hand lifted her dress daintily above the impurities of the road; the other held a little nosegay of the commonest garden flowers. Noiselessly and smoothly she came on, with a gentle and regular undulation of the print gown; with the love-lock softly lifted from moment to moment in the evening breeze; with her head a little drooped, and her eyes on the ground—in walk, and look, and manner, in every casual movement that escaped her, expressing that subtle mixture of the voluptuous and the modest which, of the many attractive extremes that meet in women, is in a man's eyes the most irresistible of all.

"Mr. Bashwood!" she exclaimed, in loud, clear tones, indicative of the utmost astonishment, "what a surprise to find you here! I thought none but the wretched inhabitants ever ventured near this side of the town. Hush!" she added quickly, in a whisper.—"You heard right when you heard that Mr. Armadale was going to have me followed and watched. There's a man behind one of the houses. We must talk out loud of indifferent things, and look as if we had met by accident. Ask me what I am doing. Out loud! Directly! You shall never

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see me again if you don't instantly leave off trembling and do what I tell you!"

She spoke with a merciless tyranny of eye and voice—with a merciless use of her power over the feeble creature whom she addressed. Mr. Bashwood obeyed her in tones that quavered with agitation, and with eyes that devoured her beauty in a strange fascination of terror and delight.

"I am trying to earn a little money by teaching music," she said, in the voice intended to reach the spy's ears. "If you are able to recommend me any pupils, Mr. Bashwood, your good word will oblige me. Have you been in the grounds to-day?" she went on, dropping her voice again to a whisper. "Has Mr. Armadale been near the cottage? Has Miss Milroy been out of the garden? No? Are you sure? Look out for them to-morrow, and next day, and next day. They are certain to meet and make it up again, and I must and will know of it. Hush! Ask me my terms for teaching music. What are you frightened about? It's me the man's after—not you. Louder than when you asked me what I was doing just now; louder, or I won't trust you any more; I'll go to somebody else!"

Once more Mr. Bashwood obeyed. "Don't be angry with me," he murmured faintly, when he had spoken the necessary words. "My heart beats so—you'll kill me!"

"You poor old dear!" she whispered back, with a sudden change in her manner—with an easy, satirical tenderness. "What business have you with a heart at your age? Be here to-morrow at the same time, and tell me what you have seen in the grounds. My terms are only five shillings a lesson," she went on, in her louder tone; "I'm sure that's not much, Mr. Bashwood—I give such long lessons, and I get all my pupils' music half price." She suddenly dropped her voice again, and looked him brightly into instant subjection. "Don't let Mr. Armadale out of your sight to-morrow! If that girl manages to speak to him, and if I don't hear of it, I'll frighten you to death. If I *do* hear of it I'll kiss you! Hush! Wish me good-night, and go on to the town, and leave me to go the other way. I don't want you—I'm not afraid of the man behind the houses; I can deal with him by myself. Say good-night, and I'll let you shake hands. Say it louder, and I'll give you one of my flowers, if you'll promise not to fall in love with it." She raised her voice again. "Good-night, Mr. Bashwood! Don't forget my terms. Five shillings a lesson, and the lessons last an hour at a time, and I get all my pupils' music half price, which is an immense advantage, isn't it?" She slipped a flower into his hand—frowned him into obedience, and smiled to reward him for obeying, at the same moment—lifted her dress again above the impurities of the road—and went on her way with a dainty and indolent deliberation, as a cat goes on her way when she has exhausted the enjoyment of frightening a mouse.

Left alone, Mr. Bashwood turned to the low cottage wall near which he had been standing, and, resting himself on it wearily, looked at the flower in his hand. His past existence had disciplined him to bear disaster and insult as few happier men could have borne them, but it had not prepared him to feel the master-passion of humanity, for the first time, at the dreary end of his life, in the hopeless decay of a manhood that had withered under the double blight of conjugal disappointment and parental sorrow. "Oh, if I was only young again!" murmured the poor wretch, resting his arms on the wall, and touching the flower with his dry, fevered lips, in a stealthy rapture of tenderness. "She might have liked me when I was twenty!" He suddenly started back into an erect position, and stared about him in vacant bewilderment and terror. "She told me to go home," he said, with a startled look. "Why am I stopping here?" He turned, and hurried on to the town—in such dread of her anger, if she looked round and saw him, that he never so much as ventured on a backward glance at the road by which she had retired, and never detected the spy dogging her footsteps, under cover of the empty houses and the brick-heaps by the roadside.

Smoothly and gracefully, carefully preserving the speckless integrity of her dress, never hastening her pace, and never looking aside to the right hand or the left, Miss Gwilt pursued her way toward the open country. The suburban road branched off at its end in two directions. On the left, the path wound through a ragged little coppice, to the grazing grounds of a neighboring farm. On the right, it led across a hillock of waste land to the high-road. Stopping a moment to consider, but not showing the spy that she suspected him, by glancing behind her, while there was a hiding-place within his reach, Miss Gwilt took the path across the hillock. "I'll catch him there," she said to herself, looking up quietly at the long straight line of the empty high-road. Once on the ground that she had chosen for her purpose she met the difficulties of the position with perfect tact and self-possession. After walking some thirty yards along the road she let her nosegay drop—half turned round, in stooping to pick it up—saw the man stopping at the same moment behind her—and instantly went on again, quickening her pace, little by little, until she was walking at the top of her speed. The spy fell into the snare laid for him. Seeing the night coming, and fearing that he might lose sight of her in the darkness, he rapidly lessened the distance between them. Miss Gwilt went on faster and faster, till she plainly heard his footsteps behind her—then stopped—turned—and met the man face to face the next moment.

"My compliments to Mr. Armadale," she said, "and tell him I've caught you watching me."

"I'm not watching you, miss," retorted the spy, thrown off his guard by the daring plain-

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ness of the language in which she had spoken to him.

Miss Gwilt's eyes measured him contemptuously from head to foot. He was a weakly, undersized man. She was the taller and (quite possibly) the stronger of the two.

"Take your hat off, you blackguard, when you speak to a lady," she said, and tossed his hat in an instant across a ditch by which they were standing into a pool on the other side.

This time the spy was on his guard. He knew as well as Miss Gwilt knew the use which might be made of the precious minutes if he turned his back on her and crossed the ditch to recover his hat. "It's well for you you're a woman," he said, standing scowling at her bareheaded in the fast-darkening light.

Miss Gwilt glanced sidelong down the onward vista of the road, and saw, through the gathering obscurity, the solitary figure of a man rapidly advancing toward her. Some women would have noticed the approach of a stranger at that hour and in that lonely place with a certain anxiety. Miss Gwilt was too confident in her own powers of persuasion not to count on the man's assistance beforehand, whoever he might be, *because* he was a man. She looked back at the spy with redoubled confidence in herself, and measured him contemptuously from head to foot for the second time.

"I wonder whether I'm strong enough to throw you after your hat?" she said. "I'll take a turn and consider it."

She sauntered on a few steps toward the figure advancing along the road. The spy followed her close. "Try it," he said, brutally. "You're a fine woman—you're welcome to put your arms round me if you like." As the words escaped him he too saw the stranger for the first time. He drew back a step and waited. Miss Gwilt, on her side, advanced a step and waited too.

The stranger came on, with the lithe light step of a practiced walker, swinging a stick in his hand, and carrying a knapsack on his shoulders. A few paces nearer and his face became visible. He was a dark man; his black hair was powdered with dust, and his black eyes were looking steadfastly forward along the road before him.

Miss Gwilt advanced with the first signs of agitation she had shown yet. "Is it possible?" she said, softly. "Can it really be you!"

It was Midwinter, on his way back to Thorpe-Ambrose, after his fortnight among the Yorkshire moors.

He stopped and looked at her, in breathless surprise. The image of the woman had been in his thoughts at the moment when the woman herself spoke to him. "Miss Gwilt!" he exclaimed, and mechanically held out his hand.

She took it, and pressed it gently. "I should have been glad to see you at any time," she said. "You don't know how glad I am to see you now. May I trouble you to speak to that man? He has been following me, and annoying me, all the way from the town."

Midwinter stepped past her, without uttering a word. Faint as the light was, the spy saw what was coming in his face, and turning instantly, leaped the ditch by the road-side. Before Midwinter could follow Miss Gwilt's hand was on his shoulder.

"No," she said. "You don't know who his employer is."

Midwinter stopped, and looked at her.

"Strange things have happened since you left us," she went on. "I have been forced to give up my situation, and I am followed and watched by a paid spy. Don't ask who forced me out of my situation, and who pays the spy—at least not just yet. I can't make up my mind to tell you till I am a little more composed. Let the wretch go. Do you mind seeing me safe back to my lodging? It's in your way home. May I—may I ask for the support of your arm? My little stock of courage is quite exhausted." She took his arm and clung close to it. The woman who had tyrannized over Mr. Bashwood was gone, and the woman who had tossed the spy's hat into the pool was gone. A timid, shrinking, interesting creature filled the fair skin, and trembled on the symmetrical limbs of Miss Gwilt. She put her handkerchief to her eyes. "They say necessity has no law," she murmured, faintly. "I am treating you like an old friend. God knows I want one!"

They went on toward the town. She recovered herself with a touching fortitude—she put her handkerchief back in her pocket, and persisted in turning the conversation on Midwinter's walking tour. "It is bad enough to be a burden on you," she said, gently pressing on his arm as she spoke. "I mustn't distress you as well. Tell me where you have been, and what you have seen. Interest me in your journey; help me to escape from myself."

They reached the modest little lodging, in the miserable little suburb. Miss Gwilt sighed, and removed her glove before she took Midwinter's hand. "I have taken refuge here," she said, simply. "It is clean and quiet—I am too poor to want or expect more. We must say good-by, I suppose, unless—" she hesitated modestly, and satisfied herself by a quick look round that they were unobserved—"unless you would like to come in and rest a little? I feel so gratefully toward you, Mr. Midwinter! Is there any harm, do you think, in my offering you a cup of tea?"

The magnetic influence of her touch was thrilling through him while she spoke. Change and absence, to which he had trusted to weaken her hold on him, had treacherously strengthened it instead. A man exceptionally sensitive, a man exceptionally pure in his past life, he stood hand in hand in the tempting secrecy of the night, with the first woman who had exercised over him the all-absorbing influence of her sex. At his age and in his position who could have left her? The man (with a man's tempera-

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ment) doesn't live who could have left her. Midwinter went in.

A stupid, sleepy lad opened the house-door. Even he, being a male creature, brightened under the influence of Miss Gwilt. "The urn, John," she said, kindly, "and another cup and saucer. I'll borrow your candle to light my candles up stairs—and then I won't trouble you any more to-night." John was wakeful and active in an instant. "No trouble, miss," he said, with awkward civility. Miss Gwilt took his candle with a smile. "How good people are to me!" she whispered, innocently, to Midwinter, as she led the way up stairs to the little drawing-room on the first-floor.

She lit the candles, and, turning quickly on her guest, stopped him at the first attempt he made to remove the knapsack from his shoulders. "No," she said, gently. "In the good old times there were occasions when the ladies unarmed their knights. I claim the privilege of unarming *my* knight." Her dextrous fingers intercepted his at the straps and buckles; and she had the dusty knapsack off before he could protest against her touching it.

They sat down at the one little table in the room. It was very poorly furnished—but there was something of the dainty neatness of the woman who inhabited it in the arrangement of the few poor ornaments on the chimney-piece, in the one or two prettily-bound volumes on the chiffonier, in the flowers on the table, and the modest little work-basket in the window. "Women are not all coquettes," she said, as she took off her bonnet and mantilla, and laid them carefully on a chair. "I won't go into my room, and look in my glass, and make myself smart: you shall take me just as I am." Her hands moved about among the tea-things with a smooth, noiseless activity. Her magnificent hair flashed crimson in the candle-light, as she turned her head hither and thither, searching, with an easy grace, for the things she wanted in the tray. Exercise had heightened the brilliancy of her complexion, and had quickened the rapid alternations of expression in her eyes—the delicious languor that stole over them when she was listening or thinking, the bright intelligence that flashed from them softly when she spoke. In the lightest word she said, in the least thing she did, there was something that gently solicited the heart of the man who sat with her. Perfectly modest in her manner, possessed to perfection of the graceful restraints and refinements of a lady, she had all the allurements that feast the eye, all the siren-invitations that seduce the sense—a subtle suggestiveness in her silence, and a sexual sorcery in her smile.

"Should I be wrong," she asked, suddenly suspending the conversation which she had thus far persistently restricted to the subject of Midwinter's walking tour, "if I guessed that you have something on your mind—something which neither my tea nor my talk can charm away? Are men as curious as women? Is the something—Me?"

Midwinter struggled against the fascination of looking at her and listening to her. "I am very anxious to hear what has happened since I have been away," he said. "But I am still more anxious, Miss Gwilt, not to distress you by speaking of a painful subject."

She looked at him gratefully. "It is for your sake that I have avoided the painful subject," she said, toying with her spoon among the dregs in her empty cup. "But you will hear about it from others if you don't hear about it from me; and you ought to know why you found me in that strange situation, and why you see me here. Pray remember one thing to begin with. I don't blame your friend Mr. Armadale—I blame the people whose instrument he is."

Midwinter started. "Is it possible," he began, "that Allan can be in any way answerable—?" He stopped, and looked at Miss Gwilt in silent astonishment.

She gently laid her hand on his. "Don't be angry with me for only telling the truth," she said. "Your friend is answerable for every thing that has happened to me—innocently answerable, Mr. Midwinter, I firmly believe. We are both victims. *He* is the victim of his position as the richest single man in the neighborhood; and *I* am the victim of Miss Milroy's determination to marry him."

"Miss Milroy?" repeated Midwinter, more and more astonished. "Why? Allan himself told me—" He stopped again.

"He told you that I was the object of his admiration? Poor fellow, he admires every body—his head is almost as empty as this," said Miss Gwilt, smiling indicatively into the hollow of her cup. She dropped the spoon, sighed, and became serious again. "I am guilty of the vanity of having let him admire me," she went on, penitently, "without the excuse of being able, on my side, to reciprocate even the passing interest that he felt in me. I don't undervalue his many admirable qualities, or the excellent position he can offer to his wife. But a woman's heart is not to be commanded—no, Mr. Midwinter, not even by the fortunate master of Thorpe-Ambrose who commands every thing else."

She looked him full in the face as she uttered that magnanimous sentiment. His eyes dropped before hers, and his dark color deepened. He had felt his heart leap in him at the declaration of her indifference to Allan. For the first time since they had known each other his interests now stood self-revealed before him as openly adverse to the interests of his friend.

"I have been guilty of the vanity of letting Mr. Armadale admire me, and I have suffered for it," resumed Miss Gwilt. "If there had been any confidence between my pupil and me, I might have easily satisfied her that she might become Mrs. Armadale—if she could—without having any rivalry to fear on my part. But Miss Milroy disliked and distrusted me from the first. She took her own jealous view, no doubt, of Mr. Armadale's thoughtless attentions to me.

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It was her interest to destroy the position, such as it was, that I held in his estimation; and it is quite likely her mother assisted her. Mrs. Milroy had her motive also (which I am really ashamed to mention) for wishing to drive me out of the house. Any how, the conspiracy has succeeded. I have been forced (with Mr. Armadale's help) to leave the major's service. Don't be angry, Mr. Midwinter! don't form a hasty opinion! I dare say Miss Milroy has some good qualities, though I have not found them out; and I assure you again and again that I don't blame Mr. Armadale—I only blame the people whose instrument he is."

"How is he their instrument? How can he be the instrument of any enemy of yours?" asked Midwinter. "Pray excuse my anxiety, Miss Gwilt—Allan's good name is as dear to me as my own!"

Miss Gwilt's eyes turned full on him again, and Miss Gwilt's heart abandoned itself innocently to an outburst of enthusiasm. "How I admire your earnestness!" she said. "How I like your anxiety for your friend! Oh, if women could only form such friendships! Oh, you happy, happy men!" Her voice faltered, and her convenient tea-cup absorbed her for the third time. "I would give all the little beauty I possess," she said, "if I could only find such a friend as Mr. Armadale has found in *you*. I never shall, Mr. Midwinter, I never shall. Let us go back to what we were talking about. I can only tell you how your friend is concerned in my misfortunes, by telling you something first about myself. I am like many other governesses; I am the victim of sad domestic circumstances. It may be weak of me, but I have a horror of alluding to them among strangers. My silence about my family and my friends exposes me to misinterpretation in my dependent position. Does it do me any harm, Mr. Midwinter, in your estimation?"

"God forbid!" said Midwinter, fervently. "There is no man living," he went on, thinking of his own family story, "who has better reason to understand and respect your silence than I have."

Miss Gwilt seized his hand impulsively. "Oh," she said, "I knew it, the first moment I saw you! I knew that you, too, had suffered, that you too had sorrows which you kept sacred! Strange, strange sympathy! I believe in mesmerism—do you?" She suddenly recollected herself and shuddered. "Oh, what have I done? what must you think of me?" she exclaimed, as he yielded to the magnetic fascination of her touch, and forgetting every thing but the hand that lay warm in his own, bent over it and kissed it. "Spare me!" she said, faintly, as she felt the burning touch of his lips. "I am so friendless, I am so completely at your mercy!"

He turned away from her, and hid his face in his hands—he was trembling, and she saw it. She looked at him, while his face was hidden from her—she looked at him with a furtive interest and surprise. "How that man loves me!" she thought. "I wonder whether there was a time once when I might have loved *him*?"

The silence between them remained unbroken for some minutes. He had felt her appeal to his consideration as she had never expected or intended him to feel it—he shrank from looking at her or from speaking to her again.

"Shall I go on with my story?" she asked. "Shall we forget and forgive on both sides?" A woman's inveterate indulgence for every expression of a man's admiration which keeps within the limits of a personal respect curved her lips gently into a charming smile. She looked down meditatively at her dress, and brushed a crumb off her lap with a little fluttering sigh. "I was telling you," she went on, "of my reluctance to speak to strangers of my sad family story. It was in that way, as I afterward found out, that I laid myself open to Miss Milroy's malice and Miss Milroy's suspicion. Private inquiries about me were addressed to the lady who was my reference—at Miss Milroy's suggestion, in the first instance, I have no doubt. I am sorry to say this is not the worst of it. By some underhand means of which I am quite ignorant, Mr. Armadale's simplicity was imposed on—and when application was made secretly to my reference in London, it was made, Mr. Midwinter, through your friend."

Midwinter suddenly rose from his chair and looked at her. The fascination that she exercised over him, powerful as it was, became a suspended influence now that the plain disclosure came plainly at last from her lips. He looked at her, and sat down again like a man bewildered, without uttering a word.

"Remember how weak he is," pleaded Miss Gwilt, gently, "and make allowances for him as I do. The trifling accident of his failing to find my reference at the address given him seems, I can't imagine why, to have excited Mr. Armadale's suspicion. At any rate he remained in London. What he did there it is impossible for me to say. I was quite in the dark; I knew nothing; I distrusted nobody; I was as happy in my little round of duties as I could be with a pupil whose affections I had failed to win—when, one morning, to my indescribable astonishment, Major Milroy showed me a correspondence between Mr. Armadale and himself. He spoke to me in his wife's presence. Poor creature, I make no complaint of her—such affliction as she suffers excuses every thing. I wish I could give you some idea of the letters between Major Milroy and Mr. Armadale—but my head is only a woman's head, and I was so confused and distressed at the time! All I can tell you is, that Mr. Armadale chose to preserve silence about his proceedings in London under circumstances which made that silence a reflection on my character. The major was most kind; his confidence in me remained unshaken—but could his confidence protect me against his wife's prejudice and his daughter's ill-will? Oh the hardness of women to each other! Oh the humiliation if men only knew some of us as we really

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are! What could I do? I couldn't defend myself against mere imputations; and I couldn't remain in my situation after a slur had been cast on me. My pride (Heaven help me, I was brought up like a gentlewoman, and I have sensibilities that are not blunted even yet!)—my pride got the better of me, and I left my place. Don't let it distress you, Mr. Midwinter! There's a bright side to the picture. The ladies in the neighborhood have overwhelmed me with kindness; I have the prospect of getting pupils to teach; I am spared the mortification of going back to be a burden on my friends. The only complaint I have to make is, I think, a just one. Mr. Armadale has been back at Thorpe-Ambrose for some days. I have entreated him, by letter, to grant me an interview; to tell me what dreadful suspicions he has of me, and to let me set myself right in his estimation. Would you believe it? he has declined to see me—under the influence of others; not of his own free-will, I am sure! Cruel, isn't it? But he has even used me more cruelly still—he persists in suspecting me—it is he who is having me watched. Oh, Mr. Midwinter, don't hate me for telling you what you *must* know! The man you found persecuting me and frightening me to-night was only earning his money, after all, as Mr. Armadale's spy."

Once more Midwinter started to his feet; and this time the thoughts that were in him found their way into words.

"I can't believe it, I won't believe it!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "If the man told you that the man lied. I beg your pardon, Miss Gwilt; I beg your pardon from the bottom of my heart. Don't, pray don't think I doubt *you;* I only say there is some dreadful mistake. I am not sure that I understand as I ought all that you have told me. But this last infamous meanness of which you think Allan guilty, I *do* understand. I swear to you he is incapable of it! Some scoundrel has been taking advantage of him; some scoundrel has been using his name. I'll prove it to you if you will only give me time. Let me go and clear it up at once. I can't rest; I can't bear to think of it; I can't even enjoy the pleasure of being here. Oh," he burst out, desperately, "I'm sure you feel for me after what you have said—I feel so for *you!*"

He stopped in confusion. Miss Gwilt's eyes were looking at him again; and Miss Gwilt's hand had found its way once more into his own.

"You are the most generous of living men," she said, softly; "I will believe what you tell me to believe. Go," she added, in a whisper, suddenly releasing his hand and turning away from him. "For both our sakes, go!"

His heart beat fast; he looked at her as she dropped into a chair and put her handkerchief to her eyes. For one moment he hesitated—the next he snatched up his knapsack from the floor, and left her precipitately without a backward look or a parting word.

She rose when the door closed on him. A change came over her the instant she was alone. The color faded out of her cheeks; the beauty died out of her eyes; her face hardened horribly with a silent despair. "It's even baser work than I bargained for," she said, "to deceive *him.*" After pacing to and fro in the room for some minutes, she stopped wearily before the glass over the fire-place. "You strange creature!" she murmured, leaning her elbows on the mantle-piece, and languidly addressing the reflection of herself in the glass. "Have you got any conscience left? And has that man roused it?"

The reflection of her face changed slowly. The color returned to her cheeks, the delicious languor began to suffuse her eyes again. Her lips parted gently, and her quickening breath began to dim the surface of the glass. She drew back from it, after a moment's absorption in her own thoughts, with a start of terror. "What am I doing?" she asked herself in a sudden panic of astonishment. "Am I mad enough to be thinking of him in *that* way?"

She burst into a mocking laugh, and opened her desk on the table recklessly with a bang. "It's high time I had some talk with mother Jezebel," she said, and sat down to write to Mrs. Oldershaw.

"I have met with Mr. Midwinter," she began, "under very lucky circumstances; and I have made the most of my opportunity. He has just left me for his friend Armadale; and one of two good things will happen to-morrow. If they don't quarrel, the doors of Thorpe-Ambrose will be open to me again at Mr. Midwinter's intercession. If they do quarrel, I shall be the unhappy cause of it, and I shall find my way in for myself, on the purely Christian errand of reconciling them."

She hesitated at the next sentence, wrote the first few words of it, scratched them out again, and petulantly tore the letter into fragments, and threw the pen to the other end of the room. Turning quickly on her chair, she looked at the seat which Midwinter had occupied; her foot restlessly tapping the floor, and her handkerchief thrust like a gag between her clenched teeth. "Young as you are," she thought, with her mind reviving the image of him in the empty chair—"there has been something out of the common in *your* life—and I must and will know it!"

The house clock struck the hour and roused her. She sighed, and walking back to the glass, wearily loosened the fastenings of her dress; wearily removed the studs from the chemisette beneath it, and put them on the chimney-piece. She looked indolently at the reflected beauties of her neck and bosom, as she unplaited her hair and threw it back in one great mass over her shoulders. "Fancy," she thought, "if he saw me now!" She turned back to the table, and sighed again as she extinguished one of the candles and took the other in her hand. "Midwinter?" she said, as she passed through the folding-doors of the room to

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her bedchamber. "I don't believe in his name, to begin with!"

The night had advanced by more than an hour before Midwinter was back again at the great house.

Twice, well as the homeward way was known to him, he had strayed out of the right road. The events of the evening—the interview with Miss Gwilt herself, after his fortnight's solitary thinking of her; the extraordinary change that had taken place in her position since he had seen her last; and the startling assertion of Allan's connection with it—had all conspired to throw his mind into a state of ungovernable confusion. The darkness of the cloudy night added to his bewilderment. Even the familiar gates of Thorpe-Ambrose seemed strange to him. When he tried to think of it, it was a mystery to him how he had reached the place.

The front of the house was dark and closed for the night. Midwinter went round to the back. The sound of men's voices, as he advanced, caught his ear. They were soon distinguishable as the voices of the first and second footman, and the subject of conversation between them was their master.

"I'll bet you an even half-crown he's driven out of the neighborhood before another week is over his head," said the first footman.

"Done?" said the second. "He isn't as easy driven as you think."

"Isn't he?" retorted the other. "He'll be mobbed if he stops here! I tell you again, he's not satisfied with the mess he's got into already. I know it for certain he's having the governess watched."

At those words Midwinter mechanically checked himself before he turned the corner of the house. His first doubt of the result of his meditated appeal to Allan ran through him like a sudden chill. The influence exercised by the voice of public scandal is a force which acts in opposition to the ordinary law of mechanics. It is strongest, not by concentration, but by distribution. To the primary sound we may shut our ears; but the reverberation of it in echoes is irresistible. On his way back Midwinter's one desire had been to find Allan up and to speak to him immediately. His one hope now was to gain time to contend with the new doubts and to silence the new misgivings—his one present anxiety was to hear that Allan had gone to bed. He turned the corner of the house and presented himself before the men smoking their pipes in the back garden. As soon as their astonishment allowed them to speak they offered to rouse their master. Allan had given his friend up for that night and had gone to bed about half an hour since.

"It was my master's particular order, Sir," said the head footman, "that he was to be told of it if you came back."

"It is *my* particular request," returned Midwinter, "that you won't disturb him."

The men looked at each other wonderingly, as he took his candle and left them.

GOING AND COMING.

THE pleasant summer months, alas! have fled,
And mellow Autumn, with her fruits, is here,
Wearing the hectic flush upon her cheeks
Which marks the slow decadence of the year;
And through the leaves the sad winds softly moan
For the sweet summer which, alas! has flown.

No more I hear the cheery mowers sing
Down in the meadow where the grass grew tall,
No more I hear their scythe-blades blithely ring;
A tender purple mist hangs over all,
Veiling the valley and each wooded steep
Where nods the golden reed as if in sleep.

The restless bluebird through the wood flits by,
She utters scarce a note through all the day;
The blackbird's liquid voice has turned to dry—
Alas! alas! they soon will pass away!
And these bright tints which mark the closing year
Ere many days will wither and grow sere.

Here gazing on them, where I sit apart,
These leaves of gold, these berries of rich red,
I seem to see the ghost of War go by,
Leaving the traces of his bleeding tread
In these lone paths which skirt the solemn wood
Where oft I wander wrapt in silent mood.

And through the shadowy vista of the Past
Vanish his blood-stained robes, and roll away
The echoes of the battle's deafening blast;
And like the coming of the dawn of day,
Walks Peace within her vineyard, smiling Peace,
Parent of plenty and of large increase.

Too well I know these Autumn days must pass,
Like the dead Summer which has gone before;
These painted glories all must fade, alas!
Like hopes which perish and are known no more;
And down these walks the whirling leaf will go
On chilly winds that through December blow.

Already now on yonder mountain height
Sounds Winter's clarion wailing through the trees,
Calling his hosts from out the frozen North,
Where toppling icebergs sail the polar seas;
And streaming far across the lonely night
Shine the Aurora's quivering beams of light.

But though the Winter comes with sleet and snow,
And wailing winds that howl with voices drear,
Upon the hearth the ruddy flames shall glow,
And seated there with friends whom we hold dear,
Unmindful of the bitter, searching blast
We will not mourn the seasons that are past.

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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FOURTH. A TURNING.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW GRAINS OF PEPPER.

THE dolls' dress-maker went no more to the business-premises of Pubsey and Co. in St. Mary Axe, after chance had disclosed to her (as she supposed) the flinty and hypocritical character of Mr. Riah. She often moralized over her work on the tricks and the manners of that venerable cheat, but made her little purchases elsewhere, and lived a secluded life. After much consultation with herself, she decided not to put Lizzie Hexam on her guard against the old man, arguing that the disappointment of finding him out would come upon her quite soon enough. Therefore, in her communication with her friend by letter, she was silent on this theme, and principally dilated on the backslidings of her bad child, who every day grew worse and worse.

"You wicked old boy," Miss Wren would say to him, with a menacing forefinger, "you'll force me to run away from you, after all, you will; and then you'll shake to bits, and there'll be nobody to pick up the pieces!"

At this foreshadowing of a desolate decease the wicked old boy would whine and whimper, and would sit shaking himself into the lowest of low spirits, until such time as he could shake himself out of the house and shake another threepennyworth into himself. But dead drunk or dead sober (he had come to such a pass that he was least alive in the latter state), it was always on the conscience of the paralytic scarecrow that he had betrayed his sharp parent for sixty threepennyworths of rum, which were all gone, and that her sharpness would infallibly detect his having done it, sooner or later. All things considered therefore, and addition made of the state of his body to the state of his mind, the bed on which Mr. Dolls reposed was a bed of roses from which the flowers and leaves had entirely faded, leaving him to lie upon the thorns and stalks.

On a certain day Miss Wren was alone at her work, with the house-door set open for coolness, and was trolling in a small sweet voice a mournful little song which might have been the song of the doll she was dressing, bemoaning the brittleness and meltability of wax, when whom should she descry standing on the pavement, looking in at her, but Mr. Fledgeby.

"I thought it was you?" said Fledgeby, coming up the two steps.

"Did you?" Miss Wren retorted. "And I thought it was you, young man. Quite a coincidence. You're not mistaken, and I'm not mistaken. How clever we are!"

"Well, and how are you?" said Fledgeby.

"I am pretty much as usual, Sir," replied Miss Wren. "A very unfortunate parent, worried out of my life and senses by a very bad child."

Fledgeby's small eyes opened so wide that they might have passed for ordinary-sized eyes, as he stared about him for the very young person whom he supposed to be in question.

"But you're not a parent," said Miss Wren, "and consequently it's of no use talking to you upon a family subject.—To what am I to attribute the honor and favor?"

"To a wish to improve your acquaintance," Mr. Fledgeby replied.

Miss Wren, stopping to bite her thread, looked at him very knowingly.

"We never meet now," said Fledgeby; "do we?"

"No," said Miss Wren, chopping off the word.

"So I had a mind," pursued Fledgeby, "to come and have a talk with you about our dodging friend, the child of Israel."

"So *he* gave you my address; did he?" asked Miss Wren.

"I got it out of him," said Fledgeby, with a stammer.

"You seem to see a good deal of him," remarked Miss Wren, with shrewd distrust. "A good deal of him you seem to see, considering."

"Yes, I do," said Fledgeby. "Considering."

"Haven't you," inquired the dress-maker, bending over the doll on which her art was being exercised, "done interceding with him yet?"

"No," said Fledgeby, shaking his head.

"La! Been interceding with him all this time, and sticking to him still?" said Miss Wren, busy with her work.

"Sticking to him is the word," said Fledgeby.

Miss Wren pursued her occupation with a concentrated air, and asked, after an interval of silent industry:

"Are you in the army?"

"Not exactly," said Fledgeby, rather flattered by the question.

"Navy?" asked Miss Wren.

"N—no," said Fledgeby. He qualified these two negatives as if he were not absolutely in either service, but was almost in both.

"What are you then?" demanded Miss Wren.

"I am a gentleman, I am," said Fledgeby.

"Oh!" assented Jenny, screwing up her mouth with an appearance of conviction. "Yes, to be sure! That accounts for your having so much time to give to interceding. But only to think how kind and friendly a gentleman you must be!"

Mr. Fledgeby found that he was skating round a board marked Dangerous, and had better cut out a fresh track. "Let's get back to the dodg-

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erest of the dodgers," said he. "What's he up to in the case of your friend the handsome gal? He must have some object. What's his object?"

"Can not undertake to say, Sir, I am sure!" returned Miss Wren, composedly.

"He won't acknowledge where she's gone," said Fledgeby; "and I have a fancy that I should like to have another look at her. Now I know he knows where she is gone."

"Can not undertake to say, Sir, I am sure!" Miss Wren again rejoined.

"And you know where she is gone," hazarded Fledgeby.

"Can not undertake to say, Sir, really," replied Miss Wren.

The quaint little chin met Mr. Fledgeby's gaze with such a baffling hitch that that agreeable gentleman was for some time at a loss how to resume his fascinating part in the dialogue. At length he said:

"Miss Jenny!—That's your name, if I don't mistake?"

"Probably you don't mistake, Sir," was Miss Wren's cool answer; "because you had it on the best authority. Mine, you know."

"Miss Jenny! Instead of coming up and being dead, let's come out and look alive. It'll pay better, I assure you," said Fledgeby, bestowing an inveigling twinkle or two upon the dress-maker. "You'll find it pay better."

"Perhaps," said Miss Jenny, holding out her doll at arm's-length, and critically contemplating the effect of her art with her scissors on her lips and her head thrown back, as if her interest lay there, and not in the conversation; "perhaps you'll explain your meaning, young man, which is Greek to me.—You must have another touch of blue in your trimming, my dear." Having addressed the last remark to her fair client, Miss Wren proceeded to snip at some blue fragments that lay before her among fragments of all colors, and to thread a needle from a skein of blue silk.

"Look here," said Fledgeby.—"Are you attending?"

"I am attending, Sir," replied Miss Wren, without the slightest appearance of so doing. "Another touch of blue in your trimming, my dear."

"Well, look here," said Fledgeby, rather discouraged by the circumstances under which he found himself pursuing the conversation. "If you're attending—"

("Light blue, my sweet young lady," remarked Miss Wren, in a sprightly tone, "being best suited to your fair complexion and your flaxen curls.")

"I say, if you're attending," proceeded Fledgeby, "it'll pay better in this way. It'll lead in a roundabout manner to your buying damage and waste of Pubsey and Co. at a nominal price, or even getting it for nothing."

"Aha!" thought the dress-maker. "But you are not so roundabout, Little Eyes, that I don't notice your answering for Pubsey and Co. after all! Little Eyes, Little Eyes, you're too cunning by half."

"And I take it for granted," pursued Fledgeby, "that to get the most of your materials for nothing would be well worth your while, Miss Jenny?"

"You may take it for granted," returned the dress-maker with many knowing nods, "that it's always well worth my while to make money."

"Now," said Fledgeby, approvingly, "you're answering to a sensible purpose. Now, you're coming out and looking alive! So I make so free, Miss Jenny, as to offer the remark, that you and Judah were too thick together to last. You can't come to be intimate with such a deep file as Judah without beginning to see a little way into him, you know," said Fledgeby, with a wink.

"I must own," returned the dress-maker, with her eyes upon her work, "that we are not good friends at present."

"I know you're not good friends at present," said Fledgeby. "I know all about it. I should like to pay off Judah by not letting him have his own deep way in every thing. In most things he'll get it by hook or by crook, but—hang it all!—don't let him have his own deep way in every thing. That's too much." Mr. Fledgeby said this with some display of indignant warmth, as if he was counsel in the cause for Virtue.

"How can I prevent his having his own way?" began the dress-maker.

"Deep way, I called it," said Fledgeby.

"—His own deep way, in any thing?"

"I'll tell you," said Fledgeby. "I like to hear you ask it, because it's looking alive. It's what I should expect to find in one of your sagacious understanding. Now, candidly."

"Eh?" cried Miss Jenny.

"I said, now candidly," Mr. Fledgeby explained, a little put out.

"Oh-h!"

"I should be glad to countermine him respecting the handsome gal, your friend. He means something there. You may depend upon it, Judah means something there. He has a motive, and of course his motive is a dark motive. Now, whatever his motive is, it's necessary to his motive"—Mr. Fledgeby's constructive powers were not equal to the avoidance of some tautology here—"that it should be kept from me what he has done with her. So I put it to you, who know: What *has* he done with her? I ask no more. And is that asking much, when you understand that it will pay?"

Miss Jenny Wren, who had cast her eyes upon the bench again after her last interruption, sat looking at it, needle in hand but not working, for some moments. She then briskly resumed her work, and said, with a sidelong glance of her eyes and chin at Mr. Fledgeby,

"Where d'ye live?"

"Albany, Piccadilly," replied Fledgeby.

"When are you at home?"

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"When you like."

"Breakfast-time?" said Jenny, in her abruptest and shortest manner.

"No better time in the day," said Fledgeby.

"I'll look in upon you to-morrow, young man. Those two ladies," pointing to dolls, "have an appointment in Bond Street at ten precisely. When I've dropped 'em there I'll drive round to you." With a weird little laugh Miss Jenny pointed to her crutch-stick as her equipage.

"This is looking alive indeed!" cried Fledgeby, rising.

"Mark you! I promise you nothing," said the dolls' dress-maker, dabbing two dabs at him with her needle, as if she put out both his eyes.

"No, no. *I* understand," returned Fledgeby. "The damage and waste question shall be settled first. It shall be made to pay; don't you be afraid. Good-day, Miss Jenny."

"Good-day, young man."

Mr. Fledgeby's prepossessing form withdrew itself; and the little dress-maker, clipping and snipping and stitching, and stitching and snipping and clipping, fell to work at a great rate; musing and muttering all the time.

"Misty, misty, misty. Can't make it out. Little Eyes and the wolf in a conspiracy? Or Little Eyes and the wolf against one another? Can't make it out. My poor Lizzie, have they both designs against you, either way? Can't make it out. Is Little Eyes Pubsey, and the wolf Co? Can't make it out. Pubsey true to Co, and Co to Pubsey? Pubsey false to Co, and Co to Pubsey? Can't make it out. What said Little Eyes? 'Now, candidly?' Ah! However the cat jumps, *he*'s a liar. That's all I can make out at present; but you may go to bed in the Albany, Piccadilly, with *that* for your pillow, young man!" Thereupon the little dress-maker again dabbed out his eyes separately, and making a loop in the air of her thread and deftly catching it into a knot with her needle, seemed to bowstring him into the bargain.

For the terrors undergone by Mr. Dolls that evening when his little parent sat profoundly meditating over her work, and when he imagined himself found out, as often as she changed her attitude, or turned her eyes toward him, there is no adequate name. Moreover it was her habit to shake her head at that wretched old boy whenever she caught his eye as he shivered and shook. What are popularly called "the trembles" being in full force upon him that evening, and likewise what are popularly called "the horrors," he had a very bad time of it; which was not made better by his being so remorseful as frequently to moan "Sixty threepenn'orths." This imperfect sentence not being at all intelligible as a confession, but sounding like a Gargantuan order for a dram, brought him into new difficulties by occasioning his parent to pounce at him in a more than usually snappish manner, and to overwhelm him with bitter reproaches.

What was a bad time for Mr. Dolls could not fail to be a bad time for the dolls' dress-maker. However, she was on the alert next morning, and drove to Bond Street, and set down the two ladies punctually, and then directed her equipage to conduct her to the Albany. Arrived at the doorway of the house in which Mr. Fledgeby's chambers were, she found a lady standing there in a traveling dress, holding in her hand—of all things in the world—a gentleman's hat.

"You want some one?" said the lady in a stern manner.

"I am going up stairs to Mr. Fledgeby's."

"You can not do that at this moment. There is a gentleman with him. I am waiting for the gentleman. His business with Mr. Fledgeby will very soon be transacted, and then you can go up. Until the gentleman comes down, you must wait here."

While speaking, and afterward, the lady kept watchfully between her and the staircase, as if prepared to oppose her going up by force. The lady being of a stature to stop her with a hand, and looking mightily determined, the dress-maker stood still.

"Well? Why do you listen?" asked the lady.

"I am not listening," said the dress-maker.

"What do you hear?" asked the lady, altering her phrase.

"Is it a kind of a spluttering somewhere?" said the dress-maker, with an inquiring look.

"Mr. Fledgeby in his shower-bath, perhaps," remarked the lady, smiling.

"And somebody's beating a carpet, I think?"

"Mr. Fledgeby's carpet, I dare say," replied the smiling lady.

Miss Wren had a reasonably good eye for smiles, being well accustomed to them on the part of her young friends, though their smiles mostly ran smaller than in nature. But she had never seen so singular a smile as that upon this lady's face. It twitched her nostrils open in a remarkable manner, and contracted her lips and eyebrows. It was a smile of enjoyment too, though of such a fierce kind that Miss Wren thought she would rather not enjoy herself than do it in that way.

"Well!" said the lady, watching her. "What now?"

"I hope there's nothing the matter!" said the dress-maker.

"Where?" inquired the lady.

"I don't know where," said Miss Wren, staring about her. "But I never heard such odd noises. Don't you think I had better call somebody?"

"I think you had better not," returned the lady with a significant frown, and drawing closer.

On this hint the dress-maker relinquished the idea, and stood looking at the lady as hard as the lady looked at her. Meanwhile the dress-maker listened with amazement to the odd noises which still continued, and the lady listened too, but with a coolness in which there was no trace of amazement.

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Soon afterward came a slamming and banging of doors; and then came running down stairs a gentleman with whiskers, and out of breath, who seemed to be red-hot.

"Is your business done, Alfred?" inquired the lady.

"Very thoroughly done," replied the gentleman, as he took his hat from her.

"You can go up to Mr. Fledgeby as soon as you like," said the lady, moving haughtily away.

"Oh! And you can take these three pieces of stick with you," added the gentleman politely, "and say, if you please, that they come from Mr. Alfred Lammle, with his compliments on leaving England. Mr. Alfred Lammle. Be so good as not to forget the name."

The three pieces of stick were three broken and frayed fragments of a stout lithe cane. Miss Jenny taking them wonderingly, and the gentleman repeating with a grin, "Mr. Alfred Lammle, if you'll be so good. Compliments, on leaving England," the lady and gentleman walked away quite deliberately, and Miss Jenny and her crutch-stick went up stairs. "Lammle, Lammle, Lammle?" Miss Jenny repeated as she panted from stair to stair, "where have I heard that name? Lammle, Lammle? I know! Saint Mary Axe!"

With a gleam of new intelligence in her sharp face the dolls' dress-maker pulled at Fledgeby's bell. No one answered; but from within the chambers there proceeded a continuous spluttering sound of a highly singular and unintelligible nature.

"Good gracious! Is Little Eyes choking?" cried Miss Jenny.

Pulling at the bell again and getting no reply, she pushed the outer door, and found it standing ajar. No one being visible on her opening it wider, and the spluttering continuing, she took the liberty of opening an inner door, and then beheld the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Fledgeby in a shirt, a pair of Turkish trowsers, and a Turkish cap, rolling over and over on his own carpet, and spluttering wonderfully.

"Oh Lord!" gasped Mr. Fledgeby. "Oh my eye! Stop thief! I am strangling. Fire! Oh my eye! A glass of water. Give me a glass of water. Shut the door. Murder! Oh Lord!" And then rolled and spluttered more than ever.

Hurrying into another room, Miss Jenny got a glass of water, and brought it for Fledgeby's relief: who, gasping, spluttering, and rattling in his throat betweenwhiles, drank some water, and laid his head faintly on her arm.

"Oh my eye!" cried Fledgeby, struggling anew. "It's salt and snuff. It's up my nose, and down my throat, and in my windpipe. Ugh! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ah—h—h—h!" And here, crowing fearfully, with his eyes starting out of his head, appeared to be contending with every mortal disease incidental to poultry.

"And Oh my eye, I'm so sore!" cried Fledgeby, starting over on his back, in a spasmodic way that caused the dress-maker to retreat to the wall. "Oh I smart so! Do put something to my back and arms, and legs and shoulders. Ugh! It's down my throat again and can't come up. Ow! Ow! Ow! Ah—h—h—h! Oh I smart so!" Here Mr. Fledgeby bounded up, and bounded down, and went rolling over and over again.

The dolls' dress-maker looked on until he rolled himself into a corner with his Turkish slippers uppermost, and then, resolving in the first place to address her ministration to the salt and snuff, gave him more water and slapped his back. But the latter application was by no means a success, causing Mr. Fledgeby to scream, and to cry out, "Oh my eye! don't slap me! I'm covered with weales and I smart so!"

However, he gradually ceased to choke and crow, saving at intervals, and Miss Jenny got him into an easy-chair: where, with his eyes red and watery, with his features swollen, and with some half-dozen livid bars across his face, he presented a most rueful sight.

"What ever possessed you to take salt and snuff, young man?" inquired Miss Jenny.

"I didn't take it," the dismal youth replied. "It was crammed into my mouth."

"Who crammed it?" asked Miss Jenny.

"He did," answered Fledgeby. "The assassin. Lammle. He rubbed it into my mouth and up my nose and down my throat—Ow! Ow! Ow! Ah—h—h—h! Ugh!—to prevent my crying out, and then cruelly assaulted me."

"With this?" asked Miss Jenny, showing the pieces of cane.

"That's the weapon," said Fledgeby, eying it with the air of an acquaintance. "He broke it over me. Oh I smart so! How did you come by it?"

"When he ran down stairs and joined the lady he had left in the hall with his hat"—Miss Jenny began.

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Fledgeby, writhing, "she was holding his hat, was she? I might have known she was in it."

"When he came down stairs and joined the lady who wouldn't let me come up, he gave me the pieces for you, and I was to say, 'With Mr. Alfred Lammle's compliments on his leaving England.'" Miss Jenny said it with such spiteful satisfaction, and such a hitch of her chin and eyes as might have added to Mr. Fledgeby's miseries, if he could have noticed either, in his bodily pain with his hand to his head.

"Shall I go for the police?" inquired Miss Jenny, with a nimble start toward the door.

"Stop! No, don't!" cried Fledgeby. "Don't, please. We had better keep it quiet. Will you be so good as shut the door? Oh I do smart so!"

In testimony of the extent to which he smarted Mr. Fledgeby came wallowing out of the easy-chair and took another roll on the carpet.

"Now the door's shut," said Mr. Fledgeby,

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sitting up in anguish, with his Turkish cap half on and half off, and the bars on his face getting bluer, "do me the kindness to look at my back and shoulders. They must be in an awful state, for I hadn't got my dressing-gown on, when the brute came rushing in. Cut my shirt away from the collar; there's a pair of scissors on that table. "Oh!" groaned Mr. Fledgeby, with his hand to his head again. "How I do smart, to be sure!"

"There?" inquired Miss Jenny, alluding to the back and shoulders.

"Oh Lord, yes!" moaned Fledgeby, rocking himself. "And all over! Every where!"

The busy little dress-maker quickly snipped the shirt away, and laid bare the results of as furious and sound a thrashing as even Mr. Fledgeby merited. "You may well smart, young man!" exclaimed Miss Jenny. And stealthily rubbed her little hands behind him, and poked a few exultant pokes with her two forefingers over the crown of his head.

"What do you think of vinegar and brown paper?" inquired the suffering Fledgeby, still rocking and moaning. "Does it look as if vinegar and brown paper was the sort of application?"

"Yes," said Miss Jenny, with a silent chuckle. "It looks as if it ought to be Pickled."

Mr. Fledgeby collapsed under the word "Pickled," and groaned again. "My kitchen is on this floor," he said; "you'll find brown paper in a dresser-drawer there, and a bottle of vinegar on a shelf. Would you have the kindness to make a few plasters and put 'em on? It can't be kept too quiet."

"One, two — hum — five, six. You'll want six," said the dress-maker.

"There's smart enough," whimpered Mr. Fledgeby, groaning and writhing again, "for sixty."

Miss Jenny repaired to the kitchen, scissors in hand, found the brown paper and found the vinegar, and skillfully cut out and steeped six large plasters. When they were all lying ready on the dresser, an idea occurred to her as she was about to gather them up.

"I think," said Miss Jenny, with a silent laugh, "he ought to have a little pepper? Just a few grains? I think the young man's tricks and manners make a claim upon his friends for a little pepper?"

Mr. Fledgeby's evil star showing her the pepper-box on the chimney-piece, she climbed upon a chair and got it down, and sprinkled all the plasters with a judicious hand. She then went back to Mr. Fledgeby and stuck them all on him: Mr. Fledgeby uttering a sharp howl as each was put in its place.

"There, young man!" said the dolls' dress-maker. "Now I hope you feel pretty comfortable?"

Apparently Mr. Fledgeby did not, for he cried, by way of answer, "Oh—h how I do smart!"

Miss Jenny got his Persian gown upon him, extinguished his eyes crookedly with his Persian cap, and helped him to his bed: upon which he climbed groaning. "Business between you and me being out of the question to-day, young man, and my time being precious," said Miss Jenny then, "I'll make myself scarce. Are you comfortable now?"

"Oh my eye!" cried Mr. Fledgeby. "No, I ain't. Oh—h—h! how I do smart!"

The last thing Miss Jenny saw, as she looked back before closing the room door, was Mr. Fledgeby in the act of plunging and gamboling all over his bed, like a porpoise or dolphin in its native element. She then shut the bedroom door, and all the other doors, and going down stairs and emerging from the Albany into the busy streets, took omnibus for Saint Mary Axe: pressing on the road all the gayly-dressed ladies whom she could see from the window, and making them unconscious lay-figures for dolls, while she mentally cut them out and basted them.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO PLACES VACATED.

SET down by the omnibus at the corner of Saint Mary Axe, and trusting to her feet and her crutch-stick within its precincts, the dolls' dress-maker proceeded to the place of business of Pubsey and Co. All there was sunny and quiet externally, and shady and quiet internally. Hiding herself in the entry outside the glass door, she could see from that post of observation the old man in his spectacles sitting writing at his desk.

"Boh!" cried the dress-maker, popping in her head at the glass door. "Mr. Wolf at home?"

The old man took his glasses off, and mildly laid them down beside him. "Ah! Jenny, is it you? I though you had given me up."

"And so I had given up the treacherous wolf of the forest," she replied; "but, godmother, it strikes me you have come back. I am not quite sure, because the wolf and you change forms. I want to ask you a question or two, to find out whether you are really godmother or really wolf. May I?"

"Yes, Jenny, yes." But Riah glanced toward the door, as if he thought his principal might appear there, unseasonably.

"If you're afraid of the fox," said Miss Jenny, "you may dismiss all present expectations of seeing that animal. *He* won't show himself abroad for many a day."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"I mean, godmother," replied Miss Wren, sitting down beside the Jew, "that the fox has caught a famous flogging, and that if his skin and bones are not tingling, aching, and smarting at this present instant, no fox did ever tingle, ache, and smart." Therewith Miss Jenny re-

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lated what had come to pass in the Albany, omitting the few grains of pepper.

"Now, godmother," she went on, "I particularly wish to ask you what has taken place here since I left the wolf here? Because I have an idea about the size of a marble rolling about in my little noddle. First and foremost, are you Pubsey and Co., or are you either? Upon your solemn word and honor."

The old man shook his head.

"Secondly, isn't Fledgeby both Pubsey and Co.?"

The old man answered with a reluctant nod.

"My idea," exclaimed Miss Wren, "is now about the size of an orange. But before it gets any bigger, welcome back, dear godmother!"

The little creature folded her arms about the old man's neck with great earnestness, and kissed him. "I humbly beg your forgiveness, godmother. I am truly sorry. I ought to have had more faith in you. But what could I suppose when you said nothing for yourself, you know? I don't mean to offer that as a justification, but what could I suppose when you were a silent party to all he said? It did look bad; now didn't it?"

"It looked so bad, Jenny," responded the old man, with gravity, "that I will straightway tell you what an impression it wrought upon me. I was hateful in mine own eyes. I was hateful to myself, in being so hateful to the debtor and to you. But more than that, and worse than that, and to pass out far and broad beyond myself—I reflected that evening, sitting alone in my garden on the house-top, that I was doing dishonor to my ancient faith and race. I reflected—clearly reflected for the first time—that in bending my neck to the yoke I was willing to wear, I bent the unwilling necks of the whole Jewish people. For it is not, in Christian countries, with the Jews as with other peoples. Men say, 'This is a bad Greek, but there are good Greeks. This is a bad Turk, but there are good Turks.' Not so with the Jews. Men find the bad among us easily enough—among what peoples are the bad not easily found?—but they take the worst of us as samples of the best: they take the lowest of us as presentations of the highest; and they say, 'All Jews are alike.' If, doing what I was content to do here, because I was grateful for the past and have small need of money now, I had been a Christian, I could have done it, compromising no one but my individual self. But doing it as a Jew, I could not choose but compromise the Jews of all conditions and all countries. It is a little hard upon us, but it is the truth. I would that all our people remembered it! Though I have little right to say so, seeing that it came home so late to me."

The dolls' dress-maker sat holding the old man by the hand, and looking thoughtfully in his face.

"Thus I reflected, I say, sitting that evening in my garden on the house-top. And passing the painful scene of that day in review before me many times, I always saw that the poor gentleman believed the story readily, because I was one of the Jews—that you believed the story readily, my child, because I was one of the Jews—that the story itself first came into the invention of the originator thereof, because I was one of the Jews. This was the result of my having had you three before me, face to face, and seeing the thing visibly presented as upon a theatre. Wherefore I perceived that the obligation was upon me to leave this service. But Jenny, my dear," said Riah, breaking off, "I promised that you should pursue your questions, and I obstruct them."

"On the contrary, godmother; my idea is as large now as a pumpkin—and *you* know what a pumpkin is, don't you? So you gave notice that you were going? Does that come next?" asked Miss Jenny, with a look of close attention.

"I indited a letter to my master. Yes. To that effect."

"And what said Tingling-Tossing-Aching-Screaming-Scratching-Smarter?" asked Miss Wren, with an unspeakable enjoyment in the utterance of those honorable titles and in the recollection of the pepper.

"He held me to certain months of servitude, which were his lawful term of notice. They expire to-morrow. Upon their expiration—not before—I had meant to set myself right with my Cinderella."

"My idea is getting so immense now," cried Miss Wren, clasping her temples, "that my head won't hold it! Listen, godmother; I am going to expound. Little Eyes (that's Screaming-Scratching-Smarter) owes you a heavy grudge for going. Little Eyes casts about how best to pay you off. Little Eyes thinks of Lizzie. Little Eyes says to himself, 'I'll find out where he has placed that girl, and I'll betray his secret because it's dear to him.' Perhaps Little Eyes thinks, 'I'll make love to her myself too;' but that I can't swear—all the rest I can. So, Little Eyes comes to me, and I go to Little Eyes. That's the way of it. And now the murder's all out, I'm sorry," added the dolls' dress-maker, rigid from head to foot with energy as she shook her little fist before her eyes, "that I didn't give him Cayenne pepper and chopped pickled Capsicum!"

This expression of regret being but partially intelligible to Mr. Riah, the old man reverted to the injuries Fledgeby had received, and hinted at the necessity of his at once going to tend that beaten cur.

"Godmother, godmother, godmother!" cried Miss Wren irritably, "I really lose all patience with you. One would think you believed in the Good Samaritan. How can you be so inconsistent?"

"Jenny, dear," began the old man gently, "it is the custom of our people to help—"

"Oh! Bother your people!" interposed Miss Wren, with a toss of her head. "If your people don't know better than to go and help Little

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Eyes, it's a pity they ever got out of Egypt. Over and above that," she added, "he wouldn't take your help if you offered it. Too much ashamed. Wants to keep it close and quiet, and to keep you out of the way."

They were still debating this point when a shadow darkened the entry, and the glass door was opened by a messenger who brought a letter unceremoniously addressed, "Riah." To which he said there was an answer wanted.

The letter, which was scrawled in pencil up hill and down hill and round crooked corners, ran thus:

"OLD RIAH,—Your accounts being all squared, go. Shut up the place, turn out directly, and send me the key by bearer. Go. You are an unthankful dog of a Jew. Get out. F."

The dolls' dress-maker found it delicious to trace the screaming and smarting of Little Eyes in the distorted writing of this epistle. She laughed over it and jeered at it in a convenient corner (to the great astonishment of the messenger) while the old man got his few goods together in a black bag. That done, the shutters of the upper windows closed, and the office blind pulled down, they issued forth upon the steps with the attendant messenger. There, while Miss Jenny held the bag, the old man locked the house door, and handed over the key to him; who at once retired with the same.

"Well, godmother," said Miss Wren, as they remained upon the steps together, looking at one another. "And so you're thrown upon the world!"

"It would appear so, Jenny, and somewhat suddenly."

"Where are you going to seek your fortune?" asked Miss Wren.

The old man smiled, but looked about him with a look of having lost his way in life, which did not escape the dolls' dress-maker.

"Verily, Jenny," said he, "the question is to the purpose, and more easily asked than answered. But as I have experience of the ready goodwill and good help of those who have given occupation to Lizzie, I think I will seek them out for myself."

"On foot?" asked Miss Wren, with a chop.

"Ay!" said the old man. "Have I not my staff?"

It was exactly because he had his staff, and presented so quaint an aspect, that she mistrusted his making the journey.

"The best thing you can do," said Jenny, "for the time being, at all events, is to come home with me, godmother. Nobody's there but my bad child, and Lizzie's lodging stands empty." The old man when satisfied that no inconvenience could be entailed on any one by his compliance, readily complied; and the singularly-assorted couple once more went through the streets together.

Now, the bad child having been strictly charged by his parent to remain at home in her absence, of course went out; and, being in the very last stage of mental decrepitude, went out with two objects: firstly, to establish a claim he conceived himself to have upon any licensed victualer living, to be supplied with threepennyworth of rum for nothing; and, secondly, to bestow some maudlin remorse on Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, and see what profit came of it. Stumblingly pursuing these two designs—they both meant rum, the only meaning of which he was capable—the degraded creature staggered into Covent Garden Market and there bivouacked, to have an attack of the trembles succeeded by an attack of the horrors, in a doorway.

This market of Covent Garden was quite out the creature's line of road, but it had the attraction for him which it has for the worst of the solitary members of the drunken tribe. It may be the companionship of the nightly stir, or it may be the companionship of the gin and beer that slop about among carters and hucksters, or it may be the companionship of the trodden vegetable refuse, which is so like their own dress that perhaps they take the Market for a great wardrobe; but be it what it may, you shall see no such individual drunkards on doorsteps any where as there. Of dozing women-drunkards especially, you shall come upon such specimens there, in the morning sunlight, as you might seek out of doors in vain through London. Such stale, vapid, rejected cabbage-leaf and cabbage-stalk dress; such damaged orange countenance; such squashed pulp of humanity, are open to the day nowhere else. So the attraction of the Market drew Mr. Dolls to it, and he had out his two fits of trembles and horrors in a doorway on which a woman had had out her sodden nap a few hours before.

There is a swarm of young savages always flitting about this same place, creeping off with fragments of orange-chests, and mouldy litter—Heaven knows into what holes they can convey them, having no home!—whose bare feet fall with a blunt, dull softness on the pavement as the policeman hunts them, and who are (perhaps for that reason) little heard by the Powers that be, whereas in top-boots they would make a deafening clatter. These, delighting in the trembles and the horrors of Mr. Dolls, as in a gratuitous drama, flocked about him in his doorway, butted at him, leaped at him, and pelted him. Hence, when he came out of his invalid retirement and shook off that ragged train, he was much bespattered, and in worse case than ever. But not yet at his worst; for, going into a public house, and being supplied in stress of business with his rum, and seeking to vanish without payment, he was collared, searched, found penniless, and admonished not to try that again, by having a pail of dirty water cast over him. This application superinduced another fit of the trembles; after which Mr. Dolls, as finding himself in good cue for making a call on a professional friend, addressed himself to the Temple.

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There was nobody at the chambers but Young Blight. That discreet youth, sensible of a certain incongruity in the association of such a client with the business that might be coming some day, with the best intentions temporized with Dolls, and offered a shilling for coach-hire home. Mr. Dolls, accepting the shilling, promptly laid it out in two threepennyworths of conspiracy against his life, and two threepennyworths of raging repentance. Returning to the Chambers with which burden, he was descried coming round into the court by the wary young Blight watching from the window: who instantly closed the outer door, and left the miserable object to expend his fury on the panels.

The more the door resisted him the more dangerous and imminent became that bloody conspiracy against his life. Force of police arriving, he recognized in them the conspirators, and laid about him hoarsely, fiercely, staringly, convulsively, foamingly. A humble machine, familiar to the conspirators, and called by the expressive name of Stretcher, being unavoidably sent for, he was rendered a harmless bundle of torn rags by being strapped down upon it, with voice and consciousness gone out of him, and life fast going. As this machine was borne out at the Temple gate by four men the poor little dolls' dress-maker and her Jewish friend were coming up the street.

"Let us see what it is," cried the dress-maker. "Let us make haste and look, godmother."

The brisk little crutch-stick was but too brisk. "Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, he belongs to me!"

"Belongs to you?" said the head of the party, stopping it.

"Oh yes, dear gentlemen, he's my child, out without leave. My poor, bad, bad boy! and he don't know me, he don't know me! Oh, what shall I do," cried the little creature, wildly beating her hands together, "when my own child don't know me!"

The head of the party looked (as well he might) to the old man for explanation. He whispered, as the dolls' dress-maker bent over the exhausted form, and vainly tried to extract some sign of recognition from it: "It's her drunken father."

As the load was put down in the street, Riah drew the head of the party aside, and whispered that he thought the man was dying. "No, surely not?" returned the other. But he became less confident on looking, and directed the bearers to "bring him to the nearest doctor's shop."

Thither he was brought; the window becoming from within a wall of faces, deformed into all kinds of shapes through the agency of globular red bottles, green bottles, blue bottles, and other colored bottles. A ghastly light shining upon him that he didn't need, the beast so furious but a few minutes gone, was quiet enough now, with a strange, mysterious writing on his face, reflected from one of the great bottles, as if Death had marked him: "Mine."

The medical testimony was more precise and more to the purpose than it sometimes is in a Court of Justice. "You had better send for something to cover it. All's over."

Therefore the police sent for something to cover it, and it was covered and borne through the streets, the people falling away. After it went the dolls' dress-maker, hiding her face in the Jewish skirts, and clinging to them with one hand, while with the other she plied her stick. It was carried home, and, by reason that the staircase was very narrow, it was put down in the parlor—the little working-bench being set aside to make room for it—and there, in the midst of the dolls with no speculation in their eyes, lay Mr. Dolls with no speculation in his.

Many flaunting dolls had to be gayly dressed before the money was in the dress-maker's pocket to get mourning for Mr. Dolls. As the old man, Riah, sat by, helping her in such small ways as he could, he found it difficult to make out whether she really did realize that the deceased had been her father.

"If my poor boy," she would say, "had been brought up better, he might have done better. Not that I reproach myself. I hope I have no cause for that."

"None indeed, Jenny, I am very certain."

"Thank you, godmother. It cheers me to hear you say so. But you see it is so hard to bring up a child well, when you work, work, work, all day. When he was out of employment I couldn't always keep him near me. He got fractious and nervous, and I was obliged to let him go into the streets. And he never did well in the streets, he never did well out of sight. How often it happens with children!"

"Too often, even in this sad sense!" thought the old man.

"How can I say what I might have turned out myself, but for my back having been so bad and my legs so queer, when I was young!" the dress-maker would go on. "I had nothing to do but work, and so I worked. I couldn't play. But my poor unfortunate child could play, and it turned out the worse for him."

"And not for him alone, Jenny."

"Well! I don't know, godmother. He suffered heavily, did my unfortunate boy. He was very, very ill sometimes. And I called him a quantity of names:" shaking her head over her work, and dropping tears. "I don't know that his going wrong was much the worse for me. If it ever was, let us forget it."

"You are a good girl, you are a patient girl."

"As for patience," she would reply with a shrug, "not much of that, godmother. If I had been patient I should never have called him names. But I hope I did it for his good. And besides, I felt my responsibility as a mother so much. I tried reasoning, and reasoning failed. I tried coaxing, and coaxing failed. I tried scolding, and scolding failed. But I was bound to try every thing, you know, with such a charge upon my hands. Where would have

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been my duty to my poor lost boy, if I had not tried every thing!"

With such talk, mostly in a cheerful tone on the part of the industrious little creature, the day-work and the night-work were beguiled until enough of smart dolls had gone forth to bring into the kitchen, where the working-bench now stood, the sombre stuff that the occasion required, and to bring into the house the other sombre preparations. "And now," said Miss Jenny, "having knocked off my rosy-cheeked young friends, I'll knock off my white-cheeked self." This referred to her making her own dress, which at last was done. "The disadvantage of making for yourself," said Miss Jenny, as she stood upon a chair to look at the result in the glass, "is, that you can't charge any body else for the job, and the advantage is, that you haven't to go out to try on. Humph! Very fair indeed! If He could see me now (whoever he is) I hope he wouldn't repent of his bargain!"

The simple arrangements were of her own making, and were stated to Riah thus:

"I mean to go alone, godmother, in my usual carriage, and you'll be so kind as keep house while I am gone. It's not far off. And when I return, we'll have a cup of tea, and a chat over future arrangements. It's a very plain last house that I have been able to give my poor unfortunate boy; but he'll accept the will for the deed, if he knows any thing about it; and if he doesn't know any thing about it," with a sob, and wiping her eyes, "why, it won't matter to him. I see the service in the Prayer-book says, that we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can take nothing out. It comforts me for not being able to hire a lot of stupid undertaker's things for my poor child, and seeming as if I was trying to smuggle 'em out of this world with him, when of course I must break down in the attempt, and bring 'em all back again. As it is, there'll be nothing to bring back but me, and that's quite consistent, for *I* sha'n't be brought back, some day!"

After that previous carrying of him in the streets, the wretched old fellow seemed to be twice buried. He was taken on the shoulders of half a dozen blossom-faced men, who shuffled with him to the church-yard, and who were preceded by another blossom-faced man, affecting a stately stalk, as if he were a Policeman of the D(eath) Division, and ceremoniously pretending not to know his intimate acquaintances, as he led the pageant. Yet, the spectacle of only one little mourner hobbling after, caused many people to turn their heads with a look of interest.

At last the troublesome deceased was got into the ground, to be buried no more, and the stately stalker stalked back before the solitary dress-maker, as if she were bound in honor to have no notion of the way home. Those Furies, the conventionalities, being thus appeased, he left her.

"I must have a very short cry, godmother, before I cheer up for good," said the little creature, coming in. "Because after all a child is a child, you know."

It was a longer cry than might have been expected. Howbeit, it wore itself out in a shadowy corner, and then the dress-maker came forth, and washed her face, and made the tea. "You wouldn't mind my cutting out something while we are at tea, would you?" she asked her Jewish friend, with a coaxing air.

"Cinderella, dear child," the old man expostulated, "will you never rest?"

"Oh! It's not work, cutting out a pattern isn't," said Miss Jenny, with her busy little scissors already snipping at some paper. "The truth is, godmother, I want to fix it while I have it correct in my mind."

"Have you seen it to-day then?" asked Riah.

"Yes, godmother. Saw it just now. It's a surplice, that's what it is. Thing our clergymen wear, you know," explained Miss Jenny, in consideration of his professing another faith.

"And what have you to do with that, Jenny?"

"Why, godmother," replied the dress-maker, "you must know that we Professors who live upon our taste and invention are obliged to keep our eyes always open. And you know already that I have many extra expenses to meet just now. So, it came into my head while I was weeping at my poor boy's grave, that something in my way might be done with a clergyman."

"What can be done?" asked the old man.

"Not a funeral, never fear!" returned Miss Jenny, anticipating his objection with a nod. "The public don't like to be made melancholy, I know very well. I am seldom called upon to put my young friends into mourning; not into real mourning, that is; Court mourning they are rather proud of. But a doll clergyman, my dear—glossy black curls and whiskers—uniting two of my young friends in matrimony," said Miss Jenny, shaking her forefinger, "is quite another affair. If you don't see those three at the altar in Bond Street, in a jiffy, my name's Jack Robinson!"

With her expert little ways in sharp action, she had got a doll into whitey-brown paper orders before the meal was over, and was displaying it for the edification of the Jewish mind, when a knock was heard at the street-door. Riah went to open it, and presently came back, ushering in, with the grave and courteous air that sat so well upon him, a gentleman.

The gentleman was a stranger to the dress-maker; but even in the moment of his casting his eyes upon her, there was something in his manner which brought to her remembrance Mr. Eugene Wrayburn.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman. "You are the dolls' dress-maker?"

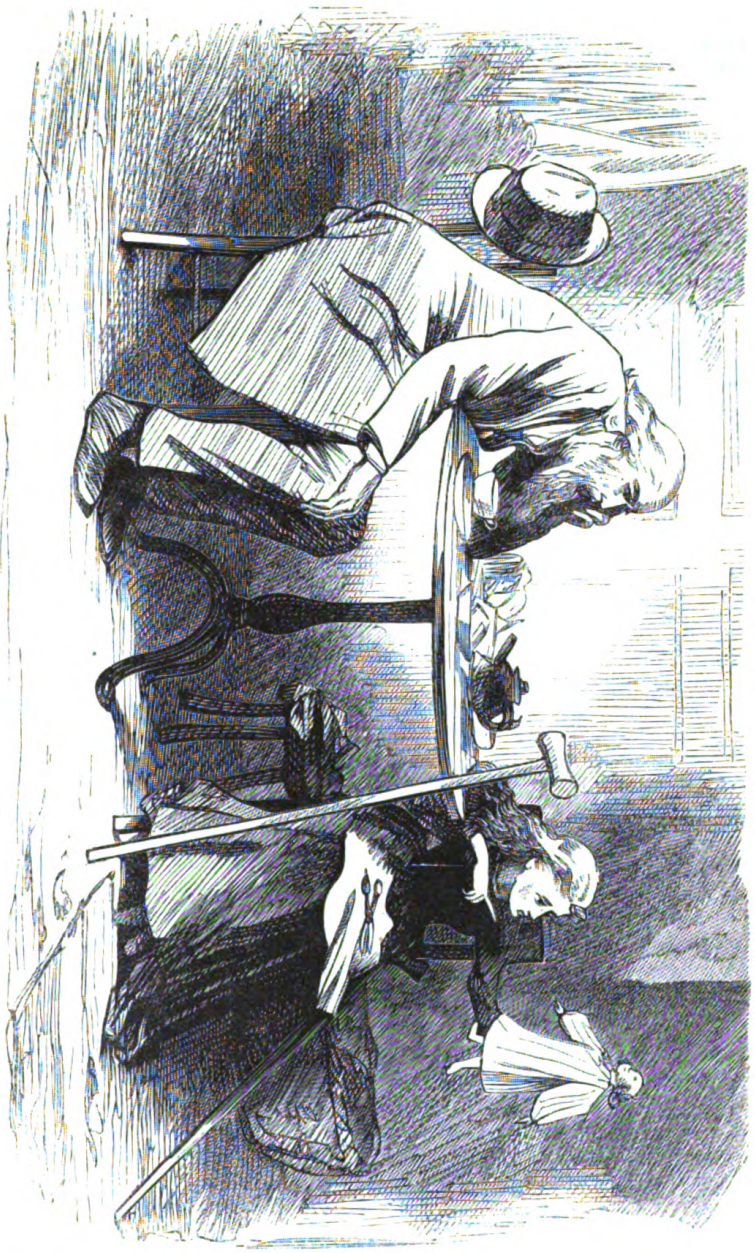
"I am the dolls' dress-maker, Sir."

"Lizzie Hexam's friend?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Miss Jenny, instantly on the defensive. "And Lizzie Hexam's friend."

"Here is a note from her, entreating you to

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MISS WEEN FIXES HER IDEA.

accede to the request of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, the bearer. Mr. Riah chances to know that I am Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, and will tell you so."

Riah bent his head in corroboration.

"Will you read the note?"

"It's very short," said Jenny, with a look of wonder, when she had read it.

"There was no time to make it longer. Time was so very precious. My dear friend Mr. Eugene Wrayburn is dying."

The dress-maker clasped her hands, and uttered a little piteous cry.

"Is dying," repeated Lightwood, with emotion, "at some distance from here. He is sinking under injuries received at the hands of a villain who attacked him in the dark. I come straight from his bedside. He is almost always insensible. In a short restless interval of sensibility, or partial sensibility, I made out that he asked for you to be brought to sit by him. Hardly relying on my own interpretation of the indistinct sounds he made, I caused Lizzie to hear them. We were both sure that he asked for you."

The dress-maker, with her hands still clasped, looked affrightedly from the one to the other of her two companions.

"If you delay, he may die with his request ungratified, with his last wish—intrusted to me—we have long been much more than brothers—unfulfilled. I shall break down, if I try to say more."

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In a few moments the black bonnet and the crutch-stick were on duty, the good Jew was left in possession of the house, and the dolls' dress-maker, side by side in a chaise with Mortimer Lightwood, was posting out of town.

CHAPTER X.

THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER DISCOVERS A WORD.

A DARKENED and hushed room; the river outside the windows flowing on to the vast ocean; a figure on the bed, swathed and bandaged and bound, lying helpless on its back, with its two useless arms in splints at its sides. Only two days of usage so familiarized the little dress-maker with this scene, that it held the place occupied two days ago by the recollections of years.

He had scarcely moved since her arrival. Sometimes his eyes were open, sometimes closed. When they were open, there was no meaning in their unwinking stare at one spot straight before them, unless for a moment the brow knitted into a faint expression of anger, or surprise. Then, Mortimer Lightwood would speak to him, and on occasions he would be so far roused as to make an attempt to pronounce his friend's name. But, in an instant consciousness was gone again, and no spirit of Eugene was in Eugene's crushed outer form.

They provided Jenny with materials for plying her work, and she had a little table placed at the foot of his bed. Sitting there, with her rich shower of hair falling over the chair-back, they hoped she might attract his notice. With the same object, she would sing, just above her breath, when he opened his eyes, or she saw his brow knit into that faint expression, so evanescent that it was like a shape made in water. But as yet he had not heeded. The "they" here mentioned were the medical attendant; Lizzie, who was there in all her intervals of rest; and Lightwood, who never left him.

The two days became three, and the three days became four. At length, quite unexpectedly, he said something in a whisper.

"What was it, my dear Eugene?"

"Will you, Mortimer—"

"Will I—?"

—"Send for her?"

"My dear fellow, she is here."

Quite unconscious of the long blank, he supposed that they were still speaking together.

The little dress-maker stood up at the foot of the bed, humming her song, and nodded to him brightly. "I can't shake hands, Jenny," said Eugene, with something of his old look; "but I am very glad to see you."

Mortimer repeated this to her, for it could only be made out by bending over him and closely watching his attempts to say it. In a little while he added:

"Ask her if she has seen the children."

Mortimer could not understand this, neither could Jenny herself, until he added:

"Ask her if she has smelt the flowers."

"Oh! I know!" cried Jenny. "I understand him now!" Then Lightwood yielded his place to her quick approach, and she said, bending over the bed, with that better look: "You mean my long bright slanting rows of children, who used to bring me ease and rest? You mean the children who used to take me up, and make me light?"

Eugene smiled, "Yes."

"I have not seen them since I saw you. I never see them now, but I am hardly ever in pain now."

"It was a pretty fancy," said Eugene.

"But I have heard my birds sing," cried the little creature, "and I have smelt my flowers. Yes, indeed I have! And both were most beautiful and most Divine!"

"Stay and help to nurse me," said Eugene, quietly. "I should like you to have the fancy here, before I die."

She touched his lips with her hand, and shaded her eyes with that same hand as she went back to her work and her little low song. He heard the song with evident pleasure, until she allowed it gradually to sink away into silence.

"Mortimer."

"My dear Eugene."

"If you can give me any thing to keep me here for only a few minutes—"

"To keep you here, Eugene?"

"To prevent my wandering away I don't know where—for I begin to be sensible that I have just come back, and that I shall lose myself again—do so, dear boy!"

Mortimer gave him such stimulants as could be given him with safety (they were always at hand, ready), and bending over him once more, was about to caution him, when he said:

"Don't tell me not to speak, for I must speak. If you knew the harassing anxiety that gnaws and wears me when I am wandering in those places—where are those endless places, Mortimer? They must be at an immense distance!"

He saw in his friend's face that he was losing himself; for he added after a moment: "Don't be afraid—I am not gone yet. What was it?"

"You wanted to tell me something, Eugene. My poor dear fellow, you wanted to say something to your old friend—to the friend who has always loved you, admired you, imitated you, founded himself upon you, been nothing without you, and who, God knows, would be here in your place if he could!"

"Tut, tut!" said Eugene, with a tender glance as the other put his hand before his face. "I am not worth it. I acknowledge that I like it, dear boy, but I am not worth it. This attack, my dear Mortimer; this murder—"

His friend leaned over him with renewed attention, saying: "You and I suspect some one."

"More than suspect. But, Mortimer, while I lie here, and when I lie here no longer, I trust

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to you that the perpetrator is never brought to justice."

"Eugene?"

"Her innocent reputation would be ruined, my friend. She would be punished, not he. I have wronged her enough in fact; I have wronged her still more in intention. You recollect what pavement is said to be made of good intentions. It is made of bad intentions too. Mortimer, I am lying on it, and I know!"

"Be comforted, my dear Eugene."

"I will, when you have promised me. Dear Mortimer, the man must never be pursued. If he should be accused, you must keep him silent and save him. Don't think of avenging me; think only of hushing the story and protecting her. You can confuse the case, and turn aside the circumstances. Listen to what I say to you. It was not the schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone. Do you hear me? Twice; it was not the schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone. Do you hear me? Three times; it was not the schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone."

He stopped, exhausted. His speech had been whispered, broken, and indistinct; but by a great effort he had made it plain enough to be unmistakable.

"Dear fellow, I am wandering away. Stay me for another moment, if you can."

Lightwood lifted his head at the neck, and put a wine-glass to his lips. He rallied.

"I don't know how long ago it was done, whether weeks, days, or hours. No matter. There is inquiry on foot, and pursuit. Say! Is there not?"

"Yes."

"Check it; divert it! Don't let her be brought in question. Shield her. The guilty man, brought to justice, would poison her name. Let the guilty man go unpunished. Lizzie and my reparation before all! Promise me!"

"Eugene, I do. I promise you!"

In the act of turning his eyes gratefully toward his friend he wandered away. His eyes stood still, and settled into that former intent unmeaning stare.

Hours and hours, days and nights, he remained in this same condition. There were times when he would calmly speak to his friend after a long period of unconsciousness, and would say he was better, and would ask for something. Before it could be given him he would be gone again.

The dolls' dress-maker, all softened compassion now, watched him with an earnestness that never relaxed. She would regularly change the ice, or the cooling spirit, on his head, and would keep her ear at the pillow betweenwhiles, listening for any faint words that fell from him in his wanderings. It was amazing through how many hours at a time she would remain beside him, in a crouching attitude, attentive to his slightest moan. As he could not move a hand, he could make no sign of distress; but, through this close watching (if through no secret sympathy or power) the little creature attained an understanding of him that Lightwood did not possess. Mortimer would often turn to her, as if she were an interpreter between this sentient world and the insensible man; and she would change the dressing of a wound, or ease a ligature, or turn his face, or alter the pressure of the bed-clothes on him, with an absolute certainty of doing right. The natural lightness and delicacy of touch which had become very refined by practice in her miniature work, no doubt was involved in this; but her perception was at least as fine.

The one word, Lizzie, he muttered millions of times. In a certain phase of his distressful state, which was the worst to those who tended him, he would roll his head upon the pillow, incessantly repeating the name in a hurried and impatient manner, with the misery of a disturbed mind, and the monotony of a machine. Equally, when he lay still and staring, he would repeat it for hours without cessation, but then, always in a tone of subdued warning and horror. Her presence and her touch upon his breast or face would often stop this, and then they learned to expect that he would for some time remain still, with his eyes closed, and that he would be conscious on opening them. But the heavy disappointment of their hope—revived by the welcome silence of the room—was, that his spirit would glide away again and be lost in the moment of their joy that it was there.

This frequent rising of a drowning man from the deep, to sink again, was dreadful to the beholders. But gradually the change stole upon him that it became dreadful to himself. His desire to impart something that was on his mind, his unspeakable yearning to have speech with his friend and make a communication to him, so troubled him when he recovered consciousness that its term was thereby shortened. As the man rising from the deep would disappear the sooner for fighting with the water, so he in his desperate struggle went down again.

One afternoon when he had been lying still, and Lizzie, unrecognized, had just stolen out of the room to pursue her occupation, he uttered Lightwood's name.

"My dear Eugene, I am here."

"How long is this to last, Mortimer?"

Lightwood shook his head. "Still, Eugene, you are no worse than you were."

"But I know there's no hope. Yet I pray it may last long enough for you to do me one last service, and for me to do one last action. Keep me here a few moments, Mortimer. Try, try!"

His friend gave him what aid he could, and encouraged him to believe that he was more composed, though even then his eyes were losing the expression they so rarely recovered.

"Hold me here, dear fellow, if you can. Stop my wandering away. I am going!"

"Not yet, not yet. Tell me, dear Eugene, what is it I shall do?"

"Keep me here for only a single minute. I

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am going away again. Don't let me go. Hear me speak first. Stop me—stop me!"

"My poor Eugene, try to be calm."

"I do try. I try so hard. If you only knew how hard! Don't let me wander till I have spoken. Give me a little more wine."

Lightwood complied. Eugene, with a most pathetic struggle against the unconsciousness that was coming over him, and with a look of appeal that affected his friend profoundly, said:

"You can leave me with Jenny, while you speak to her and tell her what I beseech of her. You can leave me with Jenny while you are gone. There's not much for you to do. You won't be long away."

"No, no, no. But tell me what it is that I shall do, Eugene!"

"I am going! You can't hold me."

"Tell me in a word, Eugene!"

His eyes were fixed again, and the only word that came from his lips was the word millions of times repeated. Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie.

But the watchful little dress-maker had been vigilant as ever in her watch, and she now came up and touched Lightwood's arm as he looked down at his friend, despairingly.

"Hush!" she said, with her finger on her lips. "His eyes are closing. He'll be conscious when he next opens them. Shall I give you a leading word to say to him?"

"O Jenny, if you could only give me the right word!"

"I can. Stoop down."

He stooped, and she whispered in his ear. She whispered in his ear one short word of a single syllable. Lightwood started, and looked at her.

"Try it," said the little creature, with an excited and exultant face. She then bent over the unconscious man, and, for the first time, kissed him on the cheek, and kissed the poor maimed hand that was nearest to her. Then, she withdrew to the foot of the bed.

Some two hours afterward, Mortimer Lightwood saw his consciousness come back, and instantly, but very tranquilly, bent over him.

"Don't speak, Eugene. Do no more than look at me, and listen to me. You follow what I say."

He moved his head in assent.

"I am going on from the point where we broke off. Is the word we should soon have come to—is it—Wife?"

"O God bless you, Mortimer!"

"Hush! Don't be agitated. Don't speak. Hear me, dear Eugene. Your mind will be more at peace, lying here, if you make Lizzie your wife. You wish me to speak to her, and tell her so, and entreat her to be your wife. You ask her to kneel at this bedside and be married to you, that your reparation may be complete. Is that so?"

"Yes. God bless you! Yes."

"It shall be done, Eugene. Trust it to me. I shall have to go away for some few hours, to give effect to your wishes. You see this is unavoidable?"

"Dear friend, I said so."

"True. But I had not the clew then. How do you think I got it?"

Glancing wistfully around, Eugene saw Miss Jenny at the foot of the bed, looking at him with her elbows on the bed, and her head upon her hands. There was a trace of his whimsical air upon him, as he tried to smile at her.

"Yes indeed," said Lightwood, "the discovery was hers. Observe, my dear Eugene; while I am away you will know that I have discharged my trust with Lizzie, by finding her here, in my present place at your bedside, to leave you no more. A final word before I go. This is the right course of a true man, Eugene. And I solemnly believe, with all my soul, that if Providence should mercifully restore you to us, you will be blessed with a noble wife in the preserver of your life, whom you will dearly love."

"Amen. I am sure of that. But I shall not come through it, Mortimer."

"You will not be the less hopeful or less strong, for this, Eugene."

"No. Touch my face with yours, in case I should not hold out till you come back. I love you, Mortimer. Don't be uneasy for me while your are gone. If my dear brave girl will take me, I feel persuaded that I shall live long enough to be married, dear fellow."

Miss Jenny gave up altogether on this parting taking place between the friends, and, sitting with her back toward the bed in the bower made by her bright hair, wept heartily, though noiselessly. Mortimer Lightwood was soon gone. As the evening light lengthened the heavy reflections of the trees in the river, another figure came with a soft step into the sick room.

"Is he conscious?" asked the little dress-maker, as the figure took its station by the pillow. For, Jenny had given place to it immediately, and could not see the sufferer's face, in the dark room, from her new and removed position.

"He is conscious, Jenny," murmured Eugene for himself. "He knows his wife."

CHAPTER XI.

EFFECT IS GIVEN TO THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER'S DISCOVERY.

Mrs. John Rokesmith sat at needle-work in her neat little room, beside a basket of neat little articles of clothing, which presented so much of the appearance of being in the dolls' dress-maker's way of business, that one might have supposed she was going to set up in opposition to Miss Wren. Whether the Complete British Family Housewife had imparted sage counsel anent them, did not appear, but probably not, as that cloudy oracle was nowhere visible. For certain, however, Mrs. John Rokesmith stitched

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at them with so dextrous a hand, that she must have taken lessons of somebody. Love is in all things a most wonderful teacher, and perhaps love (from a pictorial point of view, with nothing on but a thimble) had been teaching this branch of needle-work to Mrs. John Rokesmith.

It was near John's time for coming home, but as Mrs. John was desirous to finish a special triumph of her skill before dinner, she did not go out to meet him. Placidly, though rather consequentially smiling, she sat stitching away with a regular sound, like a sort of dimpled little charming Dresden-china clock by the very best maker.

A knock at the door, and a ring at the bell. Not John; or Bella would have flown out to meet him. Then who, if not John? Bella was asking herself the question, when that fluttering little fool of a servant fluttered in, saying, "Mr. Lightwood!"

Oh good gracious!

Bella had but time to throw a handkerchief over the basket, when Mr. Lightwood made his bow. There was something amiss with Mr. Lightwood, for he was strangely grave and looked ill.

With a brief reference to the happy time when it had been his privilege to know Mrs. Rokesmith as Miss Wilfer, Mr. Lightwood explained what was amiss with him and why he came. He came bearing Lizzie Hexam's earnest hope that Mrs. John Rokesmith would see her married.

Bella was so fluttered by the request, and by the short narrative he had feelingly given her, that there never was a more timely smelling-bottle than John's knock. "My husband," said Bella; "I'll bring him in."

But that turned out to be more easily said than done; for, the instant she mentioned Mr. Lightwood's name, John stopped, with his hand upon the lock of the room door.

"Come up stairs, my darling."

Bella was amazed by the flush in his face, and by his sudden turning away. "What can it mean?" she thought, as she accompanied him up stairs.

"Now, my life," said John, taking her on his knee, "tell me all about it."

All very well to say, "Tell me all about it;" but John was very much confused. His attention evidently trailed off, now and then, even while Bella told him all about it. Yet she knew that he took a great interest in Lizzie and her fortunes. What could it mean?

"You will come to this marriage with me, John dear?"

"N—no, my love; I can't do that."

"You can't do that, John?"

"No, my dear, it's quite out of the question. Not to be thought of."

"Am I to go alone, John?"

"No, my dear, you will go with Mr. Lightwood."

"Don't you think it's time we went down to Mr. Lightwood, John dear?" Bella insinuated.

"My darling, it's almost time you went, but I must ask you to excuse me to him altogether."

"You never mean, John dear, that you are not going to see him? Why, he knows you have come home. I told him so."

"That's a little unfortunate, but it can't be helped. Unfortunate or fortunate, I positively can not see him, my love."

Bella cast about in her mind what could be his reason for this unaccountable behavior, as she sat on his knee looking at him in astonishment and pouting a little. A weak reason presented itself.

"John dear, you never can be jealous of Mr. Lightwood?"

"Why, my precious child," returned her husband, laughing outright, "how could I be jealous of him? Why should I be jealous of him?"

"Because you know, John," pursued Bella, pouting a little more, "though he did rather admire me once, it was not my fault."

"It was your fault that I admired you," returned her husband, with a look of pride in her, "and why not your fault that he admired you? But I jealous on that account? Why, I must go distracted for life if I turned jealous of every one who used to find my wife beautiful and winning!"

"I am half angry with you, John dear," said Bella, laughing a little, "and half pleased with you; because you are such a stupid old fellow, and yet you say nice things, as if you meant them. Don't be mysterious, Sir. What harm do you know of Mr. Lightwood?"

"None, my love."

"What has he ever done to you, John?"

"He has never done any thing to me, my dear. I know no more against him than I know against Mr. Wrayburn; he has never done any thing to me; neither has Mr. Wrayburn. And yet I have exactly the same objection to both of them."

"Oh, John!" retorted Bella, as if she were giving him up for a bad job, as she used to give up herself. "You are nothing better than a sphinx! And a married sphinx isn't a—isn't a nice confidential husband," said Bella, in a tone of injury.

"Bella, my life," said John Rokesmith, touching her cheek, with a grave smile, as she cast down her eyes and pouted again; "look at me. I want to speak to you."

"In earnest, Blue Beard of the secret chamber?" asked Bella, clearing her pretty face.

"In earnest. And I confess to the secret chamber. Don't you remember that you asked me not to declare what I thought of your higher qualities until you had been tried?"

"Yes, John dear. And I fully meant it, and I fully mean it."

"The time will come, my darling—I am no prophet, but I say so—when you *will* be tried. The time will come, I think, when you will undergo a trial through which you will never pass

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quite triumphantly for me unless you can put perfect faith in me."

"Then you may be sure of me, John dear, for I can put perfect faith in you, and I do, and I always, always will. Don't judge me by a little thing like this, John. In little things I am a little thing myself—I always was. But in great things I hope not; I don't mean to boast, John dear, but I hope not."

He was even better convinced of the truth of what she said than she was as he felt her loving arms about him. If the Golden Dustman's riches had been his to stake, he would have staked them to the last farthing on the fidelity through good and evil of her affectionate and trusting heart.

"Now I'll go down to, and go away with, Mr. Lightwood," said Bella, springing up. "You are the most creasing and tumbling Clumsy-Boots of a packer, John, that ever was; but if you're quite good, and will promise never to do so any more (though I don't know what you have done!), you may pack me a little bag for a night, while I get my bonnet on."

He gayly complied, and she tied her dimpled chin up, and shook her head into her bonnet, and pulled out the bows of her bonnet-strings, and got her gloves on, finger by finger, and finally got them on her little plump hands, and bade him good-by, and went down. Mr. Lightwood's impatience was much relieved when he found her dressed for departure.

"Mr. Rokesmith goes with us?" he said, hesitating, with a look toward the door.

"Oh, I forgot!" replied Bella. "His best compliments. His face is swollen to the size of two faces, and he is to go to bed directly, poor fellow, to wait for the doctor, who is coming to lance him."

"It is curious," observed Lightwood, "that I have never yet seen Mr. Rokesmith, though we have been engaged in the same affairs."

"Really?" said the unblushing Bella.

"I begin to think," observed Lightwood, "that I never shall see him."

"These things happen so oddly sometimes," said Bella, with a steady countenance, "that there seems a kind of fatality in them. But I am quite ready, Mr. Lightwood."

They started directly in a little carriage that Lightwood had brought with him from never-to-be-forgotten Greenwich; and from Greenwich they started directly for London; and in London they waited at a railway station until such time as the Reverend Frank Milvey, and Margaretta his wife, with whom Mortimer Lightwood had been already in conference, should come and join them.

That worthy couple were delayed by a portentous old parishioner of the female gender, who was one of the plagues of their lives, and with whom they bore with most exemplary sweetness and good-humor, notwithstanding her having an infection of absurdity about her that communicated itself to every thing with which, and every body with whom, she came in contact. She was a member of the Reverend Frank's congregation, and made a point of distinguishing herself in that body by conspicuously weeping at every thing, however cheering, said by the Reverend Frank in his public ministration; also, by applying to herself the various lamentations of David, and complaining in a personally injured manner (much in arrear of the clerk and the rest of the respondents) that her enemies were digging pitfalls about her, and breaking her with rods of iron. Indeed, this old widow discharged herself of that portion of the Morning and Evening Service as if she were lodging a complaint on oath and applying for a warrant before a magistrate. But this was not her most inconvenient characteristic, for that took the form of an impression, usually recurring in inclement weather and at about daybreak, that she had something on her mind, and stood in immediate need of the Reverend Frank to come and take it off. Many a time had that kind creature got up, and gone out to Mrs. Sprodgkin (such was the disciple's name), suppressing a strong sense of her comicality by his strong sense of duty, and perfectly knowing that nothing but a cold would come of it. However, beyond themselves, the Reverend Frank Milvey and Mrs. Milvey seldom hinted that Mrs. Sprodgkin was hardly worth the trouble she gave; but both made the best of her, as they did of all their troubles.

This very exacting member of the fold appeared to be endowed with a sixth sense, in regard of knowing when the Reverend Frank Milvey least desired her company, and with promptitude appearing in his little hall. Consequently, when the Reverend Frank had willingly engaged that he and his wife would accompany Lightwood back, he said, as a matter of course: "We must make haste to get out, Margaretta, my dear, or we shall be descended on by Mrs. Sprodgkin." To which Mrs. Milvey replied, in her pleasantly emphatic way, "Oh *yes*, for she *is* such a marplot, Frank, and *does* worry so!" Words that were scarcely uttered when their theme was announced as in faithful attendance below, desiring counsel on a spiritual matter. The points on which Mrs. Sprodgkin sought elucidation being seldom of a pressing nature (as Who begat Whom, or some information concerning the Amorites), Mrs. Milvey on this special occasion resorted to the device of buying her off with a present of tea and sugar, and a loaf and butter. These gifts Mrs. Sprodgkin accepted, but still insisted on dutifully remaining in the hall, to courtesy to the Reverend Frank as he came forth. Who, incautiously saying in his genial manner, "Well, Sally, there you are!" involved himself in a discursive address from Mrs. Sprodgkin, revolving around the result that she regarded tea and sugar in the light of myrrh and frankincense, and considered bread and butter identical with locusts and wild honey. Having communicated this edifying piece of in-

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formation, Mrs. Sprodgkin was left still unadjourned in the hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Milvey hurried in a heated condition to the railway station. All of which is here recorded to the honor of that good Christian pair, representatives of hundreds of other good Christian pairs as conscientious and as useful, who merge the smallness of their work in its greatness, and feel in no danger of losing dignity when they adapt themselves to incomprehensible humbugs.

"Detained at the last moment by one who had a claim upon me," was the Reverend Frank's apology to Lightwood, taking no thought of himself. To which Mrs. Milvey added, taking thought for him, like the championing little wife she was; "Oh yes, detained at the last moment. But *as* to the claim, Frank, I *must* say that I *do* think you are *over*-considerate sometimes, and allow *that* to be a *little* abused."

Bella felt conscious, in spite of her late pledge for herself, that her husband's absence would give disagreeable occasion for surprise to the Milveys. Nor could she appear quite at her ease when Mrs. Milvey asked:

"*How* is Mr. Rokesmith, and *is* he gone before us, or *does* he follow us?"

It becoming necessary, upon this, to send him to bed again and hold him in waiting to be lanced again, Bella did it. But not half as well on the second occasion as on the first; for, a twice-told white one seems almost to become a black one, when you are not used to it.

"Oh *dear!*" said Mrs. Milvey, "I am *so* sorry! Mr. Rokesmith took *such* an interest in Lizzie Hexam, when we were there before. And if we had *only* known of his face, we *could* have given him something that would have kept it down long enough for so *short* a purpose."

By way of making the white one whiter, Bella hastened to stipulate that he was not in pain. Mrs. Milvey was *so* glad of it.

"I don't know *how* it is," said Mrs. Milvey, "and I am *sure* you don't, Frank, but the clergy and their wives seem to *cause* swelled faces. Whenever I take notice of a child in the school, it seems to me as if its face swelled *instantly*. Frank *never* makes acquaintance with a new old woman, but she gets the face-ache. And another thing is, we *do* make the poor children sniff so. I don't know *how* we do it, and I should be so glad not to; but the *more* we take notice of them, the *more* they sniff. Just as they do when the text is given out.—Frank, that's a schoolmaster. I have seen him somewhere.

The reference was to a young man of reserved appearance, in a coat and waistcoat of black, and pantaloons of pepper and salt. He had come into the office of the station, from its interior, in an unsettled way, immediately after Lightwood had gone out to the train; and he had been hurriedly reading the printed bills and notices on the wall. He had had a wandering interest in what was said among the people waiting there and passing to and fro. He had drawn nearer, at about the time when Mrs. Milvey mentioned Lizzie Hexam, and had remained near since: though always glancing toward the door by which Lightwood had gone out. He stood with his back toward them, and his gloved hands clasped behind him. There was now so evident a faltering upon him, expressive of indecision whether or no he should express his having heard himself referred to, that Mr. Milvey spoke to him.

"I can not recall your name," he said, "but I remember to have seen you in your school."

"My name is Bradley Headstone, Sir," he replied, backing into a more retired place.

"I ought to have remembered it," said Mr. Milvey, giving him his hand. "I hope you are well? A little overworked, I am afraid?"

"Yes, I am overworked just at present, Sir."

"Had no play in your last holiday time?"

"No, Sir."

"All work and no play, Mr. Headstone, will not make dullness, in your case, I dare say; but it will make dyspepsia, if you don't take care."

"I will endeavor to take care, Sir. Might I beg leave to speak to you, outside, a moment?"

"By all means."

It was evening, and the office was well lighted. The schoolmaster, who had never remitted his watch on Lightwood's door, now moved by another door to a corner without, where there was more shadow than light; and said, plucking at his gloves:

"One of your ladies, Sir, mentioned within my hearing a name that I am acquainted with; I may say, well acquainted with. The name of the sister of an old pupil of mine. He was my pupil for a long time, and has got on and gone upward rapidly. The name of Hexam. The name of Lizzie Hexam." He seemed to be a shy man, struggling against nervousness, and spoke in a very constrained way. The break he set between his two last sentences was quite embarrassing to his hearer.

"Yes," replied Mr. Milvey. "We are going down to see her."

"I gathered as much, Sir. I hope there is nothing amiss with the sister of my old pupil? I hope no bereavement has befallen her. I hope she is in no affliction? Has lost no—relation?"

Mr. Milvey thought this a man with a very odd manner, and a dark downward look; but he answered in his usual open way.

"I am glad to tell you, Mr. Headstone, that the sister of your old pupil has not sustained any such loss. You thought I might be going down to bury some one?"

"That may have been the connection of ideas, Sir, with your clerical character, but I was not conscious of it.—Then you are not, Sir?"

A man with a very odd manner indeed, and with a lurking look that was quite oppressive.

"No. In fact," said Mr. Milvey, "since you

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EUGENE'S BEDSIDE.

are so interested in the sister of your old pupil, I may as well tell you that I am going down to marry her."

The schoolmaster started back.

"Not to marry her, myself," said Mr. Milvey, with a smile, "because I have a wife already. To perform the marriage service at her wedding."

Bradley Headstone caught hold of a pillar behind him. If Mr. Milvey knew an ashy face when he saw it, he saw it then.

"You are quite ill, Mr. Headstone!"

"It is not much, Sir. It will pass over very soon. I am accustomed to be seized with giddiness. Don't let me detain you, Sir; I stand in need of no assistance, I thank you. Much obliged by your sparing me these minutes of your time."

As Mr. Milvey, who had no more minutes to spare, made a suitable reply and turned back into the office, he observed the schoolmaster to lean against the pillar with his hat in his hand, and to pull at his neckcloth as if he were trying to tear it off. The Reverend Frank accordingly directed the notice of one of the attendants to him, by saying: "There is a person outside who seems to be really ill, and to require some help, though he says he does not."

Lightwood had by this time secured their places, and the departure-bell was about to be rung. They took their seats, and were beginning to move out of the station, when the same attendant came running along the platform, looking into all the carriages.

"Oh! You are here, Sir!" he said, springing on the step, and holding the window-frame

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by his elbow, as the carriage moved. "That person you pointed out to me is in a fit."

"I infer from what he told me that he is subject to such attacks. He will come to, in the air, in a little while."

He was took very bad to be sure, and was biting and knocking about him (the man said) furiously. Would the gentleman give him his card, as he had seen him first? The gentleman did so, with the explanation that he knew no more of the man attacked than that he was a man of a very respectable occupation, who had said he was out of health, as his appearance would of itself have indicated. The attendant received the card, watched his opportunity for sliding down, slid down, and so it ended.

Then, the train rattled among the house-tops, and among the ragged sides of houses torn down to make way for it, and over the swarming streets, and under the fruitful earth, until it shot across the river: bursting over the quiet surface like a bomb-shell, and gone again as if it had exploded in the rush of smoke and steam and glare. A little more, and again it roared across the river, a great rocket: spurning the watery turnings and doublings with ineffable contempt, and going straight to its end, as Father Time goes to his. To whom it is no matter what living waters run high or low, reflect the heavenly lights and darknesses, produce their little growth of weeds and flowers, turn here, turn there, are noisy or still, are troubled or at rest, for their course has one sure termination, though their sources and devices are many.

Then, a carriage ride succeeded, near the solemn river, stealing away by night, as all things steal away, by night and by day, so quietly yielding to the attraction of the loadstone rock of Eternity; and the nearer they drew to the chamber where Eugene lay, the more they feared that they might find his wanderings done. At last they saw its dim light shining out, and it gave them hope: though Lightwood faltered as he thought: "If he were gone, she would still be sitting by him."

But he lay quiet, half in stupor, half in sleep. Bella, entering with a raised admonitory finger, kissed Lizzie softly, but said not a word. Neither did any of them speak, but all sat down at the foot of the bed, silently waiting. And now, in this night-watch, mingling with the flow of the river and with the rush of the train, came the questions into Bella's mind again: What could be in the depths of that mystery of John's? Why was it that he had never been seen by Mr. Lightwood, whom he still avoided? When would that trial come, through which her faith in, and her duty to, her dear husband, was to carry her, rendering him triumphant? For, that had been his term. Her passing through the trial was to make the man she loved with all her heart triumphant. Term not to sink out of sight in Bella's breast.

Far on in the night Eugene opened his eyes. He was sensible, and said at once: "How does the time go? Has our Mortimer come back?"

Lightwood was there immediately, to answer for himself. "Yes, Eugene, and all is ready."

"Dear boy!" returned Eugene with a smile, "we both thank you heartily. Lizzie, tell them how welcome they are, and that I would be eloquent if I could."

"There is no need," said Mr. Milvey. "We know it. Are you better, Mr. Wrayburn?"

"I am much happier," said Eugene.

"Much better too, I hope?"

Eugene turned his eyes toward Lizzie, as if to spare her, and answered nothing.

Then, they all stood around the bed, and Mr. Milvey, opening his book, began the service; so rarely associated with the shadow of death; so inseparable in the mind from a flush of life and gayety and hope and health and joy. Bella thought how different from her own sunny little wedding, and wept. Mrs. Milvey overflowed with pity, and wept too. The dolls' dressmaker, with her hands before her face, wept in her golden bower. Reading in a low clear voice, and bending over Eugene, who kept his eyes upon him, Mr. Milvey did his office with suitable simplicity. As the bridegroom could not move his hand, they touched his fingers with the ring, and so put it on the bride. When the two plighted their troth she laid her hand on his, and kept it there. When the ceremony was done, and all the rest departed from the room, she drew her arm under his head, and laid her own head down upon the pillow by his side.

"Undraw the curtains, my dear girl," said Eugene, after a while, "and let us see our wedding-day."

The sun was rising, and his first rays struck into the room as she came back and put her lips to his. "I bless the day!" said Eugene. "I bless the day!" said Lizzie.

"You have made a poor marriage of it, my sweet wife," said Eugene. "A shattered, graceless fellow, stretched at his length here, and next to nothing for you when you are a young widow."

"I have made the marriage that I would have given all the world to dare to hope for," she replied.

"You have thrown yourself away," said Eugene, shaking his head. "But you have followed the treasure of your heart. My justification is, that you had thrown that away first, dear girl!"

"No. I had given it to you."

"The same thing, my poor Lizzie!"

"Hush, hush! A very different thing."

There were tears in his eyes, and she besought him to close them. "No," said Eugene, again shaking his head; "let me look at you, Lizzie, while I can. You brave devoted girl! You heroine!"

Her own eyes filled under his praises. And when he mustered strength to move his wounded head a very little way, and lay it on her bosom, the tears of both fell.

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"Lizzie," said Eugene, after a silence: "when you see me wandering away from this refuge that I have so ill deserved, speak to me by my name, and I think I shall come back."

"Yes, dear Eugene."

"There!" he exclaimed, smiling. "I should have gone then, but for that!"

A little while afterward, when he appeared to be sinking into insensibility, she said, in a calm loving voice: "Eugene, my dear husband!" He immediately answered: "There again! You see how you can recall me!" And afterward, when he could not speak, he still answered by a slight movement of his head upon her bosom.

The sun was high in the sky when she gently disengaged herself to give him the stimulants and nourishment he required. The utter helplessness of the wreck of him that lay cast ashore there now alarmed her, but he himself appeared a little more hopeful.

"Ah, my beloved Lizzie!" he said, faintly. "How shall I ever pay all I owe you, if I recover!"

"Don't be ashamed of me," she replied, "and you will have more than paid all."

"It would require a life, Lizzie, to pay all; more than a life."

"Live for that, then; live for me, Eugene; live to see how hard I will try to improve myself, and never to discredit you."

"My darling girl," he replied, rallying more of his old manner than he had ever yet got together. "On the contrary, I have been thinking whether it is not the best thing I can do, to die."

"The best thing you can do, to leave me with a broken heart?"

"I don't mean that, my dear girl. I was not thinking of that. What I was thinking of was this. Out of your compassion for me, in this maimed and broken state, you make so much of me—you think so well of me—you love me so dearly."

"Heaven knows I love you dearly!"

"And Heaven knows I prize it! Well. If I live, you'll find me out."

"I shall find out that my husband has a mine of purpose and energy, and will turn it to the best account?"

"I hope so, dearest Lizzie," said Eugene, wistfully, and yet somewhat whimsically. "I hope so. But I can't summon the vanity to think so. How can I think so, looking back on such a trifling wasted youth as mine! I *humbly* hope it; but I daren't believe it. There is a sharp misgiving in my conscience that if I were to live I should disappoint your good *opinion* and my own—and that I ought to die, my dear!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 4th of October. The work of reconstruction and restoration appears to be going on very satisfactorily, taking all things into account. The most notable feature is the almost entire unanimity with which the entire North, and the great body of influential men at the South, approve of the measures proposed and initiated by the present Administration. The most notable exception to this unanimity is found in the action of the Democratic Conventions of *New Jersey* and *Ohio*. In the former State the Convention met on the 30th of August. The resolutions which constitute the "Platform" adopted declare that "the late fratricidal war is chargeable to the abolitionists of the North and secessionists of the South, in their refusing to heed the wise counsels of the Democracy, who long ago predicted that the election of a sectional candidate upon sectional principles would be the forerunner of a civil war;" reiterate the doctrine of the Chicago platform, affirming "the right of each State to legislate and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively;" declare that "the national debt, which has been enormously increased beyond its legitimate amount by unwise legislation, corruption, and extravagance, is a curse to every man who can not afford to live upon the interest of United States bonds;" oppose "negro suffrage, and agree with President Johnson that the people of each State have the right to control that subject as they deem best;" urge "the right of each State to control its own militia, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, and the admission into the Congress of the United States of all persons duly elected according to the laws of their respective States;" and "regret that a general amnesty has not been extended to all rebels who abandon their cause and swear allegiance to the old Union." General Theodore Runyon, who commanded the New Jersey troops at the time of the battle of Bull Run, but took no part in the action, was nominated for Governor.—Similar is the tone of the platform adopted in *Ohio* by the Democratic Convention, of which Mr. Vallandigham was temporary chairman. It is, however, still more explicit in denouncing negro suffrage, the effort to establish which is affirmed to be "an insidious attempt to overthrow popular institutions by bringing the right to vote into disgrace." One of the resolutions declares that "This Government was made by white men, and, so far as we have the power to preserve it, it shall continue to be a government of white men."

As an indication of the prevailing state of sentiment we give at some length the avowed position of the two great parties in the State of *New York*, as set forth in the formal action of their respective State Conventions:

In New York the November election is for Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Engineer, Canal Commissioner, Treasurer, Attorney-General, Prison Inspector, Members of the Legislature, and several judicial officers. The "Democratic" Convention assembled at Albany on the 6th of September. The "Union" Convention met at Syracuse on the 22d of September. The "Platform" of the Democratic Convention is embodied in a series of nine Resolutions; that of the Union Convention in thir-

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teen. We present the leading features of these platforms, arranged as nearly as possible in parallel paragraphs, following the order of the Democratic platform, which was first presented. The figures denote the numbers of the respective resolutions. In both cases we quote textually the important parts.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

1. The creed of the Democratic party is the Constitution; and it is ready to meet the great questions of the future with the patriotism, fidelity to principle, and practical wisdom, by which it has always been characterized.

2. Congratulates the people upon the termination of the civil war, especially as this has been attained with a preserved Union, an undivided country, and the reassertion of constitutional liberty throughout the land.

3. Demands the subordination of military to civil rule, the restitution of the authority of the courts, and the recognition of the equality of the States; denounces "all efforts, either by prolonging military rule or by denying the right of representation to States, in order to compel them to adopt negro equality or negro suffrage as an element of their Constitutions, as tending to delay and prevent the pacification of the country, and to subvert the principles of the Government, and endanger the liberties of the people."

4. Approves "the plan of President Johnson for the speedy restoration of the States lately in rebellion to their old positions, by commencing the work of reorganization at the point of secession, and confiding it to those then recognized as electors by the laws of the respective States, leaving the question of suffrage, where the Constitution places it, to the future action of the several States:" and "pledges to the President a cordial and energetic support."

5. Recognizes "the obligation by which the whole resources of the country are pledged to the payment of the public debt;" and urges "that all Constitutional and legal means should be taken to compel the whole property of the country, real and personal, to share in the public burdens, believing that equality of taxation is not only public equity, but also the soundest possible basis for public credit."

6. Declares that "the thanks and gratitude of the people are due to the soldiers and sailors of the nation and to their brave commanders, whose deeds elevate the fame of the people."

7. Indorses the "Monroe Doctrine," as "a policy which has preserved peace and avoided foreign entanglements, and can not be abandoned without dishonor to us as a power among nations, nor without danger to Democratic institutions."

8. Declares that "the frank and generous acceptance by the Southern people of the condition in which they have been left by the recent war, including the abandonment of slavery," removes all difficulties in the way of harmony, and should be met by the Federal Government in a spirit of conciliation and kindness.

9. Resolves that banishing all minor party considerations, the Democratic party "cordially support President Johnson in the policy which he has avowed to enable the States lately in revolt to put their governments in practical operation, and in all such Constitutional measures as he may inaugurate to harmonize the country and restore and cement the Union of the States."

UNION PLATFORM.

13. The Union party has sustained the Government against enemies in and out of the field, and appeals to its past history, its present position, and the character of its candidates as its title to public confidence and support.

1. Congratulates the people upon the overthrow of the rebellion, and finds, in the "preservation of the Union, the re-establishment of the national authority, and the extirpation of slavery, ample recompense for the sufferings and sacrifices by which these results have been achieved."

6. "The restoration of peace will enable the Government to restore the civil tribunals of the country to their just and national supremacy; and we have full and entire confidence that this will be done as soon as the safety of the nation will permit, and no sooner."

5. The States have jurisdiction over local and domestic affairs reserved to them by the Constitution; but when the exercise of these trusts shall be restored to the States lately in rebellion, they should be exercised "with a view to the elevation and perpetuation of the full rights of citizenship of all their people."

4. Approves "the initial steps which President Johnson has taken toward relaxing the bonds of military authority in the Southern States, and in restoring to the people full and complete control over their local affairs as soon as may be found compatible with the preservation of order, the maintenance of peace, the exclusion of slavery, and the fulfillment of the constitutional obligations of the national authority to guarantee to every State a republican form of government;" and pledges him a cordial support.

7. The National Debt is a sacred and inviolable obligation, resting upon all the property and resources of the country; and the burden of it should be placed equally and impartially upon all classes: but under no circumstances should the Government "assume, directly or indirectly, any portion of the debts incurred by rebel authorities in prosecution of the war against the United States."

2. Thanks "the soldiers and sailors of all ranks and in all departments;" and urges that "adequate provision be made by the national authorities for the support and comfort of such of their survivors as have received honorable and disabling wounds in the service of their country."

9. Expresses entire confidence in the conduct by President Johnson of our foreign relations; especially "in maintaining the fixed policy of our Government, by which the interference of foreign powers with the institutions of this continent is regarded as hostile to our peace and menacing to our independence."

4. Also approves the sentiments of kindness and confidence which the President "has evinced toward those of the communities and individuals lately in rebellion who accept the perpetuity of the Union and the perpetual prohibition of slavery as the legitimate and irrevocable results of the war;" and looks forward to the restoration of concord and harmony between the North and the South.

3. Deplores the death of Lincoln, and recognizes in President Johnson "a statesman of ability, experience, high-toned patriotism, and unsullied integrity," whose services to the Union command the respect of the American people; and "renews to him in his Administration those assurances of cordial and effective support which were tendered by us in his nomination and election."

The Union platform also contains a Resolution demanding "as prompt and as large a reduction of the national expenditures as the national safety will permit; an abolition of all sinecures, and a wise and economical administration of public affairs." Another Resolution calls upon the people to select as candidates none but men of known integrity of character. Another congratulates Mr. Seward upon his escape from assassination, and "rejoices that his distinguished services may still be continued to the nation and the cause of liberty." Another indorses the administration of Governor Fenton, pledging to it a cordial and hearty support. Besides the construction of the platforms much important business was to be transacted by both Conventions. The essential object in both was to present candidates for the principal offices whose personal and political antecedents might be expected to secure the full vote of the respective parties.—The following are the candidates for State offices nominated by the two Conventions:

DEMOCRATIC.	UNION.
Secretary of State.	
Henry W. Slocum.	Francis C. Barlow.
Comptroller.	
Lucius Robinson.	Thomas H. Hillhouse.
State Engineer.	
Sylvanus H. Sweet.	J. Platt Goodsell.
Canal Commissioner.	
Cornelius W. Armstrong.	Robert E. Dorn.
Treasurer.	
Marsena R. Patrick.	Charles J. Howland.
Attorney-General.	
John Van Buren.	John H. Martindale.
Prison Inspector.	
Andrew J. M'Nett.	Henry A. Barnum.

The platforms of the two Conventions, differ very little in purport, although some points are in each brought out more strongly than in the other. Either

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party could adopt the principles avowed by the other. The candidates on both sides have been carefully selected, and are probably without exception personally unobjectionable. The office of Secretary of State is the most important one to be filled at this election, and for it each party has nominated a strong candidate. General Slocum, the Democratic nominee, is a graduate of West Point. After serving in Florida he left the army and studied law. On the breaking out of the rebellion he re-entered the army as Colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers. He was soon raised to the rank of Brigadier-General, commanding a division on the Peninsula and at Antietam. At Chancellorsville he commanded the right wing, consisting of three corps. In 1864 he was sent West, with the Twelfth Corps, and when Hooker resigned the command of the Twentieth Corps, Slocum was appointed to succeed him. He commanded the right wing of Sherman's army during the Great March. His military and personal record is of the highest character.—General Barlow, the Union nominee, entered as a private in a New York regiment at the opening of the war. He was soon promoted to the rank of Colonel, and distinguished himself at the battle of Fair Oaks. At Antietam he was wounded and left for dead upon the field. Recovering he returned to the field with the rank of Brigadier-General. At Gettysburg he was again fearfully wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy, but was recaptured. Again recovering, he commanded a division in Hancock's Second Corps at the opening of the last campaign. In the battle of the Wilderness he captured the entire division of General Edward Johnson, three thousand strong. So eminent were his services through the whole of this campaign that he was promoted to the rank of Major-General on the special recommendation of General Grant.—With avowed principles on either side so nearly identical, and with leading candidates on each side possessing such high claims, the contest in New York is really a trial of the course of the late National Administration. If the Union party succeeds, it will amount to a verdict by the State of New York in favor of the general policy which resulted in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln and the election of Mr. Johnson. If the Democratic party succeeds, it will be a verdict of the State in favor of the Chicago platform and the State Administration of Governor Seymour.

The Convention of *South Carolina* met at Columbia on the 13th of September. The prevailing tone of the body was evinced at the outset. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Aldrich that

"Under the present extraordinary circumstances it is both wise and politic to accept the condition in which we are placed; to endure patiently the evils which we can not avert or correct; and to await calmly the time and opportunity to effect our deliverance from unconstitutional rule."

The purport of the resolution, as explained by the mover, was that they should be quiet until they were strong enough, through the aid of the Democratic party of the North, to get a constitutional government. The resolution was laid on the table by an almost unanimous vote. Ex-Governor Pickens, in seconding the motion to lay on the table, said it did not become South Carolina to bluster now. Next day an ordinance was passed by a vote of 105 to 3, repealing the ordinance of secession. Then resolutions were introduced declaring that

"Whereas, by the fortunes of war our noble and beloved Chief Magistrate, Jefferson Davis, is now languishing in prison, awaiting his trial for treason; and whereas the fanatics of the North, not satisfied with the wide-spread ruin and desolation which they have caused are shrieking for his blood;" it was the duty of the State to do all it could to avert this doom, and therefore a committee should be appointed to proceed to Washington and urge the President "to extend to the Hon. Jefferson Davis that clemency which he has shown to us who are equally the sharers of his guilt, if guilt there be."

For this was substituted a resolution appointing a committee to memorialize the President to pardon Davis, Stephens, Magrath, and Trenholm. A series of resolutions was then introduced, commencing with a preamble, to the effect that the questions in dispute having been twice settled—once by the ballot and once by the sword—the people of South Carolina accepted as the result of the war the following among other enumerated principles, and would henceforth sustain them faithfully as a national policy:

"The Union is the first and paramount consideration of the American people.—Sovereignty, a unit absolute and individual, which in all nations must exist somewhere, resides in the American people; and its authorized representative within the limits of the organic law—the Constitution—is the Federal Government.—The late war was not one of an oppressed people against tyranny: but arose from the apprehension on the part of the weaker section of tyranny in the future;" and was carried on under the conviction that any State had a right to secede. It was not, therefore, a rebellion or insurrection, and it was suggested that it would be wise and just in the President not to enforce the penalties affixed to these crimes by the laws of the United States.—"We indorse the acts of President Johnson's Administration, and will cordially support its wise and patriotic efforts to restore to the whole country the blessings of peace."

It does not appear from the published reports that any definite action was taken upon this series of resolutions; but the course of the Convention indicates that that body wished them to be considered as expressing its views. The vital question before the Convention was the action to be taken upon the subject of slavery. The ordinance upon this subject, as originally reported by the committee, declared that "slavery having been actually destroyed by the military force of the United States," it no longer existed in South Carolina, and should not be re-established; but "the General Assembly may adjudge involuntary servitude as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This was finally amended so as to read:

"The slaves in South Carolina having been emancipated by the action of the United States authorities, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall ever be re-established in this State."

In this form the ordinance was passed on the 19th of September. It will be seen that the act of abolition is attributed to the authorities of the United States, with the implication that it was contrary to the wishes of the people of South Carolina. The Convention also made provision for an entire remodeling and popularizing of the Constitution of the State; equalizing representation and taxation; giving to the people the right to choose the Governor and Presidential electors, and dividing the State into separate Congressional districts. Heretofore the Governor and Presidential electors were chosen by the General Assembly, and members of Congress elected by general ticket.—Hon. James L. Orr, formerly member of the United States Congress, and afterward of the Confederate Senate, has been nominated for Governor.

The *Alabama* Convention met on the 12th of

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September and adjourned on the 30th. The reports of its action are meagre. Its principal acts are: Repealing the ordinance of secession; declaring the debts incurred by the rebel authorities void, and forbidding the Legislature to recognize or make provision for paying any part of them; recognizing the abolition of slavery, and forbidding its re-establishment (by a vote of 89 to 3); and establishing the right of negroes to bear testimony in courts in cases between themselves and between whites and negroes.—Governor Parsons, in a Message, dated September 21, gives an unfavorable account of the finances of the State. There was in the treasury a nominal sum of $791,000, but of this about $780,000 was in Confederate and State notes, which are of no value; there was about $1400 in specie and bank-notes; the balance consisting of "Notes of the State Bank and its branches." He also states that at the close of the war "the State was furnishing meal and salt to 38,772 destitute families, the individual members of which numbered 139,042;" if, as is probable, these were all whites, nearly one-fourth of the entire white population then living were receiving food from the State authorities. The Governor urges that the present number of these destitute families should be ascertained, and "their real and imperative wants known and provided for at the earliest moment."

In Vermont and Maine the State elections have resulted in the success of the Union party by majorities considerably increased in proportion to the votes cast.—In Connecticut a vote was taken on the 2d of October upon a proposed amendment to the Constitution extending the right of voting to negroes; the amendment was rejected by a majority of about 6000.

The following is a statement of the National Debt on the 30th of September, compared with its amount at the close of the preceding month:

Total Debt, Aug. 31....	$2,757,689,571	$138,031,620
Total Debt, Sept. 30....	2,744,947,726	137,529,216
Decrease	$12,741,845	$503,414

The debt bearing interest in gold has increased $8,368,000; that bearing interest in currency has decreased $14,469,000; that free of interest has decreased $6,640,000. The interest payable in gold has increased about $500,000; that payable in currency has decreased about $503,000.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The civil war in *Mexico* still continues, the apparent advantages in the field being decidedly in favor of the Imperialists, who have reduced the Government of Juarez to a roving condition, without any fixed capital. The Republicans, however, assert that they can continue this kind of warfare until the foreign troops of the Emperor are destroyed by casualties and sickness. The position of our Government toward the Governments of Maximilian and Juarez is defined in the instructions given in February by the Secretary of State to Mr. Dayton, then Minister to France. Maximilian was then about to visit Paris. If he appeared simply as an Austrian Imperial Prince, our Minister was to be "neither demonstrative nor reserved toward him." If he appeared "with any authority or title in Mexico, he was to refrain from intercourse with him." "We acknowledge revolutions," wrote Mr. Seward, "only by direction of the President, upon full and mature consideration. Until such regular authority for recognition we do not hold formal or informal communications with political agents or representatives of revolutionary movements in countries with which we maintain diplomatic intercourse." To the French representative at Washington Mr. Seward also wrote in April: "This Government has long recognized, and still does continue to recognize, the Constitutional Government of the United States of Mexico as the sovereign authority in that country, and Benito Juarez as its chief. This Government, at the same time, equally recognizes the condition of war existing in Mexico between that country and France. We maintain absolute neutrality between the belligerents."

The war which has for some months been waged on the *River Plata*, between Paraguay on the one side, and Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Uruguay on the other, has assumed a magnitude quite unprecedented in South American feuds. The parties are apparently most unequally matched. Paraguay has a population variously estimated at from 500,000 to 1,000,000. Brazil has probably about 8,000,000; the Argentine Confederation and Uruguay about 1,500,000. But Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, wields the entire personal and material force of the country, and keeps on foot an army of some 60,000 men. The allies may be able to put on paper twice or three times as many. But Lopez has the advantage of position: he can be effectively assailed only by the River Parana, the main branch of the Plata. This river, in its lower course, passes through the Argentine Confederation; in its middle course bounds Paraguay; while its upper course penetrates far into the Brazilian provinces. The point of the war is to secure the free navigation of this great river, which has been closed by Lopez. Of the various encounters which have thus far marked the war, the principal was a naval action in June, in which the Paraguayan fleet was destroyed near Corrientes. This disaster seems to have produced no decided result upon the contest. At the latest advices each party had about 50,000 men confronting each other at various points near the river.

EUROPE.

In *Great Britain* the leading topic of interest is the "Fenian" movement. For many months an organization calling itself the "Fenian Brotherhood" has existed in the United States, composed mainly of persons of Irish birth or descent, whose object is to effect the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. It claims to have in the United States from a quarter to half a million of sworn members. Within a few weeks it has become evident that this organization has extended to Ireland and some portions of England. Considerable alarm has been excited, and the British Government has set on foot measures to prevent an insurrection. Many arrests have been made, several districts have been placed under martial law, and the military and naval forces have been strengthened. It is as yet impossible to decide upon the extent of the threatened attempt of the Fenians.

During the summer and early autumn the cholera has made fearful ravages in certain parts of the Levant. It has been especially destructive in Egypt, Constantinople, in some parts of Italy and Spain, and in some French sea-ports. Thus far its ravages have been confined to places immediately on the shores of the Mediterranean; the main exception being that it ascended the Nile from Alexandria to Cairo.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

ALL summer long there was a vague apprehension of coming cholera. The old terror of pestilence is only modified by greater knowledge; and it was interesting to see that the rumor of the approach of the deadly mystery that wasteth by noonday has called into full chorus the various warning voices of diplomacy, science, and commerce. Beginning where every thing else in the world seems to begin, in the obscurity of the interior of Asia it moved westward and emerged upon the coast of the Mediterranean. Devastating Egypt, where at Alexandria the deaths were sometimes four or five hundred in a day, it drove the Pacha and the more comfortable classes out of the country. Thirty thousand persons are supposed to have left Alexandria and Cairo. The Pacha himself fled to Constantinople.

But he did not leave the enemy behind. Appearing upon the Bosphorus it smote Constantinople with more terror than any hostile fleet or army. Swifter and more relentless than a wild soldiery in a captured city, it massacred the thick and wretched population, rioting in universal slaughter and dismay. A thousand victims a day are said to have fallen before it, and two hundred thousand persons to have left Constantinople, in which the whole number of deaths by the disease is computed at twenty thousand. But numbers are always so inexact in Mohammedan countries, and fear so magnifies them, that such reports are to be considered rather as surmises than statistics.

But the ravages of a pestilence which feeds and fattens upon squalor and misery may be easily enough imagined in a city so dense and unclean as Constantinople, or any large Oriental town. The religion of Fate, too, naturally smiles at the effort of science to baffle the inevitable. "If it is coming it will come," is the philosophy of the Turk. But the Turk is a man, and when he sees the inevitable it is as appalling to him as to the merest Christian. The Government was not philosophic, in this sense. It did what its cumbrous machinery and characteristic inertness allowed. It employed physicians to attend the suffering. It required some measures of neatness to be adopted. But what is the use of dusting the Augean stable?

Meanwhile the tireless foe had slipped round and ascended the Adriatic and fixed his fangs upon Ancona. The superstition of Italy was as sensitive as the apathy of Turkey. The population recoiled, and fled as far as possible. But the very portion which is the peculiar prey of the cholera could not escape, and was destroyed in multitudes. Even our Lady of Loretto upon the same Italian coast could not save her devotees. Dirty devotees are consumed by the cholera despite their utmost piety. The traveler shudders as he remembers the Italian streets which, under the hopeless sun of midsummer, invite disease and court death. Spain, also, trembled as the plague touched her shores; and France and England and America are now gravely preparing to receive the common enemy.

Their foreign ministers and consuls are writing reports of the progress and ravages of the disease, and transmitting methods and speculations of treatment, while science every where is suggesting theories and remedies. They are generally simple and easily accessible, and Dr. Chapman, of London, is confident that a proper application of ice to the spine will be a certain cure.

The conditions favorable to the disease seem to be now tolerably well understood. Impurity of the air, personal uncleanliness, and a low state of the system, physical and mental, are its special aliment. One writer indeed declares that it reappears in exactly the same spots, and, if we remember the statement correctly, he says that in Edinburgh the second great visitation began in the identical house in which it showed itself at its first coming. It begins always in cities, and in their worst districts; the regions where the poor and wretched are huddled in crowds. In the city of New York, thirty years ago, when it was first known in this country, it ravaged the Five Points and its purlieus. It does not seem to be contagious; but the air itself is somewhat infected, and there is a kind of mechanical transmission by the impalpable *exuriæ* of the skin. These provocatives are, however, comparatively harmless to a sound and vigorous body. The *mens sana in corpore sano* seems to be the best fortification.

The abnormal condition of the atmosphere is probably familiar to every one who has been exposed to the cholera. In the year 1850, when it was peculiarly severe in Paris, every one was conscious of a disturbed state of the air with which his system sympathized. The physicians prepared certain preventive and checking remedies, which many persons had constantly at hand to be used upon the slightest indication of the disease, and so long as a man was not frightened he was quite safe. Some bold diners at the cafés used to call in a stentorian voice for strawberries at a time when fruit was popularly supposed to be fatally conducive to the disease, and it was amusing to see the universal consternation of the guests, as if the reckless epicure were ordering death for one, with cream and sugar, or as if the mere propinquity of such a person were compromising.

The present progress of the pest seems to have paused. It has circled around the basin of the Mediterranean, and has not yet appeared upon the Atlantic coast. The English papers indulge a feeble hope that it may have spent its force, and that it may consequently retire. But the greater probability is, that it will resume its dreadful journey with the opening spring, and cross the ocean with the same deadly certainty as before.

If it comes to the city of New York, which is its American gate, its sure ravages will create a panic that will be felt through the country. It will delight in those tenement houses and that municipal filth which are the standing shame of the great city. Let any man step out of Broadway and survey familiar side streets. Let him see and smell and think, and then imagine a mortal epidemic let loose there. The Fifth Avenue and the stately upper streets may well come down town through those regions, and ask themselves whether they will be safe when Death is in full riot there.

The complacent theory that great pestilences are the divine method of reducing the redundant population of the globe, has exactly the same value and dignity with the theory that the globe rests upon an elephant who stands upon a tortoise, or that the moon is made of green cheese. If we do our municipal duty we shall soon discover that our pious theories are only shallow excuses for our abominable negligence.

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WHILE our military troubles end those of our neighbors upon this continent and in Europe are beginning. The South American republics and Brazil are engaged in war, and the Fenian movement evidently troubles our venerable ancestor, Great Britain.

The war upon the River Plate, like all South American troubles, has apparently no very vital interest for us. With the instinctive jealousy of every great power, which seems to blind the public opinion of the world to the actual merits of a case, it has been hastily assumed, both in England and this country, that Paraguay is a sort of placid pastoral republic mildly asking to be let alone while it develops civilization and liberty; and that the monster Brazil, jealous of liberty and republics and resolved to tolerate no rival in South America, is preparing to consume it at a mouthful.

In these days of loud declamation about the Monroe doctrine, and of a vague feeling that we are in some way responsible for the good behavior and civilization of this continent, which, morally speaking, we undoubtedly are, as in our view we are for that of the whole world, it is worth while to understand the vital facts in this case—facts which rest upon indisputable authority.

Paraguay is a small country situated at the junction of the rivers Parana and Paraguay with the River de la Plata. It is thus flanked by two rivers, and its land side is defended by vast and inhospitable tracts by which access is most difficult, and for an army quite impracticable. The approach to Paraguay is up the Plate River. Instead of a republic, as it is called, it is one of the most absolute and vigorous of despotisms. Its wealth is great, but there is but one rich man. Its resources and material improvements are reckoned by Mr Christie, the late British minister to Brazil, as proportionally larger than those of that empire. But they are the property of one proprietor. That proprietor is the Dictator Lopez.

The population of Paraguay is about a million. There is a certain form of a republic, but the House of Representatives meets about four days in ten years. Foreigners are virtually forbidden the country. Those who are admitted are retained in the employ of the Government—that is to say, of Lopez. There are no foreign merchants, and the only domestic trader is Lopez. All produce is sold to him under compulsion, and naturally at his own prices. He maintains his power by a standing army of some sixty thousand men, officered by foreign soldiers. His government is a vast, absolute, irresponsible despotism. The country is his estate, which he received from his father Lopez, who received it from the noted dictator Francia. Every individual in the population is at the mercy of the Dictator. Free speech and a free press are of course unknown. Education is what the Dictator chooses. Paraguay is as much sealed to the world as Japan.

Clearly no sophistication can torture such a country and government into a representative of the republican principle and progressive constitutional freedom. It is vain to invoke sympathy upon such grounds for Paraguay at war. Can it be invoked upon the facts?

Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay are leagued against her, and certainly not because of jealousy or ambition. The powers were all at peace. The River Plate was a common highway by treaty. Suddenly Paraguay, that is, Lopez, seized a Brazilian steamer in the port of his capital, Assumption, and this seizure he followed by an invasion. Lopez asked leave to cross the Argentine territory to strike Brazil at another point, and was properly refused. Thereupon he seized two Argentine ships and invaded one of the Argentine provinces. War was thus truly forced upon both of the countries by Lopez.

It is not easy to thread all the labyrinths of South American politics. Doubtless Brazil, as Mr. Christie charges, subsidizes foreign presses and "cooks" all reports of the progress of the war. But even Mr. Christie does not pretend to defend Paraguay as a republic, nor to regard her as the champion of liberal principles. Brazil is by no means a model power, but it is infinitely in advance of Paraguay, which "exists at present," he says of Lopez, "only for his ambition and glorification." Brazil is doubtless a cumbrous power, and Lopez, holding his little country completely in hand, has unquestionably counted upon his situation, his preparation, and his rapidity of action. But whatever the result, whether Lopez is overthrown, or he compels Brazil to the concession of serious advantages, he is no more the representative of Liberalism and Progress than Jefferson Davis.

WHILE South America is thus actually the scene of war there is a rumor of war from Ireland. The Fenian movement has now reached a point at which the Government is interfering, and the English newspapers are urging summary measures as the most humane policy. Fenianism was first heard of, we believe, in this country. During the last year or two there have been meetings in various States, and hot harangues and dark insinuations, but nothing very definite has been made public as to the scope and method of the enterprise.

If Ireland is to be excited into armed resistance to the British Government the failure will be as disastrous, if not as contemptible, as that of John Mitchell and Smith O'Brien. Whatever the wrongs of Ireland, and they are vast and indisputable, whatever the courage of Irishmen, and it is undoubted, it would be the maddest folly to imagine that the island is in a condition to begin a successful revolution. The qualities of the Celtic race need to be thoroughly and carefully disciplined before they could be expected even in a fair fight to maintain themselves against the physical and moral force they would encounter. And yet the Irish branch of that race is precisely the most undisciplined of all. Complete organization, distinct purpose, harmony of action, intelligence, infinite patience, moderation in victory or defeat, ample resources, and religious support, these are a few of the elements obviously essential to success in an Irish revolution. It is true that brave and resolute men often achieve wonders. But no movement of such vast importance as this is supposed to be can justify itself by such an occasional experience. Fenianism means either a revolt more or less sanguinary, and of incalculable injury to the true cause of Ireland, or it means an effort to dismember the British empire. Now we may all think of Great Britain as we will. But that she can suppress a revolt in Ireland is beyond question, and that she will struggle with all her enormous power and inextinguishable tenacity against a dismemberment which plants a hostile nation upon her coast is quite as certain. Were the Irish people compact, intelligent, organized—were they skillfully led, and sustained by the whole force of their Church—they might count upon a fierce

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struggle, even if not upon very decisive results, but is that the condition of Ireland? Will the most earnest and sensible Irishman contend that it is her condition? Can she hope to move effectively with the entire influence of her own Church arrayed against her?

To count upon the active assistance of France or the United States is visionary. To be deceived by demagogues on platforms and in newspapers, who assert that the United States are panting for an opportunity to retort upon Great Britain her "neutrality" in our war, is folly. The feeling of this country is not friendly to England; but it is not an unfriendliness which would lead us to add hundreds of millions more to our debt in order to expel "the Saxon" from Ireland. If we propose to expel foreign powers by war we are not likely to leave our own continent to find the battle-field.

These are facts which have nothing to do with the abstract question of the justice or the injustice of the English policy in Ireland. The history of that unhappy country is the least honorable page of British history. But the remedy for the situation lies in peaceful, not in warlike methods. If Irish orators, instead of the wildest flattery of their countrymen and the most impassioned denunciation of the Saxon, would exhort their fellow-citizens to a frame of mind and a course of conduct which should not perpetually alienate Great Britain and compel severe restraints, and which would thereby give opportunity for the improvement of the land and the education of the people, a public opinion would gradually arise in Ireland which Great Britain would be forced to respect, and which would command the sympathy of the world.

If such a policy should seem a tame submission to "the invader and tyrant," it is none the less true that it is the policy which would soonest and most surely lead to a relaxing of his hand. Every fresh attempt at forcible separation is only more futile than the preceding, and more pitifully prostrates the country. In its present situation, if such an attempt could possibly succeed for a time, is it likely that the result would be permanent or satisfactory? Every Irishman who is asked to give of his hard earnings for such a purpose, ought to ask himself very closely, first, whether he is ready to return and shoulder a musket and take the chances; and, second, whether he feels quite sure that he would not emigrate from the "Republic of Ireland" as nimbly as he did from the "ould country." If he can answer both questions satisfactorily to himself and go, and there are two hundred thousand who think with him and will act with him to the end, it is very clear that Fenianism will not end in a cabbage garden with Smith O'Brien's revolution. But it is very far from clear that it will not prove an incalculable catastrophe for Ireland.

MR. EMERSON said, in one of his lectures last winter, that he had not yet heard that any University had conferred a degree upon Mr. Rarey, the friend of the horse. Yet there can be little doubt that Mr. Rarey has earned it. He has awakened public attention to the vicious system of training horses, and has undoubtedly ameliorated that system every where in the country.

We were reminded of this truth lately in a remote and pleasant village among the hills to which came a "horse tamer" on a soft autumn day. His placards announced that he would deliver a lecture upon the subject, and handle any horses or colts that might be offered, and instruct a class in his system. The crowd assembled in front of the inn soon after noon—a quiet and intelligent crowd, which patiently waited the coming of the teacher. Presently he appeared, driving out of the inn yard in a light wagon drawn by a smooth, handsome colt of four or five years, with no other harness than a surcingle, Dutch collar, and traces. The Professor of taming drove him entirely by the whip. He had no lines whatever. The horse moved quietly, perfectly obedient to the whip which he constantly watched, and which guided him like a wand.

When the horse had trotted up and down the village street, backing and turning by the movement of the whip, he came to the inn door, and the Professor, rising in the wagon, proceeded to deliver his lecture. He began by reproving those of us who were present for the conduct of those who were not. The wily orator magnified himself and his fame by expressing the greatest surprise that there was so few "out." At Smithville and Jonestown and Jenkins City he had had such classes that he was very sure before coming here that he should find no less interest in a town where there were so many good horses. Indeed, he had always supposed Maple Centre to be a "horse town." He evidently intended no slur, and used the indefinite article simply instead of following it with the numeral. But he as clearly showed that he considered us hardly worthy of serious attention. If we were so fatally indifferent to the great subject, why should he waste himself upon us? But, for all the Professor's innuendoes, it was a collection of intelligent and thrifty men who were not unversed in the great question of horse-training.

He said some excellent things. He declared that he would begin with ideas, which, in a lecturer, was very friendly and praise-worthy. So he told us that the horse learns by our acts alone. He can not go beyond his experience. It is man who reasons. Then early impressions are very powerful and ineradicable with horses as with men. Therefore let your horse, first of all, learn that you are his superior, but also his friend. For this purpose deal honestly with the horse; never ask him to do what you do not feel that you can compel him to do; and when he does it reward him for *it*. Observe his nature narrowly. Remember that "his nose is his fingers." Therefore let him carefully smell of every thing likely to frighten him. He should be treated with kindness; but his spirit should be restrained, not subdued.

At this point the Professor took issue with Mr. Rarey. The Rarey plan, he said, is absolute subjugation. But that is not enough. Mr. Rarey, said the Professor, kindly, is an excellent man, but his plan is defective. Mine goes further. It is better. Subjugation is not teaching. You must teach the horse what you want him to do. Use no word of command until you have taught him by your act what it means. To hitch up the wild colt and say whoa to him without having taught him whoa is unreasonable in the extreme.

These primary truths were illustrated by the Professor in various anecdotes of his own experience; and after talking for some time in a plain and instructive manner he sat down and took the names of those who wished to learn the details of his method. The terms were three dollars, for which a book containing ample and intelligible directions would be furnished. Professional men, ladies, and children were invited to attend the school

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without charge; and soon after the close of the lecture we all repaired to a neighboring barn, where the Professor was to prove his skill.

Seated upon the hay-mows and clustered upon boards and rafters the audience was comfortable and picturesque. The Professor had remarked in his lecture, with withering sarcasm, that those who paid the fee and came in were always satisfied, but those who peeped through knot-holes and listened at cracks were very hard to please. So there were very few peepers and the performance began.

It was very interesting, although the critic of Mr. Rarey did not, as it seemed to most of us, improve that gentleman's method. The principle in both schools is precisely the same. The horse is taught the absolute superiority of the man; and in the process we observed that the Professor dealt a few kicks, but doubtless in a spirit of kindness and conciliation. He had great difficulty in throwing one black mare, but finally succeeded, and taught her to bear to have an umbrella opened upon her back, which, with such a nervous animal, who had always fled at the sight of an umbrella, was a victory.

The method was very simple. A cord and a piece of web with a bridle were all the appliances. If the animal were inclined to resist, the Professor, holding the halter or bridle in one hand, seized the tail with the other, and whirled him around until the horse was dizzy, and felt that he was in hands which he could not resist. Then he yielded. The Professor showed how to halter the wild colt, how to learn him to lead, how to handle his feet, how to ride him, how to make him follow under the whip, how to bit him, how to teach him not to kick, and other processes. The remedy for kicking in harness is admirable and probably perfect. It is the Professor's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is so choice a secret that he does not print it in his book, but only imparts it orally. It is richly worth knowing. But if the Professor had wished it to be published would he not have put it into his book?

We hope that no habitual reader of this Magazine has omitted "Our Mutual Friend." It is one of the most charming of Dickens's stories. The wonderful fertility, the frolicsome humor, the power of picturesque description, the skill in construction of his genius were never more illustrated than in "Our Mutual Friend." It is purely characteristic. His great excellences and obvious faults are all in it. It is perfect in its own key, but its key is strange. It deals with every variety of human passion. There are multitudes of human figures intermingling in the tale. But there is a glamour over all. There is a grotesque exaggeration which is delightful and fascinating, but unlike the world we know. The passions, the play of character, the incidents, are such as we encounter every day; but the persons are quaint beyond experience. Meanwhile the suggestions are so subtle, the range of sympathy so wide and deep, the psychological analysis often so vivid and accurate, the panoramic effect of the whole so astonishing, that the superiority of this great master is constantly manifest.

Tried by certain details Dickens is not so successful as some other novelists. Parts of his stories always have an unpleasant unreality. Many of his persons could never be matched in actual life. Even the humor sometimes creaks as in Mr. Wegg, in "Our Mutual Friend." Mrs. Wilfer is a lady whom it would be very hard to encounter in any part of London or any where in the world. But nothing can be more droll and delightful than Mrs. Wilfer issuing proclamations from her corner and forever posing upon her pedestal as a domestic Mrs. Simeon Stylites. "The cherub," who preserves your affection and even respect, despite his amiable inefficiency, could clearly have had no other wife, and the impossible Wilfer household is yet a luminous hint of a thousand actual homes in the world.

It is always remarkable, however, in Dickens's stories, that even those parts which are masterly transcripts from fact—such as the life by the river in the opening chapter of "Our Mutual Friend" and elsewhere, and the scene of the murder in the October Number—unite themselves without a break with the airier and fairier portions. You go from the first fearfully graphic incident in the book—the towing of the body of the murdered man along the Thames, which has all the veracity of common experience—to the absurdities of Boffin's Bower without a single stumble by the way. You dine with the Podsnaps, and watch the Lammles, conscious that they are abstractions, and descend to the usurer's or ascend to the Jew's housetop among human beings, without a jar. Kind Miss Jenny Wren compels the haughty ladies of the kingdom to furnish patterns for her dolls' dresses, and rogue Riderhood plots for more blood money, with equal probability. Then comes a truly great chapter, like that of Bradley Headstone's crime, and its effect upon him, and, recalling Bulwer's treatment of Eugene Aram, another schoolmaster and murderer, you are conscious of the essential difference between genius and the most adroit talent.

What a power it is, and how nobly it is used! For a generation Dickens has held the ear and heart of the world, and he has not betrayed his trust. He has always told the truth. He has always shown the essential dignity of honesty and noble effort, however humble the circumstance. Every tale of his is a plea for what is most manly in man, and a protest against the prejudice, the convention, the insidious power of caste. Rank, ease, refinement, luxury, wealth, are never suffered by him to dazzle or bewilder the mind of his audience. He attacks the Molochs of tradition, the organized forms of injustice and selfishness. He exposes the chafing and tainting of apparent prosperity, and the pure content of mutual affection. A true democrat, he asserts the equal rights of men, and compels us to measure every man by his manhood.

How pleasant to know that such a writer is the most popular author in the world; that of all men who write the English language he is the most universally known and beloved.

When we were chatting last month of the broad course of study recently introduced into Union College, where the modern languages and the sciences are held in equal honor with the classics, we did not know of another modern exercise which is part of the curriculum at Amherst College in Massachusetts.

The situation of Union College in the valley of the Mohawk is very beautiful, but that of Amherst in the valley of the Connecticut is even finer. On some bright day of early autumn, if you cross the meadows from Northampton and go through Hadley to the college, the little journey will be marked with gold in your memory. If you sit with three genial students—let them have the dignity of seniors—

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behind two lively gray horses, you will bowl along so delightfully that you will no more remember the dust in the road than a poet remembers the fleas in Italy.

Your jovial companions will be sure to point out every notable spot, and to listen to what you say with a generous attention which your want of wisdom does not deserve. They will show you the glistening acres of broom-corn which at that season is cut and laid horizontally upon the stalks to dry. They will show you broad fields of lofty sorghum and luxuriant tobacco. All the while your eye will range southward over the unfenced miles of level, floor-like meadow, to the silvery sides of Holyoke, and northward to the round, smooth undulation of the Pelham Hills. Behind you and before, upon the straight road that runs seven miles from Northampton to the college, you will see the country wagons loaded with the tufts of the broom-corn, or with the brooms themselves ready for market, or with country folk coming from the town shops, and far in advance the creaking stage coach powdered with dust toils up the hill, and a smiling pickaninny perched upon the trunks behind drops his ludicrous apology for a hat, jumps down and scrambles in a cloud of dust to find it, and scampers back again, lightly climbing to his roost.

Scarcely ascending from that spacious and luxuriant plain, upon which peace and plenty seem encamped forever, in the balmy afternoon, you remember the old Indian traditions of the valley; the flight of the whole population, men, women, and children, from a little hill hamlet twenty miles away, whom the fear of savages drove through the winter woods and across the frozen streams to Hadley; the assault upon Deerfield, where "the Indian house," the door still bearing the scars of the tomahawk, was until recently standing, the most interesting memorial in the valley, but has now been destroyed; the descents of whooping red men from the wooded hills upon the white harvesters in these very meadows; and the fight of Hadley with the mysterious, tall, white-haired warrior suddenly appearing to direct to victory—when your senior wardens tell you that you are in Hadley.

Yes—why not? Hadley, or Camelot, or Auburn, loveliest village, or any spot of fame or romance, remote and spell-bound. For here is a broad long green meadow, as wide as many Broadways, edged all around with stately and profuse elms, under which a sluggish soft road lies, along which no one passed since Sir Lancelot in shining greaves rode out lirra-lirra to the river. Under the trees, with little gates and plots of grass in front, are the slumberous houses; and that one, calm, square, regular-windowed, is built upon the foundation of that in which Goffe lived, the regicide and mysterious white-haired leader in the Indian fight. Hadley is the vision of a village. The soft road muffles every sound. There are no faces at the windows; no doors are open; no children play in the shade; no dog barks. It must have been buried in the grave of Goffe; and this is its silent and delightful ghost.

Emerging from the spell, we rise slowly along a gradual ascent to Amherst. This is no ghost, for it is half past four by the college clock, and a rill of youth pours out of each barrack door and flows to the recitation-room. And what a prospect they see from every window and every point of the academic hill! The whole luxuriant valley is unrolled to their eyes; the range of Holyoke, and Tom, and all the lesser graceful hills. The noble elms tranquilize the landscape. It is the most cultivated, genial, exquisite scene. And the college is worthy of its site. It does not stand in perpetual contemplation of the beautiful panorama without resolving that the bodies of its children shall be kept in such high condition that their minds shall be healthy and open to the influence and inspiration of nature.

It has therefore erected a spacious and perfectly-appointed Gymnasium, and every member of every college class is required to attend daily and exercise his muscle as in the other rooms he must attend and exercise his mind. Every class has its captain, elected by itself, whose duty is to see that it faithfully does the exercises. As we sat in the gallery, to which the towns-people are admitted, the Professor struck a march upon the piano, and the junior class entered, arrayed in flannel shirts, waistbands, loose trowsers, and light shoes. They filed in upon both sides of the room and fell to work. It was at first uniform and in time with the music; then it was at will. Two of the students were really masters in the apparently perilous feats of the trapeze. The others leaped, swung along the ladders and bars, climbed, tumbled, pulled, and finally tossed a fair-haired wight in a blanket or a canvas. He shot twenty feet into the air and fell again upon the stretched surface below. Upon the whole, it seemed pleasanter to toss than to be tossed. The athletic skill of this body of young men was striking.

But the most striking impression of all was that of this invasion of college traditions. What would Mr. John Cotton, or the Reverend Increase Mather, or Dr. Jonathan Edwards over the river in Northampton, have said if they had seen such antics as parts of a collegiate education! Yet a wiser innovation was never made. It prophesies that the sallow, stooping, attenuated form shall no longer be the sign of the scholar; that there is no necessary antagonism between muscle and mind; and when we observed a nimble and accomplished gymnast striding and throwing himself with freedom and skill, and with a rosy cheek and bright clear eye, it was peculiarly agreeable to hear that he was one of the best scholars in the class. This recitation at least tells upon the hospital register. Since the system was introduced the cases of illness among the students are signally reduced in number. Indeed the change in the proportion of sick cases to the whole number of men is truly extraordinary.

It was a strange step from the slumber and Indian memories of Hadley to the College Gymnasium, quivering and ringing with young life. But not stranger than the descent from the college traditions of a century ago to the practices we beheld.

Editor's Drawer.

TOWARD the evening of one sultry day last summer, when the sidewalks were steaming off the last patches of wet remaining from the shower which had just passed, and left the air closer and more oppressive than before, while the crossings still held pools to be splashed by every slipshod horse, Officer 19—, in the last hour of his beat, leaned against a railing on the shady side of Canal Street, folded his hands, and contemplated wistfully the tantalizing proffer of "Sherry Cobblers" on a staring sign in the opposite doorway, cursing meanwhile his uniform, which at the same time kept

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him sweltering and forbade him to touch the cooling draught. Anon his impatient eye wandered to the pretty feet revealed on the wet crossings; then turned and followed warily the homeward steps of Mr. Finnegan, whose course grew wayward under the effect of the oppressive heat—or of antidotes therefor.

It chanced that Miss Bloomerine, coming down from the head-quarters of Health and Dress Reform, in Laight Street, her hair cut short and her figure despoiled of artificial developments, had, for this occasion—albeit her soul loved, and her limbs refused to part from, those goodly garments which have long been the distinguishing glory of the sterner sex—shrouded her dark-blue trowsers in a gown of the accustomed length, to avoid present annoyance, and stepping briskly into Canal Street, lifted her skirt at the wet crossing just when the 19—th protector of our rights was scanning that particular vicinity. His eager eye caught a glimpse of something which bore exact resemblance to his own manly costume, and the nerves of his keen nostrils suggested mice.

Fifteen recreant soldiers, idling in the streets on frivolous pretexts while the army was in need, had in two weeks fallen into his vigilant hands and been returned to the ranks. He had felt some sympathy for Smith, whose family was needy; and for Jones, whose furlough was wasted in search for transportation; but a man who would shirk his duty in such ignoble disguise as this now before him provoked his honest soul to wrath.

He grasped the unoffending Reformer by the shoulder, exclaiming, "I arrest you as a deserter!"

Remonstrance was unavailing. "Don't touch me, Sir! You ought to be ashamed! I shall wear what I like, and without your choosing it; and I won't submit to insult and tyranny from such creatures!"

Mr. Roundsman said it was pretty well played, but he was too old a bird, etc., and he marched her to the station-house. A little examination set the matter right, and the discomfited 19— returned to the uncensuring bosom of his family.

Mr. Ferguson, who lives opposite, and generally takes a little walk with Roundsman after sundown, says he found him rather thoughtful and downcast that evening, and when he asked him if it had not been an uncommon hot day, Roundsman pinched the straw in his julep, and said, "he must either have a different beat or be released from detective duty."

I HAVE seen some of the sayings and doings of George W—— chronicled in the Drawer before. I will add these trifles to his posthumous papers:

When George went West, some years ago, to accept a position in a banking-house, he neglected to liquidate some few personal accounts before his departure. A New York tailoring establishment, who had a bill of some little standing against him, hearing of his change of residence and the position he occupied, took measures to collect their account, by drawing a draft on him at three days' sight, attaching a receipted bill thereto, with the instructions to deliver the bill upon payment of the draft. This they handed to their bank for collection, supposing that George would be *embarrassed* into immediate payment by the presentation of a bill in such a shape. But George never knew that peculiar sensation.

It so happened that the Western correspondent of their bank was the banking firm with whom George was engaged, and for whom he was then acting in the capacity of notary public. The draft was received by the firm and handed over to George, who summoning the presence of his fellow-clerks, he presented the draft duly to himself for acceptance and payment, both of which being refused, he duly protested the draft for non-acceptance and in due time for non-payment, returning it to the New York bank with a charge of one dollar and a half for his legal fees, which of course had to be paid by the tailors, who have since probably devised some other means of appealing to George's *embarrassment!*

ON another occasion, when in the discharge of his official duties as notary public, he had to serve a personal notice of protest on an indorser, and, proceeding to the house where he understood the man lived, he rang the bell, which was answered by a vixenish-looking woman. To his inquiry, "Does Mr. Brown live here?" she replied, in a snappish and insolent tone, "No! Mr. Brown don't, live, here!!" increasing the accent on each word of the sentence, and slamming the door in the face of the disgusted notary. He pursued his way back several blocks toward his office, but suddenly turned and jerked the door-bell violently. On the immediate reappearance of the woman at the door he stuck up his nose, and, imitating her style and manner in addressing him, he exclaimed, "Well! who, said, he did!!" turning in an instant, and walking off without another word, leaving the confounded female to reflect on the truth of the old saying, "What's *sass* for the goose is *sass* for the gander."

A GOOD old Dutchman of our State was in the habit of sending his son "Hans" to the mill every Saturday afternoon with a bag of grain. This was slung across the back of old Rawbones, a sorrel and sorry-looking horse; and in order to make the bag maintain its balance a large stone was put in one end of the bag, while the grain was pendent in the other. One day Hans had the task of getting the corn ready for mill, and by chance forgetting the stone, as he seized the bag the inclosed grain parted, and he found the load equably balanced on the back of Rawbones. Turning, he spied the stone, and examining the burden discovered that the load went quite as well without it as with. In joy at his great discovery, Hans yelled at the old man, who was in the corn-house:

"Fader! fader! come 'ere!"

"Vot's you want, Hans?" said the old farmer, coming out.

"Looks here, fader! I've kot ter corn palanced in ter pag mitout ter sthone in one ent!"

The old gentleman looked at Hans's strange innovation, and in a voice choked with wrath at the presumption of the youth, said:

"Dake tat off! dake it off, an' but dat sthone in ter pag, like it was pefore! Yous granfader went to mill mit a sthone in ter pag ter balance it, and yous old fader too, an' now you goes an' sets youself up as you knows more dan both of 'um! I whips you. Hans, dake it off, an' but der sthone in ter pag!"

Hans did as directed, and with the monstrous pebble in one end of the bag, and the grain in the other, old Rawbones went on his journey, and the world moved on.

A COMICAL fellow of our town, named Sayles,

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was one day in one of the stores when a little boy came in selling grapes from a small basket. Sayles thought he would have a little fun, and began with:

"Boy, how much will you ask for what grapes I can eat?"

The little fellow eyed him as if to ascertain his alimentary capacity, and replied, "A shillin'."

Sayles loved grapes, and they rapidly disappeared before him, till the basket was empty and he had called for more. The boy was astonished, but nevertheless supplied him with a few more clusters, when, with a wink at the by-standers, S. pronounced himself satisfied, and paid the shilling. The next year it happened that Sayles met the same boy selling grapes at the same place, and recalling his former bargain, again accosted the boy with:

"Say, boy, what will you ask for what grapes I can eat this time?"

The boy, remembering quite as well, replied, shutting one eye slightly:

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Sayles, we've concluded that we can't afford to wholesale our grapes this year!"

A hearty laugh followed, and the crowd took a few clusters of grapes at Sayles's expense.

In the village of R——, in Vermont, a man by the name of Williams was arrested by his neighbor, Green, for stealing a barrel of apple-sass. The case was clear against Williams, for the apple-sass was found in his possession. The trial was held at the village tavern in the evening, and of course large numbers flocked to hear the trial before Justice B——. A lawyer happened to put up there that night who was fond of fun, and he volunteered to defend Williams. The court was duly opened, and the evidence taken against Williams. There was no doubt of Williams's guilt; when the lawyer very gravely arose and stated that *he* was perfectly familiar with the criminal law of Vermont, and that there was not one word from beginning to end in the statutes in regard to apple-sass, and therefore, said he, I move that a *nolle pros.* be entered, and the prisoner discharged. The Court coincided, and Williams was set at liberty.

Green said he thought it was very hard to lose his apple-sass; but he must submit to the majesty of the law, as the Court ruled that it was an old maxim of law *that it was better for nine innocent persons to escape than for one guilty one to be punished!*

From St. Louis we have the following:

A few months after the battle of Pittsburg Landing a Colonel of a Missouri regiment was in this city and in one of our prominent banks, the President of which was professedly a "Union man," but whose "sympathies" were with the "rebs."

The Colonel went on to give a description of the forces on both sides, and a full account of the situation, and that our forces on the first day's fight were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and that had it not been for the gun-boats ["Blast the gun-boats!" said the President, *soto voce*, but loud enough to be heard by all present] our forces must have been driven into the Tennessee River, and completely annihilated. At the time this occurred the General commanding the Department ordered an assessment to be made upon the wealthy citizens to support the "Union refugees" who were coming into our city, and this Bank President, who had not been assessed, supposed he would be assessed at least $5000 for his allowing himself to so express himself, and the next morning sent to the General's head-quarters $2000.

In reading the Drawer an incident was recalled to my mind which you may deem worthy of a place:

My wife has a sister, a bright-eyed little girl of four years. She was looking out of the window. A man by the name of Joslin, well known in the neighborhood, was standing in the street. He is singularly ill-favored in form and face; he was incased in a bundle of rags that indicated his total disregard of the opinions of others, and was upon the whole a very scaly-looking specimen. Little Emma regarded him thoughtfully for some time; at last, being unable to find a satisfactory answer to the queries which arose in her mind, she turned to her mother, and said, "Mamma, *did God make Joslin?*"

Soldiers' fun is often very grotesque. We were on a march in West Tennessee. Just before dark one evening we came to a slough with one of those treacherous corduroy bridges so dangerous to the unwary traveler. A part of the regiment had passed over in safety, when an unlucky wight, missing the concealed corduroy, tumbled like an overgrown bull-frog into the water. For a few moments a cavalry hat and the two ears of a horse were visible above the flood, and when the dripping trooper emerged on the marchward side of Jordan two or three cruel-hearted wags set up one of those lively, rejoicing tunes so common at camp-meetings. The excitement reached its height, however, when some one sang out with an inimitable snuffle and shout, "Sing on, brethren, my wife 'll jine next!"

At another time in Mississippi a rebel was caught who was accused of being a spy. As usual in such cases, there was strong talk of hanging. Before starting on the march next morning the question arose, what had been done with the spy? "They hung him at daybreak this morning," says some one, confidently. "No they didn't," said our orderly sergeant, dryly; "he had a sore throat, and *they excused him!*"

One of the lively boys on the United States ship *New Hampshire*, in Port Royal Harbor, writes to the Drawer:

The *New Hampshire* has been stationed in Port Royal Harbor, South Carolina, for some time past, and has been doing duty as a store and receiving ship for the Atlantic squadron. As she is a large vessel, in fact first-class, she necessarily requires a large crew to man her (some 700 men).

Our captain believes that cleanliness is next to godliness, and as it would be impossible to send so many men ashore to bathe, they are allowed to "go off" the ship three times a week.

We have on board a "broth of a boy" from the Emerald Isle named Donohue; but as he is always talking about the "ould counthry," and particularly his native county, he has been christened "Donegal" by the "Old Shell-backs."

On the first day the boys were all in a fever of excitement, but none more so than "Donegal," and all were anxiously awaiting "5 bells" (6½ o'clock) —the time appointed for the bath. It came at last, and the boatswain's mates piped "all hands overboard." No sooner said than done. In five min-

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utes the boys were shouting, diving, splashing, plunging, and in fact enjoying themselves as only "old salts" can in salt-water. All this time Donohue was observed running from forecastle to quarter-deck, and from quarter-deck to forecastle, apparently as one distracted, or as if he did not know what to do with himself. The officer of the deck espied him and called him aft.

"Can you swim, 'Donegal?'"

"Is it swim? Me? Faix an' I used to be counted the most beautifulest swimmer in all the counthry round."

"Then off with your clothes, and overboard you go."

The next minute "Donegal," who believed in obeying orders if he did break owners, was floundering in the water, throwing his arms around like the fans of a wind-mill; and every time his head appeared above water he cried, lustily, "Help! Help! Pult me out! Pult me out!" The officers and men alike were convulsed with laughter; and if it had not been for the boatswain, who "Pult him out," he would have found a watery grave. As soon as he was able to speak the officer of the deck said to him:

"I thought you said you could swim?"

"Sure an' so I could in the ould counthry; but thin there wasn't sich a heft av wather, an' I always had wan fut on the bottom."

One day "Donegal," who is always up to some mischief or other, happened to offend one of our chief petty officers (who, by-the-by, is only about five feet two in his high-heeled boots). Aforesaid petty officer has been nicknamed "Pomposity," on account of the "airs he puts on." Well, "Pomposity" was in a towering passion, and threatened several times to strike "Donegal." He had threatened so often that the boys were tired hearing him. The last time he menaced him "Donegal" cut him short with:

"See here, wee Hop-o'-me-tumb, if you sthrike me an' *I find it out*, be the powers av mud (an' that's a big oath), I'll larrup ye wid a rope's end till ye can't sit down fur a week *widout sthandin' up!*"

While traveling with a friend between P—— and S—— we passed a neglected and dilapidated house, that in its better days had been used as an inn. Its crumbled appearance attracted our attention, and particularly an old sign, upon which all that could now be read was "X Ale."

"Do you know what became of the proprietor of that inn?" said my friend.

"No," I answered, innocently.

"He X Ale(d) too much," said he, "and kicked the bucket."

These gleanings from the freedmen on the Government farms at St. Mary's County, Maryland, are interesting, to show the material to be worked upon and fitted for higher usefulness:

Some of the readers of the Drawer who have visited the head-quarters of the Government farms in Maryland will remember Austin, one of the freedmen there. Austin, who is a Virginian, "is a right smart boy," as they say in Maryland, but has some very queer ideas of his own about matters and things in general, which being ventilated causes a vast amount of fun among the officers on duty at the head-quarters—as for instance:

Some short time ago Commodore Parker, of the Potomac Flotilla, went up the Patuxent River to the farms, to make a friendly call on the officer in command, and Austin heard the orders given to prepare for the reception of the expected company. With an intense look he went to the Adjutant of the post, and inquired what time the show would be along, and if the cage would be a large one? On inquiry being made as to his meaning, it came out that he took the flotilla for a *menagerie*, and the gallant Commodore for "*the biggest gorilla*" of the show!

We have also our colored chaplain, who is of very great use to us in teaching morality, etc., to the people. One Sunday "Uncle Peter" was invited to preach before some company visiting the head-quarters. The drawing-room was prepared for his use, and his colored choir invited to sing. After a large amount of screaming, which they called singing, Uncle Peter took his text, and, following the example of some of his white brethren, divided his discourse into heads, and proceeded to expound them.

"Repent of your sins and be saved, for it is written, *Though your sins are as black as scarlet and as red as treason* yet shall you be cleaned; and I say unto you dat though in de morning you be as green as de grass dat groweth, in de evening you shall flourish away and be gone!"

Uncle Peter followed soon after with another statement that caused some smiles to appear on the faces of his white auditors. Speaking of the spread of the Gospel, he said: "You see dat, when de Gospel was first made, Mr. Luther took it and preached it in London, France, Boston, and other foreign nations of the world, to the edifying of much people." And then closed with a prayer for the officers *and all their relatudes, white and colored!*

On another occasion Uncle Peter took for his text the words of Pilate, "Behold the man!" After repeating his text several times, he seemed to want to impress on the minds of his hearers the exact meaning of the text, and so commenced with: "And now, my beloved hearers, I wants you to understand just what dis means. I don't want you to make no mistake about it. When he gave him up into their hands and said, 'Behold de man!' dat is as if he should say, 'Now you see what a pickle yous got him in!'"

These come to the Drawer from Michigan:

Dr. K—— was riding this spring over a country road, and meeting a pedestrian slowly making his way through the mud, asked him to ride. In the conversation which followed the stranger began to give a tedious account of the illness of a cousin of his wife's sister, or some other near relative—I've forgotten the precise degree of consanguinity. Anxious to cut his story short, the Doctor asked what her disease was. "Wa'al," was the reply, "they say she has got a spine in her back, and information on the brain." A little of that latter complaint wouldn't injure some other people we wot of.

Tom is a Michigander who is a decided genius in his own way, and sees the funny side of life as well as any other man. Being at dinner at a hotel once, he called for a plate of mock turtle soup, which was down on the bill of fare. Something in the contents of his dish when it came caused him to investigate it closely for a moment, and then call the waiter, when the following conversation ensued:

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"What kind of soup did you say this was, waiter?"

"Mock turtle, Sah."

"You are mistaken entirely; it is *real* turtle, I should say. Isn't that a turtle?" pointing as he spoke to a defunct cockroach of creditable dimensions which was floating on the top of the soup.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us evidence that all the fools are not dead, and that some of them "keep school." He says:

Lest you may think that the literary institutions of the country out West have not survived the war, let me quote to you from the recently-issued Annual Circular of one of them, as follows:

"The mental and moral culture of youth is the brightest boon within the circumference of parental ability and liberality. Favor a youth with useful knowledge and moral stamina, and you qualify him pre-eminently for the conflicts of life. The paltry pelf of laborious years may take to itself wings and fly away or perish amidst the wide devastations which follow in the wake of battle. But the genial unction of intellectual culture will survive the shock of armies and the dissolutions of empires, and will brighten on the Elysian fields of undying felicity.

"The method of instruction is purely exegetical. Ample elucidation is cheerfully given, and radical profundity assiduously sought after. We are decidedly of the opinion that the young gentleman or lady aspirant to literary proficiency and business or professional usefulness can not adumbrate a more auspicious future than to come to —— College. Come, rural boy, from the distant mountains and swamps. Let poverty no longer obscure the light of thy genius!

"Come, precocious youth, circumvented by the seductive and fearful temptations incident to city residence!

"Come, battle-scarred veteran, from the gory field, crowned with perennial laurels of imperishable glory!

"The champion of liberty, the victor of the country's enemies, return from your long expatriation, immure yourself in collegiate walls, and rejoin the militant host armed against the two greatest enemies of humanity, namely—ignorance and vice."

Now, Mr. Drawer, if you or any of your readers feel like "adumbrating," the way is open.

A PROVOST MARSHAL writes: The following incident happened in our office the other day. One of the provost guard brought a colored man into the office charged with stealing water-melons. The charge was proved, and I sentenced him to ten days in the provost guard-house. As he was being led away I said to him:

"I hope, Tom, that I shall never see you here again."

He turned to me with a peculiarly shrewd expression and said:

"You wouldn't ha' seed me dis time, Cap'n, if de sogers hadn't a fotch me."

You may not be aware, Mr. Drawer, that there is a place within twelve hours' ride of you called Burlington. Well, there is; and its denizens delight in terming it the "Queen City of Lake Champlain," which, by-the-way, is tolerably easy to be, as there are no other cities on the lake. Burlington rejoices in a little patch of grass and trees, near the centre of the city, which is to it what the Common is to Boston, though the citizens do not make a proportionate ado about it. Within this inclosure (it is elegantly surrounded by a shabby, tumble-down old white fence) is a fountain, which, contrary to the general custom, *does* play. The water *squirts* out of a trident held erect in the hand of a majestic little figure of the "Monarch of the Briny," who stands imposingly upon a big shell. A few days ago C—— and a friend were sauntering through the "Park," and envying the sea-god his continuous shower-bath, for the day was hot and sultry beyond relief. Suddenly C—— turned upon his companion and demanded, energetically,

"What *is* that figure, any way?"

"Why, it's a statue of Neptune, of course," was the reply.

"No, it isn't; it's a *statue-wet*."

Which declaration was followed by a prescription, on the part of C——'s companion, of *mild* lemonades for the twain.

AT about this very time one whom we will designate as A—— was very much struck by the appearance of a young lady from Boston, who with her friends stopped a few days in the city, on her way to Mansfield Mountain. Probably few of the readers of the Drawer know that there are two summits on Mansfield, called the "Nose" and "Chin," the outline of the mountain being supposed to resemble an upturned human face. Well, after Miss —— had departed from the "Queen City," A—— was lamenting the fact in the company of some friends, and was speculating upon the chances of his seeing her again were he to follow on to Mansfield. His imagination depicted what a glorious thing it would be were he to meet her there in a frightful gorge, just in time to save her from some horrible catastrophe, such as those English are always having in the Alps. The "frightful gorge" where all this was to happen was the subject of much general comment, when J—— suddenly broke in with the remark:

"I think A—— would much prefer to meet Miss —— between the Nose and Chin."

Which put a quietus to all the romancings of A——'s "fancy wild."

AN officer on duty in Macon, Georgia, last August, wrote to the Drawer on this wise:

An amusing affair occurred here a few days since, which I think worthy of space: Some officers, in company with an ex-Captain of the late Confederacy, visited a Daguerrean saloon to have their pictures taken, and while looking over some specimens in walked a long, lean, lank country boy, of about 18 years, who looked over their shoulders and expressed his desire to have his *pictur* taken. One of the officers remarked the chief operator was engaged just then, but thought this gentleman (pointing to the Captain) would take it. "Certainly, I will;" and at once placed Country in position, with his hat on (a dirty slouch), as he wished it. After changing him in every imaginable ridiculous position, keeping the poor fellow straining his eyes for near half an hour (flies in mean time swarming around and on him), he gave it up, remarking the only way to take his picture was by inversion. "Inversion! what's that?" "Why, upside down; standing on your head," replied the Captain. "All right!" and in a minute Country was on his head, heels through the canvas, legs apart, and was cautioned not to wink—the Captain, with watch in hand, walking up and down for five minutes, looking as serious as an owl, while poor Country held on, his eyes bursting from his head, his long hair dangling on the floor, with his face as red as a beet. "Time's up!" exclaimed the Captain; down tumbled Country. In a few minutes the Captain returned, and said he was sorry, but he had winked and spoiled

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the picture, but would succeed if he called to-morrow, as the weather was unfavorable. He agreed, and said he had some lady friends wanted their *picturs*—could he take them? "Oh yes." "Wa'al, but does you take *them* by *inversion* also?" "Oh, no; not necessary."

One of our friends in Madison, Wisconsin, says:

I am forcibly reminded of an old friend of my father's living in this State, who was a frequent visitor at our house, and whose witty sayings, were they recorded, would fill a volume. He is, or was—the old man may be "gathered to his fathers" by this time—a minister of the old Welsh Calvinistic Methodist persuasion, and an excellent divine, but a most inveterate joker. His appearance in the pulpit before he was fairly warmed with his subject was ludicrous in the extreme. His peculiar habit of twitching and snuffing his nasal organ, the sly twinkle of the half-closed eye, aside from the dry things he was in the habit of inflicting on his congregation, was enough to provoke the mirth of a saint; and I have often choked with suppressed laughter watching the solemn old deacons, who could not forbear smiling audibly in spite of themselves.

While on a trip many years ago on one of our lake steamers, from Milwaukie to Chicago, on proceeding to the dinner-table he found every seat occupied except that of the carver, at the head of the board. A voracious appetite consuming him, he, nothing daunted, took the vacant seat, and casting his eyes along the table, "Shinkin," as he was familiarly called, or "Shinkin ddwywaith," as he styled himself, "Taffily," which means Twice Shinkin, his name being Jenkin Jenkins, begged of the ladies and gentlemen to be informed in what style they preferred their carving done, English, French, American, or Welsh. The majority of the travelers having had some little taste of all the other methods, of course called for the Welsh, whereupon the old gentleman, very deliberately selecting the finest cut of beef, and furnishing himself with an abundance of every thing desirable within his reach, sat down, recommending the balance of them to go and do likewise, as the Welsh were in the habit of always helping themselves.

At another time he was much troubled at some disagreement between the members of his church, and while they were cutting and slashing away at one another he got up in his seat, and, blinking as usual, told them that unless they got along more harmoniously and stopped their quarreling he would do something for them that the devil never did, and that was to "leave them."

In illustration of his style of discourse witness the following, which I can translate but imperfectly: His text was upon the world, the flesh, and the devil. "In the first place," he says, "we will take a furtive glance at the *world;* secondly, we'll proceed to give a slight touch to the *flesh;* and thirdly, we shall endeavor to hurry on as fast as possible to the *devil.*"

Among the many good things to which the Drawer treats its readers are the reported sharp sayings of little folks. And apropos perhaps would be an off-hand observation made by a cousin of the writer, a little five-year-old girl—who, by-the-way, has a baby brother, of whom she is quite proud. The other day the little fellow was lying on his face upon the floor, and, notwithstanding his attempted movements, was as helpless as a capsized turtle. Watching his crab-like efforts, I remarked, "What a queer-looking fish! I wonder of what sort you are?" when my doubts were at once dispelled by Gracie saying, "Why, a *sun* [son] *fish*, of course!"

"Willy," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said Willy, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt?"

One more comes from the brave old army:

Mike S——, of the —st Illinois Infantry, was known throughout the entire division to which his regiment belonged as a wit. During General Sherman's famous march from Atlanta to the sea, General Kilpatrick in one of his fights suffered severely in horses. To replenish this loss General Sherman ordered that army commanders take from the infantry all horses ridden by unauthorized persons, and turn them over to the cavalry for use. It was done accordingly, and of course, among so many, a large number was found to be entirely worthless: these were ordered to be shot.

The morning after the general seizure of animals a party of officers—Mike S—— among them—was riding past the spot where the worthless horses were being shot. As the party rode up a shot was fired, an old animal tumbled over, and a soldier cried out, in the rich brogue of old Ireland:

"Be dad, boys, but wasn't that a nice shot!"

Mike heard the remark, and turning to his companions, said:

"Gentlemen, I understood that these horses were taken for Kilpatrick; but it appears they were taken for Patrick to kill!"

In these times of defalcations by bankers and bank-tellers, the following is worthy a place in the Drawer:

In Chicago the general agent of a well-known firm of Reaper manufacturers is not noted for wearing clothes above his business, which amounts to some hundreds of thousands; and having a draft of a thousand dollars to collect of one of the banks, he was desired by the well-dressed and polite teller to bring some one who was known to both parties to identify him. Said the general agent, "Do I look like a rogue?" "No," said the teller; "but your clothes don't look as if you were in the habit of handling so much money." "Well," said the agent, "they are paid for—are yours?"

A Philadelphia correspondent says:

I have thought that the most touching and beautiful tribute to our late President was paid by my little son, who was five years old last May.

Georgy was noted during the Presidential campaign of 1864 for his firm adherence to Mr. Lincoln. Nothing could turn him from his faith; coaxing, teasing, bribery, had no effect. His elder brother of eight would sometimes get shaky, and once openly declared for M'Clellan. Georgy's indignation was great, and his brother was shamed into a return to his old faith by the epithets that were heaped

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upon him. After the election his delight was unbounded, and his enthusiasm would burst forth in spontaneous cheers "for Abraham Lincoln Andrew Johnson" (for so he would run the names together), much to the amusement of persons in the stores, the streets, the cars, and at table.

The assassination came. Georgy was very quiet, and it was hard to tell whether he felt or thought of the matter. One night I had occasion to go to the room where I thought he was lying asleep in his crib. While I was getting what I wanted he suddenly said:

"Papa, what would you do with me if I were to die?"

"Why, Georgy," said I, "I suppose we would have to bury you, and I hope you would go to heaven."

"Then, papa," said the little fellow, with an air of absolute triumph, "I could see Mr. Lincoln as much as I please!"

And this comes from the West:

Two mischievous boys were playing on the banks of the Ohio River. A boat-load of passengers landed near by. One of the party, a sportsman, found a hornet's nest hanging to the limb of a tree. He shot at the limb, cutting it off, the nest falling to the ground. After some little chat among the party as to the propriety of keeping at a distance from the nest, a gentleman said he would give fifty cents to any one who would go and pick up the nest. The older of the boys stepped forward, and said, "Give me the money, Sir, and I will pick it up." The money was given him and he approached the nest, while the crowd of amused passengers were chuckling over the anticipated fun of seeing "the greedy boy" get stung by the hornets. But the tables were soon turned, and the laugh on the other side; for the boy seized the end of the limb, and swinging the nest in the air, started on a keen run straight for the crowd, who, soon as they could "comprehend the situation," started on a promiscuous run in the opposite direction. Some screamed, others cursed the boy, but all ran for dear life, while the light-footed boy was every moment nearing the affrighted passengers. At length the hindmost man—a big, jolly, corpulent fellow—completely gave out, and turning upon the boy, with uplifted hands and appealing countenance, called out, "Hold on, boy! for mercy's sake hold on! It's the best joke I ever saw; but I can't run any further!"

At the November elections of 1864 a farmer from M—— Township, along the mountains of Pennsylvania, went to N—— early in the morning for the purpose of voting.

His wife wanted some pepper and salt. Accordingly John, whose memory was treacherous, made a memorandum of the articles on a slip of paper, which he put in his vest pocket. At N—— he procured his ticket, and, folding it, put it in his vest pocket also.

John voted, and having returned home his wife asked him, "Why, John, where's the pepper and salt?" "Well," says John, "I'm sure I writ them down." Reaching into his pocket he discovered his mistake. Without any more words John was off for N—— again before he could hear his devoted spouse calling that "it did not matter now." Arriving at N——, he proceeded to the polls to vote his ticket, when the Clerk informed him that he *had* voted.

"No," says John, "I haven't."

"Your name is down, Sir, as having voted," said the Clerk.

"Yes," says John (telling how he mistook the memorandum for the ticket), "I wanted to vote for Gen'ral M'Clellan, an' I voted for *Pepper and Salt!*"

The Clerk and Judge, together with those attracted around, were convulsed with laughter. After a brief discussion the Judge decided that John had voted *once*, therefore he could not vote again.

The last words John was heard to utter on leaving the polls were, "Confound the pepper an' salt!"

When General Sully, last summer, on his expedition to the Devil's Lake, passed Fort Berthcol, quite a number of Indians had gathered there to see him and make peace. They complained a good deal of the dry weather, and wished the General would make rain the same as Father de Smet, the missionary that used to see them, had done. The General promised them he would do the best he could. It happened that shortly afterward a heavy thunder-shower passed, flooding every thing. The Indians were greatly pleased, and called the General a great medicine-man. But they said it was a little too much at once. "Well," said the General, "I know it; but I couldn't stop the thing after it started!"

A Little Rocker in Arkansas writes to the Drawer: While I was at home in the autumn of 1862, on recruiting service with Captain Mason, of Merrill's Horse—since killed in Virginia, while nobly doing his duty in command of the Eleventh Michigan Cavalry—I had occasion to travel about the country around the thriving town of Battle Creek in search of recruits. One day I overtook old Deacon Cole, with his neighbor, Mr. Nye, walking along and chatting familiarly on their way to town. As I rode up they recognized me, and, knowing my business, proceeded to ask me many questions in regard to my success in recruiting, etc. Finally the conversation turned upon the all-absorbing topic of the operations of the armies in the field, and especially of the immense numbers of both armies then congregating in the valleys of the Potomac and James rivers, and of the probable results of the impending struggle; when the old Deacon, as if lighted up by a new sense of the attendant horrors, broke forth thus: "I'll tell you what it is, Nye, thar'll be an awful time thar when them armies all meet; *thar'll be the awfulest time God ever heerd on!*" This was strictly reverential, and expressed the Deacon's horror of the time just at hand.

Here is another from Little Rock:

We were talking very learnedly at the breakfast-table of our mess one morning, of voting upon the subject of negro suffrage, of its uses and abuses; when old Henry, our black cook, hearing the suffrage part, gave vent to his injured feelings thus: "Oh, mas'r, I hope they will not vote for de poor nigger to *suffer any more!* I tink dey hab suffered 'nuff already." Of course we explained, and Henry felt better.

"Sir," said one of two antagonists, with great dignity to the other, during a dispute which had not been confined to words, "you have called me a liar and a scoundrel, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice. I hope you will not rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, for if you should, I can not tell what may be the consequences!"

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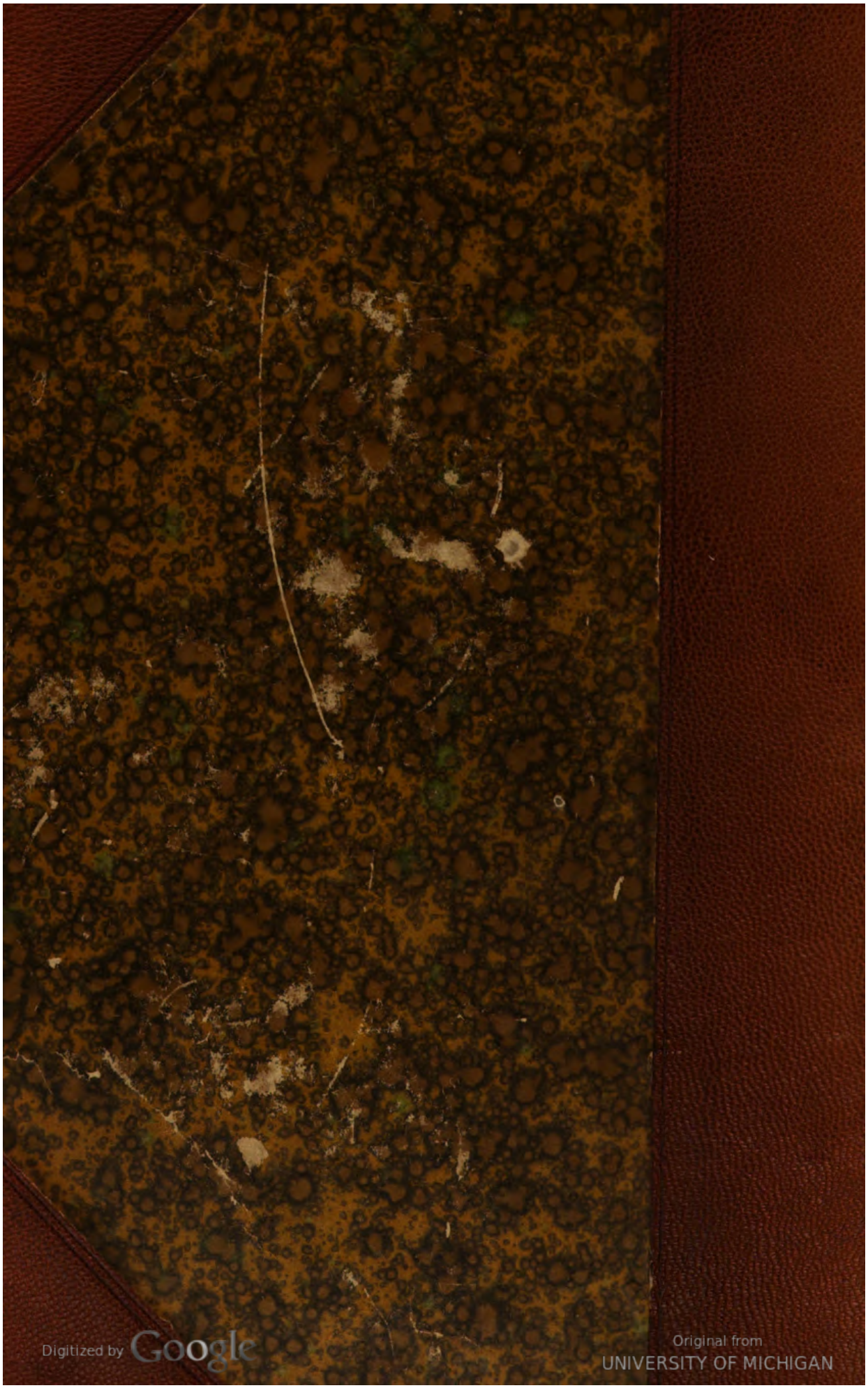
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